M.r Abraham Cowley

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. Abraham Cowley:

Consisting of

Those which were formerly Printed,

AND

Those which he Design'd for the Press.

Now Published out of the Author's

ORIGINAL COPIES

WITH THE

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The Ninth Edition.

To which are added, some Verses by the *AUTHOR,* Never before Printed.

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Jacob Tonſon within Grays-Inn-Gate next to Gray's Inn Lane,
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THE TABLE.

AN Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Cowley. *Written to Mr.* M. Clifford. By the Reverend Dr. *Thomas Sprat.* p. 1

Elegia Dedicatoria; ad illustrissimam Academiam Cantabrigiensem.

The Preface of the Author.

MISCELLANIES.

THE Motto. p. 1
Ode *of Wit.* 2
To the Lord Falkland, *for his safe return from the* Netherland *Expedition against the* Scots. 3
On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton. 4
On the Death of Mr. Jordan, *Second Master at* Westminster-*School.* 5
On His Majesties return out of Scotland. 6
On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyke, *the Famous Painter.* 7
Prometheus *ill Painted.* 8
Ode 1. Ib.
Friendship in Absence. 9
To the Bishop of Lincoln, *upon his Enlargement out of the* Tower. 10
To a Lady who made Poesies for Rings. 11
Prologue *to the Guardian before the Prince.* 12
The Epilogue. 13
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey. Ib.
Ode. *In imitation of* Horace's Ode. Lib. 1. Ode 5. 16
In imitation of Martial's *Epigrams.* L. 5. Ep. 21. 17
The Chronicle. A Ballad. 18
To Sir William Davenant, *upon his Two First Books of* Gondibert, *finished before his Voyage to* America. 20
An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent to me to Jersey. 21
The Tree of Knowledge, that there is no Knowledge, against the Domatists. 22
The Reason, the Use of it in Divine Matters. Ib.
On the Death of Mr. Crashaw. 23
Anacreontiques, Or, some Copies of Verses Translated Paraphrastically out of Anacreon. 25
1 *Of Love.* Ib.
2 *Of Drinking.* Ib.
3 *Of Beauty.* 26
4 *The Duel,* Ib.
5 *Of Age.* 27
6 *The Accompt.* Ib.
7 *Of Gold.* 28
8 *The Epicure.* 29
9 *Another.* Ib.
10 *The Grashopper.* 30
11 *The Swallow.* Ib.
Elegy upon Anacreon, *who was choaked by a Grape-stone, spoken by the God of Love.* 31

The MISTRESS: Or, Several Copies of Love-Verses.

THE Request. 34
The Thraldom. 35
The Given Love. 36
The Spring. 38
Written in juice of Lemon. 39
Instancy. 40
Not Fair. Ib.
Platonick Love. 41

The TABLE.

The Change. 42
Clad all in White. Ib.
Leaving Me, and then Loving many. 43
My Heart Discovered. Ib.
Answer to the Platonicks. 44
The Vain-Love. 45
The Soul. 46
The Passions. 48
Wisdom. Ib.
The Despair. 49
The Wish. 50
My Diet. 51
The Thief. Ib.
All-over-Love. 52
Love and Life. Ib.
The Bargain. 53
The Long Life. 54
Counsel. 55
Resolved to be Beloved. Ib.
The Same. 56
The Discovered. 57
Against Fruition. Ib.
Love undiscovered. 58
The given Heart. 59
The Prophet. Ib.
The Resolution. 60
Called Inconstant. Ib.
The Welcome. 61
The Heart fled again. 62
Womens Superstition. Ib.
The Soul. 63
Eccho. Ib.
The Rich Rival. 64
Against Hope. 65
For Hope. Ib.
Loves Ingratitude. 66
The Frailty. 67
Coldness. Ib.
Steep. 69
Beauty. Ib.
The Parting. 70
My Picture. 71
The Concealment. Ib.
The Monopoly. 72
The Distance. 73
The Increase. Ib.
Love's Visibility. 74
Looking on, and Discoursing with his Mistress. Ib.
Resolved to Love. 75
My Fate. 76
The Heart-breaking. Ib.
The Usurpation. 77
Maidenhead. 78
Impossibilities. 79
Silence. 80
The Dissembler. Ib.
The Inconstant. 81
The Constant. 82
Her Name. 83
Weeping. Ib.
Discretion. 84
The Waiting-Maid. 85
Counsel. Ib.
The Cure. 86
The Separation. Ib.
The Tree. Ib.
Her Unbelief. 87
The Gazers. 88
The Incurable. Ib.
Honour. 89
The Innocent Ill. 90
Dialogue. 91
Verses lost upon a Wager. 92
Bathing in the River. 93
Love given over. 94

Pindarick Odes, Written in imitation of the Style and Manner of the Odes of *Pindar*.

The PREFACE.

THE *Second Olympick* Ode *of* Pindar. P. 1
The First Nemæan Ode *of* Pindar. 9
The Praise of Pindar, *in imitation of* Horace *his Second* Ode. B. 4. 14
The Resurrection. 83
The Muse. 84
To Mr. Hobs. 87
Destinies. 90
Brutus. 26
To Dr. Scarborough. 28
Life and Fame. 31
The Ecstasie. 32
To the New Year. 34
Life. 36
The 34th *Chapter of the Prophet* Isaiah. 38
The Plagues of Ægypt. 43

Davideis,

Davideis, A Sacred Poem of the Troubles of *David*.

In Four BOOKS.

DAvideis, *The First Book.* P. 1
Davideis, *The Second Book.* 30
Davideis, *The Third Book.* 55
Davideis, *The Fourth Book.* 82

Davideidos, Liber Primus. 107

CHrist's Passion *taken out of a Greek* Ode, *written by Mr.* Masters *of* New-College *in* Oxford. 1
Ode. *On* Orinda's *Poems.* 2
Ode. *Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord* Broghil's. 4
Mr. Cowley's *Book, presenting it self to the University Library of* Oxford. 6
Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.* 8
Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres. 9
Ode. *Upon Dr.* Harvey. 11
Ode. Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus. 13
Ode. *Upon his Majesties Restauration and Return,* 14
On the Queen's Repairing Somerset-House. 23
The Complaint. 25
The Adventures of Five Hours. 28
On the Death of Mrs. Catharine Philips. 29
Hymn to the Light, 31
To the Royal Society. 33
Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship, Presented to the University of* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Esq;* 37
A Proposition for the Advancement of experimental Philosophy. 38
Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers. 41
The School. 43
Conclusion. 45

A Discourse by way of Vision, concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwel.* 47

Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose.

1 OF *Liberty.* 72
Martial Lib. 1. Vota tui breviter, *&c.* 79
Martial L. 2. Vis fieri liber, *&c.* Ib.
Quod te nomine, *&c.* M. L. 2. Ib.
Ode. *Upon Liberty.* 80
2 *Of Solitude.* 83
3 *Of Obscurity.* 86
4 *Of Agriculture.* 89
Virg. Georg. *A Translation out of* Virgil. 96
Horat. Epodon. Beatus, qui procul, *&c.* 98
The Country-Mouse. A Paraphrase upon Horace's *second Book,* Satyr. 6. 99
A Paraphrase upon the 10*th Epistle of the First Book of* Horace. 101
5 *The Country Life.* 104
The Garden. To J. Evelyn Esq; 105
6 *Of Greatness.* 110
Horace, Lib. 3. Ode 1. 114
7 *Of Avarice.* 116
A Paraphrase on an Ode *in* Horace's *Third Book, beginning thus*; Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea. 119
8 *The dangers of an honest Man in much Company.* 120
Claudian's *old Man of* Verona. 124
9 *The shortness of Life, and uncertainty of Riches.* Ib.
10 *The danger of Procrastination: A Letter to Mr.* S. L. 127
11 *Of my Self.* 130
Martial L. 10. Ep. 47. Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, *&c.* 133
Martial Book 10. *Epigram* 96. Ib
Epitaphium vivi Auctoris. 134
To the Duke of Buckingham *upon his Marriage with the Lord* Fairfax *his Daughter. Never before Printed.* 135
The Cutter *of* Colemanstreet.

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for Jacob Tonſon *within* Grays's-Inn Gate, *next* Gray's-Inn Lane.

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

AND

WRITINGS

OF

Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

Written to

Mr. *M. CLIFFORD.*

SIR,

MR. *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my care the reviſing of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of thoſe Papers which he had deſign'd for the Preſs. And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I ſhould be ſure to let nothing paſs, that might ſeem the leaſt offence to Religion, or good Manners.* A Caution which you will judge to have been altogether needleſs. For certainly, in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can ſcarce any Author be found, that has handled ſo many different Matters in ſuch various ſorts of Style, who leſs wants the correction of his Friends, or has leſs reaſon to fear the ſeverity of Strangers.

According to his deſire and his own intention, I have now ſet forth his Latin and Engliſh Writings, each in a Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Langnages, I have added all that I could find in his Cloſet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the Will of the Dead: But I doubt I ſhall not ſatisfie the expectation of the Living, unleſs ſome account be here premis'd concerning this excellent man. I know very well, that he has given the World the beſt Image of his own mind in theſe immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is ſtill room enough left, for one of his familiar acquaintance to ſay many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his Life, that may ſerve for the information of his Readers, if not for the encreaſe of his

Fame; which without any ſuch helps, is already ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd.

This, Sir, were an Argument moſt proper for you to manage, n reſpect of your great abilities, and the long friendſhip you maintain'd with him. But you have an obſtinate averſion from publiſhing any of your writings. I gueſs what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirm'd in this reſolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of Us Writers of this Age. I will not now diſpute, whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example, than reproofs. But however, ſeeing yon perſiſt in your purpoſe, and have refus'd to adorn even this very ſubject, which you love ſo well; I beg you aſſiſtance whilſt I my ſelf undertake it. This I do with the greater willingneſs, becauſe I believe there is no man, who ſpeaks of Mr. *Cowley*, that can want either matter or words. I only therefore intreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this Relation, by uſing your Name and Teſtimony. For by this means, though the memory of our Friend ſhall not be delivered to poſterity with the advantage of your Wit, which were moſt to be deſir'd; yet his praiſe will be ſtrengthen'd by the conſent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London*, in the Year One thouſand ſix hundred and eighteen, His Parents were Citizens of of a virtuous life and ſufficient Eſtate, and ſo the condition of his Fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The firſt years of his youth were ſpent in *Weſtminſter* School, where he ſoon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place. The occaſion of his firſt inclination to Poetry, was his caſual lighting on *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*, when he was but juſt able to read. That indeed is a Poem fitter for the examination of men, than the conſideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whoſe ſtrength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly wit. The firſt beginning of his Studies, was a familiarity with the moſt ſolid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digeſted not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forſake, when he came to be a man; His mind was rightly ſeaſon'd at firſt, and had nothing to do, but ſtill to proceed on the ſame Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary rules of Grammer. However he ſupply'd that want, by converſing with the Books themſelves, from whence thoſe Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman Languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but uſe, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With theſe extraordinary hopes he was remov'd to *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge*, where by the progreſs and continuance of his Wit, it

appear'd that two things were joyn'd in it, which ſeldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and laſting. This brought him into the love and eſteem of the moſt eminent members of that famous Society, and principally of your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*, whoſe favours he ſince abundantly acknowledg'd, when his Benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exerciſes of all kinds, are ſtill remembred in that Univerſity with great applauſe, and with this particular praiſe, that they were not only fit for the obſcurity of an Academical life, but to have been ſhown on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the Twentieth year of his age, he laid the deſign of divers of his moſt Maſculine Works, that he finiſh'd long after. In which I know not whether I ſhould moſt commend, that a mind ſo young ſhould conceive ſuch great things, or that it ſhould be able to perfect them with ſuch felicity.

The firſt occaſion of his entring into buſineſs, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Harvey*'s Death; wherein he deſcribed the higheſt Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendſhip, in an Age when moſt other men ſcarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. *John Harvey*, the Brother of his deceaſed Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindneſs through the whole courſe of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the ſervice of my Lord St. *Albans*.

When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the King's cauſe drew him to *Oxford*, as ſoon as it began to be the chief Seat of the Royal Party. In that Univerſity he proſecuted the ſame Studies with a like ſucceſs. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his duty in the War it ſelf, for he was preſent and in ſervice in ſeveral of the King's Journeys and Expeditions. By theſe occaſions and the report of his high deſerts, he ſpeedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendſhip of my Lord *Falkland* one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundneſs of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the World, but more eſpecially for thoſe qualities which he himſelf more regarded, for his generoſity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatneſs.

During the heat of the Civil War, he was ſettled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended her Majeſty the Queen-Mother, when by the unjuſt perſecution of her Subjects, ſhe was forc'd to to retire into *France*. Upon this wandring condition of the moſt vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cauſe of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reaſon to think that he loſt ſo great a ſpace of Time, if we conſider in what buſineſs he employ'd his baniſhment. He was abſent from his native Country above twelve years; Which were wholly ſpent either in bearng a ſhare in the diſtreſſes of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpoſe he performed ſeveral dangerous journeys into *Jerſey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or whereever elſe the Kings Troubles requir'd his attendance But the chief Teſtimo- of his Fidelity, was the laborious ſervice he underwent in main-

taining the conſtant correſpondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Truſt he behaved himſelf with indefatigable integrity, and unſuſpected ſecrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand the greateſt part of all the Letters that paſſed between their Majeſties, and managed a vaſt Intelligence in many other parts; which for ſome years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length upon his preſent Majeſties removal out of *France*, and the Queen Mothers ſtaying behind, the buſineſs of that nature paſſed of courſe into other hands. Then it was thought fit by thoſe on whom he depended, that he ſhould come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, ſhould take occaſion of giving notice of the poſture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppreſſion of an unjuſt Uſurpation. And he ſoon felt the effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was ſeiz'd on by a miſtake, the ſearch having been intended after another Gentleman, of conſiderable note in the Kings Party. Being made a priſoner, he was often examined before the Uſurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him ſerviceable to their ends. That courſe not prevailing, he was committed to a ſevere reſtraint; and ſcarce at laſt obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thouſand pound Bail, which burden Dr. *Scarborough* very honourably took upon himſelf. Under theſe Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confuſions that followed upon *Cromwells* death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the ſame Station as before, till near the time of the King's return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly ſufficent to juſtifie his Loyalty to all the World; though ſome have endeavoured to bring it in queſtion upon occaſion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I muſt not paſs by in ſilence, becauſe it was the only part of his life, that was liable to miſ-interpretation, even by the confeſſion of thoſe that envied his Fame. In this caſe perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to men of moderate minds, that what he there ſaid was publiſhed before a Book of Poetry, and ſo ought rather to be eſteemed as a Problem of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a ſurer foundation. This is the true reaſon that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the ſtate of the Royal Party very deſperate. He perceived the ſtrength of their Enemies ſo united, that till it ſhould begin to break within it ſelf, all endeavours againſt it were like to prove unſucceſsful. On the other ſide, he beheld their zeal for his Majeſties Cauſe to be ſtill ſo active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruine. He ſaw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their conſtancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unſeaſonable ſhewing it, did only diſable themſelves, and give their Adverſaries great advantages of riches and ſtrength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious ſervice to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his intereſt, could inſinuate into the Uſurpers minds, that men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could perſwade the poor oppreſſed Royaliſts to conceal their affections, for better

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occaſions. And as for his own particular, he was a cloſe Priſoner, when he writ that againſt which the exception is made; ſo that he ſaw it was impoſſible for him to purſue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make ſome kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the ſucceſs of things ſeems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greateſt helps to the Kings Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his beſt Friends diſſembled their Counſels, and acted the ſame Deſigns, under the Diſguiſe and Names of other Parties.

This, Sir, you can teſtifie to have been the innocent occaſion of theſe words, on which ſo much clamour was rais'd. Yet ſeeing his good intentions were ſo ill interpreted, he told me, the laſt time that ever I ſaw him, that he would have them omitted in the next Impreſſion: of which his Friend Mr. *Cook* is a witneſs. However, if we ſhould take them in the worſt ſenſe, of which they are capable: yet methinks for his maintaining one falſe Tenent in the Political Philoſophy, he made a ſufficient atonement by a continual ſervice of twenty years, by the perpetual Loyalty of his diſcourſe, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cauſe. And to ſpeak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that life muſt needs be very unblameable, which had been tryed in buſineſs of the higeſt conſequence, and practis'd in the hazardous ſecrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing diſgraceful be produc'd againſt it, but only the errour of one Paragraph, and a ſingle Metaphor.

But to return to my Narration, which this Digreſſion has interrupted: Upon the Kings happy Reſtauration, Mr. *Cowley* was paſt the fortieth year of his Age; of which the greateſt part had been ſpent in a various and tempeſtuous condition. He now thought he had ſacrificed enough of his life to his curioſity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occaſions of obſervation. He had been preſent in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time diſturb'd the Peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the ſplendour of the higheſt part of mankind. He had lived in the preſence of Princes, and familiarly converſt with greatneſs in all its degrees, which was neceſſary for one that would contemn it aright: for to ſcorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a trueMagnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners. He was ſatiated with the Arts of Court: which ſort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Theſe were the reaſons that moved him to forgo all Publick Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greateſt throng of his former buſineſs, had ſtill called upon him, and repreſented to him the true delights of ſolitary Studies, of temperate Pleaſures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At firſt he was but ſlenderly provided for ſuch a retirement, by reaſon of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered,

adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain. Yet, notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of his Income, he remained fixed to his reſolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its deſires into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that a very few things would ſupply them all. But upon the ſettlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his deſign was ſoon remov'd: for he then obtain'd a plentiful Eſtate, by the favour of my Lord St *Albans*, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*; to whom he was always moſt dear, and whom he ever reſpected, as his principal Patrons. The laſt of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. *Cowley's* ſake, but my own: though I cannot do it, without being aſham'd, that having the ſame Encourager of my Studies, I ſhould deſerve his Patronage ſo much leſs.

Thus he was ſufficiently furniſhed for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all purſuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might juſtly have expected to have them readily ſatisfied In his laſt ſeven or eight years he was conceal'd in his beloved obſcurity, and poſſeſs'd that ſolitude, which from his very childhood he had allways moſt paſſionately deſired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into buſineſs, yet he never gave ear to any perſwaſions profit of or Preferment. His viſits to the City and Court were very few: his ſtays in Town were only as a Paſſenger, not an Inhabitant. The places that he choſe for the ſeats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the bank of the *Thames*. During this receſs, his mind was rather exerciſed on what was to come, than what was paſt; he ſuffered no more buſineſs, nor cares of life to come near him, than what were enough to keep his ſoul awake, but not to diſturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a chearful heart, and innocent Conſcience were his conſtant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himſelf: he only dedicated it to the ſervice of his Maker, to deſcribe the great images of Religion and Virtue whewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Muſick to no other uſe, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by ſinging the praiſes of God and of Nature, to drive the evil ſpirit out of mens minds.

Of his Works that are publiſh'd, it is hard to give one general Character, becauſe of the difference of their ſubjects; and the various forms and diſtant times of their writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the ſeveral ſhapes of his ſtyle, there is ſtill very much of the likeneſs and impreſſion of the ſame mind: the ſame unaffected modeſty, and natural freedom, and eaſie vigour, and chearful paſſions, and innocent mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the Univerſity and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent ſkill what was good in both ſtates. In his life he joyn'd the innocence, and ſincerity of the Scholar, with the humanity and good behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulneſs of the other.

If any ſhall think that he was not wonderfully curious in the choice and elegance of all his words: I will affirm with more truth

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the other ſide, that he had no manner of affectation in them: he took them as he found them made to his hands, he neither went before, nor came after the uſe of his Age. He forſook the Converſation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He underſtood exceeding well, all the variety and power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all ſorts with great happineſs. If his Verſes in ſome places ſeem not as ſoft and flowing as ſome would have them, it was his choice, not his fault. He knew that in diverting mens minds, there ſhould be the ſame variety obſerv'd as in the proſpects of their Eyes: where a Rock, a Precipice, or a riſing Wave, a calm Sea: Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man. But where higher Virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numeroſity was not then his main care. This may ſerve to anſwer thoſe who upbraid ſome of his Pieces with roughneſs, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow. But theſe Admirers of gentleneſs without ſinews, ſhould know that different Colours Speech: that there is a kind of variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: that is the peculiar excellence of the Feminine Kind, is ſmoothneſs and beaury; ſo ſtrength is the chief praiſe of the Maſculine.

He had a perfect maſtery in both the Languages in which he writ: But each of them kept a juſt diſtance from the other: neither did his Latine make his Engliſh too old, nor his Engliſh make his Latine too modern. He excelled both in Proſe and Verſe; and both together have that perfection, which is commended by ſome of the Ancients above all others, That they are very obvious to the conception, but moſt difficult in the imitation.

His Fancy flow'd with great ſpeed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his judgement was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of breath. He perfectly practiſes the hardeſt ſecret of good Writing, to know when he has done enongh. He always leaves off in ſuch a manner, that it appears it was in his power to have ſaid much more. In the particular expreſſions there is ſtill much to be Applauded, but more in the diſpoſition, and order of the whole. From thence there ſprings a new comelineſs, beſides the feature of each part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be deſir'd. But it ſeems all to ariſe out of the Nature of the ſubject, and to be juſt fitted for the thing of whic he ſpeaks. If ever he goes far for it, he diſſembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is ſo large, that there is ſcarce any particular of all the paſſions of men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has paſs'd by undeſcrib'd. Yet he ſtill obſerves the rules of Decency with ſo much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the ſofter Affections, or delights him with inoffenſive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the diſcoveries of Philoſophy, or inſpires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all theſe matters that are ſo wide aſunder, he ſtill proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper meaſure of Wit. This indeed is moſt remarkable, that a man who was ſo conſtant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, ſhould yet be ſo changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the higheſt degree of Excellence.

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If there needed any excuſe to be made, that his Love-verſes ſhould take up ſo great a ſhare in his Works, it may be alleeg'd that they were compos'd when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that ſort of Writings. If Devout or Vertuous men will ſuperciliouſly forbid the minds of the young, to adorn thoſe ſubjects about which they are moſt converſant: They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, when they come to them. For the exerciſes of all mens Wits, muſt be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and uſe in lighter Arguments, they grew up at laſt to excel inthe moſt weighty, I am not therefore aſham'd to commend Mr. *Cowley*'s Miſtriſs. I only except one or two Expreſſions, which I wiſh I could have prevail'd with thoſe that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the reſt I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet ſo much was written on a Subject ſo Delicate, that can leſs offend the ſevereſt rules of Morality. The whole Paſſion of Love is intimately deſcrib'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes, and Joys, and Diſquiets. Beſides this amorous tenderneſs, I know not how in every Copy, there is ſomething of more uſeful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully inſinuated, and every where there may be ſomething found, to inform the minds of wiſe men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.

The occaſion of his falling on the Pindaric way of writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindar*'s Works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then conſidered at leiſure the height of his Invention, and the Majeſty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *Engliſh*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* preſag'd to the man who ſhould dare to attempt it.

If any are diſpleas'd at the boldneſs of his Metaphors, and length of his Digreſſions, they contend not againſt Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himſelf: who was ſo much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preſerv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice deſtroy'd by the fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number diſguſt them, they may obſerve that this very thing makes that kind of Poeſie fit for all manner of ſubjects: For the Pleaſant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philoſophical, the Moral, the Divine. Beſides this they will find, that the frequent alteration of the Rythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is ſoon apt to be tyr'd by the ſetled pace of any one conſtant meaſure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly to be preferr'd, is its nearer affinity with Proſe: From which all other kinds, of *Engliſh* Verſe are ſo far diſtant, that it is very ſeldom found that the ſame man excells in both ways. But now this looſe and unconfin'd meaſure has all the Grace and Harmony of the moſt confin'd. And withal, it is ſo large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Proſe: which is certainly the moſt uſeful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the ſtyle of all buſineſs and converſation.

Beſides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new ſort of Writing, than a reforming of an Ancient; he has alſo been wonderfully happy in Tranſlating many difficult parts of

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the nobleſt Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was neceſſary he ſhould have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true Spirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Tranſlations, and chiefly regarding the Senſe and Genius of the Author, was ſcarce heard of in *England* before this preſent Age. I will not preſume to ſay, that Mr. *Cowley* was the abſolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it firſt in Print. Yet I appeal to you, Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and diſcourſe of it, and practiſe it as ſoon as any man.

His *Davideis* was wholly written in ſo young an Age; that if we ſhall reflect on the vaſtneſt of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may ſeem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliah*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finiſh'd the greateſt part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reaſon, that in ſome few places, there is more youthfulneſs and redundance of Fancy, than his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to uſe this liberty of cenſure; for I do not here pretend to a profeſſed Panegyrick, but rather to give a juſt opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better inſtance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet ſaw in any Language. The contrivance is perfectly Ancient, which is certainly the true form of Heroick Poetry, and ſuch as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The ſubject was truly Divine, even according to God's own heart. The matter of his invention, all the Treaſures of Knowledge and and Hiſtories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the Eaſt. The Characters lofty and various; The Numbers firm and powerful The Digreſſions beautiful and proportionable: The Deſign to ſubmit Moral Wit to heavenly Truth: in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Paſſions, with religious Raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters, his Wit excell'd moſt other mens: but in his Moral and Divine Works it out-did it ſelf. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cauſe, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly repreſented the humours and affections of others; but in theſe he ſat to himſelf, and drew the figure of his own mind, I know it has been objected againſt him by ſome moroſe Zelots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture by ſprinkling all his Works with many Alluſions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to theſe men it were a ſufficient reply, to compare their own Practice with his, in this particular. They make uſe of Scripture Phraſes and Quotations, in all their common Diſcourſe. They employ the Words of Holy Writ, to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections. And why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence ſome ornament, for the innocent Paſſions and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he deſcribes?

This is confutation enough to that ſort of men. As to the thing it ſelf, it is ſo far from being a debaſing of Divinity, to make ſome parts of it the ſubjects of our Fancy, that it is a ſure way to eſtabliſh it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give a it durable impreſſion on the minds of wiſe men. Of this we have a powerful inſtance amongſt the Ancients. For their Wit has laſted much

longer than the Practice of any of their Religions. And the very memory of moſt of their Divine Worſhip had periſhed, if it had not been expreſſed and preſerved by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himſelf did of all men living abhor the abuſe of Scripture by licentious Raillery: which ought not only to be eſteemed the meaneſt kind of Wit, but the worſt ſort of ill Manners. This perhaps ſome men would be loth to hear proved, who practiſe it under the falſe title of a Genteel Quality: but the truth of it is unqueſtionable. For the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecence and offence againſt ſome particular Cuſtom or Geſture, or Behaviour in uſe: But this profaneneſs is a violation of the very ſupport of humane Society, and a rudeneſs againſt the beſt manners, that all Mankind can practiſe, which is a juſt reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.

In his Latine Poems he has expreſſed to admiration, all the Numbers of Verſes, and Figures of Poeſie, that are ſcattered up and down among the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any Good faſhion of Speech, or colour of Meaſure, but he has comprehended it, and given inſtances of it, according as his ſeveral Arguments required either a Majeſtick Spirit, or a paſſionate, or a pleaſant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any ſingle Poet of the Ancient *Romans* themſelves. They had the Language natural to them, and ſo might eaſily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their conſtant Cuſtom, to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of Writing, as diſpairing ever to compaſs all together. This is evident in thoſe that excelled in Odes and Songs, in the Commical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occaſioned the firſt diſtinction and number of the Muſes. For they thought the Task too hard for any one of them, though they fancied them to be Goddeſſes. And therefore they divided it amongeſt them all, and only recommended to each of them, the care of a diſtinct Character of Poetry and Muſick.

The occaſion of his chuſing the ſubject of his ſix Books of Plants, was this; when he returned into *England* he was adviſed to diſſemble the main intention of his coming over, under the diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſettled Profeſſion. And that of Phyſick was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſections, he proceeded to the conſideration of Simples; and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants, of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Students did before him in the ſtudy of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he preſently digeſted it, into that Form which we behold.

The Two firſt Books Treat of Herbs, in a ſtyle reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the Verſe: But excelling them in the ſtrength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Sence. The Third and Fourth Diſcourſe of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horace*'s Numbers: For the laſt of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the ſtately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar eaſineſs of his Epiſtles, and Speeches. The Two laſt ſpeak of Trees,

Trees, in the way of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*. Of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *Britiſh* Oak, to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Foreſt Trees; upon that occaſion he enlarges on the Hiſtory of our late Troubles, the King's affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* War: and manages all in a ſtyle, that (to ſay all in a word) is equal to the Greatneſs and Valour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horace*'s Speeches. But of this there are but two Inſtances preſerv'd: That part of an Epiſtle to Mr. *Creſwel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants; and that Copy which is written to your ſelf. I confeſs I heartily wiſh he had left more Examples behind him of this kind: becauſe I eſteem it to be one of the beſt and moſt difficult, of all thoſe that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery; and differs as much from ſome of the other Latin *Satyrs*, as the pleaſant reproofs of a Gentleman from the ſeverity of a School-maſter. I know ſome men diſapprove it, becauſe the Verſe ſeems to be looſe, and near to the plainneſs of common Diſcourſe. But that which was admired by the Court of *Auguſtus*, never ought to be eſteem'd flat or vulgar. And the ſame judgment ſhould be made of Mens ſtyles, as of their behaviour, and carriage: wherein that is moſt courtly, and hardeſt to be imitated, which conſiſts of a Natural eaſineſs, and unaffected Grace, where nothing ſeems to be ſtudied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of Verſe puts me in mind of one kind of Proſe wherein Mr. *Cowley* was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In theſe he always expreſs'd the Native tenderneſs, and innocent gayety of his Mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greateſt Collection of this ſort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing of this Nature ſhould be publiſh'd: And herein you have always conſented to approve of the modeſt Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of ſome of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of queſtion, but the *Engliſh* at this time are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the Skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciouſly ſparing in Printing ſuch compoſures, while ſome other Witty Nations have tir'd all their Preſſes, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that paſs between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can ſcarce ever be fit to ſee the light. They ſhould not conſiſt of fulſom Complements, or tedious Polities, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies but they ſhould have a Native clearneſs and ſhortneſs, a Domeſtical plainneſs, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity; which can only affect the humour of thoſe to whom they were intended. The very ſame paſſages, which make Writings of this Nature delightful amongſt Friends, will loſe all manner of taſt, when they come to be read by thoſe that are indefferent. In ſuch Letters the Souls of Men ſhould appear undreſs'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be ſeen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The laſt Pieces that we have from his hands, are Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays, upon ſome of the greveſt ſubjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. Theſe he intended as a real

racter of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may obſerve, that in the Proſe of them, there is little Curioſity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler ſtyle than the reſt, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul ſhould be drawn without Flattery. I do not ſpeak this to their diſadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be pliable to all occaſions, to walk or fly according to the Nature of every ſubject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on ſome Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To theſe that he has here left ſcarce finiſh'd, it was his deſign to have added many others. And a little before his death he communicated to me his reſolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a teſtimony of his intire reſpects to him: and a kind of Apology for having left humane Affairs, in the ſtrength of his Age, while he might ſtill have been ſerviceable to his Country. But though he was prevented in this purpoſe by his death: yet it becomes the office of a Friend to make good his intentions. I therefore here preſume to make a Preſent of them to his Lordſhip. I doubt not but according to his uſual humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the Man whom he long honoured with his domeſtic converſation. And I am confident his Lordſhip will believe it to be no injury to his Fame, that in theſe Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr *Cowley*'s name ſhall be read together by poſterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Diſcourſe of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the ſame Rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his eſteem of other men, he conſtantly preferr'd the good temper of their Minds, and honeſty of their Actions, above all the excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The ſame courſe I will take in his praiſe, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life. For that he deſerves more applauſe from the moſt virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodneſs, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeneſs of his wit could pervert. He had a firmneſs and ſtrength of mind that was proof againſt the Art of Poetry it ſelf. Nothing vain or fantaſtical, nothing flattering or inſolent appeared in his humor. He had a great integrity and plainneſs of Manners; which he preſerv'd to the laſt, though much of his time was ſpent in a Nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for ſincerity: But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples; and therefore the ſight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or ſingular in his habit, or perſon, or geſture. He underſtood the forms of good breeding enough to practiſe them without burdening himſelf, or others. He never oppreſt any man's parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for Fame, or contention for Profit with any man. When he was in buſineſs he ſuffer'd others importunites with much eaſineſs: When he was out of it, he was never importunate himſelf. His modeſty and humility were ſo great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought diſſimulation.

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He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable Tenderneſs. Having been Born after his Father's Death, and bred up under the Diſcipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her Care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth Year of her Age. For his Three Brothers he always maintain'd a conſtant Affection. And having ſurviv'd the Two firſt, he made the Third his Heir. In his long dependance on my Lord *St. Albans*, there never happened any manner of difference between them; except a little at laſt, becauſe he would leave his Service: which only ſhewed the Innocence of the Servant, and the Kindneſs of the Maſter. His Friendſhips were inviolable. The ſame Men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his neareſt Acquaintance at the day of his Death. If the private Courſe of his laſt Years made him contract his Converſation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

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racter of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may obſerve, that in the Proſe of them, there is little Curioſity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler ſtyle than the reſt, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul ſhould be drawn without Flattery. I do not ſpeak this to their diſadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be pliable to all occaſions, to walk or fly according to the Nature of every ſubject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on ſome Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

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If any thing ought to have been chang'd in his Temper, and Diſpoſition; it was his earneſt Affection for Obſcurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the ſame Humour. I acknowledge he choſe that ſtate of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a ſteady ſober Experience of Humane things. But however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great diſparagement to Virtue and Learning it ſelf, that thoſe very things which only make Men uſeful in the World, ſhould encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd to good Men, unleſs the bad had the ſame Moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderneſs. But if the one ſhall contend to get out of Employment, while the other ſtrive to get into it, the Affairs of Mankind are like to be in ſo ill a poſture, that even the good Men themſelves will hardly be able to enjoy their very Retreats in ſecurity.

Yet I confeſs if any deſerv'd to have this Priviledge, it ought to have been Granted to him, as ſoon as any Man living, upon conſideration of the manner in which he ſpent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himſelf out of the Crowd, with deſires of enlightning, and inſtructing the Minds of thoſe that remain'd in it. It was his Reſolution in that Station to ſearch into the Secrets of Divine and Humane Knowledge, and to communicate what he ſhould obſerve. He always profeſs'd, that he went out of the World, as it was Man's, into the ſame World as it was Natures, and as it was God's. The whole compaſs of the Creation, and all the wonderful Effects of the Divine Wiſdom, were the conſtant Proſpect of his Senſes, and his Thoughts. And indeed, he enter'd with great Advantage on the ſtudies of Nature, even as the firſt great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philoſophers, He betook himſelf to its Contemplation, as well furniſhed with ſound Judgment, and diligent Obſervation, and good Method to diſcover its Myſteries, as with Abilities to ſet it forth in all its Ornaments.

This Labour about Natural Science was the perpetual and uninterrupted Task of that obſcure part of his Life. Beſides this, we had perſuaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publiſh a Diſcourſe concerning Style. In this he had deſign'd to give an account of the proper ſorts of Writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the Perfections and Imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with thoſe of this preſent Age, and to deduce all down to the particular uſe of the *Engliſh* Genius, and Language. This Subject he was very fit to perform: It being moſt proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the beſt Practiſer; but he ſcarce lived to draw the firſt lines of it. All the footſteps that I can find remaining of it, are only ſome indigeſted Characters of Ancient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almoſt deſpair ever to ſee it well accompliſhed, unleſs you, Sir, would give me leave to name the Man that ſhould undertake it.

But his laſt and principal Deſign, was that which ought to be the principal to every Wiſe Man; the eſtabliſhing his Mind in the Faith he profeſſed. He was in his practice exactly Obedient to the Uſe and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things

things, and much more in Sacred. But he beheld the Diviſions of *Chriſtendom*: He ſaw how many Controverſies had been introduced by Zeal or Ignorance, and continued by Faction. He had therefore an earneſt intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church: Believing that every true *Chriſtian* had no better means to ſettle his Spirit than that which was propoſed to *Æneas* and his Followers, to be the end of their wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem.*

This Examination he purpoſed ſhould reach to our Saviour's and the Apoſtles Lives, and their immediate Succeſſors, for Four or Five Centuries; till Intereſt and Policy prevailed over Devotion. He hoped to have abſolutely compaſſed it in Three or Four Years, and when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without any ſhaking or alteration in his Judgment. Indeed it was a great damage to our Church, that he lived not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected from a Mind that was endued with the Primitive Meekneſs and Innocence. And beſides, ſuch a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very uſeful for this Age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils againſt Religion, that it is only a matter of Intereſt, and only ſupported for the gain of a particular Profeſſion.

But alas! While he was framing theſe great things in his Thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his Life. His Solitude from the very beginning, had never agreed ſo well with the conſtitution of his Body, as of his Mind. The chief cauſe of it was, that out of haſte to be gone away from the Tumult and Noiſe of the City, he had not prepar'd ſo healthful a Situation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leaſurable Choice. Of this he ſoon began to find the inconvenience at *Barn-Elms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingring *Feaver*. After that he ſcarce ever recover'd his former Health, thô his Mind was reſtored to its perfect Vigour; as may be ſeen By his Two laſt Books of Plants, that were written ſince that time, and may at leaſt be compar'd with the beſt of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to *Cherſea*, he fell into another conſuming Diſeaſe. Having languiſh'd under this for ſome Months, he ſeem'd to be pretty well Cur'd of its ill Symptoms. But, in the heat of the laſt Summer, by ſtaying too long amongſt his Labourers in the Meadows; he was taken with a violent Defluxion, and ſtoppage in his Breaſt, and Throat. This he at firſt neglected as an ordinary Cold, and refus'd to ſend for his uſual Phyſicians, till it was paſt all Remedies; and ſo in the end after a Fortnight Sickneſs, it prov'd Mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak Hopes, and frail Condition of Humane Nature? For as long as Mr. *Cowley* was purſuing the courſe of Ambition, in Active Life, which he ſcarce Eſteem'd his True Life; he never wanted a conſtant Health and Strength of Body: But as ſoon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to Live, and to enjoy himſelf in Security, his Contentment was firſt broken by Sickneſs, and at laſt his Death was occaſion'd by his very Delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancied above all other Pleaſures. But let us not grieve at this fatal Accident upon his Account, leſt we ſhould ſeem to repine

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at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loſs of a few Years which he might longer have liv'd, will be recompenc'd by an immortal Memory. If we complain let it only be for our own ſakes; that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greateſt natural and improv'd Abilties, of the uſefulleſt Converſation, of the faithfulleſt Friendſhip, of a Mind that practis'd the beſt Virtues it ſelf, and a Wit that was beſt able to recommend them to others.

His Body was attended to *Weſtminſter-Abby*, by a great number of Perſons of the moſt Eminent Quality, and follow'd with the Praiſes of all Good and Learned Men. It lies near the Aſhes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the Two moſt Famous *Engliſh* Poets of former times. But whoever would do him right, ſhould not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but ſhould alſo rank his Name amongſt the Authors of the true Antiquity, the beſt of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that place there is a Monument deſign'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in Teſtimony of his Affection. And the King himſelf was pleas'd to beſtow on him the beſt Epitaph, when upon the news of his Death His Majeſty Declar'd *That Mr.* Cowley *had not left a better Man behind him in* England.

This, Sir, is the Account that I thought fit to preſent the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged that I have ſpent too many Words on a Private Man, and a Scholar: whoſe Life was not remarkable for ſuch a variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the cuſtom of the World to prefer the Pompous Hiſtories of Great Men, before the greateſt Virtues of others, whoſe Lives have been led in a courſe leſs Illuſtrious. This indeed is the general Humour. But I believe it to be an errour in Mens Judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable Inſtruction, which may be taken from the eminent Goodneſs of Men of lower rank, than that which we learn from the ſplendid Repreſentation of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings and Sayings of Great Commanders and Princes. Such ſpecious Matters, as they are ſeldom delivered with Fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the Oſtentation, than the true Information of Humane Life. Whereas it is from the practice of Men equal to our ſelves, that we are more naturally taught how to Command our Paſſions, to Direct our Knowledge, and to Govern our Actions.

For this reaſon I have ſome hope, that a Character of Mr. *Cowley* may be of good Advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully ſupplied by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps leſs noiſe, but are more beneficial for Example. This, Sir, was the principal End of this long Diſcourſe. Beſides this, I had another Deſign in it, that only concerns our ſelves; that having this Picture of his Life ſet before us, we may ſtill keep him alive in our Memories, and by this means we may have ſome ſmall Reparation, for our inexpreſſible loſs by his Death.

Sir, I am

Your moſt Humble, and moſt
Affectionate Servant

T. SPRAT.

ELEGIA
DEDICATORIA;
AD
ILLUSTRISSIMAM
Academiam.
CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de *Nato ditiſſima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immenſi pignus *Amoris* habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Aſtringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Tùne tui poteris *vocem* hîc agnoſcere *Nati*
Tam malè formatam, diſſimilemq; *tuæ*?
Túne hîc *materni* veſtigia ſacra decoris,
Tu *Speculum* poterss hîc reperire tuum?
Poſt longum, dices, *Coulei*, ſic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi ſperanti, *perfide*, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, *Sagæ Lemuréſq; Deæq; nocentes*
Hunc mihi in *Infantis* ſuppoſuêre loco?
At *Tu* ſancta *Parens*, *crudelis tu quoque Nati*
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genetrix* accedis iniquo?
Sit *Sors*, ſed non ſis *Ipſa Noverca* mihi.
Si mihi natali *Muſarum* adoleſcere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuiſſet pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,
Nec legeres *Nomen* fuſa rubore meum.
Scis benè, ſcis quæ me *Tempeſtas publica Mundi*
Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem.
Sic quondam aerium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum *Autumnum* ſæva flagellat *Hyems*,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; *Arbor* & ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum *Sol* roſeo redditur ore *Pater*.
O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* ſùper omnia *Nomen*!
O penitùs toto corde receptus *Amor*!
O pulchræ *ſine luxu Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuùſq; decor!

O chara

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
Digna *Domus*! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei*!
O nimium *Cereris* cumulati munere Campi,
Posthabitis *Ænnæ* quos colit illa jugis!
O sacri *Fontes*! & sacræ *Vatibus Umbræ*,
Quas *recreant Avium Piericumq*; chori!
O *Camus*! *Phœbo* nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus *auriferis* invidiosus *inops*!
Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
Detq; Deus doctâ posse quiete frui;
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
Vidisti in ripâ, *Came* serene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitisq; simul mea vita diebus,
Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cœnosæ luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Thamesisve* aut *Tybridis unda*?
Tu potis es nostram tollere, *Came*, sitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus *uno* viderit *amne*.
Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit!
Fœlix qui *non tentatus* sordescere *Mundo*,
Et cui *Pauperies nota* nitere potest!
Tempore cui nullo misera *experientia* constat,
Ut res humanas sentiat esse *Nihil*!
At nos exemplis *Fortuna* instruxit opimis,
Et documentorum satq: supérq;, dedit.
Cum *Capite* avulsum *Diadema*, infractaq; *Sceptra*,
Contusasq; *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & *non tractabile Fatum*,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infami scopulis naufragiisq; *Mari*?
Tu quoque in hoc *Terræ* tremuisti, *Academia*, *Motu*.
(Nec frustrà) atq; ædes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipsæ *pacatæ Palladis* arces:
Et timuit *Fulmen Laurea* sancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec saltem *Bellis ista* licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat: Jus habet omne malum.
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi *Mors* ipsa *superstes* erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes *ad Mare Mortis* aquas.
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* saucia dextrâ,
(Namq; solent ipsis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem superûm, questúsq; cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne *breves* secura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre *Necem vulnera* nulla valent.

THE PREFACE
Of the *AUTHOR*.

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for ſuch I account it to be, that any Copy of it ſhould be extant any where ſo long, unleſs at his houſe who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and publiſhed under *my name*, during the time of my abſence. I wondred very much how one who could be ſo *fooliſh* to write ſo ill Verſes, ſhould yet be ſo *wiſe* to ſet them forth as another *Mans* rather than his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Baſtard* upon ſuch a Perſon, whoſe ſtock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Offſpring* of that kind. It would have been much leſs injurious, if it had pleaſed the *Author*, to put forth ſome of my Writings under his *own name*, rather than his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done leſs wrong by *Robbery*, than he does by ſuch a *Bounty*; for no body can *juſtified* by the *imputation* even of anothers *Merit*; and our own courſe *Cloaths* are like to become us better, than thoſe of another mans, though never ſo *rich*: but theſe, to ſay the truth, were ſo *beggarly*, that I my ſelf was aſhamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided cenſure by the concealment of my own Writings, if my reputation could be thus *executed in Effigie*; and impoſſible it is for any good *Name* to be in ſafety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to conſume and deſtroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was ſo ill made, and ſo *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I eſteem my ſelf leſs prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me ſince, almoſt in the ſame kind, which is the publication of ſome things of mine without my conſent or knowledge, and thoſe ſo mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honeſty quite diſavow them. Of which ſort was a *Comedy* called the *Guardian*, printed in the year 1650. but made and Acted before the *Prince*, in his paſſage though *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drwn* only, and *repeated*; for the haſte was ſo great, that it could neither be *reviſed* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learned without book* by the *Actors*, nor ſet forth in any meaſure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Repreſentation* which, I confeſs, was ſomewhat of the *lateſt*, I began to look it over, and changed it very much, ſtriking out ſome whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*; but I have loſt the *Copy*, and dare not think it deſerves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication; though there be ſome things in it which I am not aſhamed of, taking the excuſe of my age and ſmall experience in humane converſation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the haſty *firſt ſitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to reſemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to my ſelf, I began to reflect on the Fortune of almoſt all *Writers*, and eſpecially *Poets*, whoſe *Works* (commonly Printed after their Deaths) we find ſtuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *Falſe Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it add nothing to

the *Sum*; or with such, which, though of their own *Coin*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Alloy*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, than a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy Avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may increase the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with Sophistical mixtures spoil the whole Vessel of Wine to make it yield more *profit*. This hath been the Case with *Shakspear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to Prune and Lop away, if the care of replanting them in Print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut out from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for a *Great Wit* is no more tied to live in a *Vast Volume*, than in a *Gigantick Body*; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as *Statius* says of little *Tydæus*.

——*Totos infusa per artus*
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

I am not ignorant that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own Case, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publish here, more than in strict Wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppress't and cast away more than I *Publish*, and for the ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more than *both*. And upon these Considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just Repugnancies of my own *Modesty*, and to produce these *Poems* to the light and view of the World, not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a less Evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my Death: and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what Respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this Action, as appearing like the *Emperour Charles the Fifth*, and *assisting* at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely Dead in a *Poetical* Capacity, my Resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that Faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* Dies before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to Court it as a *Mistress*, but Marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable Companion of our whole Life. But as the *Marriages* of *Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no Man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my Affection to *Poesie*; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable Matches which I might have made among the *Richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for Men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, than in their Opinion of *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a *fantastical kind of Reversion to our selves*: Neither ought any Man to envy *Poets* this Posthumous and Imaginary Happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which S. *Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their reward be in this Life, they are of all men the most miserable.*

And

And if in quiet and flouriſhing times they meet with ſo ſmall encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If *Wit* be ſuch a *Plant*, that it ſcarce receives heat enough to preſerve it alive, even in the *Summer* of our cold *Climate*; How can it chuſe but wither in a long and ſharp *Winter*? A Warlike various, and a Tragical Age is beſt to *Write of*, but worſt to *Write in*. And I may, tho' in a very unequal proportion, aſſume that to my ſelf, which was ſpoken by *Tully* to a much better Perſon, upon occaſion of the *Civil Wars* and Revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adoleſcentian per medias laudes quaſi quadrigis vehentem tranſverſa incurrit miſera fortuna Reipublicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the preſent Conſtitution of my *Mind* more proper than that of the *Times* for this Exerciſe, or rather Divertiſement. There is nothing that requires ſo much Serenity and Chearfulneſs of *Spirit*; it muſt not be either overwhelmed with the Cares of *Life*, or overcaſt with the *Clouds* of *Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or ſhaken and diſturbed with the ſtorms of injurious *Fortune*; it muſt, like the *Halcyon*, have *Fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* muſt be filled with bright and delightful *Ideas*, when it undertakes to communicate Delight to others; which is the main end of *Poeſie*. One may ſee through the Stile of *Ovid de Triſt.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there ſcarce remains any footſteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The *Cold* of the Country had ſtrucken through all his Faculties, and benummed the very *Feet* of his *Verſes*. He is himſelf, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphoſis*; and tho' there remain ſome weak *Reſemblances* of *Ovid* at *Rome*, it is but as he ſays of *Niobe*,

In vultu color eſt ſine ſanguine, lumina mœſtis
Stant immota genis; nihil eſt in imagine vivum,
Flet tamen ——— Ovid. Met. Lib. 6.

The Truth is, for a Man to Write well, it is neceſſary to be in good Humour; neither is *Wit* leſs Eclipſed with the unquietneſs of *Mind*, than *Beauty* with the *Indiſpoſition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almoſt as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in deſpight of *Fortune*, as it is in deſpight of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my Obligations to the *Muſes*, nor Expectations from them are ſo great, as that I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf on no Conſiderations to be *Divorced*; or that I ſhould ſay like *Horace*,

Quiſquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color. Hor. Sat. 1. l. 2. Ser.

I ſhall rather uſe his words in another place,

Vixi Camœnis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloriâ,
Nunc arma defunctumq; bello
Barbitophis paries habebit. L. 3. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And

And this Resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some Years past (though the Execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or enrich my self with the Traffick of those parts (which is the end of most Men that Travel thither; so that of these *Indies* it is truer than it was of the former,

Improbus extremos curvit Mercator ad Indos,
Pauperiem fugiens——)

But to forsake this World for ever, with all the *Vanities* and *Vexations of it*, and to bury my self there in some obscure Retreat (but not without the Consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*,)

Oblituſq; meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donne*'s *Sun-Dyal* in a *Grave* is not more useless and ridiculous than *Poetry* would be in that *Retirement*. As this therefore is in a true Sense, a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *Literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted Priviledge of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more *Favour*, than the *Living*;

Mart. *Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, Perire.*

Having been forced for my own necessary *Justification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Discourse of the *Reasons*, why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several Parts of it, and some other Pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this Publication: As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the Age of Ten Years, till after Fifteen; for even so far backward their remain yet some *traces* of me in the little *Footsteps* of a *Child*; which tho' they were then looked upon as *Commendable Extravagancies* in a *Boy* (Men setting a value upon *any kind* of *Fruit* before the usual *Season* of it;) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*; and therefore should do ill to expect that Patience from *others*. Besides, they have already past through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* than uses to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are Born before the ordinary *Terms*. They had the good Fortune then to find the World so *Indulgent* (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) That I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for *them*, as for not having made *Advances* afterwards proportionable to the speed of my *setting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Discretion to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments* under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real Excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *unsolvable*, not so much by their own *Negligence* and *Ill-Husbandry*, as by some notorious Accidents and publick Disasters.

In

in the next place, I have cast away all such Pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as among others, *Three Books of the* Civil War *it self*, reaching as far as the first *Battel at* Newbury, where the succeeding *Misfortunes* of the *Party* stopt the *Work*.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of Four Parts: The First is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what Chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary Virtue in them, to deserve more Care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their *Brethren*; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the *Arrogancy* of the *Word*, when I said *I had lost them*.

The *Second* is called *The Mistriss*, or *Love-Verses*; for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Freemen* of their *Company*, without paying some Duties, and obliging themselves to be True to *Love*. Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Tryal*, like some *Mahometan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least in their Life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*.

In furias ignémq; ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a Judgment of their *Manners* from their *Writings* of this kind; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his Youth. It is not in this Sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *Things* and *Persons* imagined by him. He may be in his own Practice and Disposition a *Philosopher*, nay, a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

Feret & rubus asper Amomum.

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the Malice of deceiving) to have his Testimony taken even against himself. Neither wou'd I here be mis-understood, as if I affected so much Gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good Opinion of any Man who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some Expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the Severity of Supercilious *Readers*; for much *Excess* is to be allow'd in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; so we avoid the Two unpardonable Vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Profaneness*, of which I am sure if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *Thoughts* and *Intentions*. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious Inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the Third Part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least

leaſt were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnaſſeus* calls Μεγαλοπρεπὴς καὶ ἀδρὸς ἀρχαϊσμός, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digreſſions are many, and ſudden, and ſometimes long, according to the faſhion of all *Lyrignes*, and of *Pindar* above all Men living. The *Figures* are unuſual and *bold*, even to *Temerity*, and ſuch as I durſt not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and ſometimes (eſpecially ſome of the long ones) ſeem harſh and uncouth, if the juſt Meaſures and Cadencies be not obſerved in the *Pronunciation*. So that almoſt all their *Sweetneſs* and *Numeroſity* (which is to be found, if I miſtake not, in the roughеſt, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly deſcribed the nature of theſe Verſes, in the *Ode*, entituled, *The Reſurrection*: And though the *Liberty* of them may incline a Man to believe them eaſie to be compoſed, yet the Undertaker will find it otherwiſe.

——*Ut ſibi quivis*
Speret idem, multum ſudet fruſtráq; laboret
Auſus idem——

I come now to the laſt part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles* of *David*; which I deſigned into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* ſake, but after the *Pattern* of our Maſter *Virgil*; and intended to cloſe all with that moſt Poetical and Excellent *Elegy* of *David*'s on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, becauſe it is the cuſtom of *Heroick Poets* (as we ſee by the Examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, who we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*, but only ſo near, that every one may ſee it; as Men commonly play not out the Game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their Cards, and take up what they have won. This, I ſay, was the *Whole Deſign*, in which there are many Noble and Fertile Arguments behind; as, The barbarous Cruelty of *Saul* to the *Prieſts* at *Nob*, the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderneſs*, the Funeral of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigail*, the ſacking of *Ziglag*, the loſs and recovery of *David*'s Wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philiſtines*, and the Battel of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon ſeveral Occaſions, with moſt of the Illuſtrious *Stories* of the *Old Teſtament*, and to embelliſh with moſt remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before, or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leiſure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at preſent to finiſh the Work, or ſo much as to Reviſe that part which is done with that Care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deſerves. For what worthier *Subject* could have been choſen among all the *Treaſuries* of paſt times, than the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite Troubles and Oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous Virtues and Excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful Actions and Accidents, became the greateſt *Monarch* that ever ſat on the moſt *Famous* Throne of the whole *Earth*? Whom ſhould a *Poet* more juſtly ſeek to *Honour*, than the higheſt Perſon that ever *honoured* his Profeſſion? Whom a *Chriſtian*

Poet

Poet, rather than the *Man after God's own heart*, and the Man who had that Sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the beſt and mightieſt of that *Royal Race* from whence *Chriſt* himſelf, according to the fleſh, diſdained not to Deſcend? When I conſider this, and how many other bright and Magnificent Subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were to *Poeſie*, in the wiſe managing and illuſtrating whereof, the *Glory* of *God Almighty* might be joined with the ſingular Utility and nobleſt Delight of *Mankind*; It is not without Grief and Indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhauſtible Riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggarly *Flattery* of Great Perſons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Fooliſh Women*, or the wretched Affectation of ſcurril *Laughter*, or at beſt on the confuſed antiquated *Dreams* of Senſleſs *Fables* and *Metamorphoſes*. Amongſt all Holy and Conſecrated things which the *Devil* ever ſtole and alienated from the Service of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he ſo univerſally, and ſo long uſurpt, as *Poetry* It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to reſtore it to the *Kingdom* of *God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Water* of *Damaſcus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Converſion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accompliſhment of the *Kingdom of Chriſt*. And as Men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without ſome carnal Reluctances apprehend the *Bonds* and *Fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the trueſt and greateſt *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwiſe with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not ſo great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of Men, that *Lying* is *Eſſential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never ſo wholeſom *Nouriſhment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diſeaſes*) out of theſe boaſted *Feaſts* of *Love* and *Fables*, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* ſhould make us *Nauſeate* it: For it is almoſt impoſſible to ſerve up any *new Diſh* of that kind. They are all but the *Cold Meats* of the *Ancients*, new Heated, and new Set forth. I do not at all wonder that the Old *Poets* made ſome rich Crops out of theſe Grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the Firſt *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Beſides, tho' thoſe mad Stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, ſeem in themſelves ſo ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of thoſe times. They were believed by all but a few *Philoſophers*, and perhaps ſome *Atheiſts*, and ſerved to good purpoſe among the *Vulgar* (as pitiful things as they are) in ſtrengthening the Authority of *Law*, with the terrors of *Conſcience*, and expectation of certain Rewards, and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *Folly*, and are wearied with their *Impertinencies* they ought to appear no better Arguments for *Verſe*, than thoſe of their worthy *Succeſſors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the Ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the Story of *Deucalion*, than in that of *Noah*?

Why will not the Actions of *Sampſon* afford as plentiful Matter as the *Labours* of *Hercules*? Why is not *Jephtha's Daughter as good a Woman* as *Iphigenia*? and the friendſhip of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, than that of *Theſeus* and *Perithous*? Does not the paſſage of *Moſes* and the *Iſraelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, than the voyages of *Ulyſſes* and *Æneas*? Are the obſolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half ſo ſtored with great, heroical and ſupernatural actions (ſince *Verſe* will needs *find* or *make* ſuch) as the wars of *Joſhua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Tranſformations* of the *Gods* give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Chriſt*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apoſtles*? What do I inſtance in theſe few Particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already moſt admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poeſie*, or are the beſt *Materials* in the world for it. Yet though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe, None but a good *Artiſt* will know how to do it: Neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh *Diamonds* with ſo little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any Man deſign to compoſe a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a Story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles's*, or ſome other Godly Matter, like Mr. *Haywood of Angels* into *Rhime*; he is ſo far from elevating of *Poeſie*, that he only *abaſes Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *Prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one letter*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame Fertility of *Invention*; the ſame Wiſdom of *Diſpoſition*; the ſame *Judgment* in obſervance of *Decencies*; the ſame Luſtre and Vigour of *Elocution*; the ſame Modeſty and Majeſty of *Number*; briefly the ſame kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *Stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if ill Dreſt in it. I am far from aſſuming to my ſelf to have fulfilled the Duty of this weighty undertaking: But ſure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree anſwerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I ſhall be Ambitious of no other Fruit from this weak and imperfect Attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the Courage and Induſtry of ſome other Perſons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and ſucceſsfully.

Severa

Several Copies of Verſes on the Death of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, and his Burial in *Weſtminſter Abbey*.

OUR Wit, till Cowley *did its Luſtre raiſe,*
May be reſembled to the firſt Three Days,
In which did ſhine only ſuch ſtreaks of Light
As ſerv'd but to diſtingu'ſh Day from Night:
But Wit breaks forth, in all that he has done,
Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.
The Poets formerly did lye in wait
To riſle thoſe whom they would imitate:
We Watch'd to Rob all ſtrangers when they Writ,
And learnt their Language but to ſteal their Wit.
He from that need his Country *does redeem,*
Since thoſe who want may be ſupply'd from him;
And Forreign Nations now may borrow more
From Cowley *than we could from them before:*
Who, though he condeſcended to admit
The Greeks *and* Romans *for his Guides in Wit;*
Yet he thoſe Ancient Poets does purſue
But as the Spaniards *great* Columbus *do;*
He taught them firſt to the New World to ſteer,
But they poſſeſs all that is precious there.
When firſt his ſpring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in ſome Wonder and Sorrow too,
That God had ſo much Wit and Knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his Praiſes ſpent.
But thoſe who in his Davideis *look,*
Find they his Bloſſoms *for his* Fruit *miſtook:*
In diff'ring Ages, diff'rent Muſes ſhin'd,
His Green did charm the Senſe, his Ripe the Mind.
Writing for Heaven he was inſpir'd from thence,
And from his Theam deriv'd his influence.
The Scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muſe does make Religion a Delight.
O how ſeverely Man is us'd by Fate!
The Covetous Toil long for an Eſtate;
And having got more than their Life can ſpend,
They may bequeath it to a Son or Friend;
But Learning (in which none can have a ſhare,
Unleſs they climb to it by Time and Care;
Learning, the Trueſt Wealth which Man can have,)
Does, with his Body, periſh in his Grave:
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the Nobleſt purchaſe of the Mind:
O why can we thus leave our Friends poſſeſt
Of all our Acquiſitions but the beſt?
Still when we Study Cowley, *we lament,*
That to the World he was no longer lent:
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was ſhown.
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone.

Sure he rejoic'd to ſee his Flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For when wiſe Poets can no higher flie,
They would, like Saints, in their Perfection die.
Tho' Beauty ſome Affection in him bred,
Yet only Sacred Learning he would Wed;
By which th' illuſtrious off-ſpring of his Brain
Shall over Wits great Empire ever Reign:
His Works ſhall live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to ſuch Aſhes as they long did hide.
That Sacrilegious Fire (which did laſt Year
Level thoſe Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that Majeſtick Church to flye,
Where Engliſh *Kings and* Engliſh *Poets lye:*
It at an awful diſtance did expire,
Such Pow'r had Sacred Aſhes o're that Fire;
Such as it durſt not near that Structure come
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's *Tomb;*
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd by being ſo,
From what the rage of future Flames can do.
Material Fire dares not that Place infeſt
Where he who had immortal Flame does reſt.
There let his Urn remain; for it was fit
Amongſt our Kings to lay the King of Wit:
By which the Structure more renown'd will prove
For that part Bury'd, than for all above.

ODE

ODE

Upon the Death of

Mr. Cowley.

1.

HE who would worthily adorn his Herſe,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal Verſe:
But who can ſuch Majeſtik Numbers write?
With ſuch inimitable Light?
His high and noble flights to reach
'Tis not the art of Precept that can teach.
The world's grown old ſince Pindar, and to breed
Another ſuch did Twenty Ages need.

2.

At laſt another Pindar came,
Great as the firſt in Genius and in Fame;
But that the firſt in Greek, a conquering Language, ſung;
And the laſt wrote but in an Iſland Toung.
Wit, thought, invention in them both do flow
As Torrents tumbling from the Mountains go.
Though the great Roman Lyrick do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's ſtrain;
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high
As ever Pindar did, does flie;
Of Kings and Heroes he as boldly ſings,
And flies above the Clouds, yet never wets his Wings.

3.

As fire aſpiring, as the Sea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound;
As ſwift as Lightning in its courſe,
And as reſiſtleſs in his force.
Wihlſt other Poets, like Bees who range the field
To gather what the Flowers will yield,
Glean matter with much toil and pain,
To bring forth Verſes in an humble ſtrain;
He ſees about him round,
Poſſeſt at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated Eye
All things created open ly,
That all his thoughts ſo clear and ſo preſpicuouſe be
That Whatſoever he deſcibes we ſee;
Our Souls are with his paſſions fir'd,
And he who does but read him, is inſpir'd.

4.

Pindar *to* Thebes, *where firſt he drew his breath,*
Though for his ſake his race was ſav'd from death,
By th Macedonian *Youth, did not more Honour*
Than Cowley *does his Friends and Country too.*
Had Horace *liv'd his wit to underſtand,*
He ne're had England *thought a rude inhoſpitable Land;*
Rome *might have bluſh'd, and* Athens *been aſham'd*
To hear a remote Britain *nam'd,*
Who for his parts does match, if not exceed,
The greateſt men that they did either breed.

5.

If he had flouriſh'd when Auguſtus *ſway'd,*
Whoſe peacefull Scepter the whole World obey'd,
Account of him Mecœnas *would have made;*
And from the Country ſhade,
Him into th' Cabinet have tane
To divert Cæſar's *cares, and charm his pain:*
For nothing can ſuch Balm infuſe
Into a wearied mind as does a noble Muſe.

6.

It is not now as 'twas in former days,
When all the Streets of Rome *were ſtrow'd with Bays*
To receive Petrarch, *who through Arches rode,*
Triumphal Arches, Honour'd as a Demi God
Not for Towns conquer'd, or for Battles won,
But Victories which were more his own,
For Victories of Wit, and Victories of Art,
In which blind undiſcerning Fortune had no part.

7.

Though Cowley *ne're ſuch honours did attain,*
As long as Petrarch's, Cowley's *name ſhall reign;*
'Tis but his Droſs that's in the Grave,
His memory Fame from Death ſhall ſave;
His Bays ſhall flouriſh, and be ever green.
When thoſe of Conquerors are not to be ſeen.

Nec tibi mors ipſa ſuperſtes erit.

Thomas Higgons

On

On Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY*'s Death, and Burial amongſt the Ancient POETS.

By the Honourable Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

OLD Chaucer, *like the morning Star,*
To us diſcovers day from far,
His light thoſe Miſts and Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the Age invades.
Next (like Aurora*)* Spencer *roſe,*
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, *the Poets God, inſpires;*
By Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Fletcher*'s lines,*
Our Stages luſtre Rome*'s outſhines:*
Theſe Poets near our Princes ſleep,
And in one Grave their Manſion keep;
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their Bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluckt the faireſt, ſweeteſt flower
That in the Muſes Garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame out live,
To Cowley *ſcarce did ripeneſs give.*
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *all they have;*
In Spencer, *and in* Johnſon, *Art,*
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'ſt ſhare;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with Ben Johnſon *did make bold*
To plunder all the Roman *ſtores*
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace *his wit and* Virgil*'s ſtate,*
He did not ſteal, but emulate.
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
He not from Rome *alone, but* Greece,
Like Jaſon *brought the Golden Fleece:*

To

To him that Language (though to none
Of th'others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff Gale (as Flaccus *ſings)*
The Theban *Swan extends his Wings,*
When through th' Ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our Swan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's *flights by him are reacht,*
When on that Gale his Wings are ſtretcht;
His Fancy and his Judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere Judgment (giving Law)
His modeſt Fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too Fair;
His Engliſh *Stream ſo pure did flow,*
As all that Saw, and Taſted, know;
But for his Latin *vein, ſo clear,*
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil *here,*
Him for his Judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraiture, ſo true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muſe her Song had ended here,
But both her Genii *ſtrait appear,*
Joy and Amazment her did ſtrike,
Two Twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like;
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the World this Parallel,
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's Books:
Their Works Chaſte, Moral, and Divine,
Where Profit and Delight combine;
They gilding Dirt, in noble Verſe
Ruſtick Philoſophy rehearſe;
Nor did their Actions fall behind
Their words, but with like Candour ſhin'd,
Both by Two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſie throng retire;
Their Bodies to their Minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet tho' both fell before their Hour,
Time on their Off-ſpring hath no pow'r.
Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor Death's dark Vail their Day o'er-caſt.

Miſcellanies

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c.

WHAT ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I ſhall like *Beaſts* or *Common People* dy,
Unleſs you write my *Elegy*;
Whilſt others great by being born are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.
In this ſcale *Gold*, in th' other *Fame* does ly.
The *weight* of *that* mounts this ſo *high*.
Theſe men are *Fortune's Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her *vulgar ſtone* for either look;
Out of *my ſelf* it muſt be *ſtrook*.
Yet I muſt on; what ſound is't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fame's Trumpet* hear.
It ſounds like the *laſt Trumpet*; for it can
Raiſe up the *buri'ed* Man.
Unpaſt *Alpes* ſtop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muſes Hanibal*.
Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roſes* in the way.
Hence the deſire of *Honours*, or *Eſtate*;
And all, that is not above *Fate*.
Hence *Love* himſelf, that *Tyrant* of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praiſe.
Come my beſt *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gon.
Welcome great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy *Scholar's Vict'ories* thou doſt far out-do;
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World you*.
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whoſe bleſt *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preſerves *Romes greatneſs yet*.
Thou art the *firſt* of *Orators*; only he
Who beſt can *praiſe Thee*, *next* muſt be.
Welcome the *Mantuan Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wiſe*,
Whoſe Verſe *walks higheſt*, but not flies.
Who brought green *Poeſie* to her perfect Age;
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.

Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what ſhall I do
To be like one of you.
But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there ſit
On the calm flouriſhing head of it,
And whilſt with wearied ſteps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

ODE
Of WIT

1.

TEll me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Maſter* art of it.
For the *Firſt matter* loves *Variety* leſs;
Leſs *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dreſs*:
A thouſand different ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
Yonder we ſaw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*.

2.

London that vents of *falſe Ware* ſo much ſtore,
In no *Ware* deceives us more.
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes Birds*, fly to the painted Grape;
Some things do through our Judgment paſs
As through a *Multiplying Glaſs*.
And ſometimes, if the *Object* be too far.
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greateſt *word* of *Fame*
Grows ſuch a common Name,
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Juſt ſo, as *Tit'ular Biſhops* made at *Rome*.
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jeſt*
Admir'd with *Laughter* at a Feaſt,
Nor florid *Talk* which can the *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever muſt remain.

4.

Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs *Verſes* meet
With their five gowty feet.
All every where, like *Man's* muſt be the *Soul*,
And *Reaſon* the *Inferiour Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* Wall.
Such *Miracles* are ceas'd; and now we ſee
No *Towns* or *Houſes* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That ſhows more *Coſt* than *Art*.
Jewels at *Noſe* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather than *all thing Wit*, let none be there.

Several

Several *Lights* will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i'th' skie,
If thoſe be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*.

6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe.
Jeſts for *Dutch Men*, and *Engliſh Boys*.
In which who finds out *Wit*, the ſame may ſee
In *Ana'grams* and *Acroſtiques Poetrie*.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a *Virgin* hides her face.
Such *Droſs* the *Fire* muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The *Author bluſh* there, where the *Reader* muſt.

7.

Tis not ſuch *Lines* as almoſt crack the *Stage*,
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
Nor a tall *Met'aphor* in in the *Bombaſt-way*,
Nor the dry Chips of ſhort-lung'd *Seneca*.
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force ſome odd *Similitude*.
What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things muſt be,
Yet all things there *agree*.
As in the *Ark*, join'd without force or ſtrife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.
Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which without *Diſcord* or *Confuſion* lie,
In that ſtrange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

9.

But *Love* that molds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took *you* for *myſelf* ſure when I thought
That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.
Correct my errour with thy Pen:
And if any ask me then,
What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll only ſhew your *Lines*, and ſay, *'Tis this*.

To the Lord Falkland.

For his ſafe Return from the Nothern Expedition *againſt the* SCOTS.

GReat is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy truſt;
Return him ſafe: *Learning* would rather chuſe
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to loſe,
All things that are but *writ* or *Printed* there,
In his unbounded Breaſt *engraven are*.
There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yea juſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome *Common principle*.

So in an *Army*, govern'd right we ſee
(Though out of ſeveral Countries rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
So thouſand divers *Species* fill the Air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beaſts, Houſes, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undiſturb'd* into the Eye.
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
Thruſt into th' noiſe and buſineſs of a State,
All *Virtues*, and ſome *Cuſtoms* of the *Court*,
Other mens *Labour*, are at leaſt his *Sport*.
Whilſt we who can no action undertake,
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Pace duly on, oft tire, and often ſtay,
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'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
And her *Eſtate* of *Wit* on *One* beſtow.
Whilſt we like *younger Brothers*, get at beſt
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How could he anſwer't, ſhould the State think fit
To queſtion a *Monopoly* of *Wit*?
Such is the *Man* whom we require, the ſame
We lent the *North*; untoucht as is his *Fame*.
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
Thoſe *Men* alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe *Valour* is the only *Art* they know,
Were for ſad *War* and bloody *Battles* born;
Let *Them* the *State defend*, and *He adorn*.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wotton.

WHat ſhall we ſay, ſince *ſilent* now is *He*,
Who when he *Spake*, all things would *Silent* be?
Who had ſo many *Languages* in ſtore,
That only *Fame* ſhall ſpeak of him in *more*.
Whom *England* now no more return'd muſt ſee.
He's gon to *Heaven* on his *Fourth Embaſſie*.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to ſay
H' had been abroad, or paſs'd looſe time away.
In whatſoever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wiſdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
As if he went *to Conquer*, not to *See*.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* ſent into the *Weſt*,
Spoke them ſo truly, that he had (you'd ſwear)
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Juſtly each *Nation's* Speech to him was known,
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Nor

Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be leſs
Who in his Breaſt had *all things* to *expreſs*.
We ſay that *Learning*'s endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing Life a longer date.
He did the utmoſt *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not ſo large as was his *Mind*.
But, like the brave *Pelæan Youth*, did mone
Becauſe that *Art* had no more *Worlds* than *One*.
And when he ſaw that he through all had paſt,
He *dy'd*, leſt he ſhould *Idle* grow at laſt.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan,
Second Maſter *at* Weſtminſter *School*.

HEnce, and make room for me, all you that come
Only to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe*.
Here lies the *Maſter* of my tender years,
The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
Whoſe *Government* ne'r ſtood me in a *Tear*;
All *weeping* was reſerv'd to ſpend it *here*.
Come hither all who his rare Virtues knew,
And mourn with *Me*; He was *your Tutor* too.
Let's joyn our *Sighs*, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native *Belgia* what ſhe's now to do.
The *League* of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all Men we there had loſt,
And all the *Engliſh Blood* thoſe Wars have coſt.
Wiſely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide;
His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
Of *England*; and t' avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
But we in chief; our Country ſoon was grown
A *Debter* more to *Him*, than *He* t'his own,
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up *Men* againſt the future times.
For deeds of *Age* are in their *Cauſes* then,
And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he made them *Men*.
Hence 'twas, a *Maſter* in thoſe ancient days
Wen men ſought *Knowledge* firſt, and by it *Praiſe*,
Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame*;
Father it ſelf was but a *Second Name*.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his Inſtructions all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*.
He *deſerv'd Honours*, but *deſpis'd* them too
As much as thoſe who have them, others do.
He knew not that which *Comvlement* they call;
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himſelf* leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie*.
His *Memory*, where all things written were
As ſure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are.
Thus he in *Arts* ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whileſt ſtill the *Uſe* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.

And

So in an *Army*, govern'd right we ſee
(Though out of ſeveral Countries rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
So thouſand divers *Species* fill the Air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beaſts, Houſes, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undiſturb'd* into the Eye.
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
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To ſearch the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.
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On His Majeſties Return out of SCOTLAND

1

WElcome, Great Sir, with all the joy that's due
To the return of *Peace* and *You*.
Two greateſt *Bleſſings*, which this Age can know,
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heaven* we owe.
Others by *War* their *Conqueſts* gain,
You like a *God* your ends obtain.
Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and ſweetly *Order'd* all.

2.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge Heav'en *full thanks* for it.
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
And like the *Peace*, but think it comes *too late*,
No *Widdows* hear the jocund *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands Knells*.
No drop of *Blood* is ſpilt which might be ſaid
To mark our joyfull *Holiday* with *red*.

3.

'Twas only *Heav'n* could work this wondrous thing,
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Again the *Northern Hindes* may ſing and plow,
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Again may Tradeſmen love their pain
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The *Armour* now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

4.

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conqueror*'s *Brow*.
At ſuch a *Game* what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt *loſe*, yet neither ſide can *win*?
How juſtly would our *Neighbours* ſmile
At theſe mad Quarrels of our Iſle
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5.

How was the ſilver *Tine* frighted before,
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His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe,
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His *Valour*, *Wiſdom*, *Off-ſpring* ſpeak no leſs;
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On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

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Vandike is *Dead*; but what *Bold Muſe* ſhall dare
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Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad *Picture* which he made to weep,
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Unmov'd with the ſame *Paſſions* which he drew.
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His

His all-reſembling *Pencil* did out-paſs
The mimick *Imag'ery* of *Loooking-Glaſs*,
Nor was his *Life* leſs perfect than his *Art*,
Nor was his *Hand* leſs *erring* than his *Heart*.
There was no falſe, or fading *Colour* there,
The *Figures* ſweet and well proportino'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more *ſhaddows* than the Men he *drew*.
Thus ſtill he liv'd till Heaven did for him call,
Where reverend *Luke* ſalutes him firſt of all:
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair?
And could almoſt wiſh for his *Pencil* there?
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
Whilſt he for ever raviſht with the ſhow,
Scorns his own *Art* which he admir'd below.
Only his beauteous *Lady* ſtill he loves?
(The love of heav'enly *Objects Heav'en* improves)
He ſees bright *Angels* in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair *Widow*, who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoyces ceaſe to grieve,
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt *Pair*, to *Diſagree*.
No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'erous mind,
You, and a *new born You*, he left behind.
Even *Fate* expreſt his love to his dear *Wife*,
And let him end *your Picture* with his *Life*.

Prometheus *ill-painted*.

HOW wretched does *Promotheus* ſtate appear,
Whileſt he his *Second Mis'ery* ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blames great *Jove's* leſs than the *Painter's* hands.
It would the *Vulture's* cruelty out go,
If once again his *Liver* thus ſhould *grow*
Pity, him, *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow;
The *Flames* he once *ſtole* from Thee *grant* him now.

ODE.

1.

HEre's to thee *Dick*; this whining *Love* deſpiſe;
Pledge me my *Friend*, and Drink till thou be'ſt *Wiſe*.
It ſparkles brighter far than *She*,
'Tis Pure and Right without Deceit;
And ſuch no *Woman* e'er will be:
No; they are all *Sophiſticate*.

2.

With all thy ſervile pains what canſt thou win,
But an *Ill-Favour'd*, and *Uncleanly Sin?*

A thing so vile, and so short Liv'd
That *Venus Joys* as well as She
With Reason may be said to be
From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

3.

Whom would that painted Toy, a *Beauty*, move,
Whom would it e'r perswade to Court and Love,
Could he a *Woman's Heart* have seen,
(But, Oh, no *Light* does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her *Womb*?

4.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all.
But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

5.

Here's to thee again; thy Senseless Sorrow's Drownd;
Let the *Glass walk*, till all things too *go round*;
Again, till these *Two Lights* be *Four*;
No Error here can dangerous prove:
Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more;
None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

Friendship in Absence.

1.

WHen Chance or Cruel Business parts us Two,
What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
Whilst Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with *Dreams*, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not *How* nor *Where*.
Their Friendly Lights together twine,
Though we perceiv't not to be so,
Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
Yet nor themselves their own *Conjunctions* know.

3.

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for every Friend,
If *Distance* could their *Union* end:
But *Love* it self does far advance
Above the Power of *Time* and *Space*,
It scorns such outward *Circumstance*.
His *Time's for ever, every where his place*.

4.

I'm there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me Thou* art,
Lodg'd in each others Heart.

Miracles ceaſe not yet in *Love*,
When he his Mighty Power will try,
Abſence it ſelf does *Bounteous* prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our *Preſence Multiply*.

5.

Pure is the Flame of *Friendſhip*, and Divine
Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does ſhine;
He in the upper Air and Sky
Does no effects of Heat beſtow,
But as his Beams the farther fly
He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below.

6.

Friendſhip is leſs apparent when too nigh,
Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye*.
Leſs *Meritorious* than is *Love*,
For when we Friends together ſee
So much, ſo much *Both One* do prove,
That their *Love* then ſeems but *Self-Love* to be.

7.

Each Day think on me, and each Day I ſhall
For thee make *Hours Canonical*.
By every *Wind* that comes this way,
Send me at leaſt a *Sigh* or two,
Such, and ſo many I'le repay
As ſhall themſelves make *Winds* to get to you.

8.

A Thouſand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our *Separation*.
Alas, Ten Thouſand will not do;
My Heart will thus no longer ſtay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks againſt the *Breaſt* to get away.

9.

And when no Art affords me Help or Eaſe,
I ſeek with Verſe my Griefs t'appeaſe.
Juſt as a *Bird* that flies about
And beats it ſelf againſt the *Cage*,
Finding at laſt no paſſage out,
It ſits and Sings, and ſo o'comes its Rage.

To the Biſhop of Lincoln *upon his Enlargement out of the* Tower.

PArdon, my Lord, that I am come ſo late
T'Expreſs my Joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of *Liberty*, at firſt I could not Grieve;
My Thoughts a while, like you, *impriſon'd* lay;
Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;
They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud
Should every Man's officious Gladneſs haſt,
And be afraid to ſhew it ſelf the laſt;

The

The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loſs* to you of *Liberty*,
When of your Freedom Men the News did hear
Where it was wiſh'd for, that is every where,
'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As ſoon as it was heard it Raviſh'd all.
So *Eloquent Tully* did from *Exile* come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cheriſht *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counſels* miſs;
Rome the *Worlds Head* was nothing without *His*.
Wrong to thoſe Sacred Aſhes I ſhould do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*;
You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did diſpence
The *Conſulſhip* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Nor did your Fate differ from his at all,
Becauſe the doom of *Exile* was his Fall,
For the whole *World* without a Native Home
Is nothing but a *Pris'n* of larger Room.
But like a melting *Woman* ſuffer'd He,
He, who before out-did *Humanity*.
Nor could his *Sp'rit* conſtant and *ſtedfaſt* prove,
Whoſe Art 't had been, and greateſt end to *Move*
You put *Ill Fortune* in ſo good a Dreſs,
That it out-ſhone other Men's *Happineſs*.
Had your *Proſper'ty* always clearly gon
As your *High Merits* would have led it on,
You had *Half* been loſt, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy* the *leaſt part* of Men.
Your very Suff'rings did ſo Graceful ſhew,
That ſome ſtraight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too.
For a clear *Conſcience* and *Heroick Mind*
In *Ills* their *Buſineſs* and their *Glory* find.
So though leſs worthy *Stones* are Drown'd in *Night*,
The faithful *Diamond* keeps his Native *Light*.
And is oblig'd to *Darkneſs* for a Ray
That would be more *Oppreſt* than *Helpt* by *Day*.
Your *Soul* then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd Power,
Was Stronger, and more Armed than the *Tower*.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your *Sp'rit* no more,
She has try'd your *Weakneſs* and your *Strength* before.
T'oppoſe him ſtill who once has *Conquer'd* ſo,
Were now to be your *Rebel* not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Prov'dence* have,
And rather be your *Friend*, than be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Poſies *for* Rings.

1.

I Little thought the time would ever be,
That I ſhould *Wit* in *Dwarfiſh Poſies* ſee.
As all *Words* in few *Letters* Live,
Thou to few *Words* all *Senſe* doſt give.

'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare Art
In ſuch a *Little*, *Much* to ſhew,
Who all the Good ſhe did impart
To Womankind, *Epitomiz'd* in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to Sing,
The turning *Tears* be well compar'd t' a *Ring*.
We'l Write whate'er from you we hear,
For that's the *Poſie* of the *Tear*.
This difference only will remain,
That *Time* his former Face does ſhew,
Winding into himſelf again,
But your unwearied *Wit* is always *New*

3.

'Tis ſaid that *Conjurers* have an *Art* found out
To carry *Sp'rits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
The Wonder now will leſs appear
When we behold your *Magick* here.
You by your *Rings* do *Pris'ners* take,
And chain them with your myſtick Spells,
And the ſtrong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Devil*, charm'd to thoſe *Circles* dwells.

4.

They who above do various *Circles* find,
Say like a *Ring* th'*Æquator Heav'n* than 'tis will be
When Heav'n ſhall be Adorn'd by thee
(Which then more *Heav'n* does bind.
'Tis thou muſt write the *Poſie* there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the *Sun* paſs through't twice a Year,
The *Sun* who is eſteem'd the God of *Wit*.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear theſe Sacred *Rings*,
They'l teach thoſe Hands to Write Myſterious things.
Let other *Rings* with *Jewels* bright.
Caſt around their coſtly Light
Let them want no noble *Stone*
By Nature Rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy *Rings* give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy *Marriage* bind.

Prologue to the Guardian.

Before the Prince.

WHO ſays the *Times* do *Learning* diſallow?
'Tis falſe; 'Twas never *Honour'd* ſo as *Now*;
When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
You are our *Morning Star*, and ſhall be our *Sun*.
But our *Scene*'s *London* now; and by that rout
We periſh, if the *Roundheads* be about.
For now no Ornament the *Head* muſt wear,
No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not ſo much as *Hair*.

How

How can a *Play* paſs ſafely when ye know
Cheapſide Croſs falls for making but a *Show*?
Our only *Hope* is this, that it may be
A *Play* may paſs too, made *Extempore*.
Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
They'l admit *Poeſie* which was always ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe Days,
And ſcorn no leſs their *Cenſure* than their *Praiſe*.
Our *Muſe*, Bleſt *Prince*, does only on you relye;
Would gladly *Live*, but not refuſe to *Dye*.
Accept our *haſty Zeal*; a thing that's *Play'd*
E're 'tis a *Play*, and *Acted* e're 'tis *Made*.
Our *Ign'rance*, but our *Duty* too we ſhow;
I would *all ignorant People* would do ſo!
At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*:
This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*.

The Epilogue.

THE *Play*, Great Sir, is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Though you brought all your *Father's Mercies* here,
It may offend your *Highneſs*, and we'ave now
Three Hours done *Treaſon* here, for ought we know.
But Power your Grace can above *Nature* give,
It can give Power to make *Abortives Live*.
In which if our bold Wiſhes ſhould be croſt,
'Tis but the *Life* of one poor Week 't has loſt;
Though it ſhould fall beneath your Mortal Scorn,
Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly than 'twas *Born*.

On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

1.

IT was a diſmal and a fearful Night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,
When *Sleep*, *Death's Image*, left my troubled Breaſt
By ſomething *liker Death* poſſeſt.
My Eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of ſome *Intolerable Fate*.
What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

2.

My ſweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peer*,
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *End* for ever, and my *Life* to moan?
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy *Soul* and *Body*, when *Death's Agonie*
Beſieg'd around thy Noble Heart,
Did not with more Reluctance part
Than *I*, my deareſt *Friend*, do part from *Thee*.

My

3.

My deareſt *Friend*, would I had Dy'd for Thee!
Life and this *World* henceforth will *tedious* be.
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do
If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.
Silent and Sad I walk about all Day,
As ſullen *Ghoſts* ſtalk Speechleſs by
Where their hid *Treaſures* lye;
Alas, my *Treaſure*'s gone, Why do I ſtay?

4.

He was my *Friend*, the Trueſt *Friend* on Earth;
A ſtrong and mighty *Influence* join'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding *Name*
By *Friendſhip* given of Old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Siſters* knew,
Whom the kind Youth preferr'd to Me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my ſelf I lov'd them too.

5.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye Immortal *Lights*,
How oft unwearied have we ſpent the Nights?
Till the *Ledæan Stars* ſo Fam'd for *Love*,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We ſpent them not in Toys, in Luſts, or Wine;
But ſearch of deep *Philoſophy*;
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*;
Arts which I Lov'd, for they my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

6.

Ye Fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, ſay,
Have ye not ſeen us Walking every Day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us Two?
Henceforth ye gentle *Trees*, for ever Fade;
Or your ſad Branches thicker join,
And into darkſome Shades combine;
Dark as the *Grave wherein* my *Friend* is laid.

7.

Henceforth no Learned *Youths* beneath you Sing,
Till all the Tuneful *Birds* t' your Boughs they bring;
No Tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted Chear,
And call the Learned *Youths* to hear;
No whiſtling *Winds* through the glad Branches fly,
But all with ſad Solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does lye.

8.

To him my *Muſe* made haſte with every ſtrain
Whilſt it was New, and *Warm*, yet from the *Brain*,
He lov'd my worthleſs *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out ſomething to *Commend*.
Hence now, my *Muſe*, thou canſt not me Delight;
Be this my lateſt Verſe
With which I now Adorn his *Herſe*,
And this my *Grief*, without *thy* Help ſhall Write.

9.

Had I a Wreath of *Bays* about my Brow,
I ſhould contemn that flouriſhing Honour now,
Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
It Rage and Crackle there.
Inſtead of *Bays*, Crown with ſad *Cypreſs* me;
Cypreſs which *Tombs* does Beautifie;
Not *Phœbus* griev'd ſo much as I
For him who firſt was made that Mournful *Tree*.

10.

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as e'er
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.
High as the Place 'twas ſhortly in *Heaven* to have,
But Low, and Humble as his *Grave*.
So *High*, that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to the chiefeſt Seat
Conſpicuous and Great;
So *Low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

11.

He ſcorn'd this buſie World below, and all
That we, *Miſtaken Mortals*, Pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant o'er the Sins of *Youth*.
He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with Beams like *Flame*,
Yet Burn not with the ſame,
Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

12.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather *ſought*.
Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lye
In ſuch a ſhort *Mortality*.
When e'er the skilful Youth Diſcours'd or Writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng
About his El'quent Tongue,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faſter than his *Wit*.

13.

So ſtrong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
As all things but his *Judgment* overcame;
His *Judgment* like the Heavenly *Moon* did ſhow,
Temp'ring that Mighty Sea below.
O had he liv'd in *Learning's World*, what Bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-pow'ring Soul?
We've loſt in him *Arts* that not yet are *found*.

14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spi'rits* of various Wit,
Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
And when deep Talk and Wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
Though his own ſearching Mind before
Was ſo with *Notions* written o'er
As if wiſe *Nature* had made that his *Book*.

15.

So many *Virtues* join'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in *Hiſtorie*.
More than Old *Writers Practice* e'er could reach,
As much as they could ever *Teach*.
Theſe did *Religion*, *Queen* of Virtues ſway,
And all their Sacred *Motions* ſteer,
Juſt like the Firſt and *Higheſt Sphere*
Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Piety,
He always *Liv'd* as other Saints do *Die*.
Still with his Soul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all *Debts* out e'r he Slept.
Then down in Peace and Innocence he lay,
Like the *Sun*'s laborious Light,
Which ſtill in *Water* Sets at Night,
Unſullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatcht hence e'er better *underſtood*?
Snatcht before half enough of Thee was ſeen!
Thou *Ripe*, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!
Nor could thy Friends take their laſt ſad Farewell,
But Danger and *Infectious Death*
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that Breath
Where *Life*, *Sp'rit*, *Pleaſure* always us'd to dwell.

18.

But Happy Thou, ta'n from this frantick Age!
Where *Ign'rance* and *Hypocriſie* does rage!
A fitter *Time* for Heav'n no Soul e'er choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.
There 'mong the *Bleſt* thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſoe'er thou caſt'ſt thy view
Upon that White and Radiant Crew,
See'ſt not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* than *Thine*.

19.

And if the Glorious *Saints* ceaſe not to know
Their wretched Friends who *Fight* with *Life* below;
Thy Flame to *Me* does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more Pure and Rarify'd.
There whilſt Immortal Hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with Holy Pity ſee
Our Dull and Earthly *Poeſie*,
Where *Grief* and *Mis'ry* can be joyn'd with *Verſe*.

ODE.

In Imitation of Horace's ODE

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus, &c. Lib. 1. Od. 5.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what Heart-Raviſh'd Lover
Doſt thou thy Golden Lock unbind,
Thy hidden Sweets diſcover,

And

And with large Bounty open ſet
All the bright Stores of thy rich *Cabinet*.

2.

Ah ſimple *Youth*, How oft will he
Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
And his own *Fortunes* find to be
So Airy and ſo Vain,
Of ſo *Cameleon*-like an hew,
That ſtill *their Colour* changes with *it* too!

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The Blackneſs of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds ſound higher
And ſee the Billows riſe;
Poor *unexperienc'd* He
Who ne'r, alas, before had been at *Sea*!

4.

He 'enjoys thy calmy *Sun-ſhine* now,
And no Breath ſtirring hears,
In the clear Heav'n of thy Brow
No ſmalleſt *Cloud* appears.
He ſees thee Gentle, Fair and Gay,
And Truſts the *Faithleſs April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! Thrice Unhappy He,
T'whom *Thou untry'd* doſt ſhine!
But there's no Danger now for *Me*,
Since o'er *Loretto's Shrine*
In witneſs of the *Shipwrack* paſt
My Conſecrated *Veſſel* hangs at laſt.

In Imitation of Martial's *Epigram.*

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF deareſt *Friend* it my good Fate might be
T'enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;
If we for *Happineſs* could *Leiſure* find,
And *wandring Time* into a *Method* bind,
We ſhould not ſure the *Great Mens* Favour need,
Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed.
We ſhould not *Patience* find daily to hear
The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* ſpoken there.
We ſhould not the *Lord's Tables* humbly uſe,
Or talk in *Ladies* Chambers *Love* and *News*;
But *Books* and wiſe *Diſcourſe*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
And all the Joys that *unmixt Nature* yields.
Thick *Summer* ſhades where *Winter* ſtill does lye,
Bright *Winter* Fires that *Summers* pain ſupply.
Sleep not controul'd by *Cares* confin'd to *Night*,
Or bound in any Rule but *Appetite*.
Free, but not not ſavage or ungracious *Mirth*,
Rich *Wines* to give it quick and eaſie Birth.

A *few Companions*, which our ſelves ſhould chuſe,
A *Gentle Miſtreſs*, and a *Gentler Muſe*.
Such, deareſt Friend, ſuch without doubt ſhould be
Our *Place*, our *Buſ'neſs*, and our *Companie*.
Now to *Himſelf*, alas, does neither *Live*,
But ſees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
A ſtrict *Account*, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a Man how to Live, and does he Pray?

The Chronicle.

A Ballad.

MArgarita First poſſeſt,
If I remember well, my Breaſt.
Margarita firſt of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my reſtleſs Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the Beauteous *Catherine*.
Beauteous *Catherine* gave place
(Though Loth and Angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my Heart.)
To *Eliſa*'s Conqu'ering Face.

3.

Eliſa till this Hour might Reign
Had ſhe not *Evil Counſels* ta'n,
Fundamental Laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new *Favourites* ſhe choſe,
Till up in *Arms* my *Paſſions* roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to Reign at once began,
Alternately they ſway'd,
And ſometimes *Mary* was the Fair,
And ſometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And ſometimes *Both* obey'd.

Another *Mary* then aroſe,
And did rigorous Laws impoſe,
A mighty *Tyrant* ſhe!
Long, alas, ſhould I have ybin
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* let me free.

When Fair *Rebecca* ſet me free
'Twas then a *Golden Time*.
But ſoon thoſe Rich Years he by Cares conſum'd
For the Gracious Princeſs Dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties Pride
And *Judith* Reign'd in her ſtead.

7.

One Month, Three Days, and Half an Hour
Judith held the *Sove'reign Power.*
Wondrous Beautiful her Face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her Wit,
That ſhe to Govern was unfit,
And ſo *Suſanna* took her place.

8.

But when *Iſabella* came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs Flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilſt ſhe proudly marcht about
Greater Conqueſts to find out,
She beat out *Suſan* by the Bye.

9.

But in her place I then Obey'd
Black-Ey'd *Beſs* her *Vice-Roy Maid,*
To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy.*
Thouſand worſe *Paſſions* then poſſeſt
The *Inter-regnum* of my Breaſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an *Anarchy!*

10.

Gentle *Henrietta* then
And a Third *Mary* next began,
Then *Joan,* and *Jane,* and *Audria.*
And then a pretty *Thomaſine,*
And then another *Katharine,*
And then a long *Et cætera.*

11.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The ſtrength and riches of their *State,*
The *Powder, Patches,* and the *Pins,*
The *Ribonds, Jewels,* and the *Rings,*
The *Lace,* the *Paint,* and *Warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins:*

12.

If I ſhould tell the Politick Arts
To take and keep Men's Hearts.
The Letters, Embaſſies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberleſs, *Nameleſs Myſteries!*

13.

And all the little *Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid;*
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stem.*

14.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me.
An Higher and a Nobler ſtrain
My preſent *Empreſs* does claim,

Heleonora. First o' th' Name,
Whom *God grant long to Reign.*

To Sir William D'avenant.

Upon his Two First Books of Gundibert, *finished before his Voyage to* America.

METhinks *Heroick Poesie* till now
Like some fantastick *Fairy-Land* did show;
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and *Giants Race,*
And all but *Man,* in *Man's Chief work* had place.
Thou like some worthy *Knight* with Sacred Arms
Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms.*
Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well.
By fatal Hands, whilst *present Empires* fall,
Thine from the Grave *past Monarchies* recall.
So much more Thanks from Humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury,* than the *Zealot's Spirit.*
And from the *Grave* thou mak'st this *Empire* rise,
Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t'affright her Eyes,
But with more Lustre and Triumphant State,
Than when it Crown'd at proud *Verona* sate.
So will our *God re-build* Man's perisht frame,
And raise him up much *Better,* yet the *same.*
So *God-like Poets* do past things rehearse,
Not *Change,* but *Heighten* Nature by their Verse.
With Shame, methinks, Great *Italy* must see
Her *Conqu'ror's* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee.*
Rais'd by such powerful Verse that Ancient *Rome*
May Blush no less to see her *Wit o'ercome.*
Some Men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.
The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
Thou in those beaten Paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead.*
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter *Age* should see *all New but Wit;*
Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
And leave bright *Tracks* for following *Pens* to take.
Sure 'twas this Noble Boldness of the *Muse*
Did thy Desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
And ne'r did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* Bless,
If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like Success.

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey.

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
Uses just as the *Romish Church* has done
Her Prophane *Laity*, and does Assign
Bread only both to serve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
A Rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives;
Such Comfort to us here your Letter gives,
Fraught with brisk *Racy Verses*, in which we
The *Soil* from whence they came, Taste, Smell, and See:
Such is your *Present* to us; for you must know,
Sir, that *Verse* does not in this *Island grow*
No more than *Sack*; One lately did not fear
(Without the *Muses* leave) to Plant it here.
But it produc'd such Base, Rough, Crabbed, Hedge
Rhimes, as ev'en set the Hearers *Ears* on *Edge*,
Written by ——————— *Esquire, the*
Year of our Lord Six hundred thirty three.
Brave *Jersey Muse*! and he's for his High Stile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the *Isle*.
Alas to Men here no *Words less* hard be,
To Rhyme with, than * *Mount Orgueil* is to me.
Mount Orgueil, which in scorn o'th' *Muses* Law
With no *Yoke-fellow Word* will deign to draw.
Stubborn *Mount Orgueil*! 'tis a work to make it
Come into *Rhime* more hard than 'twere to *take* it.
Alas, to bring our *Tropes* and *Figures*,
Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Elephants* were
And *Metaphor* is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the *Preface* of *God Save the King*.
Yet this I'll say for the Honour of the Place,
That by God's extraordinary *Grace*
(Which shows the People have *Judgment*, if not *Wit*,
The Land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet,
Which in my poor Opinion I Confess,
Is a most singular Blessing, and no less
Than *Ireland*'s wanting *Spiders*. And so far
From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombast* too they are,
(That other *Crying Sin* o' th' *English Muse*)
That even *Satan* himself can accuse
None here (no not so much as the *Divines*)
For th' *Motus primo primi* to *Strong Lines*.
Well, since the Soil then does not nat'urally bear
Verse, who (*a Devil*) should *Import* it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing
As who did first *Wild Beasts* into' *Islands* bring.
Unless you think that it might taken be
As *Green* did *Gondibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
But that's a Fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true, *Green* was made by it; for they say
The *Parl'iament* did a Noble Bounty do,
And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths*, and *Fifteenths* too.

* The name of one of the Castles in *Jersey*.

The

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Against the Dogmatists.

1.

THE Sacred *Tree* 'midst the fair *Orchard* grew,
The *Phœnix Truth* did on it rest,
And Built his Perfum'd Nest.
That right *Porphyrian Tree* which did true *Logick* shew,
Each *Leaf* did Learned *Notions* give,
And th' *Apples* were *Demonstrative*.
So clear their *Colour*, and *Divine*,
The very *shade* they cast did other *Lights* out shine.

2.

Taste not, saith God, 'tis *Mine*, and *Angels* Meat;
A certain *Death* doth sit
Like an ill *Worm* i'th' *Core* of it.
Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live*, or *Know* and *Eat*.
Thus spake *God*, yet *Man* did go
Ignorantly on to *Know*;
Grew so *more Blind*, and *she*
Who Tempted him to this, grew yet *more blind* than *He*.

3.

The only *Science* Man by this did get,
Was but to *know* he nothing *knew*:
He straight his *Nakedness* did view,
His igno'rant poor Estate, and was asham'd of it.
Yet searches *Probabilities*,
And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
And seeks by useless Pride
With slight and withering *Leaves* their *Nakedness* to hide.

4.

Henceforth, said *God*, the wretched Sons of Earth
Shall Sweat for Food in vain.
That will not long sustain,
And bring with *Labour* forth each fond *Abortive Birth*.
That *Serpent* too their *Pride*,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That Learn'd and Eloquent *Lust*,
Instead of *mounting high*, shall creep upon the *Dust*.

The Reason.

The Use of it in Divine Matters.

1.

SOme *blind* themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way:
They Build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no *Wind*.
Less hard 'tis, not to *err our selves*, than know
If our *Fore-fathers err'd* or no.

When

When we trust *Men* concerning *God*, we then
Trust not *God* concerning *Men*.

2.

Visions and *Inspirations* some expect
Their course here to direct.
Like Senseless *Chymists*, their own Wealth destroy,
Imaginary Gold t'enjoy.
So *Stars appear* to drop to us from Sky,
And gild the passage as they fly:
But when they fall, and meet th'opposing Ground,
What but a sordid *Slime* is found?

3.

Sometime their *Fancies* they above *Reason* set,
And fast that they may Dream of Meat.
Sometimes *Ill Sp'irits* their sickly Souls delude,
And *Bastard-Forms* obtrude.
So *Endor*'s wretched *Sorceress*, although
She *Saul* through his Disguise did know,
Yet when the *Dev'il* comes up *Disguis'd*, she cries,
Behold the *Gods* arise.

4.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only *Guide*.
Reason which (God be prais'd) still *walks*, for all
Its Old Original *Fall*.
And since it self the boundless *Godhead* join'd
With a *Reasonable Mind*,
It plainly shews that *Mysteries Divine*
May with our *Reason* join.

5.

The *Holy Book*, like the Eighth *Sphere*, does shine
With Thousand Lights of *Truth Divine*.
So numberless the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
It makes but all one *Galaxie*.
Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by *Stars* above we cannot know,
Without the *Compass* too *below*.

6.

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faith*'s *Mysteries* see,
It sees that *There*, and such they be.
Leads to *Heaven-Door*, and there does Humbly keep,
And there through *Chinks* and *Keyholes* peep.
Though it, like *Moses* by a sad Command,
Must not come into th' *Holy Land*,
Yet thither it infallibly does *guide*,
And from afar 'tis all *descry'd*.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

POet and *Saint*! to thee alone are given
The Two most Sacred *Names* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
The hard and rarest *Union* which can be
Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie*.

Long

Long did the *Muses* banish'd *Slaves* abide,
And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal Pride;
Like *Moses* Thou (though Spells and Charms withstand)
Hast brought them Nobly home back to their *Holy Land*.
Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.
Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their Ayres Divine,
And Joy in an Applause so great as *Thine*.
Equal Society with them to hold,
Thou needst not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old*.
And they (kind Spirits!) shall all rejoyce to see
How little less than *They*, *Exalted Man* may be.
Still the Old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
The *Heav'enliest* thing on Earth still keeps up *Hell*.
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land*;
Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand.
And tho *Pan*'s *Death* long since all *Or'acles* broke.
Yet still in Rhyme the Fiend *Apollo* spoke:
Nay, with the worst of *Heathen* Dotage We
(Vain Men!) the *Monster Woman Deifie*;
Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
And *Paradise* in them by whom we *lost* it, place.
What different Faults corrupt our *Muses* thus?
Wanton as *Girls*, as *Old Wives*, *Fabulous*!
Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain
The boundless *Godhead*: she did well disdain
That her *Eternal Verse* employ'd should be
On a less Subject than *Eternity*;
And for a Sacred *Mistress* scorn to take,
But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Spouse* to make.
It (in a kind) *her Miracle* did do;
A Fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.

* Mr. *Crashaw* Died of a Fever at *Loretto*, being newly chosen Canon of that Church.

* How well (Blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy Tuneful Breath
In thy great *Mistress* Arms? Thou most Divine
And richest *Offering* of *Loretto*'s *Shrine*!
Where like some Holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they say) brought the Fam'd *Chappel* there,
And bore the Sacred Load in Triumph through the Air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their Charge, went *Singing* all the way.
Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
When join'd with so much *Piety* as *his*.
Ah Mighty *God*, with Shame I speak't, and Grief,
Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
And our weak *Reason* were ev'en weaker yet,
Rather than thus our *Wills* too strong for it.
His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.
And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
So far, at least, Great *Saint*, to *Pray to thee*.

Hail,

Hail *Bard Triumphant*! and ſome care beſtow
On *us*, the *Poets Militant* Below!
Oppos'd by our old Enemy, adverſe *Chance*,
Attacqu'd by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Deſires*,
Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to ſavage *Beaſts* and *Fires*:
Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didſt riſe,
And like *Elijah*, mount alive the Skies.
Eliſha-like (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy *Greatneſs*, and my *Littleneſs*)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didſt prove
So Humble to *Eſteem*, ſo Good to *Love*)
Not that thy *Spir'it* might on me *Doubled* be,
I ask but half thy mighty *Spi'rit* for Me.
And when my *Muſe* ſores with ſo ſtrong a Wing,
'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and firſt of *Thee* to ſing.

Anacreontiques; *or, Some Copies of* VERSES, *Tranſlated Paraphraſtically out of* Anacreon,

I.

LOVE.

I'll ſing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Begin, my *Muſe*; but lo the ſtrings
To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but *Love*.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing ſure will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe ſure *Heroick Notes* will play.
Straight I began with thundring *Jove*,
And all th' immortal Powers but *Love*.
Love ſmil'd, and from my'enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle Ayres, ſuch as inſpire
Melting Love, ſoft deſire
Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*.
Love tunes my *Heart* juſt to my *ſtrings*.

II.

Drinking.

THE thirſty *Earth* ſoaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The *Plants* ſuck in the *Earth*, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The *Sea* it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,

Drinks ten thouſand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they o'rflow the *Cup*.
The buſie *Sun* (and one would gueſs
By's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the *Sea* and when he h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in *Nature*'s *Sober* found,
But an eternal *Health* goes round.
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glaſſes* there, for why
Should every Creature drink but *I*,
Why, *Men* of *Morals*, tell me why?

III.

Beauty.

LIberal *Nature* did diſpenſe
To all things *Arms* for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſin'ewy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
And ſome with Horns, or tuſked Jaws;
And ſome with Scales, and ſome with Wings,
And ſome with Teeth, and ſome with Stings.
Wiſdom to *Man* ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has ſhe' aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?
What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
More *Impaſſible* is found?
And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e'r
So great an *Active* force did bear?
They are *all weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part.
Who can, alas, their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedneſs*?

IV.

The Duel.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now *Love*'s *Rebel* prove,
Though I was once his *Enemy*;
Though ill adviſ'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the Combate him defie,
An Helmet, Spear, and mighty Shield,
Like ſome new *Ajax* I did wield.

Love

Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
In th' other hand a *Dart* did ſhake.
But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
So well my *Armor* did reſiſt,
So oft by flight the Blow I miſt.
But when I thought all danger paſt,
His *Quiver* empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
He ſhot *Himſelf* into my *Heart*.
The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
Ran through the Skin, the Fleſh, the *Blood*,
And broke the Bones, and ſcorcht the Marrow,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withſtood.
In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I ſet out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *En'my* does within remain.
In vain a *Breaſtplate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breaſt* the Foe I bear.
In vain my *Feet* their ſwiftneſs try;
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V.

AGE.

OFT am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'ſt old.
Look how thy Hairs are falling all;
Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to *Live* if I grow *Old*.
'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little *Life* the beſt to make,
And manage *wiſely* the *laſt ſtake*.

VI.

The Account.

WHen all thee *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endleſs Summs of heav'enly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From ſickly *Autumns Head* that fall,
Or when the Drops that make the *Sea*,
Whilſt all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
Thou then, and Thou alone muſt prove
Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.
An hundred Loves at *Athens* ſcore.
At *Corinth* write an hundred more.

Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,
So few is an *Escaping* there.
Write then at *Chios* seventy three;
Write me at *Lesbos* (let me see)
Write then at *Lesbos* ninety down,
Full ninety *Loves* and half a One.
And next to these let me present
The fair *Ionian Regiment*;
And next the *Carian Company*,
Five hundred both *Effectively*.
Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
Three hundred 'tis I am sure *Complete*.
For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,
And every *Ey*'s an *Archer* there.
Go on; this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a *Summe*?
Why many *Thousands* are to come;
The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
Such different *Nations* in his Host.
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary
Must find some better *Secretary*.
I have not yet my *Persian* told,
Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
Nor *Cyprian* Loves, nor *African*;
Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian* flames;
There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*.
Of gentle Love i'th' *Temperate Zone*,
And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

VII.

GOLD

AMighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miss*.
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Vertue now nor noble *Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood.
Gold alone does Passion move,
Gold monopolizes Love!
A *curse* on her and on the Man
Who this traffick first began!
A *curse* on him who found the Ore!
A *curse* on him who digg'd the store!
A *curse* on him who did refine it!
A *curse* on him who first did coyn it!
A *curse* all curses else above
On him, who us'd it first in *Love*!

Gold

Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate;
Gold does Friendſhip ſeparate,
Gold does Civil Wars create.
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alaſs, does *Love beget.*

VIII.

The Epicure.

FILL the *Bowl* with roſie Wine,
Around our temples *Roſes* twine,
And let us chearfully a while.
Like the *Wine* and *Roſes* ſmile.
Crown'd with Roſes we contemn
Gyges wealthy *Diadem.*
To day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To day is *Ours*; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh at leaſt with us to ſtay.
Let's baniſh *Buſineſs*, baniſh *Sorrow*;
To the *Gods* belongs *To Morrow.*

IX.

ANOTHER.

UNderneath this Myrtle-ſhade,
On flowry Beds ſupinely laid,
With od'orous Oyls my head o'rflowing,
And around it Roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The *Heat* and *troubles* of the Day?
In this more than *Kingly* ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Deſires.*
The *Wheel* of Life no leſs will ſtay
In a ſmooth than *rugged* way.
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the *Motion* pleaſant be.
Why do we precious *Oyntments* ſhower,
Nobler *Wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous *Flowers* why do we ſpread,
Upon the Mon'uments of the *Dead*?
Nothing they but *Duſt* can ſhow,
Or *Bones* that haſten to be ſo.
Crown me with *Roſes* whileſt I *Live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntments* give.

After

After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my pleaſures have,
All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave.*

X.

The Graſhopper.

HAppy *Inſect*, what can be
In happineſs compar'd to thee?
Fed with nouriſhment Divine,
The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdent Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wher-ever thou doſt tread,
Nature ſelf's *thy Ganymede.*
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt *King*!
All the *Fields*, which thou doſt ſee,
All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for the does ſow and plow;
Farmer He, and *Landlord Thou*!
Thou doſt innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy *Luxury* deſtroy;
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* than *He.*
Thee Country Hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripened Year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy *Sire.*
To thee of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy *Mirth.*
Happy *Inſect*, happy Thou,
Doſt neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among
(*Voluptuous*, and *Wiſe* withal,
Epicurean Animal!)
Satiated with thy *Summer Feaſt*,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs *Reſt.*

XI.

The Swallow.

FOoliſh *Prater*, what doſt thou
So early at my Window do
With thy tuneleſs *Serenade*?
Well 't had been had *Tereus* made

Thee

Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
There his Knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcovered Neſt
Thou doſt all the Winter reſt,
And dreameſt o'r thy Summer joys
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſons noiſe:
Free from th' Ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out *Thee?*
Had'ſt thou all the charming Notes
Of the Woods *Poetick Throats*,
All thy Arts could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'n from me away.
Cruel *Bird*, thou'ſt ta'n away
A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
A *Dream* that ne'er muſt equall'd be
By all that *waking Eyes* may ſee.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Though men ſay, *Thou bring'ſt the Spring.*

ELEGIE upon *ANACREON*, who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love,

HOW ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt *Servant*, and my *Friend?*
Nay, and if from a *Deity*
So much *Deifi'd* as I,
It ſounds not too profane and odd,
Oh my *Maſter* and my *God*!
For 'tis true moſt mighty *Poet*,
(Though I like not Men ſhould know it)
I am in naked *Nature* leſs,
Leſs by much than in thy *Dreſs*.
All thy Verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my *Arrrows*,
Of my Mothers *Doves* or *Sparrows*.
Sweet as Lovers freſheſt *kiſſes*,
Or their riper following Bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth and round,
All with *Venus Girdle* bound.
And thy *Life* was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy *Stile*.
The Smooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ry day
Glided numerouſly away.
Like thy *Verſe* each *Hour* did paſs,
Sweet and ſhort, like that it was.

Some

Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
Juſt what they by *Nature* owe me,
The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*;
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too *buſie*, or too *wiſe* for me.
Thou wert *wiſer*, and did'ſt know
None too *wiſe* for Love can grow.
Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
Cloſe as *Heat* with *Fire* is join'd,
A powerfull *Brand* preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like *Meleager*'s Fate.
Th' *Antiperiſtaſis* of *Age*
More enflam'd thy amorous rage,
Thy *ſilver Hairs* yielded me more
Than even *golden Curls* before.
Had I the power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* ſhould be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* ſhould'ſt their *Idea* be,
They like Thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſ'neſs, Honour, Title, State.
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my *Living Mines* beſtow;
The Pomp of *Kings* they ſhould confeſs
At their *Crownings* to be leſs
Than a Lover's humbleſt guiſe,
When at his *Miſtreſs* feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than Men ſafe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wiſdom it ſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire;
Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,
Nor ask what *Parents* it can ſhew;
With *Dead* or *Old* 't has nought to do.
They ſhould nor love yet *All* or *Any*,
But very *Much* and very *Many*.
All their Life ſhould gilded be
With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayety,
Well remembring, and *Applying*
The *Neceſſity* of *Dying*.
Their chearful Heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flowry year.
They ſhould always langh, and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their Tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the *Mouth* did *grow*,
As ſwiftly anſwering their Command,
As tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
The'ingredients of a happy *Lover*,

'Tis

'Tis my *Anacreon*, for thy ſake,
I of the *Grape* no mention make,
Till my *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Curſed Plant, I lov'd thee well,
And 'twas oft my wanton uſe
To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice.
Curſed Plant, 'tis true I ſee,
Th' old report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* blood the Earth
Stain'd and poys'ned gave thee birth,
And now thou wreakſt thy ancient ſpight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe then his *Tygers* he delights;
In all our Heav'n I think there be
No ſuch *ill-natur'd God* as He.
Thou pretendeſt, *Tray'trous Wine*,
To be the *Muſes* friend and *Mine*.
With *Love* and *Wit* thou doſt begin,
Falſe Fires, alas, to draw us in.
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to *Madneſs*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well; thou haſt learnt a way
To *Death* it ſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what Fate
Does on the beſt of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* nor *Poeſie*
'Tis neither *Love* let them be
Can arm againſt *Deaths* ſmalleſt dart
The *Poet's Head*, or *Lovers Heart*.
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th' *Inevitable Line*,
All the *World's Mortal* to 'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men.
Nay in *Death's hand* the *Grape ſtone proves*
As ſtrong as *Thunder* is in *Jove's*

THE MISTRESS, OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF Love-Verſes.

The Requeſt.

1.

I 'Have often wiſht to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the *cruel Boy* does *ſpare*;
And I a double Taske muſt bear,
Firſt to woo *him*, and then a *Miſtreſs* too.
Come at laſt, and ſtrike for ſhame;
If thou art any thing beſides a *Name*;
I'll think Thee elſe no *God* to be;
But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who firſt *created Thee*

2.

I ask not one in whom all Beauties grow,
Let me but *love*, whate'r ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem *deform'd* to me;
And I would have her ſeem to *others* ſo.
Deſire takes wings, and ſtraight does fly,
It ſtays not *dully* to enquire the *Why*.
That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I ſhall not ſee with *others* Eyes, ſcarce with *mine own*.

3.

If ſhe be coy and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why I'll *enjoy* the very *Love*,
And make a *Miſtreſs* of my own *Deſire*,
Flames their moſt vigorous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſs'd round with *cold*:
So when ſharp *Winter* means moſt harm,
The ſpringing Plants are by the *Snow* it ſelf kept warm

4.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo be gone;
Strike deep thy burning Arrows in:
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin,
As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.

Come

Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' exceſs of heat is but a Fable;
We know the *torrid* Zone is now found *habitable*.

5.

Among the Woods and Foreſts thou art found,
There *Bores* and *Lions* thou doſt tame;
is not my heart a nobler Game?
Let *Venus*, *Men*; and *Beaſts*, *Diana* wound.
Thou doeſt the *Birds* thy *Subjects* make;
Thy nimble *Feathers* do their *wings* o'rtake;
Thou all the *Spring* their Songs doſt hear,
Make *me Love* too, I'll *ſing* to'thee all the *Year*.

6.

What ſervice can *mute fiſhes* do to Thee?
Yet againſt them thy Dart prevails,
Piercing the Armour of their *Scales*;
And ſtill thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' Sea.
Doſt thou deny only to me
The no-great priviledge of *Captivity*?
I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow;
Either thy *pity* to me, or elſe thine *anger* ſhow.

7.

Come; or I'll teach the World to ſcorn that Bow:
I'll teach them thouſand *wholſom Arts*
Both to reſiſt and cure thy Darts,
More than thy skilful *Ovid* e'r did know.
Muſick of Sighs thou ſhall not hear,
Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* taſteful *Tear*:
Nay, unleſs ſoon thou woundeſt me,
My Verſes ſhall not only *wound*, but *murther* Thee.

The Thraldom.

1.

I *Came*, I *ſaw*, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A *pointed pain* pierc'd deep my heart,
A ſwift, cold trembling ſeiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The *Poiſon* that was entr'd there.

2.

So a *Deſtroying Angels breath*
Blows in the *Plague* and with it haſty *Death*.
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch, when *Legion* entred in.
Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd my ſelf I was to *die*.

3.

But quickly to my *Coſt* I found,
'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the wound:
Death a more generous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe.

Whilſt *Love* with barbarous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſht lives to make them *ſlaves*.

4.

I am thy *Slave* then; let me know,
Hard *Maſter*, the great taſk I have to do:
who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In Tempeſts and rough *Seas*, thy *Galleys* row;
They pant and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs encreaſe the angry wind.

5.

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, ſome
Thou wearieſt out, in building but a *Tomb*.
Others with ſad and tedious Art,
Labour i'th' *Quarries* of a *ſtony Heart*;
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign,
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine*.

The Given Love.

1.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar ſordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,
If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

2.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant Learned*, *Wiſe* alone.
But if you claim o'r *Women* too
The power which over *Men* ye do;
If you alone muſt *Lovers* be;
For that, Sirs, you muſt pardon me.

3.

Rather than loſe what does ſo near
Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
I'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you, or your *Fore-Fathers* went:
I'll flatter or oppoſe the *King*,
Turn *Puritan*, or *Any thing*;
I'll force my *Mind* to Arts ſo new:
Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

4.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in *Paradiſe* did reign;
When perfect *Love* did ſo agree
With *Innocence* and *Povertie*.

Adam

Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himſelf was *Joynture* to his *Eve*:
Untoucht with Av'arice, yet or Pride,
The *Rib* came freely back to's *ſide*.

5.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women, that *Love* was to be bought;
Rather dote only on yout *Gold*;
And that with greedy av'arice hold;
For if *Woman* too ſubmit
To that, and ſell her ſelf for it,
Fond Lover, you a *Miſtreſs* have
Of her, that's but your *Fellow-ſlave*.

6.

What ſhould thoſe *Poets* mean of old
That made their *God* too woo in *Gold*?
Of all men ſure they had no cauſe
To bind Love to ſuch *coſtly Laws*;
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas, would not allow,
That *Women* ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could They, as He, *Be* what *They give*?

7.

If thou, my Dear, Thy ſelf ſhould'ſt prize,
Alas, what value would ſuffice?
The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
Should to both *Indies joynture thee*.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhould'ſt any *bargain* make;
To *give All* will befit thee well;
But not at *Under-rates to ſell*.

8.

Beſtow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee*;
'Tis an *exploded Popiſh* thought
To think that *Heaven* may be *bought*.
Prayers, *Hymns*, and *Praiſes* are the way;
And thoſe my thankful *Muſe* ſhall pay;
Thy *Body* in my verſe enſhrin'd
Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*.

9.

I'll fix thy Title next in fame
To *Sachariſſas* well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when at the laſt great *Aſſiſe*
All *Women* ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtraight ſhall caſt their eyes on Thee
And know at firſt that *Thou art ſhe*.

The

The Spring

1.

THough you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay
The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *Flowers* as gay
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the *Birds* rural Muſick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they ſung to pleaſure you:
I ſaw a *Roſe-bud* ope this Morn; I'll ſwear
The bluſhing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

2.

How could it be ſo ſo fair, and you away?
How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* ſo gay?
Could they remember but laſt year,
How *you* did *Them*, *They you* delight,
The ſprouting leaves which ſaw you here,
And call'd their *Fellows* to the ſight,
Would, looking round for the ſame in ſight in vain,
Creep back into their ſilent *Barks* again.

3.

Where e'r you walk'd, Trees were as reverent made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every ſhade.
Is't poſſible they ſhould know,
What loſs of honour they ſuſtain,
That thus they ſmile and flouriſh now,
And ſtill their former pride retain;
Dull *Creatures*! 'tis not without Cauſe that ſhe,
Who fled the *God of Wit*, was made a *Tree*.

4.

In ancient times ſure they much wiſer were,
When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verſe to hear;
In vain did *Nature* bid them ſtay,
When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,
They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
And bad them ſilent to him run.
How would thoſe learned Trees have follow'd you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for ſince you're gone
They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone*.
You did their *Natural Rights* invade;
Where ever you did walk or ſit,
The thickeſt Boughs could make no *ſhade*,
Although the *Sun* had granted it:
The faireſt *Flower* could pleaſe no more, near you,
Than *Painted Flowers* ſet next to them, could do.

6.

When e'r then you come hither, that ſhall be
The time, which this to others is, to *Me*.

The

The litle Joys which here are now,
The name of Puniſhments do bear;
When by their ſight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the beſt of *Seaſons* with you bring;
This is for *Beaſts*, and that for men the *Spring*.

Written in Juice of Lemmon

1.

WHileſt what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetrie*,
Ah fooliſh Muſe, which doſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excell,
Yet dar'ſt be read by, thy juſt doom, the *Fire*.

2.

Alas, thou think'ſt thy ſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure*:
Like *Hypocrites*, which ſeem unſpotted here,
But when they ſadly come to dye,
And the laſt *Fire* their Truth muſt try,
Scrawl'd o'r like thee, and *blotted* they appear.

3.

Go then, but reverently go,
And ſince thou needs muſt *ſin*, *confeſs* it too:
Confeſs't, and with humility clothe thy ſhame;
For thou who elſe muſt burned be
An *Heretick*, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame*.

4.

But if her *wiſdom* grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her *Goodneſs* to be there;
If her large Mercies cruelly it reſtrain;
Be not diſcourag'd, but requite
A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet doſt ſhow
Like winter Earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*.
But as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
The *Plants* ariſe up by degrees,
A ſudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind *Nature's Characters* appear:

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is ſeen,
But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
A new-born *Word* of various Lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing *Letters* ſtand in *Rows*.

7. Still,

7.

Still, ſilly *Paper*, thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*.
Oh no; there's ſenſe in this, and *Myſterie*;
Thou now may'ſt change thy *Author's* name,
And to her *Hand* lay noble claim;
For as *She reads*, ſhe *makes* the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine own unworthineſs
Will ſtill, that thou art mine, not Hers confeſs;
Conſume thy ſelf with Fire before her Eys,
And ſo her *Grace* or *Pity* move;
The *Gods*, though *Beaſts* they do not love,
Yet like them when they're burnt in *Sacrifice*,

INCONSTANCY.

FIve years ago (ſays *Story*) I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt *Inconſtant* now;
Pardon me, Madam, you miſtake the *Man*;
For I am not the ſame that I was then;
No *Fleſh* is now the ſame 'twas then in Me,
And that my *Mind* is chang'd your ſelf may ſee.
The ſame *Thoughts* to retain ſtill and *Intents*,
Were more inconſtant far; for *Accidents*.
Muſt of all things more ſtrangely '*Inconſtant* prove,
If from one *Subject* they t'another move;
My *Members* then, the *Father Members* were,
From whence *Theſe* take their birth, which now are here,
If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
'Twere *Inceſt*; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this *Day* inconſtant name,
Becauſe the *Weather* is not ſtill the ſame,
That it was yeſterday: or blame the *Tear*,
'Cauſe the *Spring*, *Flowers*; and *Autumn Fruits* does bear.
The *World*'s a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be
Conſtant, in *Nature* were *Inconſtancie*;
For 'twere to break the *Laws* herſelf has made:
Our *Subſtances* themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fixt Being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis meaſur'd by.
T' imagine then that *Love* ſhould never ceaſe
(*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* ſtay not when we dy.

Not Fair.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair,
As women in th' *Idea* are;
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.

But

But then (methoughts) there ſomething ſhin'd within
Which caſt this *Luſtre* o'r thy *Skin.*
Nor could I chuſe but count that the *Sun's Light,*
Which made this *Cloud* appear ſo bright,
But ſince I knew thy Falſhood and thy Pride,
And all thy Thouſand Faults beſide;
A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White as his *Teeth* would ſeem to be.
So Men (they ſay) by Hells Deluſions led
Have ta'n a *Succubus* to their Bed;
Believe it Fair, and themſelves Happy call,
Till the *Cleft Foot* diſcovers all:
Then they ſtart from't, half *Ghoſts* themſelves with fear;
And *Devil,* as 'tis, it doth *Appear.*
So ſince againſt my Will I found Thee *foul,*
Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul,*
My Reaſon ſtraight did to my *Senſes* ſhew,
That they might be *miſtaken* too:
Nay, when the World but knows how falſe you are,
There's not a Man will think you Fair.
Thy Shape will monſtrous in their Fancies be,
They'l call their *Eyes* as falſe as *Thee.*
But what thou wilt; *Hate* will preſent thee ſo,
As *Puritans* do the *Pope,* and *Papiſts Luther* do.

Platonick Love.

1.

INdeed I muſt confeſs,
When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happineſs*;
But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
And cloſely as our Minds together join.
But Half of Heaven the *Souls* in Glory Taſt,
'Till by Love in Heaven at laſt,
Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy Immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art.
But ſomething 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*;
And we muſt *One* even in that *Difference* be.
I Thee, both as a *Man,* and *Woman* Prize;
For a perfect *Love* implies
Love in *all Capacities.*

3.

Can that for True Love paſs
When a Fair *Woman* Courts her *Glaſs?*
Something *unlike* muſt in *Loves likeneſs* be,
His wonder is, *One,* and *Varietie.*
For he, whoſe *Soul,* nought but a *Soul* can move,
Does a new *Narciſſus* prove,
And his own *Image* love.

4.

That *Souls* do Beauty know,
'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe;
If when they know't they ſtraight abuſe that Truſt,
And ſhut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjuſt,
As if I brought my deareſt *Friend* to ſee
My *Miſtreſs*, and at th'inſtant *He*
Should ſteal her quite from *Me*.

The Change.

1.

Love in her Sunny Eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of her Hair;
Love doth on both her Lips for ever ſtray;
And *Sows* and *Reaps* a Thouſand *Kiſſes* there.
In all her outward parts *Love*'s always ſeen;
But, Oh, He never went within.

2.

Within *Love*'s Foes, his greateſt Foes abide,
Malice, Inconſtancy, and Pride.
So the Earths Face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dreſs,
With other Beauties numberleſs:
But at the *Center*, *Darkneſs* is, and *Hell*;
There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

3.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkneſs and *Death* lies in my weeping Eyes,
Deſpair and Paleneſs in my Face appears;
And Grief and Fear, Love's greateſt Enemies;
But, like the *Perſian Tyrant*, *Love* within
Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne'r is ſeen.

4.

Oh take *my Heart*, and by that means you'l prove
Within too ſtor'd enough of *Love*:
Give me but Yours, I'l by that change ſo thrive,
That *Love* in all my Parts ſhall live.
So powerful is this Change, it render can
My *outſide Woman*, and your *inſide Man*.

Clad all in White.

FAireſt thing that ſhines below,
Why in this Robe doſt thou appear?
Wouldſt thou a *White* moſt perfect ſhow,
Thou muſt at all *no Garment wear*:
Thou wilt ſeem much *Whiter* ſo,
Than *Winter* when 'tis *clad* with Snow.

2.

'Tis not the *Linnen* ſhews ſo Fair:
Her Skin ſhines through and makes it bright;
So *Clouds* themſelves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light:
So *Lillies* in a *Glaſs* encloſe,
The *Glaſs* will ſeem as White as thoſe.

3.

Thou now *one heap* of *Beauty* art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul:
Condenſed Beams make every part;
Thy *Body's Cloathed* like thy *Soul*.
Thy *Soul* which does it ſelf diſplay,
Like a *Star* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way.

4.

Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
Woven all with *Light* Divine;
Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
And with ſuch full Glory ſhine.
But they regard not Mortals pain;
Men *Pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

5.

Yet ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My Hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou wouldſt not take this Garment ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to *kill*.
Of *Peace* and *Yielding* who would doubt,
When the White *Flag* he ſees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then Loving Many.

SO Men, who once have caſt the *Truth* away,
Forſook by *God*, do ſtrange wild Luſts obey;
So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t'Adore
One Deity could not ſtop at Thouſands more,
Their Zeal was Senſleſs ſtraight and boundleſs grown;
They worſhipt many a *Beaſt*, and many a *Stone*.
Ah fair *Apoſtate!* Couldſt thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodneſs*, yet keep *Unity*?
I Reign'd alone; and my Bleſt *Self* could call
The *Univerſal Monarch* of her *All*.
Mine, mine, her fair *Eaſt Indies* were above,
Where thoſe *Suns* riſe that chear the World of Love;
Where Beauties ſhine like Gems of richeſt price;
Where *Coral* grows, and every *Breath* is *Spice*:
Mine too her rich *Weſt-Indies* were below,
Where *Mines* of Gold and endleſs Treaſures grow.
But, as when the *Pellæan Conquerour* Dy'd,
Many ſmall *Princes* did his *Crown* divide;
So, ſince my *Love* his vanquiſht World forſook,
Murther'd by Poiſons from her Falſhood took,
An Hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
And rend that Glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*.

My Heart Diſcovered.

HER Body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the Sight,
(Clear as fair *Cryſtal* to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, e're *Stone* it grew,)

That through her Fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter *Soul* that dwells within:
Our Eyes the ſubtile *covering* paſs,
And ſee that *Lilly* through its *Glaſs*.
I through her *Breaſt* her *Heart* eſpy,
As *Souls* in *Hearts* do *Souls* deſcry,
I ſee't with gentle *Motions* beat;
I ſee *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*.
Within, like *Angels* in the Sky,
A Thouſand *gilded Thoughts* do fly:
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and Chaſt as *Mother-Mind*.
But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
Which ſighs and crouds to hers ſo near?
'Tis all on Flame, and does like *Fire*,
To that, as to its *Heaven*, aſpire,
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep.
Whoſe ever wretched Heart it be,
I cannot chuſe but Grieve to ſee;
What *Pity* in my Breaſt does Raign?
Methinks I *feel* too all its pain.
So torn, and ſo defac'd it lies,
That it could ne't be known by th' Eyes;
But, oh, at laſt I heard it groan,
And knew by th' *Voice* that 'twas *mine own*.
So poor *Alcione*, When ſhe ſaw
A Shipwrackt Body towards her draw
Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
Which only then did *Pity* wear:
But when the Corps on Shore were caſt,
Which ſhe her *Husband* found at laſt;
What ſhould the wretched Widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a *Bird*: and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from my *Murther'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Anſwer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; ſo let them love for me;
When I'am *all Soul*, ſuch ſhall *my Love* too be:
Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
In a ſhort time (believ't) will *be* one too:
But ſhall our Love do what in Beaſts we ſee?
E'ven *Beaſts* Eat too, but not ſo well as *We*.
And you as juſtly might in Thirſt refuſe
The uſe of *Wine*, becauſe *Beaſts Water* uſe:
They Taſte thoſe Pleaſures as they do their Food;
Undreſt they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
But to us *Man*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
And adds the *poignant Sawce* of ſharp Deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame: 'tis true; but Ancient Fame
Says, *Gods* themſelves turn'd *Beaſts* to do the ſame.

The

The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female Bed,
Could *Goddeſſes* bring forth from out his *Head*,
Choſe rather *Mortals* this way to create;
So much he'eſteem'ed his *Pleaſure* above his *State*.
Ye talk of Fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this *cold World*, they'l hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing Lovers grown,
As *Lambent flames*, to Men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
The *Sun* does his pure Fires on Earth beſtow
With Nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below;
Such is *Loves* Nobleſt and Divineſt Heat,
That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.
Luſt you call this; a name to yours more juſt,
If an *Inordinate Deſire* be *Luſt*:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *Luſtful* was, than the hot Youth of *Troy*.

The Vain Love.

Loving one firſt becauſe ſhe could love no body, afterwards loving her with Deſire.

WHat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
With thine own *Cold* to *kindle Me*?
Strange Art; Like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a *Burning-Glaſs* of *Ice*;
When *Winter* ſo, the Plants would harm,
Her *Snow* it ſelf does keep them *warm*;
Fool that I was! who having found
A Rich, and *Sunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *hardneſs* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it ſhone:
Your Brave and Haughty Scorn at all
Was ſtately, and *Monarchical*.
All *Gentleneſs* with that eſteem'd
A *dull* and *ſlaviſh Virtue* ſeem'd;
Shouldſt thou have yielded then to me,
Thoud'ſt loſt what I moſt lov'd in thee;
For who would *ſerve* one, whom he ſees
That he can *Conquer* if he pleaſe?
It far'd with me, as if a *Slave*
In *Triumph* led, that does perceive
With what a gay Majeſtick Pride
His *Conqu'eror* through the Streets does ride,
Should be *contented* with his woe,
Which makes up ſuch a comely *ſhow*.
I ſought not from thee a return,
But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn;
My *Covetous Paſſion* did approve
The *Hoarding* up, not *Uſe* of Love.
My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
A *Fooliſh* but a *Pleaſant* one:

From

From which I'm *wakened* now, but, Oh!
Priſoners to *Dye* are *wakened* ſo,
For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
Nothing but *Longings* with *Deſpair*.
Deſpair, whoſe Torments no Men ſure,
But *Lovers* and the *Damn'd* endure.
Her *Scorn* I doted once upon,
Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
But ſince, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas ſomething that I lov'd,
Now my Deſires are worſe, and fly,
At any *Impoſſibility*:
Deſires, which whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
What *Lover* can like me complain,
Who firſt *Lov'd vainly*, next *in vain*!

The Soul.

1.

IF mine *Eyes* do e'er Declare
They have ſeen a Second thing that's *Fair*;
Or *Ears*, that they have *Muſick* found,
Beſides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*;
If my Taſt do ever meet,
After thy *Kiſs*, with ought that's *ſweet*;
If my 'abuſed *Touch* allow
Ought to be *ſmooth*, or *ſoft*, but *You*;
If, what ſeaſonable Springs,
Or the *Eaſtern* Summer brings,
Do my *Smell* perſuade at all,
Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
If all my *Senſes Objects* be
Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
And ſo through *Thee* more powe'rful paſs,
As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glaſs*:
If all things that in *Nature* are,
Either Soft, or Sweet, or Fair,
Be not in Thee ſo *Epitomiz'd*,
That nought *Materials* not compriz'd;
May I as worthles ſeem to *Thee*
As all, but *Thou*, appears to *Me*.

2.

If I ever *Anger* know,
Till ſome *wrong* be done to *You*;
If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
Without their *Crowns*, *Crown'd* by thy *Love*;
If ever I an *Hope* admit,
Without thy *Image* ſtampt on it;
Or any *Fear*, till I begin
To find that *You're* concern'd therein;
If a *Joy* e'er come to me,
That *Taſts* of any thing but *Thee*;

If

If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
Whilſt you are *Well* and not *Unkind*;
If I a Minutes ſpace debate,
Whether I ſhall Curſe and Hate
The things beneath thy Hatred fall,
Though all the *World*, *my ſelf*, and *all*;
And for *Love*, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh,
As to allow a *Toleration*
To the leaſt *glimmering Inclination*;
If thou alone do'ſt not controul
All thoſe *Tyrants* of my Soul,
And to thy Beauties ty'd them ſo,
That conſtant they as *Habits* grow;
If any *Paſſion* of my Heart,
By any *Force*, or any *Art*,
Be brought to move one ſtep from *Thee*,
Mayſt thou no *Paſſion* have for *Me*

3.

If my buſie *'Imagination*,
Do not *Thee* in all things faſhion;
So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee*;
If when She her Sports does keep
(The lower Soul being all aſleep)
She play one *Dream* with all her Art,
Where Thou haſt not the longeſt part.
If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
Without ſome badge of thy Reſemblance;
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of *Art* of *Memory*.
If my Underſtanding do
Seek any *Knowledge* but of You,
If ſhe do near thy *Body* prize,
Her *Bodies* of *Philoſophies*,
If She to the *Will* do ſhow
Ought *deſirable* but You,
Or if *That* would not *Rebell*,
Should ſhe another Doctrine tell;
If my *Will* do not reſign
All her *Liberty* to thine;
If ſhe would not follow *Thee*,
Though *Fate* and *Thou* ſhouldſt *diſagree*;
And if (for I a Curſe will give,
Such as ſhall force thee to believe)
My *Soul* be not entirely Thine;
May thy dear *Body* ne'r be Mine.

The Passions.

1.

FRom Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Passions* else that be,
In vain I boast of *Libertie*,
In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call;
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is *all*:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag
That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague!*

2.

So in a Zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
And they depos'd the Powers of Hell
Baal and *Astarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Molock* too:
All this *imperfect Piety* did no good,
Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood.

3.

Fondly I boast, that I have Drest my *Vine*
With painful Art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a Tast Rich and Divine,
Since *Love* by mixing *Poison* there,
Has made it worse than *Vinegare*.
Love, even the Tast of *Nectar* changes so,
That *Gods* chuse rather *Water* here below.

4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all Passions else that be,
Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
And practise all your *Tyranny*.
The change of Ills some Good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched *Indians* so
Be'ing Slaves by the Great *Spanish Monarch* made,
Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their Aid.

Wisdom.

'TIS mighty *Wise* that you would now be thought
With your grave *Rules* from musty *Morals* brought
Through which some streaks too of *Divinity* ran,
Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan*;
With tedious *Repetitions* too y'ave tane
Often the name of *Vanity in vain*.
Things, which, I take it, Friend, you'd ne'r recite,
Should she I love, but say t'you, *Come at night*.
The *Wisest King* refus'd all Pleasures quite,
Till *Wisdom* from above did him enlight;
But when that Gift his ign'orance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in *Love*.
And if by 'event the Counsels may be seen,
This *Wisdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen*.
She came not, like a good *Old Wife* to know,
The wholesome nature of all *Plants* that grow;

Nor

Nor did ſo far from her own Country rome,
To Cure Scall'd Heads, and broken Shins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
The Art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives*.

The Deſpair.

1.

BEneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll ſpend this *Voice* in Cries,
In Tears I'll waſt theſe *Eies*
By *Love* ſo vainly fed;
So *Luſt* of Old the *Deluge* puniſhed.
Ah wretched Youth! ſaid I,
Ah wretched Youth! Twice did I ſadly cry:
Ah wretched Youth! The Fields and Floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I Entertain,
I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain*.
Never (Alas) that dreadful Name
Which Fewels the infernal Name:
Never, my Time to come muſt waſte;
In vain, torments the preſent, and the paſt.
In vain, in vain, ſaid I;
In vain, in vain! twice did I ſadly cry;
In vain, in vain! the Fields and Floods reply.

3.

No more ſhall Fields or Floods do ſo;
For I to Shades more dark and ſilent go:
All this World's noiſe appears to me
A dull ill-Acted *Comedy*:
No Comfort to my wounded Sight,
In the *Sun*'s buſie and impert'nent Light.
Then down I laid my Head;
Down on cold Earth; and for a while was *Dead*,
And my freed *Soul* to a ſtrange *Somewhere* fled.

4.

Ah Sottiſh *Soul*; ſaid I,
When back to its *Cage* again I ſaw it fly;
Fool to reſume her *broken Chain*!
And row her *Galley* here again!
Fool, to that Body to return
Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to *Burn*!
Once *Dead*, How can it be,
Death ſhould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to Thee,
That thou ſhould'ſt come to *Live it o're again* in *Me*?

The Wiſh.

1.

WEll then; I now do plainly ſee,
This buſie World and I ſhall ne're agree;
The very *Honey* of all Earthly Joy
Does of all Meats the ſooneſt *cloy*.
And they (methinks) deſerve my pity,
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
Of this great *Hive* the *City*.

2.

Ah, yet, E're I deſcend to th' Grave
May I a *Small Houſe*, and *Large Garden* have!
And a *Few Friends*, and *Many Books*, both True,
Both Wiſe, and both delightful too!
And ſince *Love* ne'er will from me flee,
A *Miſtreſs* moderately Fair,
And Good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you ſhall I
My ſelf, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts eſpy?
Oh *Fields*! Oh *Woods*! When, When ſhall I be made
The happy *Tenant* of your Shade?
Here's the Spring-head of *Pleaſures* flood;
Where all the *Riches* lie, that ſhe
Has coind and ſtamp'd for Good.

4.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear;
Here nought but *Winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* ſcatter,
And nought but *Eccho flatter*.
The *Gods*, when they deſcended, hither
From Heav'en did always chuſe their way;
And therefore we may boldly ſay
That 'tis the *way* too *thither*.

5.

How Happy here ſhould I,
And one dear *She* live, and Embracing Dye?
She who is all the World, and can exclude
In *Deſarts Solitude*.
I ſhould have then this only fear,
Leſt Men when they my Pleaſures ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a *City* here.

My

My Diet.

1.

NOW *by my Love*, the greateſt *Oath* that is,
None loves you half ſo well as I:
I do not ask *your Love* for this;
But for Heave'ns ſake *believe me*, or I dye.
No *Servant* e're but did deſerve
His *Maſter* ſhould believe that he does ſerve;
And I'le ask no more *Wages* though I *Starve*.

2.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and ſure
I ſhall not by't too *Luſty* prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*.
Being your *Priſo'ner* and your *Slave*,
I do not *Feaſts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water*'s all I crave.

3.

O'n a *Sigh* of Pity I a Year can live;
One *Tear* will keep me Twenty at leaſt,
Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;
An Hundred Years on one *kind word* I'le Feaſt:
A Thouſand more will added be;
If you an *Inclination* have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt *Eternity*.

The Thief.

THou rob'ſt my *Days* of Buſ'neſs and Delights,
Of Sleep thou rob'ſt my *Nights*;
Ah, *Lovely Thief*, What wilt thou do?
What? Rob me of *Heaven too*?
Thou even my *Prayers* doſt ſteal from me;
And I, with wild *Idolatry*.
Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*.

2.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it ſhould thus,
Like an *Ill Conſcience* torture us?
Whate're I do, where e're I go,
(None *Guiltleſs* e're was haunted ſo)
Still, ſtill, methinks thy Face I view,
And ſtill thy *Shape* does me purſue,
As if, not *You Me*, but I had *Murthered You*.

3.

From *Books* I ſtrive ſome Remedy to take,
But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
What e're 'tis Writ, I find that there,
Like *Points* and *Comma*'s every where;
Me bleſt for this let no Man hold;
For I, as *Midas* did of Old,
Periſh by turning every thing to *Gold*.

4.

What do I ſeek, alas, or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my *Deity*,
I gave thee then *Ubiquity*.
My Pains reſemble *Hell* in this;
The *Divine Preſence* there too is,
But to *torment* Men, not to give them *bliſs*.

All over Love.

1.

'TIS well, 'tis well with them (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd *Paſſions* with *themſelves* can dye.
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midſt all his Ills a time does know
(Though ne'r ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

2.

Whatever *parts* of Me remain,
Thoſe *parts* will ſtill the *Love* of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every* Part.

3.

My '*Affection* no more periſh can
Than the *Firſt Matter* that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one *Duſt* of Me
Mixt with anothers *Subſtance* be,
'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe
My *Atoms* over all the *Univerſe*,
At the laſt they eaſily ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call,
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is ſtamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.

NOw ſure within this Twelve-month paſt,
I'have lov'd at leaſt ſome Twenty Years or more:
The account of *Love* runs much more faſt
Than that, with which our *Life* does ſcore,
So though my *Life* be *ſhort*, yet I may prove
The great *Methuſalem* of *Love*.

2.

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than thoſe our *Being*'s meaſur'd by:
But they're more cloſe *compacted* far,
And ſo in leſſer room do lye.
Thin Airy things extend thend themſelves in ſpace,
Things *ſolid* take up little place.

3. Yet

3.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
Are not Two ſeveral things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion*?
O yes, there may: For ſo the ſelf ſame *Sun*,
At once does ſlow and ſwiftly run.

4.

Swiftly his *daily* Journey he goes,
But treads his *Annual* with a ſtatelier pace,
And does Three hundred Rounds encloſe
Within one Yearly Circles ſpace.
At once with *double courſe* in the ſame *Sphere*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *walks* the *Year*.

5.

When *Soul* does to *my ſelf* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but ſlowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It ſwiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *Diurnal* courſe, divided Right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The Bargain.

1.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering Ills* betraid;
Thy Self for *Money*? Oh, let no Man know
The *Price* of Beauty ſaln ſo *low*!
What Dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *Blind*, is by *blind Fortune* led?

2.

The fooliſh *Indian* that ſells
His precious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more Wiſe and gainful Traffick hold,
Than thou who ſell'ſt thy ſelf for *Gold*.
What Gains in ſuch a Bargain are?
He'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treaſures* far.

3.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare?
The *Sun* that makes it's not ſo fair;
The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *ſee*
A thing ſo beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the Journeys he does paſs,
Though the Sea ſerv'd him for a *Looking-Glaſs*.

4.

Bold was the Wretch that *cheapned* Thee,
Since *Magus*, none ſo bold as he:
Thou'rt ſo Divine a Thing that *Thee to buy*,
Is to be counted *Simony*;
Too dear he'l find his ſordid price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Benefice*.

5. If

5.

If it be lawful Thee to *buy*,
There's none can pay that Rate but I;
Nothing on Earth a fitting price can be,
But what on Earth's moſt *like* to *Thee*.
And that my Heart does only bear;
For there *Thy Self*, *Thy very Self* is there.

6.

So much *Thy Self* does in me live,
That when it for *Thy Self* I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of Gold for this,
Whoſe *ſtamp* and *value* equal is.
And that full *Weight* too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*; Two Grains more, I'le add.

The Long Life.

LOve from *Time's* wings hath ſtoll'n the *Feathers* ſure,
He has, and put them to his *oxn*;
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

2.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to Me:
Each *Summers* Night does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winters* Day *St. Barnaby*.

3.

How long a ſpace ſince firſt I Lov'd, it is?
To look into a *Glaſs* I fear;
And am ſurpriz'd with Wonder when I miſs,
Grey Hairs and *Wrinkles* there.

4.

Th' old *Patriarch*'s *Age* and not their *Happ'ineſs* too;
Why does hard Fate to us reſtore?
Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
What the *Floud waſht* away before?

5.

Sure thoſe are happy People that complain
O'th' ſhortneſs of the Days of Man:
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary *Span*.

6.

If when your Gift, *Long Life* I diſapprove,
I too ingrateful ſeem to be;
Puniſh me juſtly, Heaven; make her to love,
And then 'twill be *too ſhort* for me.

Counſel.

Counsel.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
The Wound, which you your self have made;
That Pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of *your Hand* afraid.
Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

2.

Do but a while with Patience stay;
For *Counsel* yet will do no good,
'Till *Time* and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
The vi'olent burning of my Blood:
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide Men *Drunk* for being so?

3.

Perhaps the *Physick*'s good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive*;
And I am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in Love,
In *Love's Hell*, not his *World* am I;
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Dye*.

4.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine?
Ev'n thy *Dissuasions* me *persuade*,
And thy great Power does clearest shine,
When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*.
In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

5.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart*;
But different far was his intent:
For straight the *Traitor* took their part.
And by this new Foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left.

6.

The Act I must confess was Wise,
As a dishoneſt Act could be?
Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*.
And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to *get*,
Rather than *be a part* of it.

Resolved to be Beloved.

'TIS true, I'have Lov'd already Three or Four,
And shall Three or Four Hundred more;
I'll Love each Fair one that I see,
'Till I find one at last that shall *Love me*.

2.

That ſhall my *Canaan* be, the fatal Soil,
That ends my Wandrings and my Toil.
I ll ſettle there and happy grow;
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

3.

The *Needle* trembles ſo, and turns about,
Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
But conſtant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his deareſt *Pole* as ſoon may *move*.

4.

Then may my *Veſſel* torn and ſhipwrackt be.
If it put forth again to *Sea*:
It never more abroad ſhall rome,
Though't could next Voyage bring the *Indies* home.

5.

But I muſt Sweat in *Love*, and Labour yet,
Till I a *Competency* get.
They're ſlothful Fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The Perſon *Love* does to us fit,
Like *Manna* has the *Taſt* of all in it.

The Same.

1.

FOR Heaven ſake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or *let me go*, one of the Two?
Youth and *warm Hours* let me not idly loſe,
The *little Time* that Love does chuſe;
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone, whilſt yet 'tis *Day*;
Leſt I faint, and benighted loſe my way.

2.

'Tis diſmal, *One* ſo long to Love
In vain; till to Love *more* as vain muſt prove:
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be;
Alas, 'tis Folly to remain,
And waſte our *Army* thus in vain,
Before a *City* which will ne'r be tane.

3.

At ſeveral Hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd *Inconſtancy*;
'Tis more *Inconſtant* always to *purſue*
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound;
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs *Round*.

4. When

When it does *Hardneſs* meet and *Pride*,
My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another ſide;
But if it ought that's *ſoft* and *yielding* hit;
It lodges there, and ſtays in it.
Whatever 'tis ſhall firſt love me,
That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
I ſhall be ſure to give't *Eternity*.

The Diſcovery.

1.

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She:
Why ſhould ſhe aſham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by Me?
The Gods may give Altars o're;
They'l ſmoak but ſeldom any more,
If none but *Happy Men* muſt them adore.

2.

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometime does not diſdain
The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
She being ſo *high*, and I ſo *low*,
Her power by this does greater ſhow,
Who at ſuch *diſtance* gives ſo *ſure* a Blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things ſo worthleſs prove,
That nought on earth can tow'ards her move,
Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a *Deity* is grown;
That muſt *Create*, or elſe muſt be *alone*.

4.

If there be man, who thinks himſelf ſo high,
As to pretend *equality*,
He deſerves her leſs than *I*;
For he would *cheat* for his relief;
And one would give with leſſer grief,
To'an *undeſerving Beggar*, than a *Thief*.

Againſt Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll ſwear, if e're thou grant:
Much of my *Veneration* thou muſt want,
Whence once thy *kindneſs* puts my *Ign'orance* out;
For a *learn'd Age* is always leaſt devout.
Keep ſtill thy diſtance; for at once to me
Goddeſs and *Woman* too, thou canſt not be;
Thou'rt *Queen* of all that ſees thee; and as ſuch
Muſt neither *Tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much;
Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand.

Thou'rt yet a *whole World*, to me and doſt fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous ſtill,
Leſt I like the *Pellæan Prince* ſhould be,
And weep for *other Worlds*, hav'ing conquer'd *Thee*?
When *Love* has taken all thou haſt away,
His ſtrength by too much *Riches* will decay.
Thou in my *Fancy* doſt much higher ſtand,
Than *Women* can be place'd by *Natures* hand;
And I muſt needs, I'm ſure, a Loſer be,
To change *Thee*, as *Thour't there*, for very *Thee*.
Thy ſweetneſs is ſo much within me plac'd,
That ſhouldſt thou *Nectar* give, 'twould ſpoil the Taſt.
Beauty at firſt moves wonder, and delight;
'Tis *Nature's juggling trick* to cheat the ſight,
We 'admire it, whilſt unknown, but after more
Admire our ſelves, for liking it before.
Love like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himſelf, with his own *Prey*;
Of very *Hopes* a ſurfeit he'll ſuſtain,
Unleſs by *Fears* he caſt them up again:
His ſpirit and ſweetneſs dangers keep alone;
If once he loſe his *ſting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiſcovered.

1.

SOme, others may with ſafety tell
The moderate Flames, which in them dwell;
And either find ſome *Medicine* there,
Or cure themſelves ev'en by *Deſpair*;
My Love's ſo great, that it might prove
Dang'erous, to tell her that I Love.
So tender is my wound, it muſt not bear
Any ſalute, though of the kindeſt air.

2.

I would not have *her know* the pain,
The Torments for her I ſuſtain,
Leſt too much *goodneſs* make her throw
Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* ſhould be
Weigh'd with her leaſt *Convenience*.
No, let me *periſh* rather with my grief,
Than to her *diſadvantage* find *relief*;
Yet when I dye, my laſt breath ſhall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne're deſcry
Their dear hid *Treaſures* till they *dye*.
Ah faireſt Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghoſt*, to get from *Thee* a *tear*!
But take heed; for if me thou *Pitieſt* then,
Twenty to one but I ſhall *live* agen.

The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what thoſe *Lovers* mean, who ſay,
They have giv'en their *Hearts* away.
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how;
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

2.

'if ſo it be, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſie can Love do more
Than to *joyn Hearts*, that *parted* were before?

3.

Wo to her ſtubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
Into the ſelf ſame room?
'Twill tear and blow up all within
Like a *Grannado* ſhot into a *Magazin*.

4.

Then ſhall *Love* keep the aſhes, and torn parts
Of both our broken *Hearts*:
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th' *Allay*; from mine, the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No *droſs* was there, to periſh in the *Fire*.

The Prophet.

1.

TEach *me* to *Love*? go teach thy ſelf more wit;
I chief *Profeſſour* am of it.
Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
Teach boldneſs to the Stews;
In *Tyrants* Courts teach ſupple *flattery*,
Teach *Jeſuits*, that have *travell'd* far, to Lye.
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach reſtleſs Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide,
Teach *Woman-kind* Inconſtancy and Pride.
See if your diligence here will uſefull prove;
But, pr'ithee, teach not me to *Love*.

2.

The *God* of *Love*, if ſuch a thing there be,
May learn to love from *Me*.
He who does boaſt that he has bin
In every Heart ſince *Adam*'s ſin,
I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Miſtreſs* on't, that's more;
I'll teach him things he never knew before;

I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that *weep*, and *Tears* that *ſpeak*,
I'll teach him *Sighs*, like thoſe in *Death*,
At which the *Souls* go out to with the *breath*:
Still the *Soul ſtays*, yet ſtill does from me *run*,
As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*.

3.

'Tis I who *Love*'s *Columbus* am; 'tis I
Who muſt new *Worlds* in it deſcry:
Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treaſure* more,
Than all that has bin known before.
And yet like *his* (I fear) *my Fate* muſt be,
To find them out for *others*; not for *Me*.
Me Times to come, I know it, ſhall
Loves laſt and greateſt *Prophet* call.
But, ah, what's that, if ſhe refuſe
To hear the wholeſome *Doctrines* of my *Muſe*?
If to my ſhare the *Prophets fate* muſt come;
Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdome*.

The Reſolution.

1.

THE *Devil* take thoſe fooliſh men,
Who gave you firſt ſuch powe'rs;
We ſtood on even grounds till then;
If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*.

2.

For ſhame let theſe weak Chains be broke;
Let's our ſlight bonds, like *Samſon*, tear;
And nobly caſt away that yoke,
Which *we* nor our *Forefathers* e're could bear.

3.

French Laws forbid the *Female Reign*;
Yet *Love* does them to *ſlavery* draw:
Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
Tis all *Mankind* muſt make a *Salique Law*.

Called Inconſtant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have *kill'd* my *fame*,
By this not *underſtood*, yet *common Name*:
A Name that's *full* and *proper* when aſſign'd
To *Woman-kind*:
But when you call *us* ſo,
It can at beſt but for a *Meta'phor* go.

2.

Can you the ſhore *Inconſtant* call,
Which ſtill as waves paſs by, embraces *all*;
That had as lief the ſame Waves always love,
Did they not from him *move*?

Or

Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
For changing courſe, yet nevet blame the *wind*;

3.

Since *drunk* with vanity you fell:
That things turn *round* to you that ſtedfaſt dwell;
And you your ſelf, who *from us* take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of ſight,
So the ſame errour ſeizes you,
As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The Welcome.

1.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd
My *Prodigal*'s come home at laſt;
With noble reſolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt.
No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine*:
But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine*.

2.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*;
Welcome; I little thought, I'll ſwear,
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did prt)
Ever again to ſee thee here:
Dear *Wanderer*, ſince from me you fled,
How often have I Heard that Thou wer't *dead*?

3.

Haſt thou not found each woman's breaſt
(The *Lands* where thou haſt travelled)
Either by *Savages* poſſeſt,
Or wild, and *uninhabited*?
What joy couldſt take, or what repoſe
In *Country* ſo *unciviliz*'d as thoſe?

4.

Luſt, the ſcorching *Dog-ſtar*, here
Rages with immoderate *heat*;
Whilſt *Pride* the rugged *Nothern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great.
And where theſe are temp'erate known,
The Soil's all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone*.

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part*.
From *Par'adiſe* ſhut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door*?
Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Diſdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
I ne're had ſeen this Heart again,
If any *Fair One* had been kind:
My *Dove*, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

1.

FAlſe, fooliſh *Heart*! didſt thou not ſay,
That thou wouldſt never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I ſtrove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

2.

Even ſo the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoiſt his ſail:
Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore *him*, and her loſt *words* away.

3.

The doleful *Ariadne* ſo
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood.
Falſe Theſeus, *whither doſt thou go?*
Ah far falſe *Theſeus* cut the flood.
But *Bacchus* came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf 's too weak to eaſe my grief.

4.

Ah ſenſeleſs *Heart*, to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be *froz'n* in every *breaſt!*
And to be *ſcorcht* in every *Eye*!
Wandring about like wretched *Cain*,
Thruſt out, *ill us'd* by all, but by none *ſlain*!

5.

Well; ſince thou will not here remain,
I'll ev'en to live without Thee try;
My *Head* ſhall take the greater pain,
And all *thy duties* ſhall ſupply;
I can more eaſily live I know
Without *Thee*, than without a *Miſtreſs Thou*.

Womens Superſtition.

1.

OR I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Woman-kind*
Is a moſt unintelligible thing:
I can no *Senſe*, nor no *Contexture* find,
Nor their looſe parts to *Method* bring,
I know not what the *Learn'd* may ſee,
But they're ſtrange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

2.

By *Cuſtoms* and *Traditions* they live,
And fooliſh *Ceremonies* of antique date,
We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give.
Yet they continue obſtinate;

Preach

Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* ſtill.

3.

Before their *Mothers God*, they fondly fall,
Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no Senſe nor Mind:
Honour's their *Aſhtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *Thundring Baal* of Woman-kind,
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as we do *Them*, adore.

4.

But then, like Men both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their coſtly *Superſtition* loth't omit,
And yet more loth to iſſue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furniſh it.
To theſe expenſive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of Men they *Sacrifice*.

The Soul.

1.

SOme dull *Philoſ'pher* when he hears me ſay,
My *Soul* is from me fled away;
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in another's breaſt does ly,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Aſſiſting* there;

2.

Will cry, *Abſurd*! and ask me how I live:
And *Syllogiſms* againſt it give;
A curſe on all your vain *Philoſophies*,
Which on weak *Nature's Law* depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, thoſe great *Myſteries*.

3.

Her *Body* is my *Soul*; laugh not at this,
For by my *Life* I ſwear it is.
'Tis that preſerves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
From that proceeds all that I *do*,
Nay all my *Thoughts* and *Speeches* too,
And *ſeparation* from it is my *Death*.

Eccho.

1.

TIr'd with the rough denials of my Prayer,
From that hard She whom I obey,
I come, and a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
That gives *conſent* to all I ſay.
Ah, gentle *Nymph* who lik'ſt ſo well,
In hollow, *ſolitary Caves* to dwell,

Her

Her *Heart* being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me *so*

2.

Complaisant Nymph, who do'st thus kindly share
In griefs, whose cause thou do'st not know!
Hadst thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
How much *compassion* wouldst thou show!
Thy *flame*, whilst *living*, or a *flower*,
Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power;
Alas, I might as easilie,
Paint thee to her, as *describe Her* to *Thee*.

3.

By repercussion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflexion *shapes* beget;
The *voyce* it self, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new *voyce* is made by it.
Thus things by *opposition*
The gainers grow; my barren *Love* alone,
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*.

The Rich Rival.

1.

They say you're angry, and rant nightilie,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you're very *rich*; 'tis true:
But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me*?
You'have *Land* and *Money*, let that serve;
And know you 'have more by that than you *deserve*.

2.

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
With noble *verse* not understood by you:
Whil'st thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Joynture and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends agree*.

3.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and Domineer;
Lovers are better *Friends* than they:
Let's those in other things obey;
The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here.
Vain names of *Blood*! in *Love* let none
Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own*.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Mine* adore;
No other thought has had access:
Did she now *beg*, I'd love no *less*,
And were she'an *Empress*, I should love no *more*;
Were she as just and true to Me,
Ah, simple soul, what would become of *Thee*.

Againſt Hope.

1.

Hope, whoſe weak *Being* ruin'd is,
Alike if it *ſucceed*, and if it *miſs*;
Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.
Vain *ſhadow*! which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night*!
The Stars have not a *poſſibility*
Of bleſſing Thee;
If things then from their *End* we happy call,
'Tis *Hope* is the moſt *Hopeleſs* thing of all.

2.

Hope, thou bold *Taſter* of Delight,
Who whilſt thou ſhouldſt but *taſt devour'ſt* it quite!
Thou bring'ſt us an *Eſtate*, yet leav'ſt us *Poor*,
By clogging it with *Legacies* before!
The *joys* which we *entire* ſhould wed,
Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty *Cuſtom*'s paid to Thee.
For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept cloſe does better taſt;
If it take air before, its ſpirits waſt.

3.

Hope, Fortune's cheating *Lottery*!
Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be;
Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'ſt thy aim ſo far,
That ſtill or *ſhort*, or *wide* thine arrows are!
Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th' eye deceives
With ſhapes that our own *Fancy* gives!
A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in *tears*!
When thy falſe beams o're *Reaſons* light prevail,
By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we ſail.

4.

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad!
The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad*:
Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Deſire*!
That blow'ſt the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers fire*!
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly 'on
By the ſtrange *witchcraft* of *Anon*!
By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
Her endleſs *Labyrinths* purſue,
And th' other chaſes *Woman*, whilſt She goes
More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows,

For Hope.

1.

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,
The only cheap and *Univerſal Cure*!

Thou *Captives Freedom*, and thou *ſick mans Health!*
Thou *Loſers Vict'ory*, and thou *Beggars wealth*!
Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
To every *Taſt* a ſeveral *Meat!*
Thou ſtrong *Retreat*! thou ſure *entail'd Eſtate*,
Which nought has power to *alienate!*
Thou pleaſant, *honeſt Flatterer*! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

2.

Hope, thou *Firſt-fruits* of *Happineſs!*
Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Succeſs!*
Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
Does *work* too ſtrong, and whilſt it cures, deſtroy;
Who out of *Fortunes* reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing *ſtill in hand*!
Whilſt *Thee*, her *Earneſt-Money* we retain,
We certain are to gain;
Whether ſhe 'her *bargain* break, or elſe fulfill;
Thou only *good*, not worſe, for *ending* ill!

3.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be!
Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt Eſtate*,
Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happineſs-it ſelf's all one
In *Thee*, or in *poſſeſſion*!
Only the *Future*'s *Thine*, the *Preſent His!*
Thine's the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt *apprehender* of our joys, which haſt
So long a *reach*, and yet canſt hold ſo *faſt*!

4.

Hope, thou ſad *Lovers* only *Friend*!
Thou *Way* that mayſt diſpute it with the *End*!
For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
The *Taſt* it ſelf leſs than the *Smell* and *Sight*.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than *Thou* canſt be, when thou doſt *miſs*;
Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and ſtraight flee
Some other way again to *Thee*;
And that's a pleaſant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou would e're have grown
So *falſe* or *ſtrong* to make it all thine own.

At mine own *breaſt* with care I fed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill,
And daintily I nouriſht Thee
With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie*!
What ill returns doſt thou allow?
I *fed* thee then, and thou doſt *ſtarve* me now.

3.

There was a time when thou waſt *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadſt the power of doing ill;
Into my *Boſom* did I take
This frozen and benummed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it *ſtings* that braeſt which made *it warm*.

4.

What curſed *weed*'s this *Love*! but one *grain* ſow,
And the whole *field*' twill overgrow;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholeſome *herb* and beauteous *flour*?
Nay unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
Declare, proteſt, and threat in vain.
Since by my own *unforc'd conſent*,
The *Traytor* has my *Government*,
And is ſo ſettled in the *Throne*,
That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The Frailty.

1.

I Know 'tis *ſordid*, and 'tis *low*;
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear,
And all the *Weakneſs*, and the *Baſeneſs* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always ſo.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage ſometimes, and bite my *Chain*;
For to what purpoſe do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite?
For if the chiefeſt *Chriſtian Head*,
Was by this ſturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak I* be ſlain?

Coldneſs.

1.

AS *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold*;

So in *warm Seaſons Love* does loosely flow,
Froſt only can it hold.
A *Woman's rigour*, and diſdain,
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

2.

Though *conſtant*, and *conſiſtent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loſes it ſelf there.
So the *Sun*'s amorous play,
Kiſſes the *Ice* away.

3.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this;
But my *Subſtantial Love*
Of a more firm and perfect *Nature* is;
No weathers can it move:
Though *Heat* diſſolve the *Ice again*,
The *Cryſtal* ſolid does remain.

1.

THen like ſome wealthy *Iſland thou* ſhalt ly;
And like the *Sea* about it, *I*;
Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
Spreading her beauteous Boſom all in *White*:
Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
With loving *Arms* for ever claſping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentli'er far than ſo;
As their freſh *Banks* ſoft *Rivers* do,
Nor ſhall the *proudeſt Plant* boaſt a power
Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one hour;
It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour ſhall our *Kiſſes* bear,
As if like *Doves* we'engendred there.
No *bound* nor *rule* my pleaſures ſhall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
Nought ſhall my hands or Lips controul;
I'll kiſs Thee *through*, I'll kiſs thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our ſports ſhall know:
Night that's both *blind* and *ſilent* too,
Alphæus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping ſo far beneath the Sea,
Than I will do t' *enjoy*, and *feaſt* on Thee.

5.

Men out of *Wiſdom*; *Women* out of *Pride*,
The pleaſant Thefts of Love do *hide*.
That may ſecure thee; but thou 'haſt yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie*.
For there's no danger I ſhould tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unſpeakable*.

Sleep.

1.

IN vain thou drouſie God, I thee invoke;
For thou, who doſt from fumes ariſe,
Thou, who *Man*'s *Soul* doſt overſhade
With a thick *Cloud* by Vapours made,
Canſt have no power to ſhut his eyes,
Or paſſage of his *Spirits* to choak,
Whoſe *flame's* ſo pure, that it ſends up no *ſmoak*.

2.

Yet how do *Tears* but from ſome *Vapours* riſe?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year;
The fate of *Egypt* I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain*,
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moyſture* owe,
To *over-flowings* of the *Heart* below.

3.

Thou, who doſt *Men* (as Nights to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality*:
Come, thou *juſt God*, and *equal me*
A while to my diſdainful *She*;
In that condition let me ly;
Till *Love* does the favour ſhew;
Love equals all a better way than *You*.

4.

Then never more ſhalt thou be invokt by me;
Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinſman Death* defy.
For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love*,
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' *Unhappy*; and the *Happy*, Thee.

Beauty.

1.

BEauty, thou wild fantaſtick Ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry Country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white,
Thou *Flatt rer*, which compli'ſt with every ſight!
Thou *Babel* which confound'ſt the Eye
With unintelligible *variety*!
Who haſt no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thy ſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy *ſhe-Profeſſors* are.

2.

Beauty, *Love*'s *Scene* and *Maskerade*,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Diſtance* made;
Falſe *Coyn*, with which th' *Impoſtor* cheats us ſtill;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!

Which

Which *Light*, or *Baſe* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine Thee!
For though thy *Being* be but *ſhow*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
And chuſe *t'enjoy* Thee, when *Thou leaſt art Thou.*

3.

Beauty, Thou *active paſſive* Ill!
Which *dy'ſt* thy ſelf as faſt as thou doſt *kill!*
Thou *Tulip*, who thy ſtock in paint doſt waſte,
Neither for *Phyſick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Taſt.*
Beauty, whoſe *Flames*, but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldſt ſeem a *Star*,
Who dar'ſt not thine own *Home* deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, doſt in the *Fancy* lye.

4.

Beauty, whoſe *Conqueſts* ſtill are made
O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or elſe *betray'd*;
Weak Victor! who thy ſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When *ſickneſs ſtorms*, or *Time beſieges* Thee!
Thou unwholeſome *Thaw* to *frozen Age*!
Thou ſtrong *Wine*, which youths *Feaver* doſt enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle *Thief*, from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou *Murth'rer* which haſt *kill'd*, & *Devil* which would *Damn me.*

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in *Green-land* left beheld the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* run;
And thought upon the ſad half year
Of *Cold* and *Darkneſs* they muſt ſuffer there:

2.

So on my parting *Miſtreſs* did I look,
With ſuch ſwoln eys my farewel took;
Ah my fair *Star*! ſaid I;
Ah thoſe Bleſt Lands to which *bright Thou* doſt fly!

3.

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
And ſay I'm in a warm *degree*;
Say what they pleaſe; I ſay and ſwear,
'Tis beyond *eighty* at leaſt, if you're not here.

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the *Froſt*,
And know that I the *Day* have loſt,
And thoſe wild things which *Men* they call,
I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

5.

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *Eaſt*,
Of all that ſhines Thou much the *Beſt*!
And as thou now *deſcend'ſt to Sea*;
More fair and freſh *riſe* up from thence to me.

6. Thou,

6.

Thou, who in many a Propriety,
So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
Add one more *likeneſs*, which I'm ſure you can,
And let *Me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My Picture.

1.

HEre, take my *Likeneſs* with you,
For when from hence you go,
The next Sun's riſing will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
Will ſwear next day my face he never ſaw.

2.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this *ſhadow* ſmile,
Your *preſence* will ſuch vigour give,
(Your *preſence* which makes all things live)
And *abſence* ſo much alter *Me*,
This will the *ſubſtance*, *I* the *ſhadow* be.

3.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
And your bright looks *awake it*;
Ah be not frighted, if you ſee
The *new-ſoul'd-Picture* gaze on Thee,
And hear it it breath a ſigh or two;
For thoſe are the firſt things that it will do.

4.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought bleſt,
And laugh at me as diſpoſſeſt;
But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' *ſubſtance* doſt not much delight,
Wilt rather ſend again for *Me*,
Who then ſhall but my *Picture's Picture* be.

The Concealment.

1.

NO; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak;
No, wretched *Heart*, ſwell till you *break*!
She cannot love me if ſhe *would*;
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe *ſhould*.
No, to the *Grave* thy ſorrows bear,
As *ſilent*, as they will be *there*.
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handſomly the thing contrive,
That ſhe may *guiltleſs* of it live.
So periſh, that her killing Thee
May a *Chance-Medly*, and no *Murder* be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By'her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy;
This will look juſtly, and become
An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome*.
The cenſuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by *Thunder ſlain*.
She muſt be angry ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being *hers*, *happ'ier than She*.
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate*.

3.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will *ominous* to her appear:
When, found in every other part,
Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart*.
For the laſt *Tempeſt* of my death
Shall ſigh out *that* too, with my *breath*.
Then ſhall the world my noble Ruine ſee,
Some *pity*, and ſome *envy*, *Me*;
Then *She* her ſelf, the *mighty ſhe*,
Shall grace my Fun'rals with this truth;
'Twas only Love deſtroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHat *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breaſt do ly,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart:
Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky art;
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there,
And *Cupid*'s *Forge* is ſet up here.

2.

Here all thoſe *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
That fly ſo thick unſeen through yielding air;
The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair.
Ah cruel *God*! and why to me
Gave you this curſt *Monopolie*?

3.

I have the *trouble*, not the *gains* of it;
Give me but the *diſpoſal* of one *Dart*;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you pleaſe your furnace in my *Heart*.
So ſweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly dy.

4.

Deep into her boſom would I ſtrike the dart;
Deeper than *Woman* e're was ſtruck by *Thee*;
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from th' *Heart*,
They *flutter* ſtill about, inconſtantly.

Curſe

Curſe on thy *Goodneſs* whom we find
Civil to none but *Woman-kind*!

5.

Vain God! who *women* doſt thy ſelf *Adore*!
Their wounded Hearts do ſtill retain the Powers
To Travel, and to Wander as before;
Thy broken Arrows twixt that Sex and ours
So unjuſtly are diſtributed;
They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*.

The Diſtance.

1.

I Have follow'd thee a Year at leaſt,
And never ſtopt my ſelf to Reſt.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this Day can the Day that went before.

2.

In this our *Fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which Govern them above;
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the ſame *Diſtance* ſtill betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I ſtrive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faſter to drive;
Since if a round it ſwiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*.

4.

Hearts by *Love* ſtrangely *ſhuffled* are,
That there can never meet a *Pair*!
Tamelier than *Worms* are *Lovers* ſlain;
The *wounded Heart* ne'er turns to *wound* again.

The Increaſe.

1.

I Thought, I'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eaſi'ly might account
'Till to the *top* of *Numbers* you amount,
As caſt up my *Loves* ſcore.
Ten thouſand Millions was the Sum;
Millions of endleſs *Millions* are to come.

2.

I'm ſure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my *Love* do ſo?
A *Real* Cauſe at firſt did move;
But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my Love,
With *Shadows* from it ſelf that flow.
My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* ſee,
By *Cyphers* is increaſt Eternally.

3.

So the new-made, and untry'd *Spheres* above,
Took their first turn from the hand of *Jove*;
But are since that beginning found
By their own Forms to move for ever round.
All *violent Motions* short do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to see
That Love's a *Motion Natural* to Me.

Love's Visibility.

1.

With much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

2.

The World perceives it, and it may be, *she*,
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that Skill to *Me*.

3.

Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it ever seem'd to have *none*.

4.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no Arts or Disguises find,
But thinks none *sees* it 'cause it *self* is *blind*.

5.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorow it he past into the *Heart*.

6.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
But keep the Secret Wisely, yet,
Like *Drunkenness* into the *Tongue* 'twill get.

Looking on, and Discoursing with his Mistress.

1.

These full Two Hours now have I gazing been,
What Comfort by it can I gain?
To look on *Heav'en* with *Mighty Gulphs* between
Was the great *Miser*'s greatest pain;
So near was he to *Heaven's* Delight,
As with the Blest Converse he might,
Yet could not get one *drop* of Water by't.

2.

Ah wretch! I seem to *touch* her now; but oh,
What boundless spaces do us part?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all Earths empty show,
My *Lowness*, and her high *Desert*.

But theſe might conquerable prove ;
Nothing does me ſo far remove,
As her hard *Souls averſion* from my *Love*.

3.

So *Travellers* that loſe their way by night,
If from afar they chance t'eſpy
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Taper's* light,
Take flattering Hopes, and think it *night*;
Till wearied with the fruitleſs pain,
They ſit them down and weep in vain,
And there in *Darkneſs* and *Deſpair* remain.

Reſolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wiſe*
Think of all us that *Love* ;
Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move;
They underſtand not *Breath* that *Words* does want ;
Our *Sighs* to them are *unſignificant*.

2.

One of them ſaw me th'other day,
Touch the dear Hand, which I admire ;
My *Soul* was melting ſtrait away,
And *dropt* before the *Fire*.
This *ſilly Wiſeman*, who pretends to *know*,
Ask't why I look'd ſo pale, and trembled ſo ?

3.

Another from my Miſtreſs' dore.
Saw me with Eyes all Watry come;
Nor could the hidden Cauſe explore,
But thought ſome *Smoak* was in the Room ;
Such *Ign'orance* from *unwounded Learning* came;
He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

4.

If *Learn'd* in other things you be,
And have in *Love* no Skill,
For God's ſake keep your Arts from me,
For I'll be *Ignorant* ſtill.
Study or *Action* others may embrace ;
My *Love's* my *Buſineſs*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

5.

Theſe are but *Trifles*, I confeſs,
Which me, weak Mortal, move ;
Nor is your *buſie Seriouſneſs*
Leſs trifling than my Love.
The Wiſeſt *King* who from his Sacred *Breaſt*
Pronounc'd *all Van'ity*, choſe it for the *beſt*.

My Fate.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forſake,
To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more aſcend:
And when theſe Falſe to their *Old Motions* prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe *Thee*, *Thee alone* to *Love*.

2.

The Faſt-link'd *Chain* of everlaſting *Fate*
Does nothing tye more ſtrong, than *Me* to *You*;
My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate*;
But will be ſtill the ſame, what e're you do.
You cannot *kill* my Love with your *Diſdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*.

3.

Me, mine Example let the *Stoicks* uſe,
Their ſad and cruel Doctrine to maintain,
Let all *Predeſtinators* me produce,
Who ſtruggle with *Eternal Bonds* in vain.
This *Fire* I'm *Born* to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether't be *Beams* of *Heaven*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

4.

You who Mens *Fortunes* in their Faces read,
To find out *Mine*, look not, alas, on *Me*;
But mark *her Face*, and all the Features heed;
For only there is writ my *Deſtiny*.
Or if Stars ſhew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But ſtudy the *Aſtrol'ogy* of her *Eies*.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious Rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the *Fate* of Mortal Days
Is writ in *Heav'en*; but oh *my Heav'en* is there.
What can Men learn from *Stars* they ſcarce can *ſee*?
Two great Lights rule the *World*; and *her Two*, *Me*.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

IT gave a piteous *groan*, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The Love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like *Poiſon* put into a *Venice-Glaſs*.

2.

I thought that *this* ſome *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this Chance in pieces ſmall,
Still *liv'd*, and ſtill it *ſtung* in all.

3. And

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart*:
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that Torment which the *whole* did *kill.*

4.

Even ſo rude *Armies* when the Field they quit,
And into ſeveral *Quarters* get;
Each *Troop* does ſpoil and ruine more,
Than all join'd in one Body did before.

5.

How many *Loves* Reign in my Boſom now?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evil Fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State.*

The Uſurpation,

1.

THou 'hadſt to my *Soul* no Title or *Pretence*;
I was mine own, and *free*,
Till I had *giv'n* my ſelf to Thee;
But thou haſt kept me *Slave* and *Priſoner* ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depoſe* thee from thy Throne;
Such Outrages muſt not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy.*

2.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to Thee fall;
My Country, Kindred, and my beſt
Acquaintance were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, draveſt out all:
Nay more; thou mak'ſt me worſhip *Thee*,
And would'ſt the Rule of my *Religion* be;
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd ſuch Power as you?
To be both *Emp'rour*, and *Pope* too?

3.

The *publick Miſeries*, and my *private Fate*
Deſerve ſome Tears: But greedy Thou
(*Inſatiate Maid!*) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee ſhould *alienate.*
Nor wilt thou Grant my Sins a part,
Though the ſole cauſe of moſt of them thou art,
Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since firſt mine *Eyes* I gave to *Tou.*

4.

Thou all my *Joys*, and all my *Hopes* doſt claim,
Thou rageſt like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *Thee*;
Nought can reſiſt, or *not encreaſe* the *Flame.*
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou doſt devour, unleſs thy ſtamp it bear.

Thy

Thy Presence like the Crowned *Basilisks*, Breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to Death.

5.

As Men in *Hell* are from Diseases free,
So from all other Ills am I;
Free from their known *Formality*:
But all Pains *Eminently* lie in *Thee*:
Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine Hands to gain.
Since all the *Natives* there thou'st overthrown,
And planted *Garr'isons* of thine own.

Maidenhead.

THou *worst Estate* even of the *Sex* that's *worst*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at first,
T'attend the weakness of our Birth!
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed*!
Thou *Case* to Buildings not yet finished!
Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee
Though thou a *Point imaginary* be.

2

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* so unfit,
That his *First Blessing* ruin'd it.
Cold *frozen Nurse* of fiercest *Fires!*
Who like the parched Plains of *Africk*'s Sand,
(A steril, and a wild unlovely Land)
Art always scorcht with hot Desires,
Yet *Barren* quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and *Serpents* forth thy self to sting!

3.

Thou that bewitchest Men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close *Conjurer* in his *Cell!*
And fear'st the Days discovering Eye
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be
Such tedious and unpleasant *Company*,
Who liv'st so *Melancholily!*
Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
Which *Women lose*, and yet no *Man* can *find*.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search it self rewards the pains.
So tho the *Chymick* his great *Secret* miss,
(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unsought experiments* by the way.

5.

Say what thou wilt, *Chastity* is no more,
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*.

In

In vain to Honour they pretend,
Who guard themſelves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*
Them only Fame the truly Valiant calls
Who can an *open breach* defend.
Of thy quick Loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo *Hated*, and ſo *Lov'd without*.

Impoſſibilities.

1.

IMpoſſibilities? Oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
As eaſi'ly other Dangers were *o'rethrown*,
As *Cæſar* after vanquiſht *Rome*,
His little *Aſian* Foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* againſt them ſtrive;
But *Providence* engages on their ſide,
And a good end at laſt does give;
At laſt *Juſt Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

3.

As *Stars* (not powerful elſe) when they *conjoyn*,
Change, as they pleaſe, the World's Eſtate;
So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
Shall our own Fortunes regulate;
And to our *Stars themſelves* preſcribe a *Fate*.

4.

'Twould grieve me much to find ſome bold *Romance*,
That ſhould two kind *Examples* ſhew,
Which before us in Wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that *Story true*,
But none ſhould *Fancy more*, than *I would Do*.

5.

Through ſpight of our *worſt Enemies thy Friends*,
Through *Local Baniſhment* from *Thee*;
Through the loud Thoughts of leſs-concerning *Ends*,
As eaſie ſhall my paſſage be,
As was the *Amo'rous Youth*'s o're *Helles Sea*.

6.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* roar;
In vain the *Stars* their Aid deny'd:
He ſaw the *Seſtian Tower* on th' other Shore;
Shall the *Helleſpont* our Loves divide?
No, not th' *Atlantick Ocean's* boundleſs Tide.

7.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eaſily conquer'd are;
But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny
To let thy *Beams* ſhine on me from afar;
And ſtill the *Taper* let me eſpy:
For when *thy Light* goes out, I ſink and Dye.

Silence.

Thy Preſence like the Crowned *Baſilisks*, Breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to Death.

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As Men in *Hell* are from Diſeaſes free,
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THou *worſt Eſtate* even of the *Sex* that's *worſt*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at firſt,
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Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed*!
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Who like the parched Plains of *Africk*'s Sand,
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Thou that bewitcheſt Men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe *Conjurer* in his *Cell!*
And fear'ſt the Days diſcovering Eye
No wonder 'tis at all that thou ſhouldſt be
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Thou thing of ſubtile, ſlippery kind,
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And ſtill the *Taper* let me eſpy:
For when *thy Light* goes out, I ſink and Dye.

Silence.

Silence.

CUrſe on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betraid,
And his great *Secret* open laid!
For of all Perſons chiefly *She*
Should not the Ills I ſuffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in *Her* to *Pity me*:
Since 'tis for *Me* to *loſe* my *Life* more fit,
Than 'tis for *Her* to *Save* and Ranſom it.

2.

Ah, never more ſhall thy unwilling Ear
My helpleſs Story hear.
Diſcourſe and *Talk* awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain,
That in my Breaſt does Reign;
Silence perhaps may make it *Sleep*:
I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal;
The *Wound*, if once it *Cloſe*, may chance to *Heal*.

3.

No, 'twill ne'r heal; my *Love* will never *Dye*,
Though it ſhould *Speechleſs lye*.
A *River* e're it met the *Sea*,
As well might ſtay its ſource,
As my Love can his courſe,
Unleſs it join and mix with *Thee*.
If any end or ſtop of it be found,
We know the *Flood* runs ſtill, though *under ground*.

The Diſſembler.

1.

UNhurt, *Untoucht* did I complain;
And terrify'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the *Mighty Evil*;
Ah, there's no *fooling* with the *Devil!*
So wanton Men whilſt others they would fright,
Themſelves have met a real *Spright*.

2.

I thought, I'll Swear, an handſome Ly
Had been no *Sin* at all in *Poetry*:
But now I ſuffer an *Arreſt*,
For words were ſpoke by me in *Jeſt*.
Dull, ſottiſh *God* of *Love*, and can it be
Thou underſtand'ſt not *Raillery*?

3.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
Nor meant my Verſe ſhould raiſed be,
To this ſad Fame of *Propheſie*;
Truth gives a *dull Propriety* to my Stile,
And all the *Metaphors* does *ſpoil*.

4. In

4.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign*;
The *Play* at laſt a *Truth* does grow,
And *Cuſtom* into *Nature* go.
By this curſt Art of Begging I became
Lame with *counterfeiting Lame.*

5.

My Lines of Amorous Deſire
I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire:
And 'twas a *barbarous Delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the ſiight;
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *Burning Bull* the firſt do try.

The Inconſtant.

1.

I Never yet could ſee that Face
Which had no Dart for me;
From Fifteen Years to Fifties ſpace,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou'rt a *Devil*, if I may call thee *One*, ;
For ſure in Me thy Name is *Legion.*

2.

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodneſs, or *Wit*, in all I find:
In *Motion*, or in *Speech*, a Grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind.*
And I'm ſo weak, the *Piſtol* need not be
Double, or *treble Charg'd* to Murder *Me.*

3.

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* ſlays;
If *Fair*, ſhe's pleaſant as the *Light*;
If *Low*, her *Prettineſs* does pleaſe;
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night?*
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I Love, leſt it ſhould be
Th' excuſe to others for not loving *Me.*

4.

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my Heart,
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too ſo.
If *Streight*, her *Body's Cupid's Dart*
To me; if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow.*
Nay, *Age* it ſelf does me to Rage incline,
And Strength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine.*

5.

Juſt half as large as *Charity*
My richly landed *Love'* become;
And judg'd aright is *Conſtancy*,
Though it take up a larger Room:
Him, who loves *always one*, why ſhould they call
More *Conſtant*, than the Man loves *Always all.*

6.

Thus with unwearied Wings I flee
Through all *Love*'s *Gardens* and his *Fields*;
And, like the wiſe induſtrious *Bee*,
No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey ſtill ſpent this dil'igence ſtill ſupplies,
Though I return not home with *laden Thighs*.

7.

My *Soul* at firſt indeed did prove
Of pretty ſtrength againſt a Dart,
Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*;
But my conſum'd and waſted Heart,
Once burnt to *Tinder* with a ſtrong Deſire,
Since that by every *Spark* is ſet on fire.

The Conſtant.

1.

GReat and Wiſe *Conqu'rour*, who where e're
Thou com'ſt, doſt *fortifie*, and *ſettle* there!
Who canſt *defend* as well as *get*,
And never hadſt one *Quarter* beat up yet;
Now thou art in, Thou ne'er wilt part
With one Inch of my vanquiſht Heart;
For ſince thou took'ſt it by Aſſault from Me,
'Tis *Gariſon'd* ſo ſtrong with *Thoughts* of *Thee*,
It fears no *Beauteous Enemy*.

2.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I'had ſerv'd e're this an hundred *Miſtreſſes*.
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabond*.
A *Pris'on* in which I ſtill would be,
Though every *Door* ſtood ope to Me,
In ſpight both of thy *Coldneſs* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers ſide*,
For only *Death* can them *divide*.

3.

Cloſe, narrow *Chain*, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which *Spi'rits* above to *Good* does bind;
Gentle and ſweet *Neceſſity*,
Which does not *force* but *guide* our *Liberty*!
Your Love on Me were ſpent in vain,
Since *my Love* ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas, can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality*?

Her Name.

1.

WIth more than *Jewish Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
This *Gentle Myst'ery* to Reveal?
When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we poſſeſs
Chriſtning as a *Badge* of *Happineſs*?

2.

So bold as yet no Verſe of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muſe* be ſeen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it ſhine.
Reſt, Mighty *Name*, till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by *Her*, e're *taken up* by *Me*.

3.

Then all the Fields and Woods ſhall with it ring;
Then *Ecchoes* burden it ſhall be;
Then all the *Birds* in ſev'eral Notes ſhall ſing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee;
Then ev'ery *Wind* the Sound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper't to ſome *Angels* Ear.

4.

Then ſhall thy *Name* through all my *Verſe* be ſpread,
Thick as the *Flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
And when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As ſure, I think, they will not dye)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* ſhall quickly know the *Coine*.

5.

Mean while I will not dare *to make a Name*
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (*God*'s *Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough ſhould *ſignifie*.
Aſtrea or *Celia* as unfit would prove
For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove*.

Weeping.

1.

SEE where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe,
Drops Tears more fair than others *Eyes!*
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* ſee
Th' Attire thy *Sorrow* wears,
Nor know the Beauty of thy *Tears:*
For ſhe'l ſtill come to dreſs her ſelf in *Thee*.

2.

As *Stars* reflect on *Waters*, ſo I ſpy
In every drop (methinks) her *Eye*.

The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays
In that Illuſtrious *Sphære*,
Like a *Narciſſus* does appear,
Whilſt in his *Flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

2.

Ne'r yet did I behold ſo Glorious Weather
As this *Sun-ſhine* and *Rain* together!
Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *Snow*,
(For ſome ſuch *Fountain* we muſt find,
To Waters of ſo fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous *Stream* below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
Which made this precious *Limbeck* Sweat!
But what, alas, ah what does it avail
That ſhe weeps *Tears* ſo wondrous *cold*,
As ſcarce the *Aſſes hoof* can hold.
So *cold*, that I admire thy fall not *Hail*.

Diſcretion.

Diſcreet? What means this word *Diſcreet*?
A Curſe on all *Diſcretion*!
This *barbarous term* you will not meet
In all *Love's Lexicon*.

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Eſtate,
Houſes, Houſhold-ſtuff, or Land,
(The *Low Conveniences* of Fate)
Are *Greek* no *Lovers underſtand*.

3.

Believe me, Beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a Breaſt,
The Two firſt things it does remove,
Are *Friends* and *Intereſt*.

4.

Paſſion's half Blind, nor can endure
The careful ſcrup'lous *Eyes*,
Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
One who in *Love* were *Wiſe*.

5.

Men, in ſuch Tempeſts toſt about,
Will, without Grief or Pain,
Caſt all their Goods and Riches out,
Themſelves their *Port* to gain.

6.

As well might *Martyrs* who do chooſe,
That *Sacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they muſt loſe,
When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake*.

The Waiting-Maid.

1.

THY *Maid* ah find some Nobler Theme
Whereon thy Doubts to place;
Nor by a low suspect *Blaspheme*
The Glories of thy Face.

2.

Alas, she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* must disappear
Before thy potent *Light*.

3.

Three Hours each Morn in Dressing Thee,
Maliciously are spent;
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's else a *Civil Government*.

4.

The 'Adorning thee with so much Art,
Is but a barb'arous Skill;
Tis like the *Pois'oning* of a *Dart*
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The *Ministring Angels* none can see;
'Tis not their Beauty or Face,
For which by Men they worshipt be;
But their High *Office* and their *Place*.
Thou art my *Goddess*, my *Saint*, *She*;
I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

Counsel.

1.

AH! What Advice can I receive?
No, satisfie me first;
For who would *Physick*-Potions give
To one that Dies with *Thirst*?

2.

A little puffe of Breath we find,
Small Fires can *quench* and *kill*.
But when they're great, the adverse Wind
Does make them greater still.

3.

Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much;
But straight I'm just the same;
Alas, th' effect must needs be such
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*.

The

The Cure.

1.

COme *Doctor*, uſe thy roughest Art,
Thou canst not Cruel prove;
Cut, Burn, and Torture every part,
To heal me of my *Love*.

2.

There is no danger if the Pain
Should me to a *Fever* bring;
Compar'd with *Heats* I now ſuſtain,
A *Fever* is ſo *Cool* a thing,
(Like *Drink* which Feaverish Men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt quench my *Fire*.

The Separation.

1.

ASK me not what my *Love* ſhall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul of Me*)
When I am *ſepa'rated* from thee;
Alas I might as eaſily ſhow,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
'Twill *laſt*, I'm ſure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd *Soul* will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a liveleſs *Carcaſs* prove,
For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
Not that my *Love* will fly away.
But ſtill continue, as, they ſay,
Sad troubled *Ghoſts* about their *Graves* do ſtray.

The Tree.

1.

I Choſe the flouri'ſhing'ſt *Tree* in all the *Park*,
With freſheſt Boughs, and faireſt Head;
I cut my Love into his gentle Bark,
And in Three Days, behold 'tis *Dead*;
My very *written Flames* ſo violent be,
They've burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2.

How ſhould I live my ſelf, whoſe *Heart* is found
Deeply Graven every where,
With the large *Hiſtory* of many a *Wound*,
Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
With Art as ſtrange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
As a ſtrong *Poyſon* with one *drop* does make
The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall:
Love (I ſee now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,
Or *Characters* could ne'er do this.

4.

Pardon, ye *Birds* and *Nymphs*, who lov'd this *Shade*;
And pardon me thou gentle *Tree*;
I thought her *Name* would thee have Happy made,
And Bleſſed *Omens* hop'd from Thee;
Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (ſaid I) and *grow*;
And with ye let my *Love* do ſo.

5.

Alas, poor Youth, thy Love will never thrive!
This blaſted *Tree Predeſtines* it;
Go, tye the diſmal *Knot* (why ſhould'ſt thou live?)
And by the Lines thou there haſt writ
Deform'dly hanging, the *ſad Picture* be
To that unluckly *Hiſtory*.

Her Unbelief.

1.

'TIS a ſtrange kind of *Ignorance* this in you!
That you your *Victories* ſhould not ſpy
Victories gotten by your *Eye*!
That your bright *Beams*, as thoſe of *Comets* do,
Should kill, but not know *How* nor *Who*.

2.

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
Whilſt all the *People* Smell and See
The odorous Flames I offer thee,
Thou ſit'ſt, and doſt not See, nor Smell, nor Hear
Thy conſtant zealous *Worſhipper*.

3.

They ſee't too well, who at my Fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to ſpy my Love;
Nor does the *Cauſe* in thy *Face* clearlier ſhine,
Than the *Effect* appears *in mine*.

4.

Fair Infidel! By what unjuſt Decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this Truth to thee appear,
Muſt I, who Preach it, and Pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy *Incredulity*?

5.

I by my *Unbelief* am guiltleſs ſlain;
Oh have but *Faith*, and then that you
May know that *Faith* for to be true,
It ſhall it ſelf by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
And raiſe me from the *Dead* again.

6. Mean

6.

Mean while, my *Hopes* may ſeem to be o'rethrown;
But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
And thus Diſpute, That ſince my Heart,
Though in *thy Breaſt*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine *Own*.

The Gazers.

1.

COme let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call;
I've ſeen *too much*, if this be *all*.
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ign'orant Poverty*?
To ſhew ſuch Stores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my want.
For Love to *Dye an Infant*'s leſſer Ill
Than to live long, yet live in *Child-hood* ſtill.

2.

We 'have both ſate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do.
The richeſt crop of *Joy* is ſtill behind,
And He who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *blind*.
So at firſt *Pigmalion* Lov'd,
But th'*Amour* at laſt improv'd,
The *Statue* it ſelf at laſt a *Woman* grew,
And ſo at laſt, my Dear, ſhould you do too.

3.

Beauty to Man the greateſt *Torture* is,
Unleſs it lead to farther Bliſs
Beyond the tyran'ous Pleaſures of the *Eye*.
It grows too *ſerious a Crueltie*,
Unleſs it *Heal*, as well as *Strike*;
I would not, *Salamander*-like,
In ſcorching Heats always to *Live* deſire,
But like a *Martyr* paſs to *Heav'en* through *Fire*.

4.

Mark how the luſty *Sun* ſalutes the *Spring*,
And gently kiſſes every thing.
His loving *Beams* unlock each Maiden Flower,
Search all the *Treaſures*, all the *Sweets* devour:
Then on the Earth, with *Bridegroom*-Heat,
He does ſtill new *Flowers* beget.
The *Sun* himſelf, although all *Eye* he be,
Can find in *Love* more Pleaſure than to *See*.

The Incurable.

1.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
Love made them *Non-ſenſe* all.
I apply'd *Receipts* of *Buſineſs* to my Wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recall.

2.

As well might men who in a Feaver fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
As well might men, who *mad* in *darkneſs* ly,
Write the *Diſpatches* of a *State*.

3.

I try'd *Devotion*, *Sermons*, *frequent Prayer*,
But thoſe did worſe than *uſeleſs* prove;
For *Pray'ers* are turn'd to *Sin* in thoſe who are
Out of *Charity*, or in *Love*.

4.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care;
But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire.
Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
Did *double* the *Deſire*.

5.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
And mixt with pleaſant *Companies*;
My *Mirth* did graceleſs and *inſipid* grow,
And above a *Clinch* it could not riſe.

6.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at laſt I tryed
'Gainſt this ſome *new deſire* to ſtir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I eſpy'd,
Some faint *Reſemblances* of *Her*.

7.

The *Phyſick* made me worſe with which I ſtrove
This *Mortal Ill* t' expell,
As wholeſome *Med'icines* the *Diſeaſe* improve,
There where they *work* not well.

Honour.

1.

SHE *Loves*, and ſhe *confeſſes* too;
There's then at laſt, no more to do.
The happy *work*'s entirely done;
Enter the *Town* which thou haſt *won*;
The *Fruits* of *Conqueſt* now begin;
Io Triumph! Enter in.

2.

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be;
Remains there ſtill an *Enemie*?
Bold *Honour* ſtands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*;
Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
And ſhall this *Phantome* me oppoſe?

3.

Noiſy Nothing! ſtalking Shade!
By what *Witchraft* wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of *Solid* harms!
But I ſhall find out *Counter-Charms*
Thy airy *Devil-ſhip* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love*.

4.

Sure I ſhall rid my ſelf of *Thee*
By the *Night's* obſcurity,
And obſcurer *ſecreſie*.
Unlike to every other *ſpright*,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t' affright,
Nor *appear'ſt* but in the *Light*.

The Innocent Ill.

1.

THough all thy Geſtures and Diſcourſes be
Coyn'd and ſtamp'd by *Modeſtie*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne're ſlipt away
One word which *Nuns* at th' *Alar* might not ſay,
Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace
In all thy ſpeech appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*.
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat through every part,
That thou a *Tempter* worſe than *Satan* art.

2.

Though in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have bin
So much as of *Original* Sin,
Such Charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſt *Saints* excite.
Thou with ſtrange *Adulterie*
Doſt in each breaſt a *Brothel keep*;
Awake all men do *laſt* for thee,
And ſome *enjoy* thee when they *ſleep*.
Ne're before did *Woman* live,
Who to ſuch *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *cauſe* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

3.

Though in thy breaſt ſo quick a *Pity* be,
That a *Flies Death's* a *wound* to thee.
Though ſavage, and rock hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'en *Romances* woes.
Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Inſtrument*,
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too.

4.

Thou *lovely Inſtrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our faults create!
Thou *Pleaſant*, *Univerſal Ill*,
Which *ſweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* doſt *kill*!
Thou kind, well-natur'ed *Tyrrannie*!
Thou *chaſt* committer of a *Rape*!
Thou *voluntary Deſtinie*,

Which

Which no man *Can*, or *Would* escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare;
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) e'ven the *Destroying Angels* are.

DIALOGUE.

1.

She. WHat have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruine her that lov'd thee?
Me thou hast *robb'd*, but what art thou
Thy *Self* the *richer* now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd *pleasure*;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy *Ill-gotten Treasure*.

2.

He. We 'have done no harm; nor was it *Theft* in *me*,
But noblest *Charity* in *Thee*.
I'll the well-gotten *Pleasure*
Safe in my *Mem'ory* Treasure;
What though the *Flower* it self do wast,
The *Essence* from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

3.

She. No: I'm undone; my *Honour* Thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore't again.
Art and Labour to bestow
Upon the *Carcase* of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body *dead*,
The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty*'s fled.

4.

He. Never, my dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
By *Love*, but *Indiscretion*.
To th' *wise* it all things does allow;
And cares not *What* we do; but *How*.
Like *Tapers* shut in ancient *Urns*,
Unless it let in *Air*, for ever *Shines* and *Burns*.

5.

She. Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it.
For *Men*, with *Roman pride*, above
The *Conquest*, do the *Triumph* love:
Nor think a perfect *Victo'ry* gain'd,
Unless they through the *streets* their *Captive* lead enchain'd.

6.

He. Who e're his secret joys has open laid,
The *Band* to his own *Wife* is made.
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee*?
'Tis you the *Conqu'eror* are, 'tis you
Who have not *ta'ne*, but *bound*, and *gagg'd* me too.

7.

She. Though publick pun'ishment we escape, the *Sin*
Will rack and *torture* us within:

Guilt and *Sin* our bosom bears
And though fair yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does waſt,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at laſt.

8.

He. That *thirſty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I ſought,
That *wounded Rock*, is all my fault.
And thou in pity didſt apply
The kind and only *remedy*:
The *Cauſe* abſolves the *Crime*; ſince *Me*
So mighty *Force* did move, ſo mighty *Goodneſs Thee*.
Curſs on thine *Arrow*, methinks I *Hate* thee now;
And yet I'm ſure I *love Thee* too!
I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove
More *Innocent* than did thy *Love*.
Thou haſt *this day* undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more ſhould'ſt thou not come at *night*.

Verſes loſt upon a Wager.

1.

AS ſoon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
'Gainſt what an *Oracle* ſhall ſay,
Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
A *Tongue* ſo us'd to *Victory*!
A *Tongue* ſo bleſt by *Nature* and by *Art*,
That never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an *Heart*:
Though what you ſaid, had not been *true*
If ſpoke by any elſe but *you*.
Your ſpeech will govern *Deſtiny*,
And *Fate*, will *change* rather than *you* ſhould *Ly*,

2.

'Tis true if *Humane Reaſon* were the *Guide*,
Reaſon, methinks, was on my ſide,
But that's a *Guide*, alas, we muſt reſign,
When th' *Authority*'s *Divine*.
She ſaid, ſhe ſaid *herſelf* it would be ſo;
And I, *bold unbeliever*, anſwer'd *No*,
Never ſo juſtly ſure before
Errour the name of *Blindneſs* bore,
For whatſoe're the *Queſtion* be,
There's no man that has *eyes* would *bet* for *Me*.

3.

If *Truth* it ſelf (as other *Angels* do
When they deſcend to humane view)
In a *Material Form* would daign to ſhine,
'Twould *imitate* or *borrow Thine*,
So daz'eling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear;
Happy the eye which *Truth* could ſee
Cloath'd in a *ſhape* like *Thee*,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy *ſhape naked like Truth* eſpy!

4. Yet

4.

Yet this loſt *wager* coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'ed to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
which He were bound howe're to *pay*?
If *Nature* gave me power to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to rehearſe.
Thy wondrous Beauty and thy Wit
Has a ſuch *Sov'ereign Right* to it,
That no Mans *Muſe* for *publique vent* is free,
Till ſhe has paid *her Caſtoms* firſt to *Thee*.

Bathing in the River.

1.

THE *fiſh* around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'erous Fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be,
As ſhe at firſt took me.
For ne're did *Light* ſo clear
Among the *waves* appear,
Though ev'ery night the *Sun* himſelf ſet there.

2.

Why to *Mute Fiſh* ſhould'ſt thou thy ſelf diſcover,
And not to me thy no leſs *ſilent Lover*?
As ſome from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
To *Ghoſts* that have no uſe of it!
Half their rich treaſures ſo
Maids bury; and for ought we know
(Poor *Ignorants*) *they're Mermaids all below.*

3.

The amo'rous *Waves* would fain about her ſtay,
But ſtill new amo'rous *waves* drive them away,
And with ſwift current to thoſe joys they haſte,
That do as ſwiftly waſte,
I laught the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas, at *Land* ſo too,
And ſtill *old Lovers* yield the place to *new*.

4.

Kiſs her, and as you part, you amo'rous Waves
(My happier *Rivals*, and my *fellow ſlaves*)
Point to your flowry banks, and to her ſhew
The good your *Bounties* do;
Then tell her what your *Pride* doth coſt,
And how your *uſe* and *beauty*'s loſt,
When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Froſt*.

5.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
Haſt without ſtop to a *devouring Sea*,
Where they will mixt and *undiſtinguiſht* ly
With all the meaneſt things that *dy*.
As in the *Ocean* Thou

oNo priviledge doſt know
Above th' *impureſt ſtreams* that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her ſad,
Tell her there's yet one *Remedy* to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long ſince *paſt*, doſt find
Thy ſelf yet ſtill *behind*,
Marriage (ſay to her) will bring
About the ſelf-ſame thing.
But ſhe, fond *Maid*, *ſhuts* and *ſeals* up the *ſpring*.

Love given over.

1.

IT is *enough*; enough of time, and pain
Haſt thou conſum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy ſelf with *ſhadows* to deceive;
Think that *already loſt* which thou muſt *never gain*.

2.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years
(Toſt in ſtorms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpleſs *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midſt o'the *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears*.

3.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart*;
Since *Fate* does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love*.
And not one *Star* in heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this deſire,
If e're it home to its breaſt retire,
It ne're ſhall wander more about,
Though thouſand beauties call'd it out:
A *Lover burnt* like me for ever *dreads the fire*.

5.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ery *ſmall diſeaſe*
May come as oft as *ill Fate* pleaſe;
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by thoſe *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by theſe*.

6.

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing *again* o'rethrown?
Since ſuch an *Enemy* needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack't*, but quite *burnt down the Town*.

FINIS.

Pindarique

ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE and MANNER

OF THE

ODES

OF

PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

HOR. EP. L. 1. 3.

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Pindarique

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Written in imitation of the

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of

CONGREVE

THE

PREFACE.

IF a man ſhould undertake to tranſlate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had tranſlated *another*; as may appear, when he that underſtands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Traduction of him into *Latin Proſe*, than which, nothing ſeems more *Raving*. And ſure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit* of *Poetry* (*quod nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum*) would but make it Ten times more *Diſtracted* than it is in *Proſe*. We muſt conſider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his Age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at leaſt the *Colours* of *Poetry*; the no leſs difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Cuſtoms* of our Countries, and a thouſand Particularities of Places, Perſons, and Manners, which do but confuſedly appear to our Eyes at ſo a great diſtance. And laſtly (which were enough alone for my purpoſe) we muſt Conſider that our Ears are ſtrangers to the Muſick of his *Numbers*, which ſometimes (eſpecially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almoſt without any thing elſe, makes an excellent *Poet*. For though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verſes into regular feet and meaſures (as they have alſo thoſe of the *Greek* and *Latin Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Proſe* to our ears. And I would gladly know what applauſe our beſt pieces of *Engliſh Poſie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Proſe*. And when we have conſidered all this, we muſt needs confeſs, that after all theſe loſſes ſuſtained by *Pindar*, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deſerting ſtill his ſubject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in ſome meaſure to be applied to all *Tranſlations*; and the not obſerving of it, is the cauſe that all which ever I yet ſaw are ſo much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens too in *Pictures*, from the ſame Root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have ſeen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poeſie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never ſaw a *Copy* better than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwiſe; for men reſolving in no caſe to ſhoot *beyond* the *Mark*, it is a thouſand to one if they ſhoot not *ſhort* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not ſuffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called *Tranſlation*; for I am not ſo much enamoured of the *Name Tranſlator*, as not to wiſh rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I ſpeak not ſo much all this, in defence of my manner of *Tranſlating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they pleaſe) the two enſuing *Odes* of *Pindar*; for that would not deſerve half theſe words, as by this occaſion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Pſalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the

Hebrews of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius*'s making, the moſt exalted pieces of *Roſie*) are a great example of what I have ſaid; all the *Tranſlators* of which (even Mr. *Sands* himſelf; for in deſpight of popular errour, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reaſon, that they have not ſought to ſupply the loſt Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own; are ſo far from doing honour, or at leaſt juſtice to that *Divine Poet*, that methinks, they revile him worſe than *Shimei*. And *Bucanan* himſelf (though much the beſt of them all, and indeed a great Perſon) comes in my oppinion no leſs ſhort of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in theſe two *Odes* of *Pindar*, taken, left out, and added what I pleaſe; nor make it ſo much my aim to let the Reader know preciſely what he ſpoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of ſpeaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *Engliſh*, though it be the nobleſt and higheſt kind of writing in Verſe; and which might, perhaps, be put into the Liſt of *Pancirollus*, among the *loſt Inventions* of *Antiquity*. This *Eſſay* is but to try how it will look in an *Engliſh Habit*: for which experiment, I have choſen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemæan Odes*; which are as followeth.

THE

THE SECOND

Olympique Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron *Prince of* Agrigentum (*a famous City in* Sicily *built by his* Ancestors) *who in the seventy seventh* Olympique *won the* Chariot-prize. *He is commended from the* Nobility *of his Race* (*whose story is often toucht on*) *from his great* Riches (*an ordinary*, Common-Place *in* Pindar) *from his* Hospitality Munificence *and other* Virtues. *The* Ode (*according to the constant custom of the* Poet) *consists more in* Digressions, *than in the main* subject: *And the* Reader *must not be chocqued to hear him speak often of his own* Muse; *for that is a* Liberty. *which this kind of* Poetry *can hardly live without.*

O D E.

1

1 *Queen* of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and *Speaking Strings*,
2 What *God*, what *Hero* wilt thou sing?
What happy *Man* to *equal* glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the *Image* of thy *Voice*.
3 *Pisa* does to *Jove* belong,
Jove and *Pisa* claim thy Song,
4 The fair *First-fruits* of *War*, th' *Olympique Games*,
Alcides offered up to *Jove*;
Alcides too thy strings may move;
But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy prove!
Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names*;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no *man* gives place,
Is first in *Pisa*'s, and in *Vertue*'s *Race*;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift *Forefathers* has outgone.

2.

1 They through rough ways, o're many stops they past,
Till on the fatal bank at last
2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
Of *fair-fac'ed Sicilie*,
Which does it self i'th' *River* by
With *Pride* and *Joy* espy.
Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Tears* did sing,
And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.

3 Their genuine *Virtues* did more ſweet and clear,
In *Fortunes* graceful dreſs appear.
To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, ſay
The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*.
If in *Olympus Top*, where Thou
Sit'ſt to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
4 If in *Alpheus* ſilver flight,
If in *my Verſe* thou doſt delight,
My Verſe, O *Rhea's Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *ſmooth* as *This*.

3.

For the paſt ſufferings of this noble Race
(Since things once *paſt*, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let *preſent joys* fill up their place,
1 And with *Oblivions ſilent ſtroke* deface
Of foregone Ills the very *trace*.
In no illuſtrious line
Do theſe happy changes ſhine
More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
2 So in the *Cryſtal Pallaces*
Of the blue-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endleſs youth does pleaſe,
And *thanks* her fall into the Seas.
3 Beauteous *Semele* does no leſs
Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bleſs,
Whilſt ſporting with the *Gods* on high,
4 She'enjoys *ſecure* their Company,
Plays with *Light'nings* as they fly,
Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*.

4.

But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
What God (alas) will *Caution* be
For *Living* Man's ſecuritie,
Or will *enſure* our *Veſſel* in this faithleſs *Sea*?
Never did the *Sun* as yet
So healthful a fair *day* beget,
1 That *Travelling Mortals* might rely on it.
But Fortunes *favour* and her *Spight*
Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*.
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue,
2 Ere ſince the *fatal Son* his Father-ſlew,
And did old *Oracles* fulfill
Of *Gods* that cannot *Lye*, for they foretel but their own *Will*.

5.

1 *Erynnis* ſaw't, and made in her own ſeed
The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,
2 She ſlew his wrathful Sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then ſucceed,
3 And brave *Therſander* in amends for what was paſt aroſe.
Brave *Therſander* was by none
In war, or warlike ſports out-done.
4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues doſt revive,
He in *my Verſe* and *Thee* again does *live*,

Loud

Loud *Olympus* happy Thee,
Isthmus and *Nemea* does twice happy see.
For the *Well-natur'ed* honour there
Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,
Was to thee *double* grown
By not being all thine *Own*.
And those kind pious glories to deface
The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race*.

6.

Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
The' *Olympique Trophees* shew.
Both their several parts must do
In the noble *Chase* of *Fame*,
This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame*.
Nor is fair *Virtues Picture* seen aright
But in *Fortunes* golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on *short-Man long* cannot wait.
The Vertuous make of them the best,
And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*.
With a *frail* good they wisely buy
The solid *Purchase* of *Eternity*.
They whilst Lifes air they breath, consider well and know
Th' account they must hereafter give below.
Whereas th' unjust and Covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of *Jove*
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy *Necessary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

7.

Whilst in the Lands of unexhausted *Light*
O're which the *God-like Sun's* unwearied sight,
Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *sleeps* in *Night*,
An endless *Spring* of Age the Good enjoy,
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty cloy*,
There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they *Plow*,
Nor ought to *Labour* ow
For *Food*, that whil'st it *nour'ishes* does *decay*,
And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,
Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,
The *Furnace* had no more to do,
Then in rich *Saturn's* peaceful state
Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'ed,
The *Muse discovered World* of *Islands Fortunate*.

8.

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd Air.
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,
And *golden Trees* enrich their side.
Th' *illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autum* fear,
And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear.

Which

Which by the *Bleſt* are gathered
For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head.
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
1 Wiſe *Radamanthus* did the ſentence give,
Who for his juſtice was thought fit
With *Soveraign Saturn* on the *Bench* to ſit.
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
Since his bleſt *Mother* (who before
Had try'd it on his *Body'* in vain)
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardneſs* take,
That does from *Paſſion* and from *Vice Invulnerable* make.

9.

To *Theron*, *Muſe*, bring back thy wandring Song,
Whom thoſe bright Troops expect impatiently;
And may they do ſo long.
1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but croſs thine Eye;
Shoot, and ſpare not, for I ſee
Thy ſounding *Quiver* can ne're emptied be;
Let *Art* uſe *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Nature's Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature herſelf has unexhauſted ſtore,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.
Art inſtead of mounting high,
About her *humble Food* does hov'ering fly,
2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noiſe* does love,
Whilſt *Nature*, like the ſacred *Bird* of *Jove*,
3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *ſilent joy*
The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,
Defeats the *ſtrong*, or'etakes the *Flying* prey;
4 And ſometimes basks in th' open *Flames* of *Day*,
And ſometimes too he ſhrowds
His ſoaring *wings* among the *Clouds*.

10.

Leave, wanton *Muſe*, thy roving flight,
To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
Let *Agrigentum* be the *But*,
And *Theron* be the *White*.
And leſt the Name of *Verſe* ſhould give
Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
By the *Caſtalian waters* ſwear
(A ſacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
To take in vain,
1 No more than *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)
Swear in no City e're before,
A better man, or greater-ſoul'd was born,
Swear that *Theron* ſure has *ſworn*
No man *near* him ſhould *be poor*.
Swear that non e're had ſuch a graceful art,
Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
With an *Unenvious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

II.

But in this thankleſs *world* the *Givers*
Are *envi'ed* ev'en by the *Receivers*.
'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* faſhion,
Rather to *Hide* than *Pay* the *Obligation*.
Nay 'tis much worſe than ſo,
It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *Outrages* to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we *Ow*.
Such *Monſters*, *Theron*, has thy *Vertue* found,
But all the malice they profeſs,
Thy *ſecure Honour* cannot wound:
For thy vaſt *Bounties* are ſo *numberleſs*,
That them or to *Conceal*, or elſe to *Tell*,
Is equally *Impoſſible*.

NOTES.

I.

PInd. Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι, Τίνα θεὸν, Τίν' Ἥρωα, τίνα δ' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν; Ἦ τοι Πίσα μὲν Διός, Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔφα—σεν Ἡρακλέα, Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου. Θήρωνα δ' τελεσσίας Ἕνεκα νικαφόρε Γεγωνεῖν ὀπί, Δίκαιον, ξένων, Ἐρείσαμ' Ἀκράγαντος, Ἐναυλίων τε παλαιῶν Ἄωτον, ἐρθὸν πόλιν.

Hymni dominantes Cytharæ, quem Deum, *quem* Heroem, *quem* Virum *celebrabimus*? Piſa *quidem* Jovis *eſt*, Olympicum *autem certamen inſtituit* Hercules, primitias *belli, ſed* Theronem *ob curſum in quadrigis victorum ſonare oportet voce, juſtum & hoſpitalem, columen* Agrigenti, *laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.*

1. Whereas *Pindar* addreſſes himſelf to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muſe*; which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιφόρμιγξ, than the *Ode* which ſhe makes Some interpret Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες paſſively (*i*) as ſubjects of the *Harp*; but the other ſenſe is more *Grammatical*.

2. *Horace* tranſlates this beginning, *Lib.* 1. *Ode* 12. *Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ ſumes celebrare Clio. Quem Deum cujus reſonet* jocoſa *Nomen* Imago? The latter part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the order, but the other is more natural, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man*.

3. *Piſa*, a Town in *Elis* where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth year by the *Inſtitution* of *Hercules*, after he had ſlain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, ſirnamed *Olympicus*, from the Mountain *Olympus*, from which is juſt by *Piſa*.

4. Ἀκρόθινα. *Firſt-fruits*, *from* ἄκρον the *Top*, and Θῖν an *Heap*, becauſe they were taken from the Top of the Heap of Corn, *&c.* Some interpret it, the ſpoils of War dedicated to the *Gods*; ſo the old Greek Scholiaſt. I think the Olympique Games are ſo called, becauſe they were ſacred Exerciſes that diſpoſed and improved men for the War, a *Sacred Bloodleſs War*, dedicated to the Gods.

2.

Καμόντες οἱ πολλὰ θυμῷ, Ἱερὸν ἔσχον οἴκημα Σικελίας, τε ἔσαν Ὀφθαλμὸς ἀϊόν τ' ἔφ——πε κύκλιμον, πλεῖστόν ——τε χθὼ χάειν ἀγῶν ὑπαίαις ἐν' ἀρεϊαῖς. Ἀλλ' ὁ Κρόνιος παῖ Ῥέας, Ἔβα Ἀλύμπια νέμων, Ἄεθλον τε κέρυφαν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλφεῦ, ἰαγδοῖ; δοιδαῖς, Ἔυξεν ἄρουραν ἔτι πα——τρίαν σφίσι κόμισον.

Qui cum multum laboraſſent animo, ſacram obtinuerunt ſedem fluvii, Siciliæq; *fuerunt* oculus. *Vitaq; inſequebatur fœlix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis virtutibus. Verum* O Saturnie *fili* Rheæ, *ſedem* Olympi *habitans, & certaminum ſummitatem, viamq;* Alphæi, *delectatus Hymnis benevolus, arvum patrium adhuc ipſis cura & poſtero generi.*

1. They ſay, that *Æmon* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Cadmus*, having ſlain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicily*, where he built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckoned many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron*, in a right line, came not thither till a long time after.

2. I rather choſe to call *Agrigentum*, than *Theron*'s Anceſtors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye* of *Sicily*. The Metaphor in this ſenſe is more natural. So *Julian* terms *Damaſcus*, τῆς ἑῴας ὀφθαλμὸν, The *Eye* of all the *Eaſt*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Inſularum occellum*, The *Eye* of Iſlands. *Agrigentum* took the name from the *River Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it ſtands, that from ἄκρον and γὴ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, an eſpecial Soil; or from ἀγρὸς and γὴ, Land good for the plow. I know very well, that it is not certain that this Town was built by *Theron*'s Anceſtors; neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there: nevertheleſs, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that ſenſe which pleaſes me beſt.

3. *Jupiter*.

4. The *River* of *Elis*, by the ſide of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

Λοιπὸν

3.

Λοιπῷ γένει. Ἀλλ' ὃ πεπραγμένων Ἐν δίκᾳ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκαν, Ἀποίητον, ὃ δ' ἂν Χρόνος ὁ πάντων παλαιὸς Δύναιτο θέλων ἔργων τέλος. Λαθὰ δ' πότμος ἀπὸ εὐδαίμονος γένοσ' ἄν. Ἐλπὶς γὰρ ὑπὸ χαρμάτων Πῆμα θνάσκει πολίγκολον δαμασθέν, Ὅταν θεὸς μοῖρα πέμπῃ Ἀνεγὲς ὄλβον ὑψηλόν. Ἔπεται δὲ λόγος εὐθρόνοις Κάδμοιο κόραις, ἔπα—θεν αἰμερόεσσα, πόθος δὲ πίτνει βαρὺ Κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν. Ζώει μὲν σὺ Ὀλυμπίοις, Ἀποθανοῦσα βεβμῶ Κεραυνὸς ταυρεόμενος——ρα Σεμέλα· φιλεῖ δέ μιν Παλλὰς αἰεὶ, Καὶ ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα· φιλεῖ δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρος. Λίγοντι δ' ἐν χ' θαλάσσᾳ, Μέλα κόρσαις Νηρῆος Ἁλίας βίοτον ἄφθιτον Ἰοῦ τέλλεσθαι τ' ὄ——λον ἀμφὶ χρόνον.

Actorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus *quidem omnium pater possit reddere operum finem. Sed* Oblivio *cum sorte prospera fiat. Bonis enim à gaudiis malum molestum domitum perit, quando divina sors mittit de Cœlo altas divitias. Convenit hic sermo* Cadmi filiabus *bono solio collocatis, illæ passæ sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis. Vivit quidem in Cœlo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis* Semele. Pallas *autem illam amat, & maximè* Jupiter *& filius ejus* Hediger. *Aiunt etiam in mari cum filiabus* Neri *marinis* Inoni *vitam immortalem constitutam esse per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose.

Ὦ πότνια Λήθη σὺ κακοῖσι ὡς ἐσὶ πρὸς
Καὶ τοῖσι δυσυχοῦσιν εὐμένεια θεός!

O *Oblivion* the wise *Disposer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddess* propitious to unhappy men!

2. For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; because they were both of *Theron*'s race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her husband *Athamas* in in his madness had slain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild beast, fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea; where, at the desire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the *child a God*, and her a *Goddess* of the Sea; him by the name of *Palæmon*, and her of *Lucothea*. See *Ovid Metam. l.* 4 The Blue-ey'd *Nereides* (*i.*) The *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris* *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid Metam.* l 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise, that he would deny her nothing, askt that he would lie with her in all his *Majesty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*; but *Bacchus*, her child by *Jupiter*, then in the Womb, was saved; for which reason, I call it her *Midwife Thunder*.

4. *Secure.* Without fear of being burnt again.

4.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κἀκείνα Πείρατ' ἴσαται, ὃ δ' ἀ σύγκυρον ἀ μέρᾳ Ὁπόταν παῖδ' ἀλίᾳ Ἀτρεΐδᾳ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελέσ—πάσσωμεν. Ῥοαὶ δ' ἄλλοι' ἄλλαι Εὐθυμιᾶν τε μετὰ καὶ Πόνων ἐς ἀνδρας ἔβαν. Οὐδὲν μοῖρ' ἄτερ παῖδιον Τὸν δ' ἔχει τ' ξυφρονα πότμον, Θεορτῷ σὺν ἅλεσ', Ἐπὶ τε καὶ πῦ' ἄγει Παλαισάμενον ἄλλῳ, χρόνῳ, Ἐξ ὅτε ἔκλεινε Δαΐου μόνιμος Συναυλωθεῖσ', ἐν ὃ πυ—θῶνι χρηδὲν παλαίφατον τέλεσεν.

Certæ terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vitæ, neq; unquam tranquillam diem, filium Solis, *stabili cum bono finiemus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum voluptatibus & laboribus hominis invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundum sortem cum divitis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo* fatalis filius *occurrens interfecit* Laium, *& in* Pythone *editum* Oraculum vetus *perfecit.*

1. Not men that go a journey, but *all men*, who in this life are termed *Viatores*, *Travellers*.

2. *Oedipus*. *Fatal*, because of the *Predictions*. *Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocasta*, the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Whereupon he comanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsoever she should bring forth; but she, moved with natural compassion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, caused one of her Servants to expose it in the Woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his *feet*, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Herdsman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth*, passing by, found the *Child*, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to mans age, and desirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was answered, That he should meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly slew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocasta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Theron*'s Ancestor.

5.

Ἰδίσα δ' ὀξεῖ Ἐερυὺς, Πέφνεν ἑοῖ σὺν ἀλλαλο—φονία γένῳ αἰσίαν, Λείφθη ὃ Θέρωνος ἐ——εσπόλι Πολυνείκει, Νέοις ἐν ἄεθλοις, Ἐμμάχαις τε πολεμιᾶν Τειμώμενος, Ἀδρασείδᾳ Θάλος ἀρωγὰν δόμοις, Ὅθεν πείσμᾳ ἔχον—παίζαν πρέπει Τὸν Ἀμπελίμ Ἐγκωμίων τε μέλεσιν Λυσίν τε τυ χάνομεν. Ὁλυμπία μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς Γέρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι δ' Ὁμόλαιον ἐς ἀδελφεὸν, ἰθμοῖ τε κοινὰ χάρι——τες ἄθλα τεθείσπαν Λιδάκᾳ δρόμων, ἄγαλμα.

Sed intuita acris Erinnys *interfecit ei per mutuam cædem prolem marsian, at relictus est* Theo sander *interfecto* Polynici *juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugna belli honoratus, germen auxiliare* Adrastidum *domui, a quo seminis habentem radicem decet filium* Æneidami *encomiastica carmina lyrâsq; consequi, nam apud* Olympiam *ipse præmium accepit, apud* Pythonam *autem & Isthmum communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim cursus confisientium.*

1. One

1. One may ask, Why he makes mention of these tragical Accidents and Actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praise of *Theron* and his Ancestors? I Answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them; for which cause he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to mitigate the thing yet more, I add, *The innocent Paricide.*

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: The War of which two *Brethren*, and their slaughter of one another, is made so Famous by *Statius* his most excellent *Poem*, that it is needless to tell their *History.*

3. *Thersander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army against *Thebes*, to revenge their Father's Deaths, and took it: After that, he carried Fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at last chosen, for his Valour, to be one of the Persons that were shut up in the Belly of the Wooden *Horse*, and so enter'd the *Town.* Virg. l. 2. Æn.

——*Læti se robore promunt,*
Thersandrus, Stheneleusq; Duces, & dirus Ulysses.

4. There are several great Actions of *Theron*'s mentioned in History, besides his Successes in the *Publick Games*, which were in that Age, no less Honourable than *Victories* in *War*; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had Usurped, and defeated *Amilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicily*, the same day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Persians* in that memorable Battel of *Salamis*, Herod. l. 7.

5. Because in the *Olimpique* Games he obtained the Victory alone, in those of *Nemea* and *Isthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the Expence of setting forth the Chariots.

6.

Τὸ δ' τυχεῖν Πειθαμβρον ἀγωνίας Παρσλύει δυσφρονῶν, Ὁ μὰν πλοῦτῳ ἀρεταῖς Δεδαιδαλμένῳ Φέρει πᾶν δ' ᾧ κ' πᾷ καιρὸν, βαθεῖαν ὑπέχων Μέριμναν ἀγεγλέφαρ. Ἀσὶρ ἀελίζηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἄνδρι φέγγος, εἰ δέ μὲν ἔχει Τὶς, οἶδε τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μιν ἐν—δὰδ' ἀνπὶκ' ἀπάλαμνοι φρένες Ποινὰς ἔπεσαν, τὰδ' ἐν τᾶδε δίδς ἀρχᾷ, Ἀλιτρὰ χ' γῆς δικάζει τὶς ἐχθρᾷ λόγον φαῖσες ἀνάγκα.

Successus certaminis dispellit molestias, divitiæ *autem* virtutibus *ornatæ afferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem, sustinentes profundam sollicitudinem.* (O *Divitiæ*) *stella præfulgida, verum homini lumen! qui eas habet, etiam* futurum novit, *quod mortuorum hic intractabiles mentes pœnas luunt, & quæ fiant in hoc* Jovis Imperio *scelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ sententiam pronuntians* necessitate.

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obscure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendred without much *Paraphrase.*

2. This is not a Translation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾶδε δίδς ἀρχᾷ, &c. for that it is rendred by (*Above*) but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no *harm*, nor, I fear, much *Good.*

7.

Ἴσον δ' νύκλεσσιν αἰεὶ, Ἴσον ἐν ἀμέρσις ἄλι—ον ἔχοντες, Πονέστερον Ἐσθλοὶ νέμονται βίο—πν ὐ χρόια ταρσόωσν—τες ἀλκᾷ χερῶν, ἥδε πόντιον ὕδωρ, Κενὰν ἐδὰ δ' αἶαν, ἀλ—λα παρὰ μὲν τιμίοις θεῶν, ὄφελυς ἔχα—ον εὐορκίας Ἄδακρυν νέμονται Αἰῶνα, τὰ δ' ἀνέχε—σθαι πόνον. Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἑς τρὶς Ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες, Ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχειν Ψυχὰν, ἔτειλαν δίδς Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρσιν.

At æqualiter nocte semper, æqualiter interdiu Solem *habentes non laboriosam boni degunt vitam neq; terram neq; marinam aquam vexantes robore manum inopem propter victum, sed apud* honoratos *deos* (*vel, cum iis qui* honorantur à Diis) *illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrimabili fruuntur ævo, alii autem intolerabilem visu patiuntur cruciatum. Quicunq; sustinuerunt ter commorati continere animam ab omnibus injustis, peregerunt* Jovis viam *ad* Saturni urbem.

1. A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner. *Valer. Hac lucet via latè Igne Dei, donec silvas & amœna piorum Deveniant, camposq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies.*

Virg. Æn. 6. *Devenere locos lætos & amœna vireta*
Fortunatorum nemorum sedésque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

In which *Homer* shews the way to *Pindar*, and all. *Odyss.* 4.

Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον κὴ πείρατα γαίης
Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,
Τῇ περ ῥηϊδίη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν.
Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὔτ' ἄρ χειμὼν πολὺς, οὔτέ ποθ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that *Souls* past still from one Body to another, till by length of time and many penances, they had purged away all their Imperfections. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

——*Pauci læta arva tenemus,*
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purúmq; reliquit
Ætherium sensum atq; aurai simplicis ignem,

And a little before, ——*Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur,

But the restriction of this to the Third *Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else. It

may be *Thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the *Poets*.

2. *Saturn* is said to Govern here, becauſe the *Golden Age* was under his Reign, from the reſemblance of the condition of Mankind then, to that of the *Bleſſed* now in the other World.

8.

Ἐνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον Ὠκεανίδες Αὖραι περιπνέουσιν, ἄνθεμα μὲν χρυσῷ φλέγει, Τὰ μὲν χερσόθεν ἀπ' ἀγλαῶν δενδρέων, ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα σέρβει, Ὅρμοισι τοὺς χέρας ἁπτόμενοι πλεκάνοις τε στεφάνοις βελαΐς ὃν ὀφθαῖς Ῥαδαμάνθυος, Ὃν παῖδ' ἔχει Κρόνου ἔπτιμον αὐτῷ παρέδρου Πόσις ὁ πάντων Ῥέας ὑπέρτατον ἔχοισα θρόνον. Πηλεύς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν οἷσιν ἀλέγονται, Ἀγλέα τ' ἔτεκε, ἐπεὶ Ζηνὸς πρὸ λιταῖς ἔπεισε μάτηρ.

Ubi beatorum Inſulam *Oceanides auræ perflant, floreſq; aurei coruſcant, alii quidem in humo ab illuſtribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum mollibus manus implicant & corollis (capita) juxta recta decreta* Rhadamanthi, *quem pater* Saturnus *maritus* Rheæ *omnium ſupremum habentis ſolium, dignum ſibi habet* Aſſeſſorem. Peleus & Cadmus *inter hos recenſentur*, Achillémq; *eo tranſtulit mater, poſtquam* Jovis *animum precibus flexit*. There follows a deſcription of *Achilles*, from the ſlaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus* and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and inſtead of it, to add by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before ſo tainted with Anger, Pride, and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as ſhe had formerly done his *Body*, all but his *Heel*, by which ſhe held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the Water of *Styx* might have the like effects upon his *Soul*, I am Authorized to feign, by the common Tradition of the Water of *Lethe*, whoſe Power upon the *Soul* is no leſs.

1. Of the *Three Judges* of the *Dead*, he names only one. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna, &c.

And the *Grammarians* derive his Name from ῥᾴδιος and δαμάω, from taming Men by the ſeverity of his Juſtice. *Cadmus* was choſen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent Reaſon, *Theron* being deſcended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cauſe. The *Poets* imitate ſometimes the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *Mercy* on whom they *will have mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar Merit. It was not hard indeed for thoſe Two to be admitted here; for *Æacus* one of the *Three Judges*, was *Father* to the *One* and *Grandfather* to the *Other*. I make bold to add, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindar*'s *Honour*, that I may not ſay, for *mine own*.

9.

Πολλὰ μοι ἔνδον ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη Ἐνδον ἐν φαρέτρᾳ φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν, ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ, Μαθόντες δ' λάβροι Παγγλωσσία κρύπτει κακόν, ὦ Ἄνεμοτα χαλκεπτὸν διὸς πρὸς ὀργὰν θεῖον.

Multa mihi ſub cubito celares Sagittæ *intrà* Pharetram *ſunt ſonantes* prudentibus, *apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens eſt qui multa novit* naturæ *viribus, qui diſciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate ſicut* Corvi *irrita clamant adverſus* Jovis Avem *divinam*.

1. The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obſcure. This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him, *Olymp.* 13. Ἐμὲ δ' εὐθυν ἀκόντων ἱέντα ῥόμβον πρὸς σκοπὸν ὁ χρὴ τὰ πολλὰ βάλεα καρύσσειν χρεών *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem prætor ſcopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the firſt *Olympique*, and divers other places. *Horace* in imitation.

Prome reconditum, Thalia telum, &c.

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the firſt *Nemeæan Ode*, *&c.* The Scholiaſt ſays, he does it in derogation from his Adverſary *Bacchilides*. The compariſon of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very *nobly extravagant*, but it was neceſſary to enlarge it.

The *Poets* feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Jove's Thunder*, becauſe of the Strength, Courage, and Swiftneſs of that Bird. They likewiſe feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a moſt Beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the Back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he Feaſted, and for a more *ungodly uſe*. Hor.

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the *Eagle* is ſaid to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that tryal of her young ones, breeding up none but thoſe that can do ſo.

10.

Ἔπι νῦν σκοπῷ τόξον· Ἄγε θυμέ, τίνα βάλλομεν Ἐκ μαλθάκας ἄφλε φρενὸς ἀκλεᾶ ἰοῖς Λέλαε; ὅτι τιν' Ἀκραγαντῖνον ταύροις, Ἀμφάσιμον ἐνόρκιον Λόγον ἀληθεῖ νόῳ, Τοκεῦν μή τιν ἐναλὸν Γ' ἑτέων πλειν φίλοις ἄνδρα μᾶλλον Εὐεργέταν πεφάσθαι, ἀφ—θονέτερόν τε χερσί.

Intende nunc arcum in ſcopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente glorioſas ſagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum *dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperiſſe nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minus invidum manu.*

1. Virg. ——*Stygiamq; paludem*
Dii cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.

Caſtalian Waters. A Fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnaſſus*, Dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muſes*; ſo called from the *Virgin Caſtalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain*.

11.

Ἀλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κύρσῳ, ὃ δίκα σωαγλόμῳ, ἀλ—λὰ μάργων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλαγῆσαι θέλων Κρίσσαν τε θέμιν ἐθλῶν κακοῖς Ἔργοις, ἐπεὶ φάμιν ἀειθὲς πεπιθέμεν, κεῖνο ὅπα χάρμα· ἀλλοις ἔδωκαν, τίς ἂν φρασαι δυναίτο;

Sed Invidia laudem *invaſit injuſtè occurrens, à furioſis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia* injuriis. *Siquidem arena numerum refugit, illa quæ gaudia aliis contulerit quis recenſere poterit?*

THE

THE FIRST
Nemeæan Ode
OF
PINDAR.

Chromius, *the Son of* Ageſidamus, *a young Gentleman of* Sicily, *is celebrated for having won the Prize of the* Chariot-Race *in the* Nemeæan Games; (*a Solemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the Funeral of* Opheltes, *as is at large deſcribed by* Statius; *and afterwards continued every Third Year, with an extraordinary Conflux of all* Greece, *and with incredible Honour to the* Conquerours *in all the Exerciſes there practiſed*) *upon which occaſion, the* Poet *begins with the Commendation of his* Country, *which I take to have been* Ortygia (*an Iſland belonging to* Sicilie, *and a part of* Syracuſe, *being joined to it by a Bridge*) *though the Title of the* Ode *call him* Ætnæan Chromius, *perhaps becauſe he was made Governor of that Town by* Hieron. *From thence he falls into the praiſe of* Chromius *his Perſon, which he draws from his great Endowments of* Mind *and* Body, *and moſt eſpecially from his* Hoſpitality, *and the worthy uſe of his* Riches. *He likens his Beginning to that of* Hercules, *and according to his uſual manner of being Tranſported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a Digreſſion of* Hercules, *and his ſlaying the Two* Serpents *in his Cradle, concludes the* Ode *with that Hiſtory.*

ODE.

I.

BEauteous *Ortygia*, the firſt *Breathing place*
Of Great *Alpheus* cloſe and amorous Race,
2. Fair *Delos Siſter*, the *Child-Bed*
3. Of bright *Latona*, where ſhe bred
4. The *Original New-Moon*,
Who ſaw'ſt her tender *Forehead* e're the *Horns* were grown.
5. Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly ſtarted out,
From *Syracuſa*'s Side doſt *ſprout*.
Thee firſt my *Song* does greet
With numbers ſmooth and fleet,
As thine own *Horſes* airy Feet,

When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
And o'er the *Nemæan* Race *Triumphant* flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
7. *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*.

2.

1. With *Jove*, my *Song*; this Happy Man,
Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began;
From hence came his Succeſs;
Nor ought he therefore like it leſs,
Since the beſt *Fame* is that of *Happineſs*.
For who ſhould we eſteem above
The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*?
'Tis them alone the *Muſe* too does approve.
Lo how it makes this Victory ſhine
2. O're all the fruitful Iſle of *Proſerpine!*
The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
When the raviſh'd *Maid* ſhe ſought,
Appear'd not half ſo bright,
But caſt a weaker Light,
Through *Earth* and *Air*, and *Seas*, and up to th' *Heavenly Vault*.

3.

1. To Thee, O *Proſerpine*, this *Iſle* I give.
Said *Jove*, and as he ſaid,
2. Smil'd, and bent his Gracious *Head*.
And thou, *O Iſle*, ſaid he, for ever thrive,
And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive.
As *Heaven* with *Stars*, ſo let
The *Country* thick with *Towns* be ſet,
And numberleſs as *Stars*
Let all the *Towns* be then
Repleniſh'd thick with *Men*,
Wiſe in *Peace*, and bold in *Wars*.
Of Thouſand Glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of Thouſand Glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Conſtellation*.
Nor let their *Warlike Laurel* ſcorn,
3. With the Olympique *Olive* to be worn,
Whoſe gentler *Honours* do ſo well the *Brows* of *Peace* Adorn.

4.

1. Go to Great *Syracuſe*, my *Muſe*, and wait
At *Chromius* Hoſpitable Gate.
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyres* voice ſhall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.
The *Tyrian Beds* thou ſhalt find ready dreſt,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feaſt.
The *Table* which is free for every *Gueſt*,
No doubt will *Thee* admit,
And Feaſt more upon *Thee*, than *Thou* on it.
Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
2. For as by *Nature* thou doſt *Write*,
So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*.

5.

1 *Nature* her self, whilst in the *Womb* he was,
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *Forming Mass*,
They mov'd the *vital Lump* in every part,
And carv'ed the *Members* out with wondrous Art.
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage* and with *Wit*,
And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit
For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it.
'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,
And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain,
To lose th' *Occasion Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
Even for *Self-concerning Ends*,
'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*,
Though *Happy Men* the *present* Goods possess,
Th'*Unhappy* have their share in *future* Hopes no less.

6.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,
And born the Noble *Prize* away,
Whilst other Youths yet at the *Barriere* stay?
1 None but *Alcides* e're set earlier forth than *He*;
The *God*, his *Father*'s, Bloud, nought could restrain,
'Twas *ripe at first*, and did disdain
The slow Advance of dull *Humanity*.
The big-limb'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurses* hands,
Wrapt in Purple Swadling-bands.
When, Lo, by jealous *Juno*'s fierce Commands,
Two dreadful *Serpents* come
Rowling and hissing loud into the Room.
To the *Bold Babe* they trace their *hidden* way
Forth from their flaming *Eyes* dread *Light'nings* went;
Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts* present.

7.

1 Some of th'amazed *Women* dropt down dead
With Fear, some wildly fled
About the Room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept.
All naked from her Bed the *Passionate Mother* leapt
To *Save* or *Perish* with her *Child*,
She *Trembled*, and she *Cry'ed*, the mighty *Infant smil'd*.
2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded Foes,
And as their spotted Necks up to the *Cradle* rose;
With his young Warlike Hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hist,
In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,
And angry *Circles* cast about,
Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and pois'nous *Soul* he squeezes out.

8.

1 With their drawn Swords
In ran *Amphytrio* and the *Theban Lords*,

2. With

2. With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled Joy*
They saw the *Conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his Prey,
Where in Death's pangs, and their own Gore they folding lay.
3. When wise *Tiresias* this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t'ensue,
4. From what *Monsters* he should free
5. The *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sea*;
6. What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,
Greater *Monsters* far than *They*.
7. How much at *Phlegras* Field the distrest *Gods* should owe
To their great *Off-spring* here below,
And how his Club would there out-do
8. *Apollo*'s Silver Bow, and his own *Fathers Thunder* too.

9.

1. And that the *Grateful Gods* at last,
The Race of his *laborious Virtue* past,
Heaven, which he *sav'ed*, should to him give,
2. Where *Marry'd* to Eternal *Youth* he should for ever live;
Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his Senses please
In their harmonious Golden *Palaces*.
Walk with ineffable Delight
Through the thick Groves of never-withering *Light*,
And as he walks affright
3. The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there.

NOTES.

1.

Ἀμπνεύμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφεῷ. *Respiramen reverendum Alphei.* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the *Poets* feigned to have fallen in Love with the Nymph *Arethusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which, lest her *Lover* should mix his Waters with hers, fled by secret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicilie*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δᾶλον χαιτήτα. *Deli Juvor.* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was Born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were Born, *Sisters*. Hom. Hymn.

Χαῖρε μάκαρ' ὦ Λητοῖ ἐπὶ τέκες ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
Ἀπόλλωνά τ' ἄνακτα καὶ Ἄρτεμιν ἰοχέαιραν,
Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὸν δ' ἐν κραναῇ ἐνὶ Δήλῳ.

Which, for *Pindar*'s sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same name.

3. Δέμνιον Ἀρτέμιδος. *Cubile Artemidis.* Because she was Born there, I therefore chose rather to call it. *Latona*'s *Child-Bed*, than her Bed,

4. Because other *New Moons* seem but returns of *Diana*, (which is the same with the *Goddess Luna*) then she had her beginning.

5. Κλεινᾶν Συρακοσσᾶν δάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracusarum*, for the reason mentioned in the Argument.

6. Σάθεν ἀδυεπὴς ὕμνος ὁρμᾶται δέμων Αἶνον ἀέλλοπόδων μέγαν ἵππων, Ζηνὸς Αἰτναίου χάριν. Ἅρμα δ' ὀρθοῦνες Χερμὶς, Νεμέα δ' ἔρεισαν νικαφόρους Ἐγκώμιον ζεύξαι μέλος. *A te suaviloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipedum equorum in* Jovis Ætnæi *gratiam, Currus etiam* Chromii *&* Nemea *me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus* (*certaminum*) *laboribus.*

7. In *Nmea*; because *Hercules*, having slain the *Nemean Lion*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemæo*, and Dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*, for *Ceres* sake, for the Birth of *Diana*; for being himself Surnamed (as before) *Ætnæan Jupiter*, from *Ætna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forged.

1. Αἰχαὶ

2.

1. Ἀρχαὶ δ' βέβληνται θεῶν Κείνῳ σὺν ἀνδρὸς Δαιμονίας ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ παντὸς ἄκρον.

Proœmia ſumpta ſunt à Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, eſt enim in felicitate ſummum faſtigium omnis gloriæ.

2. Of theſe *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Ætna*, and carried with her all about the World in the ſearch of *Proſerpine*, *Claudia* ſpeaks thus, *L.* 3. *de R. Proſerp.*

——Quacunq; it, in æquore fulvis
Adnatat umbra freti, extremáq; lucis imago
Italiam Lybiámq; ferit, clareſcit Hetruſcum
Littus, & accenſo reſplendent æquore Syrtes.

At *Enna* where *Ceres* was moſt Religiouſly worſhipped, her *Statue* was made with Torches in her Hands. See *Tull.* 4. *Act. in Verr.*

3.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαΐαν τινὰ νάσῳ, Τὰν Ὀλύμπιος Διαύτας Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνᾳ, γατὰν—σύν τε δὶ χαίταις, ἄεις ἄνασαν εὐκάρπε χθονὸς Σικελίαν πείσαν ὀρθῶ στεῖν—χοροῖσι πλέων ἀρεταῖς, Ὥπασε Ξ Χρονίων Πολέμου μνησῆρά τε χαλκαν[illegible]Λαὸν ἱππιοχων, Δαιμόνι θ' ἁ Ὠλυμ—πάδων φύλλοις ἐλαιᾶν χρυσίοις μιχθέντα.

Nunc excita ſplendorem aliquem Inſulæ quam Olympi *Dominus* Jupiter *dedit* Proſerpinæ, *& omnit* capillis *ſe principem fertilis ſoli* Siciliam *pinguem exaltaturum celebribus faſtigiis civitatum, deditq; ea* Saturnius *populum equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui ſæpe etiam ſolis aureis* Olympiacarum Olivarum *ſe immiſceret.*

2. Καὶ ἑρμόσαι τε δὶ χαίταις. Is very Eloquent in the *Greek*, but I know not how to render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expreſſes the ſame Senſe moſt excellently. *Il.* 1.

Ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his Third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Errour* (but pardonable in thoſe times) ſays, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hyperboreans* at the Fountain of *Iſther*, or the *Danube*, Plants of *Wild-Olive*, to ſet about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Piſa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerours* in thoſe Games ſhould always be Crown'd with Garlands of the ſaid *Olives*. It may be askt, in the celebration of a *Nemæan* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than thoſe of *Nemea*? Some ſay, that in the *Nemæan Games* too, the like *Olive-Garlands* were uſed at firſt before thoſe of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Inſtitution of them was to celebrate a Funeral, as the general Opinion is. I think he chuſes the *Olympique Games*, only becauſe they were the moſt Famous of all.

4.

1. Ἔστιν ἔν τ' αὐλείαις θύρῃσι Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξείνου καλὰ μελπόμενα, Ἔνθα μοι ἁρμόδιον Δεῖπνον κεκόσμηται. θαμὰ δ' ἀλλοδαπῶν ἁ πείρατοι δόμοι ἔντι.

Steti autem in veſtibulo viri hoſpitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cœna adornata eſt, neq; enim frequentium peregrinorum ignaræ ſunt ædes ejus.

2. Τέχναι δ' ἑτέρων ἕτεραι, χαὶ δ' ἐν εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς Στείχοντα μάρναται φύα.. *Aliæ aliorum artes ſunt, ſed oportet rectis in viis ambulantem naturâ pugnare.*

5.

1. Πρόσει γὰρ ἔργῳ μὲν σθένος Ἐκλαῶσι Ξ φρενῶν, ἐσσόμενον θεσπίδειν Συνίημεν εἰς ἔπειτα. Ἀγησιδάμε παῖ σέο δ' ἀμφὶ Ζόπυρε Τῶν τε χὶ σὺ χρῆσες. ἐκ ἔραμαι πολὺν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον καλαχύλας ἔχειν, Ἀλλ' ἐόντων ἐν τε παθεῖν χὶ ἀκοῦσαι, φίλοις ἐξαρκέων. Κοινᾷ γὰ ἔρχονθ' ἑλπίδες Πλουτόνων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem* robur, *conſiliis autem* mens, *quibus naturalis eſt futurorum providentia. Tuis autem in moribus, ô* Ageſidami *fili, horum & illorum eſt uſus. Non cupio multas in ædibus divitias abſconditas habere, ſed ex iis quæ adſunt bona percipere, & bene audire amicis ſubveniens, communes enim veniunt ſpes ærumnoſorum.*

6.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέᾳ ἀνέχομαι θεσφερῶνος, Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρετῶν μεγάλαις Ἀρχαῖον ὄρθιον λόγον, &c.

Ego autem Herculem *amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens ſermonem, &c.*

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the Story of *Hercules*, which it ſeemed to me neceſſary to make a little more perſpicuous.

7.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον δέος Πλαᾶξε γυναῖκας ὅτα τύχᾳ Ἀλκμήνας ἀρήιοισι ἔχει, Καὶ ὃ αὐτὰ παῖδ' ἀπὸ πλ— ὀρέοισ' ἀπὸ σφυρὰς, ὅμως Ἀμυνέν ὕδειν κοδάλων.

Intolerabilis metus percuſſit mulieres quæ inſerviebant Alcmenæ *lecto, quinetiam ipſa ſine veſtibus proſiliens pedibus é lecto propulſavit injuriam beſtiarum.*

2. Ἐς θαλάμους μυχὸν εὐρὺν ἔβαν Τέ—κνοισιν ὠκείας γνάθους Ἀμφελίξαθαι μεμαῶτες. ὁ δ' ὀρθὸν μὲν ἄνλειψεν κάρα. Πειρᾶτο Ξ σφῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia luta venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare geſtientes, ſed ille rectum extendit caput, & ſpecimen primum pugnæ edidit.* I leave out the mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the ſame Cradle, becauſe it would but embroil the Story, and adds nothing to the *ſimilitude*. *Pherecydes* writes, that *Amphitryo* himſelf put theſe *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiter's* Son.

1. Ταχυ

8.

1. Ταχὺ δ' Καδμείων ἄρσι χαλκέοις σπὺ ὅπλοις ἀθρόοι ἔδραμον, Ἐν χερὶ δ' Ἀμφιτρύων κολεᾶς γυμνὸν ξίφος ἀμπάλαιον ἴαχεν· ὀξείαις ἀνίαισι τυπεὶς. *Confestim autem* Cadmæorum *ducis æreis cum armis accurrerunt*, Amphitryo *quoq; nudum vaginâ ensem quatiens venit acutis doloribus laucius.* I leave out a Sentence that follows; which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that place.

2. This is excellently expressed in the *Greek*, Ἔστα δὲ θαμβεῖ σοφόρῳ τέρπνῳ τε μιχθείς, *Constitit autem stupore accrbo delectabiliq; permixtus.*

3. Γείτονα δ' ἐκάλεσαν διὸς υἱέες ὅτε φάτιν ἔσχον Οἰδόμανον Τειρεσίαν ὁ δὲ ὀρθὸς ἐν πάντεσσιν, πιστὸς ὁμιλήσειν τύχαις. *Vicinum itaq; advocavit* Jovis *altissimi Prophetam eximium vera vaticinantem* Tiresiam, *hic autem ei dixit rectiq; turbæ in quibus versaturus esset fortunis.*

4. Ὄσσους μὲν ἐν χέρσωκλαγὼν, Ὄσσους δ' ἐν πόντῳ δῦσας ἀϊδρόδικας, Καί πνα σὺν πλαγίῳ Ἀιδᾶν κόρᾳ τεχνίᾳ τὸν ἐχθρότατον φᾶσι νιν δώσειν μόρον, Καὶ ὅτ' ἐπὶ πεδίῳ φλέγρας γιγάντιον μάχαν Ἄνακες ἔβαλον ἀνδρὶ—ταῖσι κεῖνα φαεσίμβροτα πιφύρσειε κόμαν *Quot in terrâ interfecturus esset, quot in mari belluas pernicioſas, & quinam hominum cum obliquâ insolentiâ incedenti inimicissimè mortem daret, quietiam cum* Dii *cum* Gigantibus *in campo* Phlegræ *prælio occurrerunt, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.* Where I have ventured to change what he says of his *Darts*, into his *Club*, that being his most Famous Weapon.

5. The *Earth*; as the *Erymanthian Bore*, the *Neæmean Lions*. The *Air*, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the Scholiast says he slew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Antæus*, *Busiris*, *Augias*, *&c.*

7. The place of the Battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants* was *Phlegræ*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounced an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be destroyed, but by the help of *Two Heroes*, or *Half-Gods*; for which purpose, the Gods made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their assistance got the Victory. *Phlegræ* is called so, ἀπὸ τῆ φλέγεσθαι, *To Burn*; perhaps, because of the *Giants* being destroyed there chiefly by *Thunder*; or as others, from *Baths* of *Hot Water* which arise there. *Eustathius* says, it was likewise called *Pallene*, and gave occasion to the Fable of the *Giants* Fight, from the Wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8, According to *Homer*'s ordinary *Epithets* of *Apollo*, Ἀργυρότοξος, *Silver-bow'd.*

9.

1. Ἀυλὸν ὧν ἐν εἰρήνᾳ τὸν ἁπαλᾶ χερὶν χερῶ Ἡσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων πρεσβεῖον λαχόντ' ἐξαίφνης, Ὀλβίοις ἐν δώμασι Διὸς ἔβαλον Ἥβαν ἄκοσμον Ἡβᾶν ἀκοίτιν, Καὶ γάμον δαίσαντα πρὸς Διὶ Κρονίδᾳ, Σεμνὸν αἰνήσειν δόμον. *Ipsum vero in pace omne tempus deinceps acturum, tranquillitatem magnorum laborum præmium eximium consequutum, receptâ in beatis ædibus* Hebe *conjuge florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo* Jovis *venerandi quam ipse admiratione videret.*

2. The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the Astronomers. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, because he was the Famous *Monster-killer.*

The Praise of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his Second *Ode*, B. 4

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

1.

1. *Pindar* is imitable by none:
The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone.*
Whoe'er but *Dædalus* with waxen Wings could fly
And neither *sink* too low, nor *soar* too high?
What could he who *follow'd* claim,
But of vain *boldness* the unhappy Fame,
And by his Fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindar's *unnavigable Song*
Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along.
The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice*
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise,

2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
1. Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
Which in no *Channel deigns* t' abide,
Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul.

Whether

Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he ſings
In a no leſs *Immortal ſtrain*,
3 Or the great Acts of *God-deſcended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers ſtill ſurvive and *Reign*.
Each rich embroidered *Line*,
Which their triumphant *Brows around*,
By his ſacred Hand is bound,
4 Does all their *ſtarry Diadems* outſhine.

3.

Whether at *Piſa*'s race he pleaſe
1 To *carve* in poliſht *Verſe* the *Conque'ror's Images*,
2 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
Be crowned in his *Nimble*, *Artful*, *Vigorous* Song:
3 Whether ſome brave young mans untimely fate
In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
Such *mournful*, and ſuch *pleaſing* words,
As *joy* to 'his *Mothers* and *Miſtreſs grief* affords:
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
4 Among the *Stars* he ſticks his *Name:*
The *Grave* can but the *Droſs* of him devour,
So *ſmall* is *Deaths*, ſo *great* the *Poets* power.

4.

Lo, how th' obſequious *Wind*, and ſwelling *Air*
1 The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
Whilſt alas, my *tim'orous Muſe*
Unambitious tracts purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the *moſſy Brooks* and *Springs*;
About the *Trees* new-bloſſom'd *Heads*,
About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
And all *inferiour beauteous things*
Like the laborious *Bee*,
For little drops of *Honey* flee,
And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Induſtrie*.

NOTES.

1.

1. PIndar was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they ſaw more in him than we do now: Inſomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite-burnt and deſtroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander* the *Great*) both times the *Houſe* wherein he had lived was alone preſerved by publick Authority, as a place *ſacred* and *inviolable*. Among the very many Elogies of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quinctilian* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) l. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, ſpiritus magnificentiâ, ſententiis, figuris beatiſſimus, rerum verborúmq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applys *Horace* his ſimilitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is ſuch a River, as when *Poetical Fury*,

Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
Irritat amnem. Hor.

And like the reſt of that deſcription of the *River*,

Nunc pace delabentis Etruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis una non ſine montium
Clamore vicinæq; ſilvæ.

For which reaſon, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not ſtrong built and well *ballaſted*. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhauſted abundance of his Invention.

2.

1. There are none of *Pindar*'s *Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, διὰ τὸ εἰς δύο θύρας ἀναβεβηκέναι, come into the World through *two Doors*, his *Mother Semele*'s *Womb*, and his *Father Jupiter*'s *Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verſe, which others alſo atribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himſelf in the 13 *Olimpique*, ſeems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. Τοὶ Διθυράμβοισιν ἐρεθέμεναν σὺν βοηλάτᾳ κώμοις Διωνύσοιο *Undè* Bacchi *exortæ ſunt venuſtates cum* Boves agente Dithyrambo. For it ſeems an Ox was given in reward to the Poet; but others interpret βοηλάτην ᾠδὴν τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς βοῆς, from the loud repeating or ſinging of them. It was a bold, free, *enthuſiaſtical* kind of Poetry, as of Men inſpired by *Bacchus*, that is; *Half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διθυραμβοποιὸς νῦν ἔχεις ἐλαφρόα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet*.

And another,

Οὐκ ἔστι Διθυραμβος ἐν ὕδατι πιὼν.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with leſs *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19 Ode of the 2d B.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

And nearer yet to it comes his 25 Ode of the 4 B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum? Quæ nemora, aut quos agor in ſpecus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is preſently *half mad*, and promiſes I know not what,

Dicam inſigne recens,
Indictum ore alio. And,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

And then he ends like a Man ranting in his drink, that falls ſuddenly aſleep.

Banks, natural; *Dikes, artificial*. It will neither be bounded and circumſcribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almoſt all the ancient *Kings*, to make themſelves more venerable to their Subjects, derived their pedigree from ſome *God*, but at laſt that would not content them, and they made *themſelves Gods*, as ſome of the *Roman Emperours*.

4. *Diadems* (which were uſed by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark* of *Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribband* about the head, ſet and adorned with precious ſtones; which is the reaſon I call them *Starry Diadems*. The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about*.

3.

1. The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique* Games, were not only crowned with a Garland of *Wild-Olive*, but alſo had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exerciſes there were *Running*, *Leaping*, *Wreſtling*, the *Diſcus*, which was the caſting of a great round Stone, or Ball made of Iron or Braſs; The *Cæſtus*, or *Woorle-bats*, *Horſe-Races*, and *Chariot-Races*.

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Eligies*: but they are all loſt, as well as his *Hymns Tragedies*, *Encomia*, and ſeveral other Works.

4. So *Hor.* l. 4. *Od.* 25. *Stellis inſerere, & concilio Jovis.*

4.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but univerſally received *Tradition* of *Swans ſinging* moſt ſweetly before their *Death* (though the truth is, *Geeſe* and *They* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have aſſumed to themſelves the title of *Swans*. *Horace* l. 2. *Od.* 20. would be believed to be *Metamorphoſed* into one, *Jam, jam, reſidunt cruribus aſperæ Pelles, & album mutor in alitem Superne* (or *Superna*) *naſcuturq; leves per Digitos humeroſq; plumæ*. The Anthologie gives the ſame name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγυγίης ἑλικώνιος ἱερὸν κύκνος, Πίνδαρος ἱμεροφώνος. Sweet tongued *Pindar*, the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the Poets, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muſes*; which the Commentators ſay, is an alluſion to *Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσάων ὄρνιθες; and in another place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος παῖδες. A bold word, which I know not how to render: but they were conſecrated to *Apollo*, and conſequently beloved by the *Muſes* and *Poets*.

The

The RESURRECTION.

1.

1 NOT *Winds* to *Voyages* at Sea,
Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more neceſſary be,
(*Heav'ens* vital *ſeed* caſt on the *Womb* of *Earth*
To give the *fruitful Year* a *Birth*)
Than *Verſe* to *Virtue*, which can do
The *Midwifes* Office, and the *Nurſes* too;
It *feeds* it ſtrongly, and it *cloathes* it gay,
And when it dyes, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
That never will decay
Till *Heaven* it ſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

2.

Begin the *Song*, and ſtrike the *Living Lyre*;
Lo how the *Years to come*, a numerous and well-fitted *Quire*,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my *Song* with ſmooth and equal meaſures *dance*.
2 Whilſt the *dance* laſts, how long ſo e're it be,
My *Muſicks* voice ſhall bear it companie.
Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd
In the *laſt Trumpets* dreadful ſound.
That to the *Spheres* themſelves ſhall *ſilence* bring,
Untune the *Univerſal String*.
Then all the wide extended *Skie*,
And all th' *harmonious Worlds* on high,
And *Virgil*'s ſacred *Work* ſhall dy.
3 And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one *Fire* ſhine
Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*.

3.

1 Whom *Thunder's* diſmal noiſe.
And all that *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* louder ſpake,
And all the *Creatures* plain *conſpiring voice*,
Could not whilſt they *liv'd*, awake
This mightier ſound ſhall make
When *Dead* t'ariſe,
And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*
2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thouſand years.
This *mightier Sound* ſhall *make* its *Hearers Ears*.
Then ſhall the ſcatter'd *Atoms* crowding come
Back to their *Ancient Home*,
Some from *Birds*, from *Fiſhes* ſome,
Some from *Earth*, and ſome from *Seas*,
Some from *Beaſts*, and ſome from *Trees*.
Some deſcend from *Clouds* on high,
Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
And where th' *attending Soul* naked and ſhivering ſtands,
Meet, ſalute, and join their hands.
As diſperſt *Soldiers* at the *Trumpets* call
Haſte to their *Colours* all.

Unhappy moſt, like *Tortur'd Men*,
Their *Joints* new *ſet*, to be new *rackt* agen.
To *Mountains* they for *ſhelter* pray,
The *Mountains* ſhake, and run about no leſs *confus'd* than *They*.

4.

Stop, ſtop, my *Muſe*, allay thy vig'orous heat,
Kindled at a *Hint* ſo great.
Hold thy *Pindarique Pegaſus* cloſely in,
Which does to *Rage* begin,
And this ſteep *Hill* would gallop up with violent courſe,
'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Month'd Horſe*,
Fierce, and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*;
Now *praunces* ſtately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
Diſdains the *ſervile Law* of any ſettled *pace*,
Conſcious and *proud* of his own *natural force*,
'Twill no *unskill Touch* endure,
But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *ſits* not *ſure*.

NOTES.

1.

1. THis Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthuſiaſtical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14 *Olymp.* Ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνέμων ὅτε πλείστα χρῆσις, ἔστι δ' ὑετίων ὑδάτων Ὀμβρείων παίδων νεφέλας. Εἰ δ' σὺν πόνῳ τις ἔν τε σοφίαισι, μελιγαρύτες ὕμνοι ὕστερον ἄρχαι λόγων τέλλεται κ) πρὸν ὄρνυ μεγάλαις αἰχείαις. *Eſt aliquando hominibus ventorum uſus, aliquando aquarum cœleſtium, filiarum nubis. ſed ſiquis cum labore rectè faciat, dulces Hymni illi principium ſunt futuræ gloriæ, & fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

2.

1. Whilſt the *Motion* of *Time* laſts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular meaſures of it.

2. According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better befit *Poetry*, than it did *Philoſophy*.

3. Shall ſee the whole *world burnt* to aſhes like *Troy*, the deſtruction of which was ſo excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands*. The Walls of *Troy* were ſaid to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

3.

1. No natural effect gives ſuch impreſſions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder*; as we may ſee by the examples of ſome wicked Emperours, who, though they were Atheiſts, and made *themſelves Gods*, yet confeſt a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themſelves. Horat. *Cœlo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*
And *Lucret.* ſpeaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very ſound of *Thunder* did not make him ſuperſtitious,

Quem neq; fama Deûm, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compreſſit cœlum, &c.

Yet the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* voice is truly term'd *Lauder*; for as St. *Paul* ſays, the voice of the Goſpel was heard over all the habitable *world*, Εἰς πᾶσαν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθόγγος αὐτῶν.

2. The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is, that the World is to laſt ſix thouſand years (Ἓξ ἐν γενὴ χιλιαπαύσιλαι κόσμῳ) and that the *ſeventh Thouſand* is to be the *Reſt* or *Sabbath* of *Thouſands*: but I could not ſay, *Sluggards* of *Six thouſand years*, becauſe ſome then would be found alive, who had not ſo much as ſlept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verſe* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five thouſand*.

The MUSE.

1.

1. GO, the rich *Chariot* inſtantly prepare;
The *Queen*, my *Muſe*, will take the air;

Unruly

Unruly *Phanſie* with ſtrong *Judgment* trace,
Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'ed *Eloquence* join with it,
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
Harneſs all the *winged race*.
Let the *Poſtilion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coachman Art* be ſet.
And let the airy *Footmen* running all beſide,
Make a long row of *goodly pride*.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*
In a well-worded *dreſs*.
And *innocent Loves*, and *pleaſant Truths*, and *uſeful Lies*,
In all their gaudy *Liveries*.
Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
And bid it to put on;
For *long*, though *chearful* is the *way*,
And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *Winters Day*.

2.

Where never *Foot* of *Man*, or *Hoof* of *Beaſt*,
The paſſage preſt,
1 Where never *Fiſh* did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.
2 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did ne're
Row through the trackleſs *Ocean* of the *Air*.
Where never yet did pry
The buſie *Mornings* curious *Eye*:
The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* paſs quick and free;
And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*.
3 Whatever *God* did *Say*,
Is all thy plain and ſmooth, uninterrupted *way*.
Nay, ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
Thou 'haſt thouſand *worlds* too of thine *own*
Thou ſpeakſt, great *Queen*, in the ſame *ſtile* as *He*,
And a *New World* leaps forth when *Thou* ſay'ſt, *Let it be*

3.

1 Thou fadom'eſt the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* paſt,
And canſt pluck up with eaſe
The *Years* which Thou doſt pleaſe,
Like ſhipwrackt *Treaſures* by rude *Tempeſts* caſt
Long ſince into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *light* and publick *Uſe* by Thee.
Nor doſt thou only *Dive* ſo low,
But *Fly*
With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;
There into the cloſe *Neſts* of *Time* do'ſt peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *ſhell*, and the thick *White*, do'ſt ſpie
Years to come a forming lie,
Cloſe in their *ſacred Secundine* aſleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat,
Which o're them yet does *brooding* ſet,
They *Life* and *Motion* get.

And *ripe* at last with vigorous Might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*.

3.

And sure we may
The same too of the *Present* say,
If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.
Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make
This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*.
The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,
Men scarce can see it, much less *taste*,
Thou *Comfitest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*.
This shining piece of *Ice*
Which melts so soon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Verse* does solidate and *crystallize*;
Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,
To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Pindar* in the 6. *Olymp.* has a *Phrase* somewhat of this kind; where he says, Ὠφίλης ἀλλὰ ζεῦξον θᾶσσον ἡμῖόνων Ἢ πρὸς ὄφρα καλὸν ἅρμα τ' ἐν καθαρᾷ δρόμου πώλῳ ἔχωμεν. *Sed ô* Phinty, *junge jam mihi robur* Mularum *quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where, by the Name of *Phintis*, he speaks to his own Soul. O, my *Soul*, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair way. Some make φίλιν to be a Dialect for φίλις; as if he should say, O my *friend*: Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same *Metaphor*. Ἡνίοχον γνώμην σώσει πολύπονος ἐλθών. *Auriga supernè constitutâ optimâ ratione*: Making right *Reason* the *Chariot-driver* of the *Soul*. *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, Ὄχημα ψυχῆς. The *Chariot* of the Soul.

2.

1. For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *Wings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it self gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Skie*; where it says, *Gen.* 1. 6. *Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was used by the ancient *Poets*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

Volat ille per æra magnum
Remigio alarum,

And elsewhere, *Lucret.* before him, *l.* 6.

Remigii oblita pennarum.

Ovid in his Epistles applies the same to *Men* thus,

Remis ego corporis utar:
I'll use the *Bodies Oars.*

3. (*i.*) *Whatsoever God made*; for his saying, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Fairies*, &c. makes *persons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Plants*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and insensible things to act above the possibility of their natures, as to *understand* and *speak*, nay makes what *God* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of Invention.

§.

1. That is, The subject of *Poetry* is all *Past*, *Future*, and *Present Times*; and for the *Past*, it makes what choice it pleases out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion*.

2. According to the vulgar (but false) opinion of the *influence* of the *Stars* over Mens *Actions* and *Fortunes*. There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *Year* to come like an *Egg that* is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding*.

3. The

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *Womb*, so called, because it *follows* the *Child*. In Latine, *Secundæ*, as in the 9 Epistle of *Seneca*, where he says most admirably. *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonsos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem quo receptaculum suum referatur, igne. Illud curat, ad sera distrahunt, in terra contegut, non magis ad se pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the year.

2. Because the course of the *Sun* seems to consume *Time*, as the Beams of it do *Ice*.

3. There are two sorts of *Eternity*; from the *Present backwards* to *Eternity*, and from the *Present forwards*, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte post*. These two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Present Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but Poetry makes it extend to all *Eternity to come*, which is the *Half-Circle*.

To Mr. Hobs.

1.

VAst *Bodies* of *Philosophie*
I have often seen, and read;
But all are *Bodies Dead*,
Or *Bodies* by *Art fashioned*;
I never yet the *Living Soul* could see,
But in thy *Books* and *Thee*.
'Tis only *God* can know
Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show
Agree intirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so *like Truth*, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
As full of *Concord* their *Varietie*,
As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* rest,
And all so *Solid* are that they at least
As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness* detest.

2.

1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *universal Intellectual Reign*,
2 Saw his own Countries short-liv'd *Leopard* slain;
3 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftner *renew'd* his *Age*, and saw that *Dy*.
4 *Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet*, possest,
And chas'd by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*.
But as in time each great imperial Race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble *Empire* wast,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the *School-mens* hands it perisht quite at last.
Then nought but *Words it grew*,
And those all *Barba'rous* too.
It *perisht*, and it *vanisht* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out became but empty *Air*.

3.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,
In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of *past Fertility*,
The *poor Relief* of *present Poverty*.

Food

Food and *Fruit* we must now want:
Unless new *Lands* we *plant*.
We breakup *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands*;
Old *Rubbish* we remove;
To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,
1 And with fond *Divining Wands*
We search among the Dead
For Treasures *Buried*,
Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold
So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiscovere'd Gold*.

4

2 The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*,
And slender-limb'd *Mediterrean* can:
Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit
For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*.
Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,
And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
Till unknown *Regions* it descries,
Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new Philosophies*.
Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd *America* is
Not only found out first by *Thee*,
And rudely left to *Future Industrie*,
But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,
Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

5,

I little thought before,
(Nor being my *own self* so *poor*
Could comprehend so vast a *store*)
That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,
Could have afforded half enuff,
Of *bright*, of *new*, and *lasting* stuff,
To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence*.
Thy solid *Reason* like the *shield* from Heaven
To the *Trojan Heroe* given,
Too strong to take a Mark from any mortal Dart,
Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,
And *Wonders* on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,
A *Shield* that gives delight
Even to the *Enemies* sight,
Then when they're sure to *lose* the *Combat by't*.

6.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed
Upon thy reverend Head,
Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
But all which thou hast *bin*,
And all that *Youth* can *be*, thou'rt yet,
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
So *Contraries* on *Ætna*'s top conspire,
Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.
A secure *Peace* the *faithful Neighbours* keep,
Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flames* does *sleep*.

And

And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Cauſes*, we ſhall ſee
That thus it *needs muſt be*.
To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
And that which never is *to Dye*, for ever muſt be *Young*.

NOTES.

2.

1. ARiſtotle; ſo called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was Born, ſituated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedania*.

2. Out-laſted the *Grecian Empire*, which in the Viſions of *Daniel*, is repreſented by a *Leopard* with Four Wings upon the Back, and Four Heads, *Chap. 7. v. 6.*

3. Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-lived it.

4. For *Ariſtotle's Philoſophy* was in great Eſteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witneſs thoſe many excellent Books upon him, or according to his Principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avacenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In ſpight of Mahumet*: becauſe his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous Humour of thoſe People he had firſt to deal withal, and aiming only at greatneſs of *Empire* by the Sword, forbids all the Studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheleſs) flouriſhed admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continu'd ſo, till it was extinguiſht with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha* is the Town in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was Born.

3.

1. *Virgula Divina*, or *a Divining Wand*, is a Two-forked Branch of a *Hazel-Tree*, which is uſed for the finding out ſtrains of *Veins*, or hidden *Treaſures* of *Gold* or *Silver*; and being carryed about, bends downwards (or rather is ſaid to do ſo) when it comes to the place where they lye.

4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in theſe *Seas*: they ſeldom ventured into the *Ocean*; and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coaſt about near the ſhore.

5.

1. The meaning is, that his *Notions* are ſo *New* and ſo *Great*, that I did not think it had been poſſible to have found out *words* to expreſs them clearly; as no *wardrobe* can furniſh *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* Taller and Bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to ſome *Meaſure* that then was.

2. See the excellent deſcription of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan*, at the requeſt of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the end of the 8 Book of *Æn.*

——— *Et clypei non enarrabile textum.*

Whereon was graven all the *Roman Hiſtory*; and withal, it was ſo ſtrong, that in the 12. B. when *Turnus* ſtrook with all his force (which was not ſmall you may be ſure in a *Poetical Hero*)

——— *Gorpore toto*
Altè ſublatum conſurgit Turnus in enſem.

Inſomuch that it frighted all *Æneas* his Friends.

(Exclamant Troes trepidiq; Latini)

Inſtead of piercing through theſe Arms.

Perfidus enſis
Frangitur, in medio; ardentem deſcrit ictu,
Ni fuga ſubſidio ſubeat.

Which is juſt the caſe of Men's arguing againſt *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reaſon*; for when their Argumentation is broken, they are forc'd to Save themſelves by flight, that is, by *Evaſions*, and ſeeking ſtill new ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good Service upon the reſt of the *Trojans*.

Iſq; diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri
Suffecit, poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania venium eſt,
Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu ſutilis ictu
Diſſiluit.

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

6.

1. The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de raptu Pros.*

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,
Scitu mirabus servare fidem, paritérq; favillis
Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis
Arcano defensa gelu, fumoq; fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere.* When he met with a *Phansie* that pleased him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like expression of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumq; nivibus.* Shady among such great heats, and *faithful* to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the Prose even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Historian.* Sil. Italic. of Ætna. L. 14.

Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoq; rigore
Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsi
Collis hyems, callidáq; nivem tegit atra favillâ.

See likewise *Seneca*, Epist. 79.

DESTINIE.

Hoc quoq; Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. Manil.

1.

1. *Strange* and *unnatural!* Lets stay and see
This *Pageant* of a *Prodigie.*
Lo, of themselves th'enlivened *Chesmen* move,
Lo, the unbred Ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove
As full of *Art* and *Industry*,
Of *Courage* and of *Policie*,
As *we our selves*, who think there's nothing *Wise* but *We.*
2. Here a proud *Pawn* I'admire
That still advancing higher
At top of all became
Another *Thing* and *Name.*
Here I'm amaz'ed at th'Actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold Wonders in the Fight.
Here I the losing Party blame
3. For those false *Moves* that break the *Game*,
That to their *Grave*, the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring;
And above all, th'*ill Conduct* of the *Mated King.*

2.

What e're these *seem*, what e're *Philosophie*
And *Sense* or *Reason* tell, (said I)
These things have *Life*, *Election*, *Libertie*;
'Tis their own *Wisdom* moulds their *State*,
Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate.*
They do, they do, (said I) but strait,
Lo, from my 'enlightned Eyes the Mists and Shadows fell
That hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible.*
And lo, I saw *Two Angels* play'd the *Mate.*
With *Man*, alas, no otherwise it proves;
An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves.*

And

And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,
Some climb to *Good*, some from *good Fortune* fall;
Some *Wise Men*, and some *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Destiny plays no all.*

3.

Me from the *Womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take:
She cut my *Navel*, *Wash'd me*, and mine *Head*
With her own *Hands* she *Fashioned*;
She did a *Covenant* with me make,
And *Circumcis'ed* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake;
Thou of my *Church* shalt be,
Hate and *Renounce*, (said she)
Wealth, *Honour*, *Pleasures*, all the *World* for *Me.*
Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, ~~nor at the wrangling *Bar*:~~
Content thy self with the small *Barren Praise*,
That neglected *Verse* does raise.
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky *Doom.*
Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,
Their several Pleasures let them use,
But I was Born for *Love*, and for a *Muse.*

4.

With *Fate*, what boots it to contend?
Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end.*
The *Star that did* my *Being* frame,
Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
And some small Light it did dispence,
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence.*
No Matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see,
That *thou* canst *her* despise no less than *she* does *Thee.*
Let all her Gifts the Portion be
Of Foily, Lust, and Flatterie,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie,
Murder, Infidelitie,
Rebellion and Hypocrisie.
Do Thou not *grieve* nor *blush* to be
As all th'inspired *Tuneful Men*,
And all thy great *Forefathers* were, from *Homer* down to *Ben.*

NOTES.

1.

1. THis *Ode* is written upon an extravagant supposition of Two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Chess*; which if they did, the Spectators would have as much reason to believe that the Pieces moved themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind*, when we see them exercise so many, and so different Actions. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quasi Pilas homines habent.* We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they strike away at last, and still call for new ones: And *S. Paul* says, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter.*

2. For a *Pawn*, being the least of the Pieces, If it can get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then has both another *Name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to such an height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fatis* (says *Amm. Marcellin.*) *hebetantur ſenſus hominum & obtunduntur.* When the *Fates* lay hold on a Man, when they Arreſt him, he's confounded, and loſes his Wits. And *Vell. Paterc.* ſpeaking of the defeat of *Quinctil. Varus. Prævalebant jam fata conſiliis, omnémq; animi vim perſtrinxerant; quippe ità ſe res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus ſit, etiam conſilia corrumpat.* *Fatality* grew too ſtrong for *Humane Counſels*, and dazled the ſight of his Judgment; for ſo it alſo happens, that the *Deſigns* and *Counſels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to periſh.*

2.

1. Ἀεὶ γὰρ ἓν πίπτεσον ἐκ θεῶν κύβοι. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never fling out. *Thucydid.* ſays, with admirable ſhortneſs and weight, Δεινὰι γὰρ ἀνθρωπίαι συγκεῖσθαι καὶ συνιέναι τὰ ἐκείνων ἁμαλήματα. Which *Salluſt.* imitating, renders yet ſhorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* ſays, at his own weapon. *Res ſecundæ mirè vitiis ſunt obtentui.* *Faults* are not viſible through *Proſperity*: And therefore the old *Greek Verſe* is not much miſtaken, that ſay s,

Θέλω τύχης ſαλαγμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πίδον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *Wiſdom.*

BRUTUS.

1.

Excellent *Brutus*, of all Humane Race,
The beſt, till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
Till Men above *themſelves Faith* raiſed more
Than *Reaſon* above *Beaſts* before;
Virtue was thy *Life*'s *Center*, and from thence
Did *ſilently* and *conſtantly* Diſpenſe
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *parts* upon it lean'd ſo eaſily,
Obey'd the mighty *force* ſo *willingly*,
That none could Diſcord or Diſorder ſee
In all their *Contrariety*.
Each had his Motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more *mov'd* than the *Whole World* could be.

2.

From thy ſtrict Rule ſome think that thou didſt ſwerve
(*Miſtaken Honeſt Men*) in *Cæſar*'s Blood;
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrant*'s *Life* deſerve,
From him who kill'd *Himſelf*, rather than *ſerve*?
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
Are ſo far from *Underſtood*,
We count them *Vice*: Alas, our *Sight*'s ſo ill,
That things which ſwifteſt *Move*, ſeem to *ſtand ſtill.*
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her Supreme *Idea* brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*:
But as her *Beams* reflected paſs
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Cuſtoms Glaſs.*
And 'tis no wonder ſo,
If with dejected Eye
In ſtanding *Pools* we ſeek the *Sky*,
That *Stars* ſo high *above* ſhould ſeem to us *below.*

3.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our *Mother* Robb'ed, and Bound, and Raviſht be,
Yet not to her Aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Raviſher*?
Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before,
The *Cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar, who could *Rome* enthral!
An Act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'd)
Than his *Succeſſor Nero*'s *Parricide*!
There's none but *Brutus* could deſerve
That all Men elſe ſhould *wiſh* to *ſerve*,
And *Cæſar*'s uſurpt place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve't but he who would *refuſe* the *offer*.

4.

Ill Fate aſſum'ed a *Body* thee t'affright,
And wrapt it ſelf i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, ſaid the *Spright*;
I'll meet thee there, ſaidſt *Thou*,
With ſuch a *Voice*, and ſuch a *Brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghoſt* to ſudden flight;
It vaniſht as a *Taper*'s Light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in ſight.
One would have thought t'had heard the *Morning Crow*,
Or ſeen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eaſtern-Hill* afar.
Nor durſt it in *Philippi*'s Field appear,
But *unſeen* attaqu'ed thee there.
Had it preſum'ed in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou would'ſt have forc'd it back upon thy Foes:
Or ſlain't like *Cæſar*, though it be
A *Conqu'eror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

5.

What Joy can *Humane things* to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus, by odd events,
Ill Men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The beſt *Cauſe* and beſt *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*!
When we ſee
The falſe *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus*, Conquer *Thee*;
What can we ſay, but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Virtue*, which had worſhipt been by thee
As the moſt ſolid *Good*, and greateſt *Deity*,
By this fatal proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*?
Hold, Noble *Brutus*, and reſtrain
The bold Voice of thy generous *Diſdain*:
Theſe mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
The *Time*'s ſet forth already which ſhall quell
Stiff *Reaſon* when it offers to *Rebell*.

Which theſe great *Secrets* ſhall unſeal,
And new *Philoſophies* reveal.
A few Years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not Dy'ed,
Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* Pride,
And ſhew'd thee a *God Crucify'd*.

To Dr. Scarborough.

HOw long, Alas! has our mad *Nation* been
Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
When *Slaughter* all the while
Seem'd, like it's *Sea*, *embracing* round the *Iſle*,
With *Tempeſts*, and *Red Waves*, *Noiſe*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'ed from *White*!
What *Province*, or what *City* did it ſpare?
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Air*.
Sure the unpeopled *Land*
Would now Untill'd, Deſert, and Naked ſtand,
Had *God*'s Almighty Hand
At the ſame time let looſe *Diſeaſes* rage,
Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert ſent
This *Deſolation* to prevent,
A *Medi'cine* and a *Counter-poiſon* to the *Age*,
Scarce could the *Sword* diſpatch more to the *Grave*,
Than *Thou* didſt *Save*;
By wondrous *Art*, and by ſucceſsful *Care*
The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou doſt *alone repair*.

2.

1. The *Inundations* of all *Liquid Pain*,
And *Deluge Dropſie* thou do'eſt *drain*.
Feavers, ſo hot that one would ſay
Thou might'ſt as ſoon *Hell fires* allay,
(The *Damn'd* ſcarce more *incurable* than *They*)
2. Thou doſt ſo *temper*, that we find,
Like *Gold*, the *Body* but *refin'd*;
No *unhealthful Droſs* behind.
The ſubtle *Ague*, that for *ſureneſs ſake*
Takes its own times th' *aſſault* to make,
And at each *Battery* the whole *Fort* does ſhake,
When thy ſtrong *Guards* and *Works* it ſpies,
Trembles for it *ſelf*, and *flies*.
The cruel *Stone*, that reſtleſs Pain,
That's ſometimes *roll'd away* in vain,
3. But ſtill, like *Siſyphus his Stone*, returns again,
Thou *break'ſt* and *melteſt* by learn'd *Juyces* force,
(A greater work, though ſhort the way appear,
4. Than *Hannibal*'s by *Vinegar*.)
Oppreſſed *Natures* neceſſary courſe
It ſtops in vain; like *Moſes*, Thou
Strik'ſt but the *Rock*, and ſtraight the *Waters* freely flow.

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The *Indian Son* of *Luſt* that foul *Diſeaſe*,
Which did on this his *new-found World* but lately ſeize;
Yet ſince a *Tyranny* has planted here,
As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by Thee,
That thy *Patients* ſeem to be
Reſtor'ed not to *Health* only, but *Virginity*.
The *Plague* it ſelf, that proud *Imperial* Ill,
Which deſtroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,
If thou but Succour the *Beſieged Heart*,
Calls all its *Poiſons* forth, and does depart;
As if it fear'd no leſs thy *Art*,
Than *Aaron's Incenſe*, or than *Phineas Dart*.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous *Lexicon*
Of Man's *Infirmitie*?
At thy ſtrong Charms it muſt be gone,
Though a *Diſeaſe*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Legion*.

4.

From creeping *Moſs* to ſoaring *Cedar* thou
Doſt all the Powers and ſeveral *Portions* know,
Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
On their green *Infants* here beſtow,
Can'ſt all thoſe *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
That keep *Diſeaſe*, and *Death* in aw;
Who, whilſt thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they ſee,
Fear leſt the *Tree of Life* ſhould be found out by Thee.
And Thy well-Travell'd Knowledge too does give
No leſs Account of th' *Empire Senſitive*,
Chiefly of *Man*, whoſe *Body* is
That active *Souls Metropolis*.
1. As the great *Artiſt* in his *Sphere* of *Glaſs*
Saw the whole *Scene* of Heavenly *Motions* paſs,
So thou know'ſt all ſo well that's done within,
As if ſome *living Criſtal Man* thou'dſt ſeen.

5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
1. But *whole Apollo* is thine own.
His gentler *Arts*, *belov'ed* in vain by *Me*,
Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by *Thee*.
Thou'rt by this Noble Mixture free
From the *Phyſicians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantaſtick Incivilitie.
There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
As if they *took* each Morn worſe *potions* than they *gave*.
And this great race of *Learning* thou haſt run,
E're that of *Life* be half yet done.
Thou ſee'ſt thy ſelf ſtill freſh and ſtrong,
And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conqueſts* long.
2. The firſt Fam'd *Aphoriſm* thy great *Maſter* ſpoke,
Did he Live now he would revoke,
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6. Ah;

6.

Ah, Learned *Friend*, it grieves me when I think
That *Thou* with all thy *Art* must dye
As certainly as *I*;
1. And all thy Noble *Reparations* sink
Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality*,
Like *Archimides*, Hon'orably in vain,
2. Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be *ta'en*,
And *Thou* thy self their great *Defender* slain.
Let's ev'en *compound*, and for the *Present Live*;
'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give.
Unbend sometimes thy restless Care;
And let thy Friends so happy be,
T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee*.
Some Hours at least to thine own Pleasures spare.
Since the whole *Stock* may soon exhausted be,
Bestow't not all in *Charitie*.
Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please,
When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Disease*

NOTES.

2.

1. *Gout's* and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from *Moisture*, and affecting one or some parts of the Body, whereas the *Dropsie* swells the whole. *Inundation* signifies a less overflowing than *Deluge*.

2. *Find, Refin'd*: These kind of Rhymes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhimes*; but I do not allow of them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly, hardly at all without a *Third Rhyme* to answer to both, as in the Ninth Staff of the *Nineteenth Ode*, *Delight*, *Light*, *Affright*. As the Third Staffe to Mr. *Hobs*, *Ly*, *Fertility*, *Poverty*. They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our Old *Poets*, but that is not good Authority for us now. There can be no *Musick* with only *one Note*.

3. The Fable of *Sysiphus* is so known, that it deserves not to be repeated. He was in his Life a most Famous *Cozener* and *Robber*. Ovid. Metam. 13.

Quid sanguine tetrus
Sysiphio, furtis ac fraude simillimus illi?

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned in *Hell* Eternally to thrust a great rolling stone up an Hill, which still fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill succes of all his subtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured incessantly to no purpose.

4. *Hannibal*, not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his passage on the *Alpes*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being softned and putrified, the *Soldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1. Book of the 3. *Decade*. Juven.

Et montim rupit aceto.

4.

1. *Archimedes*: of which Spheres see *Claudian's Epigram*. The like Sphere of Glass one of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and Motions of the Heavenly Bodies.

5.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the *God of Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.

2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hippocrates*, *Ars longa, Vita brevis*. Known to all Men.

6.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations* of *Life*, and drawing the *Radical moisture*, which is the *Oyl* that the Town lives by.

2. The

2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls, in his fourth against *Verres*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatissimam*) sustained a Seige of three years against *Marcellus* and the Roman Forces, almost only by the art and industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archemedes*; but at last, by the Treason of some Commanders, it was entred and taken by the Romans, and in the confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common Souldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular order given by the Roman *General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the Life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5. *B.* of the 3. *Dec.*

LIFE and FAME.

1.

1 OH Life, thou *Nothings younger Brother!*
So *like*, that one might take *One* for the *Other!*
2 What's *Same Body*, or *No Body*?
3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,
We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
As 'tis *To Be*, or *Not to Be*.
4 *Dream* of a *Shadow!* a *Reflection* made
From the false glories of the gay *reflected Bow*,
Is a more *solid* thing than *Thou*.
5 Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
Yet canst not *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
But *broken* and *orewhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans* meet again.

2.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
Our selves then to *survive*?
Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well befit
That *Nothing Mans no Wit*.
Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live*.
Here lies the Great------False *Marble*, *where*?
Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-*Palaces*,
The *Fools* and *Architects* to please:
A lasting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear:
1 So he, who on th' *Egyptian* shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear!*
2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
Lives in the *dropping Ruines* of his *Amphitheater*.

3.

1 His *Father in Law* an higher place does claim
2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame*.
He, since that *Toy* his *Death*,
Does fill all Mouths, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath*.
'Tis true, the *two immortal Syllables* remain,
But, Oh ye learned men explain,
What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,
What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypostasis*
In *Six poor Letters* is?
In those alone does the *Great Cæsar live*,
'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.

We *Poets*, madder yet than all,
With a refin'ed *Phantaſtick Vanity*,
Think we not only *Have*, but *Give Eternity*,
Fain would I ſee that *Prodigal*,
Who his *To-morrow* would beſtow,
For all old *Homer's Life* e're ſince he *Dy'ed* till *now*.

NOTES.

1.

1. BEcauſe *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the ſenſe of the Diſtinction of *Days* in the ſtory of the *Creation*, *Night* ſignifying the *Privation*, and *Day* the ſubſequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed firſt, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the firſt day.*

2. Τί δε τις, τί δ' ου τις; Σκιας, ὀνειρου σκιά. *Pindar, Quid eſt Aliquis, aut quid eſt Nemo? Somnium Umbræ Homo eſt.*

3. The Diſtinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for ſome are better *woven*) either becauſe of the too much fineneſs of the work which makes it ſlight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or becauſe they take not the materials from *Nature*, but ſpin it out of *Themſelves*.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it ſelf of No *Colour*; thoſe that appear are but *Reflections* of the Suns light received differently.

Mille trahit varias adverſo Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; And yet this *ſhaddow*, this *almoſt Nothing* makes ſometimes another *Rainbow* (but not ſo diſtinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Iſthmus*, is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninſula* from the *Continent* and is betwixt two Seas, Τῆ μεσοθαλασσα. In which manner this narrow paſſage of *Life* divides the *Paſt Time* from the *Future*, and is at laſt ſwallowed up into *Eternity*.

2.

1. *Pompey the Great.* 2. An *Irony*; that is, Oh *Life*, which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cæſar*, whoſe Daughter *Julia* was maried to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the Common wealth; which, as *Tully* ſays, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

9. Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being.

The Ecſtaſie.

1.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below;
I have no time in *Compliments* to waſt;
Farewel to' ye all in haſt,
For I am *call'd* to go.
A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
Th' officious *Clouds* beneath them meet.
And (Lo!) I *mount*, and (Lo!)
How ſmall the biggeſt Parts of *Earths* proud *Tittle* ſhow!

2.

Where ſhall I find the noble *Britiſh* Land?
Lo, I at laſt a *Northern Spec* eſpie,
Which in the *Sea* does lie,
And ſeems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand*!
For this will any *ſin*, or *Bleed*?
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed*?
And is it this, alas, which we
(Oh *Irony* of *Words!*) do call *Great Britanie*?

3. I paſs

3.

I pass by th' arched *Magazins*, which hold
Th' eternal stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow*;
Dry, and *secure* I go,
Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*,
Without *affright* or *wonder*
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmless *Lambent Fires* about my Temples play.

4.

Now into'a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*
I'm *plung'ed*, and still mount higher there,
As *Flames* mount up through *Air*:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a Fire
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful *Breast* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

5.

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The *Hints* of *Galileo*'s *Glass*,
I touch at last the spangled *Sphære*.
Here all th' extended *Skie*
Is but one *Galaxie*,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the *joynt Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
An unexhausted *Ocean* of *delight*
Swallows my *senses* quite,
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,
And this great *World*'s *Columbus* was,
The *tyrannous pleasure* could express.
Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man!* but let it ne're be *less*.

7.

The mighty '*Elijah* mounted so on high,
That second Man, who *leapt* the *Ditch* where all
The rest of Mankind *fall*,
And went not *downwards* to the *Skie*.
With much of pomp and show
(As Conquering *Kings* in *Triumph* go)
Did he to *Heave'n* approach,
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
Of *Essences*, of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
Was its *substantial mold*;
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* Art:
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *silver'd* bright,
There double-*gilt* with the *Suns* light,
And mystique Shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a *Vulgar Angels*'s wit.

9.

The *Horſes* were of temper'd *Lightning* made;
Of all that in *Heav'ens* beauteous *Paſtures* feed,
The nobleſt, ſprightful'ſt breed,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd:
They all were ſhod with *Diamond*,
Not ſuch as *here* are found,
But ſuch *light ſolid* ones as ſhine
On the *Tranſparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Cryſtalline.*

10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the Skies.
Aſtoniſht Men, who oft had ſeen *Stars fall*,
Or that which ſo they call,
Wondred from hence to ſee one *riſe*.
The ſoft *Clouds* melted him a way,
The *Snow* and *Froſts* which in it lay
A while the ſacred *footſteps* bore,
The *Wheels* and *Horſes Hoofs* hizz'd as they paſt them o'r.

11.

He paſt by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'ed,
And their *Aſtrologers* amaz'd
With th' unexampled ſight.
But where he ſtopt will ne're be known,
Till *Phœnix Nature*, aged grown,
To'a better *Being* do aſpire,
And mount *herſelf*, like *Him*, to' *Eternitie* in *Fire.*

To the NEW YEAR.

1.

1 GReat *Janus*, who doſt ſure my *Miſtreſs* view
With *all thine Eyes*, yet think'ſt them all too few
If thy *Fore-face* do ſee
No better things prepar'ed for me,
Than did thy *Face behind*,
If ſtill her *Breaſt* muſt *ſhut* againſt me be,
2 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
Oh let my *Life*, if thou ſo many *deaths* a coming find,
With thine *old Year* its *voyage* take,
Born down that *ſtream* of *Time* which no *return* can make.

2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaritious *Year*;
Whether I would or no, will bear
At leaſt a *part* of *Me* away.
His well-horſt *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
Though never any where they ſtay,
Make in their *paſſage* all their *Prey.*
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i'th' *Rear* can find
Nought of *Value* left behind.
All the *good Wine* of *Life* our *drunken Youth* devours;
Sour enſs and *Lees*, which to the bottom ſink,
Remain for latter Years to *Drink.*

Until

Until ſome one, offended with the taſte,
The *Veſſel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliquies* run at laſt.

3.

If then, *young Year*, thou needs muſt come,
(For in *Times* fruitful *Womb*
The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
Nor ever can *miſcarry*)
Chuſe thy *Attendants* well; for 'tis not *Thee*
We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*.
Let neither *Loſs* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
Nor pining *Sickneſs*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
Nor *Sadneſs*, nor uncleanly *Povertie*,
Be ſeen among thy *Train*;
Nor let thy *Livery* be
Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *Vanitie*;
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle *Year*,
Let not ſo much as *Love* be there:
Vain fruitleſs *Love*, I mean; for, gentle *Year*,
Although I fear,
There's of this *Caution* little need,
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed,
How thou doſt make
Such a *Miſtake*.
Such *Love* I mean alone
As by thy cruel *Predeceſſors* has been ſhown;
For though I have too much cauſe to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it.

4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
And ſeek to *Antedate* our *Miſery*?
Like *Jealous men* why are we longing ſtill
To *See* the thing which only *ſeeing* makes an *Ill*?
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*; for 'twere a *Sight*
That would even *Happieſt men* affright,
And ſomething ſtill they'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The *paſt* and *preſent Joy*;
In whatſoever *Character*
The *Book* of *Fate* is writ,
'Tis well we *underſtand* not it:
We ſhould grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there.
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foreſee*,
Undecently and fooliſhlie
We ſhould ſtand *ſhivering*, and but ſlowly venter
The *Fatal Flood* to enter.
Since, *willing* or *unwilling*, we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

NOTES.

1.

1. JAnus was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Feſtival*; and the firſt *Month* was denominated from him; for which cauſe he was repreſented with *two Faces*, to ſhew that he looked both *Backward* upon the time paſt, and *Forward*

Forward upon the time to come; and sometimes with four Faces, to signifie perhaps, (for I know other Reasons are given) the *four Seasons* of the year,

Annorum nitidiq; fator pulcherrime Mundi,
Publica quem primum vota precesq; canunt. Mart.

2. This alludes to that most notorious custom of *shutting* up *Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *Peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus*'s Reign: and when any War began, it was opened again with great Ceremony by the Chief *Magistrate*; from which opening and shutting of his Temple Gates, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter.*

LIFE.

Nascentes Morimur. Manil.

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We are abus'd by *Words*, grosly abus'd.
From the *Maternal Tomb*,
To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
We call here *Life*; but *Life*'s a *name*
That nothing here can truly claim.
This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*,
We call our *Dwelling-Place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned state,
Angels, who *Live* and know what 'tis to *Be*,
Who all the *nonsence* of out *Language* see,
Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn, *Pictures*, scorn;
When we by'a *fooliſh Figure* say,
Behold an old man Dead! then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child born.*

2.

My *Eyes* are opened, and I see
Through the *Trasparent Fallacie*:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like *men* of *business*; and for *business* walk
From place to place,
And mighty *voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journies* seem to make,
O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *space*,
Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain,
Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain*;
Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,
Rich, valiant, wise and vertuous seem to grow;
Because we draw a long *Nobilitie*
From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Heraldrie*,
And *impudently* talk of a *Posteritie*;
And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With *Maravedies* make the' *account*,
That *single Time* might to a Sum amount,
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That really we *Live*:

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And wiſh uncharitably for them,
To be as long a *Dying* as *Methuſalem*.
The ripened *Soul* longs from his Pris'on to come,
But we would *ſeal*, and *ſow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.
We ſeek to cloſe and plaſter up by Art
The *cracks* and *breaches* of the extended *Shell*,
And in that narrow *Cell*
Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird*, already *wing'd* to part.

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1. PLato in *Timæus* makes this diſtinction: *That which is, but it not generated; and That which is generated, but is not.* Ὃν ἢ γιγνόμενον. This he took from *Triſmegiſtus*, whoſe *Sentence* of God was written in the Egyptian Temples, Ἐγώ εἰμὶ πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς καὶ ὂν καὶ ἐσόμενον, I am all that *Was*, *Is* & *ſhall be*. And he drew this from the very *fountain* where he calls himſelf, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὤν, *I am that I am*, or, *That which is*. This doctrine of *Plato*, That nothing truly *Is*, but *God*, is aproved by all the *Fathers*. *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation*, or *Not-Being*, than of *Being* (which is the caſe of all *Creatures*) is not properly ſaid to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*; and therefore never properly *Is*. Now becauſe this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) ſo far as *Plato*.

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Ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,
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And the like in ſeveral other places, as alſo in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 9. *Ovid Metam. &c.* and this is likewiſe drawn from Scripture; for *Iſaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36.) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*.

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Τὶς δοίδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ὄντι κατθανεῖν,
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν;

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Dye*; and to *Dye* to *Live*?

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1. Iſa. 40. 26. *Behold the Nations are as the drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the ſmall Duſt of the Ballance*, &c.

2. Becauſe *Heraldry* conſiſts in the *Figures* of Beaſts, Stars, Flowers, and ſuch like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain*. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynaſties before *Alexander*'s time, 5355 years; others content not themſelves with ſo ſmall a *Number*; for *Diod.* ſays, *lib.* 1. from *Oſyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thouſand years; or as others will have it, little leſs than 23 thouſand. See the Egyptian Prieſts diſcourſe to *Solon* in *Plato*'s *Timæus*. But theſe vaſt accounts aroſe from the æquivocal term of a *Year* among them, which ſometimes they made *Solar*, ſometimes of *Four*, ſometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One Month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin.* c. 7. *Plin.* l. 7. c. 11. *Mrarob.* in *Somn. Scipion.* &c.

4. A Spaniſh Coin, one of the leaſt that is.

The

Forward upon the time to come; and ſometimes with four Faces, to ſignifie perhaps, (for I know other Reaſons are given) the *four Seaſons* of the year,

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This wretched *Inn*, where we ſcarce ſtay to *bait*,
We call our *Dwelling-Place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned ſtate,
Angels, who *Live* and know what 'tis to *Be*,
2 Who all the *nonſence* of out *Language* ſee,
Who *ſpeak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn, *Pictures*, ſcorn;
When we by'a *fooliſh Figure* ſay,
3 *Behold an old man Dead*! then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child born.*

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Through the *Traſparent Fallacie*:
Becauſe we ſeem wiſely to talk
Like *men* of *buſineſs*; and for *buſineſs* walk
From place to place,
And mighty *voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journies* ſeem to make,
1 O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *ſpace*,
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1. Iſa. 40. 26. *Behold the Nations are as the drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the ſmall Duſt of the Ballance*, &c.

2. Becauſe *Heraldry* conſiſts in the *Figures* of Beaſts, Stars, Flowers, and ſuch like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain*. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynaſties before *Alexander*'s time, 5355 years; others content not themſelves with ſo ſmall a *Number*; for *Diod.* ſays, *lib.* 1. from *Oſyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thouſand years; or as others will have it, little leſs than 23 thouſand. See the Egyptian Prieſts diſcourſe to *Solon* in *Plato*'s *Timæus*. But theſe vaſt accounts aroſe from the æquivocal term of a *Year* among them, which ſometimes they made *Solar*, ſometimes of *Four*, ſometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One Month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin.* c. 7. *Plin.* l. 7. c. 11. *Mrarob.* in *Somn. Scipion.* &c.

4. A Spaniſh Coin, one of the leaſt that is.

The

The 34th. Chapter of the Prophet Iſaiah.

1.

1 AWake, and with attention hear,
Thou *drowſie World*, for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well,
To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
Bid both the *Poles* ſuppreſs their ſtormy noiſe,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voice.
Be ſtill, thou *Sea*, be ſtill thou *Air* and *Earth*,
2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motions* birth.
A dreadful *Hoſt* of *Judgments* is gon out;
In ſtrength and number more
Than e're was rais'd by God before,
To ſcourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

1 I ſee the *Sword* of *God* brandiſht above;
And from it ſtreams a diſmal ray;
2 I ſee the *Scabbard* caſt away:
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
How will it *ſweat* and *reek* in *bloud!*
3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be *o'regorged* with his food!
And devour all the mighty *Feaſt!*
Nothing ſoon but *Bones* will reſt.
God does a ſolemn *Sacrafice* prepare;
4 But not of Oxen, nor of Rams,
Nor of Kids, nor of their Dams,
Not of Heifers, nor of Lambs.
The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
Since, wicked *Men*'s more guilty blood to ſpare,
The *Beaſts* ſo long have ſacrificed bin,
Since Men their *Birth-right* forfeit ſtill by *Sin*,
5 'Tis fit at laſt *Beaſts* their *Revenge* ſhould have,
And *Sacraficed* Men their better *Brethren* ſave.

3.

So will they fall, ſo will they flee;
Such will the *Creatures* wild diſtraction be,
When at the final Doom,
Nature and *Time* ſhall both be *Slain*,
Shall ſtruggle with *Deaths pangs* in vain,
And the whole World their *Funeral Pile* become.
The wide-ſtretcht *Scrowl* of *Heaven*, which we
1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it
With ſuch deep *Senſe* by *God*'s own *Hand* were writ,
Whoſe *Eloquence* though we *underſtand* not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together ſhrink,
3 Like parchment in a fire.
4 Th'exhauſted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more ſhall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* deſcend.
The glittering *Hoſt*, now in ſuch fair array,
So proud, ſo well appointed, and ſo gay,

Like

Like fearful *Troops* in ſome ſtrong *Ambuſh* ta'ne,
5 Shall ſome fly routed, and ſome fall ſlaine,
6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autum* fall,
With ſuch a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all*.

4.

And Thou, O curſed *Land*,
Which wilt not ſee the *Præcipice* where thou doſt ſtand,
Though thou ſtandſt juſt upon the brink;
Thou of this poyſoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* ſhalt drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* ſhall ſo
With humane blood oreflow,
That they ſhall fetch the ſlaughter'ed corps away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the *Beaſts* and *Birds* to give the *Fiſh* their prey.
The rotting Corps ſhall ſo infect the air,
Beget ſuch *Plagues*, and putrid *Venomes* there,
That by thine own *Dead* ſhall be ſlain
All thy few *Living* that remain.
As one who buys, *Surveys*, a ground,
1 So the *Deſtroying Angel meaſures* it around,
So careful and ſo ſtrict he is,
Leſt any *Nook* or *Corner* he ſhould miſs,
He walks about the periſhing *Nation*,
Ruine behind him ſtalks and empty *Deſolation*.

5.

1 Then ſhall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*, the
Be choakt with *Brambles* and o'regrown wen the
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* ſha done wi
And in thy lower Rooms the *Wolves* ſhal
2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* a
And all the wing'd *Ill Omens* of the Air,
Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.
The *Lyon* then ſhall to the *Leopard* ſay,
Brother Leopard come away;
Behold a Land which God has giv'en us in
Behold a Land from whence we ſee
Mankind expulſt, *His* and *Our* common *Enemy!*
The *Brother Leopard* ſhakes himſelf, and does not ſtay.

6.

2 The glutted *Vultures* ſhall expect in vain
New *Armies* to be ſlain;
Shall find at laſt the buſineſs done,
Leave their conſumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
3 Th' unburied *Ghoſts* ſhall ſadly moan,
The *Saytrs* laugh to hear them groan.
The *Evil Spirits* that delight
To dance and revel in the *Mask* of *Night*,
The *Moon* and *Stars*, their ſole *Spectators* ſhall affright.
And if of loſt *Mankind*
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any *Reliques* but remain,
They in the *Dens* ſhall lurk, *Beaſts* in the *Palaces* ſhall raign.

NOTES.

1.

Isa. c. 34. *V.* 1. Come near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye people, let the Earth hear, * and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. 2. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter. * Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the *Prophets* writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to be very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost *Invisible connexions*, and are full of words and expressions of the highest and boldest flights of *Poetry*, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the connexion is so difficult, that I am forced to add a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not used to that elevated way of expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the destruction of *Judæa*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a *Prophecy* of the day of *Judgment*. The design of it to me seems to be this, First to denounce great Desolations and Ruines to *all Countries*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judæa*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the World; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these confusions by the similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the *subject* to the *similitude*; for the old fashon of writing, was like *Disputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supplied by the Hearer: Ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is expresst.

For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *Natural Motion* is *regular*: I think I have read it somewhere called ἀϊδιον κἀ. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of the earth, and the spirit of God moved upon the waters.* So that the first *Motion* was that of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. *And God said* (that is, the *Motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his *Will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is, the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.)

2.

Verse 5. *For my sword * shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse to judgment. 6. The Sword of God is filled with Blood, * it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the Land of Idumea.* * Quoniam inebriatus est in cœlo gladius meus, & sup. populum interfectiones meæ ad judicium—Incrassatus est adipe.

I have left out the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of Great *Tyrants*, and Men of the mightiest Power; the *Horn* signifying that in *Hebrew*, and other Languages too; as *Horace*.

Addet cornua pauperi, &c.

And the year of recompences for the controversie of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion.* This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchiz.* and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgment which God shall exercise against the *Idumæans* in revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the year when *Sion* shall be *judged* for her *judgment*; that is, for the condemnation and execution of her *Messias*, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isaiah*, concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, and even in the same manner, part of the threatnings seeming to belong particularly to *Jerusalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Observe this remarkable conformity in the 24*th*. of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which Sense it was said, as I take it, to the great *Duke* of *Guise*, that he who draws his Sword against his *Prince*, should fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text says, it is *made drunk with blood*, and *made fat with flesh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Gospel, who is described to be cloathed with *Purple*.

4. The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, *It shall be made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams*, &c. But the names of *Beasts* in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for *Men*; all sorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* says that by *Lambs* are signified the *Common People*; by *Goats* the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams* the *Magistrates*. But these two last Interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, seem very slight and forced; the meaning is, that all sorts of Men shall be sacrificed to God's Justice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be. It may be askt, Why *Idumæa* and *Bozra*, (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with allusion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) signifies *Red*, a Countrey that shall be *Red* with Bloodshed; and *Bozra* signifies a *Strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Psalm* 108. *v.* 10. where we read, *Who will bring me into the strong City?* the *Hebrew* is, *Who will bring me into Bozra?* From which word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong Castle of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Castle should have a *Phœnician* (which Language is said to have been little different from the *Hebrew*) than a *Græcian* name, to wit, from Βυρσα, an *Hide*, because *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much ground as could be compast with an *Oxe's* Hide, which cut into very narrow Thongs, took up the whole space where she built the *Castle*. Virg.

Mercatiq;

Mercatiq; ſolum facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.

Wherefore, under the name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all ſtrong Places, and more eſpecially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *Red*, or *bloody Country*.

5. Though *Beaſts* were firſt *created* in time, yet becauſe *Man* was firſt and chiefly deſigned, and they only in order to him, the right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all Beaſts at firſt obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry or aſhamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally ſo, having the ſame *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worſe *kindred*; *I have ſaid to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Siſter*, Job 17. v. 14.

3.

*And all the hoſt of Heaven ſhall be diſſolved, * and the Heavens ſhall be rolled together as a ſcroll, and all their Hoſt ſhall fall down as the leaf falleth from the Vine, and as a falling fig from the Figtree.* * Et complicabuntur ſicut Liber cœli, &c. D. *Thomas Hug.* and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* Expreſſion of the calamities of thoſe times; which ſhall be ſo great, that Men ſhall think the World at an end, and ſhall be ſo diſtracted, that the Heavens ſhall ſeem to be rolled together, and the Stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real deſcription of the end of the World, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illuſtrate the confuſions that are foretold. * *Verſe* 4

1. The vulgar Opinion, and that of *Ariſtotle*, and moſt *Philoſophers*, has always been, That the Heavens are *Immutable* and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*; in which, though experience it ſelf of viſible *Mutations* in them (as the production and extinction two Years after of the *New Star* in *Caſſiopeia*, 1572.) might ſufficiently by natural reaſon convince them, yet ſome Men are ſo given up even to the moſt *reprobate Senſe* of *Ariſtotle*, that not ſo much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this point *Suarez*, and many others, are ſo far from the Opinion of the *Heavens* being now *Corruptible*, and *Mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *Accidentally* (as they call it) and not *Subſtantially* at the laſt Day. Of which *Maldon*, upon St. *Matthew*, ſays well, That he had rather believe *Chriſt* who affirms it, than *Ariſtotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroll* or *Book*, in which perhaps *Mens fortunes*, *Gods Glory is certainly* written; and in this Senſe the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks, *The heavens ſhall declare his righteouſneſs*. *Origen* cites a Book of great Authority in his days, called *Narratio Joſeph*, in which *Jacob* ſays to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunq; contingent vobis & filiis veſtris*.

3. The Text is, rolled up like a *Scroll*, or rather Book; for the Ancient Books were not, like ours, divided into Leaves; but made of Sheets, of Skins, or Parchment, and rolled upon a *Cylinder*, after the faſhion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they rolled them up again, as *God* will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this compariſon of *Parchment* that ſhrivels up in the Fire, does more repreſent the violence of their deſtruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He ſtipplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that ſhine by reflection from him, but then ſhall want light for himſelf. *In thoſe days the Sun ſhall be darkened, and the Moon ſhall not give her light*. Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphaſis*; even *her own little Light*: for I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark bodies.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the Fables, whenſoever he ſets, he deſcends into the Sea, but now he really does ſo; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that muſt then be diſſolved: And the Heathens had both this Opinion of the end of the World, and fell almoſt into the ſame expreſſions. As *Lucan*.

Miſtis Sidera ſidribus concurrent, Ignea pontum
Aſtra petent ———

St. *Matthew* and *Mark*, *And the Stars of Heaven* ſhall fall; and here, *Their hoſt ſhall fall down* &c. Sen. ad Marc. *Sidera ſideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante meteriâ, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex diſpoſito lucet, ardebit*. And one might caſt up a pedantical heap of Authorities to the ſame purpoſe.

5. It is, I hope, needleſs to admoniſh any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Number*, that produced this *Stumbling Verſe*, no more than the other before, *And truly them headlong into the Sea deſcend*. And ſeveral others in my Book of the like kind.

6. That of the *Wind* is added to the Text here, but taken out of another juſt like it in the *Revelations*, *Chap.* 6. *v.* 13. *And the Stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a Figtree caſteth her untimely Figs when ſhe is ſhaken of a mighty Wind*. And there follows the ſimilitude of the *Scroll*.

4.

1 Verſe 11. *And he ſhall ſtretch out upon it the Line of Confuſion, and the Stones of Emptineſs*. The Latin very differently, *Et extendetur ſuper eam menſura; ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in deſolationem*. The *Metaphor* is, that as a *Carpenter* draws a *Line* to mark exactly the ſpace that he is to *build*, ſo *God* does here, to mark that which he is to *deſtroy*.

Our *Tranſlation* follows *Patabl. Extendet ſuper eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis*. Which *ſtones* of *Emptineſs* may have two Interpretations, either making the *Stones*, *Termini*, that is, *Bound-ſtones* of *Deſolation*, as if he ſhould ſay, This is the Land of *Deſolation*, and I have ſet theſe *bounds* and *limits* to circumſcribe it. Or elſe he ſays, the *Stones* of *Emptineſs*, as an effect of *Deſolation*; for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows *ſtony*. According to the vulgar *Latin* Tranſlation it is very like another Text of *Iſaiah*, *Chap* 28. *v.* 17. *Judgment alſo will I lay to the Line, and Righteouſneſs to the Plummet*. Which is no more

in plain Language, than, I will be exact in *Judgment* and *Righteouſneſs*. There is a much harder Text with the ſame *Metaphor* in 2. *Sam.* Ch. 8. Verſ. 2. *And he ſmote Moab, and meaſured them with a Line, caſting them down to the ground, even with two lines meaſured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; And ſo the Moabites became David's Servants, and brought gifts.* Which ſome interpret, That he put two parts of them to the Sword, and ſaved the third, who became his Servants. And that he did this, not by a juſt account, or polling of them, (for the number was too great) but by meaſuring out the Land into three parts, and deſtroying two of them. 2 King 21. 13. *I will ſtretch over Jeruſalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummet of the Houſe of Ahab, and I will wipe Jeruſalem as a Man wipeth a diſh, wiping and turning it upſide down.* The Latin, *Pondus domus Ahab*: And inſtead of a Diſh, uſes a more noble *Metaphor* of a *Table-book*. *Delebo Jeruſalem ſicut deleri ſolent Tabulæ, & delens ver-tam, & ducam crebrius ſtilum ſuper faciem ejus.*

5.

1. Verſe 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern ſhall poſſeſs it, the Owl and the Raven ſhall dwell in it.* V. 13. *And thorns and nettles ſhall come up in her Palaces, and brambles in the Fortreſſes thereof; and it ſhall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et poſſidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in eâ, *V.* 13. Et orientur in domibus ejus ſpinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & paſcua Struthionum. The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from Ὄνος an *Aſs*, and κρόταλος, Noiſe: becauſe it makes a noiſe like the braying of an Aſs. I know not whether we are in the right, who tranſlate it a *Bittern*; or the *Latin*, which calls it *Ericius*, an *Hedg-Hog*. *Ericius*, among the Claſſick Authors, ſignifies an inſtrument of War, made with Iron Pikes, like Paliſſadoes ſticking out of it. Some think a *Perculis*, from the ſimilitude of which, *Echinus* was, in the time of corrupted *Latin*, called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork, moſt known in *Egypt*, and worſhipt there, becauſe it kills multitudes of *Serpents*, which would elſe infeſt the Country. We erroneouſly Tranſlate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not uſe the ſame names of Beaſts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does: nor is that material; for the meaning only is, that the Land ſhall be poſſeſt by *Beaſts* inſtead of *Men*.

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oſcines*, from whoſe *voices* they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpetes*, from their manner of *flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and ſuch like, were counted inauſpicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in ſome caſes portended good, and in others evil.

3. Though the *Lion* might call any *Beaſt Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoneſs* and a He-*Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

6.

Verſe 14. *The wild beaſts of the deſart ſhall alſo meet with the wild beaſts of the Iſlands, and the Satyre ſhall cry to his fellow, the Skrich-Owl ſhall alſo reſt there, and find for her ſelf a place of reſt.* V. 15. *There ſhall the great Owl make her neſt, and lay and hatch, and gather under her ſhadow; There ſhall the Vultures alſo be gathered every one with her Mate, V.* 14. Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Piloſus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit *Lamia*, & invenit ſibi requiem. *V.* 15. Ibi habuit foveam *Ericius*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati ſunt Milvi, alter ad alterum,

Here is a great difference between the two *Traſlations*; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly underſtood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor any other places. From whence they give the fabulous *Greek* names, as thoſe of *Satyrs*, *Lamiæ*, *Onocentaurs*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleiades*, and the like, to ſeveral *Hebrew* words, whoſe true ſignification was loſt; which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latin* we have much ado to Tranſlate all the names of Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes and Herbs, *&c.* and I am afraid we are often miſtaken in them. So the Septuag. in *Job* 42. v. 14. Tranſlate the name of *Job*'s third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a *Grecian* Fable born long after *Job*'s time. Κέρας Ἀμαλθείας, which the *Latin Cornu ſtibii* the *Horn* of *Antimony*, perhaps becauſe *Antimony* is accounted by ſome the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the ſignification, but the word of the *Hebrew*. It ſeems by the *Greek*, that *Job*'s three Daughter's Names ſignified *Sweetneſs*; *Light* or *Beauty*; *Plenty* or *Fruitfulneſs*. So in the 15 of *Judith* it is Tranſlated; *Nec filii Titan percuſſerunt eum*: when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that ſlew him, but, *&c. not great ſtrong Men*, but a weak *Woman*.

2. The *Latin* ſays *Milvi*: which Tranſlation is beſt I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures*, from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, *Living Tombs*. They are ſaid to aſſemble themſelves together by a natural *Divinatory Inſtinct* in the places where any great ſlaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* ariſes, becauſe they uſe to follow *Armies*; not as foreſeeing the day of Battle, but becauſe even in the marches of Armies there are always a great many Men, Horſes, and other Beaſts, that fall here and there by the way. *Job* has the like deſcription of the *Eagle*, Chap. 39. ver. 30. *And where the ſlain are, there is ſhe.*

3. The *Engliſh* mentions only *Satyrs*, the *Latin*, beſides that, (for *Piloſi* are the ſame) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamiæ*, *Hobgoblings*. The *Hebrew* is ſaid to ſignifie *Nocturnum ſpectrum*, An appearance of ſomething in the Night. From whence the Chald. Tranſl. it, An *Owl*, the Engliſh a *Scrich-Owl*. Whether there be any ſuch Creatures in Nature, as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. *S. Anthony*, ſeeking *S. Paul* the *Hermite*, is reported by *Athanaſius* to have met with a *Monſter* half *Man* and *Beaſt*, which he drove away with the Sign of the *Croſs*; and *S. Hierom*, in the life of the *Hermite*, ſays that ſuch a kind of *Monſter* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* teſtifies, that he himſelf ſaw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preſerved in Honey, and brought to *Claud. Cæſar*; but I am ſorry he does not deſcribe the form of it, *Lib.* 7. *Cap.* 3.

The

The Plagues of Egypt.

1.

IS this thy *Brav'ery, Man,* is this thy *Pride?*
Rebel to *God,* and *Slave* to all beſide!
Captiv'ed by every thing! and only *Free*
To fly from thine *own Libertie!*
All *Creatures* the *Creator* ſaid *Were thine*;
No *Creature* but might ſince ſay, *Man is Mine.*
In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lie;
And ſweat and toil in the vile Drudgerie
Of *Tyrant Sin*;
To which we *Trophees* raiſe, and wear out all our Breath,
In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;
We, the *choice Race* to *God* and *Angels Kin*!
In vain the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'ed *Canaan* above,
Which does with nouriſhing *Milk*, and pleaſant *Honey* flow:
And ev'en i'th' way to which we ſhould be fed
With *Angels taſteful Bread*:
But we, alas, the *Fleſh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks* and ſordid *roots* below.

2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* ſee;
In vain did *God* to deſcend hither dain,
He was his *own Ambaſſador* in vain,
Our *Moſes* and our *Guide* himſelf to be.
We will not let *our ſelves* to go,
And with worſe hardned hearts do our own *Pharaohs* grow;
Ah! leſt at laſt we periſh ſo,
Think, ſtubborn Man, think of the' *Egyptian Prince,*
(Hard of *Belief* and *Will,* but not ſo hard as Thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
The feeble Arguments that Humane Pow'er could ſhow.
Think what Plagues attend on Thee,
Who *Moſes*'s *God* doſt now refuſe, more oft than *Moſes He.*

3.

If from ſome *God* you come (ſaid the proud *King*)
1 With Half a Smile and Half a Frown;
2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)
3 What *Sign,* what *Powers,* what *Credence* do you bring?
Behold his *Seal,* behold his *Hand,*
Cryes *Moſes,* and caſts down th' *Almighty Wand.*
4 Th' *Almighty Wand* ſcarce toucht the Earth,
When with an undiſcerned Birth
Th' Almighty Wand a *Serpent* grew,
And his long Half in painted folds behind him drew.
Upwards his threatning *Tail* he threw;
Upwards he caſt his threatning *Head,*
He gap'ed and hiſt aloud;
With flaming Eyes ſurvey'd the trembling croud,

And

And like a *Basilisk* almost *lookt* the Assembly dead;
5 Swift like th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards before* him fled.

4.

1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* stopt their flight,
And with proud Words allay'd th'affright.
The *God* of *Slaves*, (said they) how can he be
More powerful than their *Master*'s *Deity*?
And down they cast their *Rods*,
2 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the *servile Gods*.
The evil Spirits their Charms obey,
And in a subtle Cloud they snatch the *Rods* away,
3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypts* monstrous Land,
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the *Old Serpents* first command.
And they too gap'd, and they too hist,
And they their threatning Tails did twist,
But straight on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;
Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'ed,
So much was over-power'ed
By *God*'s miraculous *Creation*
His *Servant Natures* slightly-wrought, and feeble *Generation*.

5.

1 On the Fam'd Bank the *Prophets* stood,
Toucht with their *Rod*, and *wounded* all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
The helpless *Fish* were found
In their strange *Current* drown'd,
The Herbs and Trees, wash'd by the *mortal Tide*,
About it *Blusht* and *Dy'ed*.
Th' amazed *Crocodiles* made haste to ground;
From their vast Trunks the dropping Gore they spied,
Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried,
2 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou*
Oh *King*, couldst ever show
From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his course;
Of this *new Nile* thou seest the Sacred *Sourse*;
And as thy Land *that* does o'reflow,
Take heed lest *this* do so.
3 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall?
The *Hebrew Infants Murder* stains them all.
The kind, *instructing Punishment* enjoy;
Whom the *Red River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red Sea shall Destroy*.

6.

The *River* yet gave one *Instruction* more,
1 And from the rotting Fish and unconcocted Gore,
Which was but *Water* just before,
A loathsome *Host* was quickly made,
That scal'd the *Banks*, and with loud noise did all the *Country* invade.
As *Nilus* when he quits his Sacred *Bed*,
2 (But like a *Friend* he visits all the Land
With welcome *Presents* in his hand)
So did this *Living-Tide* the Fields o're-spread.

In

In vain th'alarmed Coutry tries
To kill their noiſome Enemies;
From th'unexhauſted *Source* ſtill new *Recruits* ariſe.
Nor does the *Earth* theſe greedy *Troops* ſuffice;
The *Towns* and *Houſes* they poſſeſs,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unſatiate yet they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-Born Frog* durſt to aſpire;
And in the ſilken *Beds* their ſlimy Members place;
A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

7.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce;
But both were to no uſe.
As yet the *Sorcerers Mimick Power* ſerv'ed for excuſe.
Try what the *Earth* will do, (ſaid God) and, Lo!
They ſtroke the *Earth* a *fertile* blow.
And all the *Duſt* did ſtrait to ſtir begin;
One wou'd have thought ſome ſudden *Wind* 't had bin;
But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
1 And every *Duſt* did an arm'ed *Vermin* prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*.
The wretched ſhameful *Foe* allow'ed no Reſt
Either to Man or Beaſt.
Not *Pharaoh* from th'unquiet Plague could be,
With all his change of Rayments, free;
The *Devils* themſelves confeſt
This was *God's Hand*; and 'twas but juſt
To puniſh thus Man's Pride, to puniſh *Duſt* with *Duſt*.

8.

Lo, the *Third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
And ſwarming Clouds of *Inſects* fill the Air.
With ſullen noiſe they take their flight,
And march in *Bodies* infinite;
In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis ſtill *beneath* them *Night*.
1. Of harmful *Flies* the *Nation's* numberleſs,
Compos'd this mighty *Armies* ſpacious boaſt;
Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*;
And diſſerent *Habits* too they wore,
And different *Arms* they bore.
And ſome, like *Scythians*, liv'ed on *Blood*,
And ſome on *Green*, and ſome on *Flowery Food*,
2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various Hoſt*.
Houſes ſecure not Men, the populous ill
Did all the Houſes fill.
The Country, all around,
3 Did with the cries of tortured *Cattel* ſound;
About the fields enraged they flew,
And wiſht the *Plague*, that was t'enſue.

1 From

9.

From *poiſonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came;
(The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
A ſkilful Angel did th'Ingredients take,
And with juſt Hands the ſad *Compoſure* make,
And over all the Land did the full *Vial* ſhake.
Thirſt, Giddineſs, Faintneſs, and putrid Heats,
And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*,
On all the Cattle, all the Beaſts did fall;
With *deform'ed Death* the Country's covered all.
The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*.
The generous *Horſe* from the full *Manger* turns his Head;
Does his Lov'ed Floods and Paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs Noſtril pleaſe
With the once raviſhing ſmell of all his dapled *Miſtreſſes*.
The ſtarving *Sheep* refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air;
The faithful *Dogs* lie gasping by them there;
Th'aſtoniſht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his Tuneful *Reed*.

10.

Thus did the *Beaſts* for *Man*'s *Rebellion* dy;
God did on *Man* a gentler *Medicine* try,
And a *Diſeaſe* for *Phyſick* did apply.
Warm Aſhes from the Furnace *Moſes* took;
The *Sorcerers* did with Wonder on him look,
And ſmil'd at th'unaccuſtom'ed *Spell*,
Which no *Egptian Rituals* tell.
He flings the *pregnant Aſhes* through the *Air*,
And ſpeaks a mighty *Prayer*,
Both which the *Miniſtring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear.
As gentle Weſtern Blaſts with Downy Wings
Hatching the tender *Springs*
To th' unborn *Buds* with vital whiſpers ſay,
Ye *living Buds* why do ye ſtay?
The paſſionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way:
So whereſoe're this *tainted Wind* but blew,
Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers grew*;
It from the Body call'ed all *ſleeping Poyſons* out,
And to them added new;
A noiſome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as Leaves did ſprout.

11.

Heaven it ſelf is Angry next;
Wo to *Man* when *Heaven* is vext.
With ſullen Brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd firſt in an imperfect ſound;
Till *Moſes* lifting up his Hand,
Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
And all the full-charg'd *Clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
And fill the ſpacious *Plains* above.
Through which the rolling *Thunder* firſt does play,
And opens wide the *Tempeſts* noiſy way.

And

And ſtrait a *Stony ſhower*
Of monſtrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
Such as ne'r *Winter* yet brought forth
From all her ſtormy *Magazines* of the *North*.
It all the *Beaſts* and *Men* abroad did ſlay,
1 O're the defaced Corps, like *Monuments*, lay;
The Houſes and ſtrong body'ed Trees it broke,
Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* ſtroke.
The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
The *Hail* alone the work could do.
The diſmal *Lightnings* all around,
Some flying through the *Air*, ſome running on the *ground*,
Some ſwimming o're the *waters* face,
Fill'd with *bright Horrour* every place.
One would have thought that *dreadful Day* to have ſeen,
The very *Hail* and *Rain* it ſelf had *kindled* been.

12.

1 The Infant *Corn*, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcap'd this general *Maſſacre*
Of every thing that grew;
And the well-ſtored *Egyptian Tear*
Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew:
2 When, Lo! a *ſcorching Wind* from the burnt Countries blew,
And endleſs *Legions* with it drew
3 Of greedy *Locuſts*, who where e're,
With ſounding Wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
As if *Winter* it ſelf had marcht by there.
What e're the Sun and *Nile*
Gave with large Bounty to the Thankful ſoil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey;
Till *Moſes* with a Prayer
Breath'd forth a violent *Weſtern* Wind,
Which all theſe *living Clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Straglers* left behind)
4 Into the *Purple Sea*, and there beſtow
On the luxurious *Fiſh* a Feaſt they ne'r did know
With *untaught joys Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him* and *His* ſo near.

13.

What *Blindneſs* or what *Darkneſs* did there e're
Like this *undocil King's appear*?
What e're but that which now does repreſent
And paint the *Crime* out in the *Puniſhment*?
1 From the deep baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
Where the Old Mother *Night* does grow,
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaim
Privation's empty Name;
Through ſecret Conduits monſtrous *ſhapes* aroſe,
Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppoſe;
They, with a *Solid Cloud*,
All Heavens *Eclipſed Face* did ſhrowd.

Seem'd with large *Wings* ſpread o're the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed Birth.
2. And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
Did at the dreadful ſight *wink* and *expire*,
To th' *Empyræan Source* all *ſtreams* of *Light* ſeem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *ſtanding*-houſes *buried*;
But the *long Night* no *ſlumber* knows,
But the *ſhort Death* finds no *repoſe*.
Ten Thouſand Terrors through the darkneſs fled,
And *Ghoſts* comp!ain'd, and *Spirits* murmured.
And *Fancies* multiplying Sight
View'd all the *Scenes Inviſible* of *Night*.

14.

Of *God*'s *dreadful* Anger theſe
Were but the firſt light *Skirmiſhes*.
The *Shock* and bloody *Battle* now begins,
The plenteous *Harveſt* of full ripened Sins.
1 It was the time when the ſtill *Moon*
Was mounted ſoftly to her *Noon*,
And Dewy *Sleep*, which from *Nights* ſecret *Springs* aroſe,
Gently as *Nile* the Land o'reflows.
2 When (Lo!) from the high Countries of *refined Day*,
The *Golden Heav'n* without *allay*,
Whoſe *Droſs* in the *Creation* purg'ed away,
Made up the *Suns* adulterate Ray,
3 *Michael*, the Warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
Swift as the journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the race of Light,
And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding Sky.
He paſt through many a Star, and as he paſt,
Shone (like a *Star* in them) more brightly there,
Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.
On a tall *Pyramid*'s pointed Head he ſtopt at laſt,
And a mild look of Sacred *Pity* caſt
Down on the ſinful Land where he was ſent,
T'inflict the *tardy Puniſhment*.
Ah! yet (ſaid He) yet ſtubborn King repent;
Whilſt thus unarm'ed I ſtand,
E're the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
Suffer but yet *Thy ſelf*, and *Thine* to live;
Who would, alas! believe
That it for *Man* (ſaid He)
So hard to be forgiven ſhould be,
And yet for *God* ſo eaſie to *Forgive!*

15.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o're his ſhining *Form* a well-cut *Cloud* he threw
Made of the blackeſt *Fleece* of Night,
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
Yet wrought ſo *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*;
But through the Key-holes and the chinks of Doors,
And through the narrow'eſt *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
He paſt more ſwift and free,
Than in wide Air, the wanton *Swallows* flee.

1 He took a *pointed Peſtilence* in his hand,
The *Spirits* of Thouſand mortal Poiſons made,
The ſtrongly temper'd *Blade*,
The ſharpeſt *Sword* that e'er was laid
Up in the *Magazins* of God to ſcourge a wicked Land.
Through *Egypts* wicked Land his march he took;
2 And as he marcht the *Sacred Firſt-Born* ſtrook
Of every Womb: none did he ſpare;
3 None from the meaneſt *Beaſt* to *Cenchres purple Heir*.

16.

The ſwift approach of endleſs *Night*
Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling Eyes;
They 'awake the reſt with dying cries,
And Darkneſs doubles the affright.
The mixed ſounds of *ſcatter'ed Deaths* they hear,
And loſe their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
Louder than all the ſhrieking *Womens* voice
Pierces this *Chaos* of confuſed noiſe.
As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
Clear, and diſtinguiſht through the *Day*.
1 With leſs complaints the *Zoan Temples* ſound,
2 When the adorned *Heifer*'s Drownd,
And no true markt *Succeſſor* to be found.
Whilſt *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladneſs* does poſſeſs
The feſtal *Hebrew Cottages*;
The Bleſt *Deſtroyer* comes not there
To interrupt the Sacred Chear
3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*.
Upon their Doors he read and underſtood,
God's Protection writ in Blood;
Well was he skill'd i'th' *Character Divine*;
And though he paſt by it in haſte,
He bow'd and worſhipt as he paſt,
The mighty *Myſtery* through its *humble Sign*.

17.

The *Sword* ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No Diligence or Coſt they ſpare
To haſte the *Hebrews* now away:
Pharaoh himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is *Fear!*
But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow
Is but like *Fire* ſtruck out of *Stone*,
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and Fear ſoon quit the *Tyrants* Breaſt;
Rage and Revenge their place poſſeſt.
With a vaſt Hoſt of *Chariots* and of *Horſe*,
And all his powerful Kingdoms ready force
The *trave'ling Nation* he purſues;
Ten times o'recome, he ſtill th'unequal War renews.
Fill'd with proud hopes, At leaſt (ſaid he)
Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magyck* free
Will now revenge *Themſelves* on *Me*;

Behold what paſsleſs Rocks on either hand
Like *Priſon* Walls about them ſtand!
Whilſt the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,
And in our injur'ed *Juſtice* they muſt find
A far worſe ſtop than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind,
Which ſhall with *Crimſon gore*
New paint the *Waters Name*, and *Double Dye* the *ſhore*.

18.

He ſpoke, and all his Hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts the' *unhappy boaſt*;
A bidden *Wind* bore his vain *words* away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring Sea.
No means t'eſcape the faithleſs *Travellers* ſpie,
And with degenerous Fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten *Libertie*.
But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a *Path* hid from humane Sight.
He ſtrikes the raging Waves, the Waves on either ſide
Unlooſe their cloſe *Embraces*, and divide;
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhow
The crowding *People* do
(Though juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)
To let the admired *Triumph* paſs between.
The *wondring Army* ſaw on either hand
The no leſs *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Cryſtal* ſtand.
They marcht betwixt, and boldly trod
The *ſecret paths* of God:
And here and there all ſcatter'd in their way
The Seas old ſpoils and gaping *Fiſhes* lay
Deſerted on the Sandy Plain.
The *Sun* did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
For whatſoe're of Old
By his *own Prieſts* the *Poets* has been ſaid,
He never ſunk till then into the *Oceans Bed*.

19.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th'other ſhore at Morning Dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th'unguided Foe
March diſorderly and ſlow.
The *Prophet* ſtraight from th' *Idumean* ſtrand
Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.
The upper Waves, that higheſt crowded lie,
The beck'ning *Wand* eſpie:
Straight their firſt Right-hand *Files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring Wind
Give the word *March* to all behind.
The Left-hand *Squadrons* no leſs ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noiſe
Anſwer their diſtant fellows voice,
And haſte to meet them make,
As ſeveral *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.
What Tongue th'amazement and th'affright can tell
Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,

When

When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring Main
Broke looſe from his *Inviſible Chain*?
They ſaw the *monſtrous Death* and *watry War*
Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar.
In vain ſome backward, and ſome forward fly
With helpleſs haſte; in vain they cry
2 To their *Cæleſtial Beaſts* for aid;
In vain their guilty *King* they'upbraid,
In vain on *Moſes he*, and *Moſes God* does call,
With a *Repentance true too late*;
They're compaſt round with a *devouring Fate*
That draws, like a ſtrong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them all.

NOTES.

3.

1. Like that of *Virgil*,

Subridens miſtâ Mezentius irâ.

And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq; Deûm Mezentius.* Exod. 5. 2. *And* (*Pharaoh*) *anſwered, Who is the Lord, that I ſhould hear his voice, and let Iſrael go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Iſrael go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worſhipt ſo many Gods as *Egypt*; ſo that probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah.*

3. That *Pharaoh* askt a ſign, appears by *Exod.* 7. 9. *And when Pharaoh ſhall ſay to you, Shew me a ſign,* &c.

4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Inſtrument* of the *Almighty* in doing Wonders; for which it is called the *Rod* of the *Lord*, as well as of *Moſes* and *Aaron*; and in this Senſe *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil*, *Omnipotens.*

5. We may well ſuppoſe that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the ſight, ſince *Moſes* himſelf did ſo at firſt, *Exod.* 4 2. *And it was turned into a Serpent, ſo that Moſes fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apoſtle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, 2 *Tim.* 3. 8. But S. *Hieron* Tranſlates their names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they ſay there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhanni* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaoh*'s *Magicians* ſaid to *Moſes*, Thou bringeſt down ſtraw into *Ephraim*, which was where abundance of Corn grew; as if they ſhould have ſaid, to bring your Magical Arts hither, is to as much purpoſe, as to bring Water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among Heathen Authors. *Plin. lib.* 3. *c.* 1. *Eſt & alia Magices factio, à Moſe, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens.* And *Numenius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euſeb. l.* 9. *Præparat. Evang.* They here are called by ſeveral names, in ſeveral Tranſlations, by the Septuag. Φαρμακοὶ, *Venefici*, *Poiſoners*, and Ἐπαοιδοὶ, *Incantatores*, *Inchanters*; by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldæans*, that is, *Aſtrologers*; by others, *Sapientes & Malefici*, *Wiſemen* (that is, Men eſteemed ſo among the *Egyptians*) *Philoſophers* and *Witches.*

2. *Fecerunt etiam ipſi per incantationes Ægyptiacas & arcana quædam ſimiliter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them *threatned* by the *Conjurers*, and forced whether they will or no, by the power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tireſias*, in the 4. *Theb.* becauſe they did not obey him at firſt word ſpeaks to them like a Schoolmaſter with a Rod in his hand

—En nobis ſævire facultas.
—An Scythicis quoties armata venenis
Colchis laget, trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Noſtri cura minor? &c.

And *Lucan* ſays of *Erichtho*,

Omne nefas ſuperi primâ jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carmen; tinuere audire ſecundum.

And the *Witches* uſed always ſome obſcure murmurings in their charms. So of *Erichtho*

Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Diſſona, & humanæ multùm diſcordia Linguæ.

3. There are Four Opinions concerning this Action of the *Magicians*; the firſt, that their Rods *appeared* Serpents by an *Illuſion* of the ſight. This was *Joſephus* his Opinion; for he ſays Βακτηρίαι οἱ δράκοντες ἐφάνησαν; and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyſſen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius in lib.* 5. *Carm.*

—Sed imagine falſâ
Viſibus humanis magicæ tribuere figuræ.

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1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous *River* in the World, whether we consider the greatness and length of it (for it runs about 900 *German* Miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called absolutely in the Scripture *Machal Misraim, The River of Egypt*. From whence the word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived, *Nahal, Naal, Neel, Neil*; as *Bahal, Baal, Beel, Bel*, Βῆλ&: and *Pompon. Mela* reports, *l.* 5. *c.* 10. That the Fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians*. Now whereas God says to *Moses*, *Go to Pharaoh in the morning, when he shall go forth to the Water*: I believe, as the *Persians* worshipt every Morning the Rising *Sun*, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a constant act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret.* ὑάλα ἐφόνων ὅτι πρὸ ποταμοῦ καὶ ἅμα θεὸν τοῦτον ἐνόμιζον. Nay, I doubt whether *Osyris* (their great Deity) be not worshiped for *Nilus*. *Seld de Diis. Syris.*

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1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the Septuag. ἐκβράσει ὁ ποταμὸς where the vulgar Edition says *Computrescent aquæ*; that is, *fervebit, vel effervescit fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *Boils* and burns as it were in the Veins: When the Water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*; but the Wonder consists in that the number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produced upon the Action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature, they came to molest the *Egyptians* in their very Houses. The like judgment with this we find in profane Histories, and to be attributed to the same hand of God, tho' the *Rod* was *Invisible*. *Athenæus* in Book 8. *Ch.* 2. reports, That in *Paonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddeenly produced after great showers) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private Houses, that their domestical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their Meat; and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at last to forsake their Country. And *Pliny* reports, in his 8. *B. Ch.* 29. That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away by *Frogs*, and another in *Afrique* by *Locusts*; and many examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l.* 4. *Quæst. Natur. c.* 11. *Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the Thirsty and Sandy Soil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the clefts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways both by *overflowing* and by *manuring* it. So that *Herod* calls it Ἐργατικὸν, The *Husbandman*. Tibul. *Te propter nullos* Tellus *tua postulat imbres*, Arida *nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi*; for which reason *Lucan* says, that *Egypt* had no need of *Jupiter*,

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and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella Dioscorid. cap.* 112. terms them, Θηρία κωνωπώδη. And *Hesych.* Κνῖπες ζῶον πτηνὸν, ὅμοιον κώνωπι. So *Isidor. l.* 12. *Origin.* and *Oros.* 7, 8. and so *Origen.* Yet *Junius* and *Tremel.* and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *Wings*; for *Diod. Sicul. l.* 3. *c.* 3 speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of *Locusts*, say, that when they grow old, their Bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of Creature, called Analogically by an old known name, which is *Pererius* his conjecture, and is approved by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *Miracle*, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable cause than the pleasant fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devil*'s Power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a *grain of Barley*, or than S. *Augustin*'s Allegorical Reason, and *too Poetical* even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the *Magicians* failed in the *Third Plague*, to shew the defect of Humane *Philosophy*, when it comes to the *Mystery* of the *Trinity*; but such pitiful *Allusions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*" —— So our *English Translation*; St. *Hier. Omne genus muscarum.* All *sorts of Flies.* The Septuag. Κυνομυῖαν *Canina Musca.* a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly* from his Biting. If it be not to be read Κανθαρίδα, which may signifie *Aquila's* Παπιλίων. Some Translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts.* The *French*, *une meslée de bestes.* Jun. and Tremel. *Colluviem*: And it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, Θηρίων παντοίων καὶ πολυειδῶν: And *Pagninus Omne genus ferarum*; which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than morral, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that God calls them *his Army*, Joel 2. 25. nay, *his Great Army, the Locust, the Canker-worm, and the Caterpillar, and the Palmer-worm, my great Army which I sent among you.*

2. *The God of Flies Belzebub*, a Deity worshipped at *Accaron*, *Jupiter* Σπαμυῖος, either from bringing or driving away swarms of *Flies*, *Plin. lib.* 10. *c.* 28. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence, which presently dye upon the sacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea-coasts of *Africque*, being Ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar*, at the Temple of *Actian Apollo*, they sacrificed an Ox to *Flies*: And *Ælian. l.* 11. *de Animal. c.* 8. Σύνα βοῦν ἢ μυίαις: Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the Ox, not to the *Flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, Σπομύῳ, *Pausan. l.* 5. Ἠλείοις δύεν πὰ Ἀπομύῳ Διὶ ἐξελαυνοντι τ' Ἠλείας Ὑλυμπίας τὰς μυίας. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of Flies*) for the driving away of *Flies*, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l.* 29. *c.* 6. No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympick Games*, upon the sacrificing of an Ox to the *God* whom they call *Myiodes*, whole clouds of them flie out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, κυνηγέτου, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Entytbreans* of *Hercules* πανλέθρου, the *Killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like Honourable Imployment are to be found among the Ancients.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad. Fly*) *Virg. G.* 3 *g.*

Oestrum Græci vertere vocantes,
Asper, acerbus sonans, quo tota exterrita sylvis
Diffugiunt armenta ——

Wish the Plague that was to ensue, that is, not in the Sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto's Horses.*

Crastina ventura exspectantes gaudia prædæ.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wisht for death.*

9.

1. (i.) *Poysoning.* The conjunction of which produce *Poysons* (i.) Infectious Diseases, according to the received Opinion of Astrologers. *Virgil* says, By the *Site*, or *Diseased Heaven*; that is, which causes Diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air.*

Hic quondam Morbo cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoq; Autumni incanduit æstu, &c.

Where see his most incomparable description of a Pestilence.

10.

1. No Books of Writings of the *Rites* of *Magick* amongst the *Egyptians.*

2. It is called by *Moses* Chap. 9. 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in homine, &c.* Sprouting out with Blains, *&c.* which *Jun.* and *Tremel. Erumpens miliis pustulis.* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the Curses with which the disobedience to God is threatned, *Ch.* 28. 27. *The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence I believe, came the calumny that *Trog. Pompeius, Diod. Siculus, Tacitus*, and other Heathens cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being Scabbed and Leprous, which mistake was easie, instead of being dismist for having brought those Diseases upon the *Egyptians.*

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8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*" —— So our *English Translation*; St. *Hier.* *Omne genus muscarum.* All *sorts of Flies*. The Septuag. Κυνομυιαν *Canina Muscæ*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly* from his Biting. If it be not to be read Κανθαριδα, which may signifie *Aquila's* Πανσιλαν. Some Translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts*. The *French*, *une meslée de bestes*. Jun. and Tremel. *Colluviem*: And it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, Θηρων παντοιων και πολυειδων: And *Pagninus* *Omne genus feratum*; which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that God calls them *his Army*, Joel 2. 25. nay, *his Great Army*, *the Locust*, *the Canker-worm*, *and the Caterpillar*, *and the Palmer-worm*, *my great Army which I sent among you*.

2. *The God of Flies* Βαλζεbub, a Deity worshipped at *Accaron*, *Jupiter* Απομυιος, either from bringing or driving away swarms of *Flies*, *Plin. lib.* 10. *c.* 28. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence, which presently dye upon the sacrificing to this God; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea-coasts of *Africque*, being Ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar*, at the Temple of *Actian Apollo*, they sacrificed an Ox to *Flies*: And *Ælian. l.* 11. *de Animal. c.* 8. Θυουσι βους τη μυιαι: Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the Ox, not to the *Flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, Απομυιω, *Pausan. l.* 5. Ηλειοις δε και Απομυιω Διι εξελαυνοντι τ' Ηλειας Ολυμπιας τους μυιας. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of Flies*) for the driving away of *Flies*, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l.* 29. *c.* 6. No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympick Games*, upon the sacrificing of an Ox to the *God* whom they call *Myiodes*, whole clouds of them flie out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, καταιτιον, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Entythreans* of *Hercules* Απολλων, the *Killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like Honourable Imployment are to be found among the Ancients.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad. Fly*) *Virg. G.* 3 *g.*

Oestrum Græci vertere vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita sylvis
Diffugiunt armenta ——

Wish the Plague that was to ensue, that is, not in the Sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto*'s *Horses*.

Crastina ventura exspectantes gaudia præda.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wish for death*.

9.

1. (i.) *Poysoning*. The conjunction of which produce *Poysons* (i.) Infectious Diseases, according to the received Opinion of Astrologers. *Virgil* says, By the *Sick*, or *Diseased Heaven*; that is, which causes Diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*.

Hic quondam Morbo cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoque Autumni incanduit æstu, &c.

Where see his most incomparable description of a Pestilence.

10.

1. No Books of Writings of the *Rites* of *Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*.

2. It is called by *Moses* Chap. 9. 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in humine, &c.* Sprouting out with Blains, *&c.* which *Jun.* and *Tremel.* *Erumpens mitis pustulis*. This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the Curses with which the disobedience to God is threatned, *Ch.* 28. 27. *The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence I believe, came the calumny that *Trog. Pompeius*, *Diod. Siculus*, *Tacitus*, and others Heathens cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being Scabbed and Leprous, which mistake was easie, instead of being dismist for having brought those Diseases upon the *Egyptians*.

1 Not

11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too *big*; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the most Ancient Monuments, we know, were *heaps of stones*, not great *Tomb-stones*.

12.

1. (*i.*) The Wheat and Rye. See *Chap.* 9. *v.* 32.

2. *Ch.* 10. *v.* 13. Our Translation has *East-wind*: *And the Lord brought an East-wind upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c.* The vulgar has *Ventum Urentem*. The Septuagint. a *South-wind*. And *Eugub.* says, There is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which Opinion I follow (though the Jews unanimously will have it to be an *East-wind*) because the *Southern* parts of *Africa* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some places the chief Food of the Inhabitants: So that from thence they might easily be fetcht; for I cannot agree with some, who imagine that the hot wind blowing all day and night produced them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of Armies of *Locusts*, and of the Order and regularity of their marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That in the year 852. they were seen to fly over Twenty Miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into several squadrons, and having their Quarters apart when they rested. That the *Captains*, with some few, marcht a days journey before the rest, to chuse the most opportune places for their *Camp*. That they never removed till Sun-rising, and just then went away in as much order as an *Army* of Men could do. That at last having done great mischief wheresoever they past, after Prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent Wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again by the Sea upon the Shore, caused a great Pestilence in the Country. Some add, that they covered an Hundred and Forty Acres at a time. St. *Hier.* upon *Joel* speaks thus, When the Armies of *Locusts* came lately into these parts, and filled all the Air, they flew in so great order, that Slates in a Pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one Inch out of their ranks and files. There are reckoned Thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) Three Foot long. The same Author adds of *Locusts* (*Lib.* 11. *cap.* 29.) *That they pass in troops over great Seas, enduring hunger for many days together in search of foreign Food. They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods; for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a noise with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for* Birds. *They overcast the Sun, whilst people stand gazing with terror, lest they should fall upon their Lands——out of* Africa *chiefly they infest* Italy, *and the People are forced to have recourse to the Sibyls Books, to enquire for a Remedy. In the Country of* Cyrene, *there is a Law to make War against them thrice a year, First, by breaking their Eggs, then by killing the Young ones, and Lastly, the Old ones*, &c.

4. The *Red Sea*, which methinks, I may better be allow'd to call *Purple*, than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea so;

Εἰς ἅλα πορφυρέην.

Virg. *In Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Pliny says, *Purpuram irati mari faciem referre.* And *Theoph.* Πορφυρᾶ, ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὸ κῦμα λείωσι, οἷον ἁλία φιάλη.

13.

1 Chap. v. 21. *Even darkness that may be felt.* The *Vulgar*, *tam densæ (tenebræ) ut palpari queant.* Whether this darkness was really in the *Air*, or only in their *Eyes*, which might be blinded for the time: Or whether a suspension of *Light* from the act of Illumination in that Country: or whether it were by some black, thick, and damp Vapour, which possest all the Air, it is impossible to determine. I fancy that the darkness of Hell below, which is called *Utter darkness*, arose and over-shadowed the Land; and I am Authorized by the *Wisdom of Solomon*, *Ch.* 17. *v.* 14. where he calls it a Night that came upon them out of the *bottoms of inevitable Hell*; And therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) An *Image* of that darkness which should afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the fire might give them light.*

3. See the above cited, *Chap.* 17.

14.

1. *Midnight*, called also by the *Latines*, *Meridies Nocti.*

It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first day. It seems to me to be the most probable Opinion, that it was the *Empyræan Heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the Fourth day: And therefore before I say, that all *Light* seemed to be returned to the *Empyræan* or highest Heaven, from from whence it came at first.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the *Egyptians* immediately *himself*, because he says, *Chap.* 11. *v.* 4. *about midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt.* And to the same effect, *Chap.* 12. 12. But it is an ordinary manner of Speech to attribute that to *God*, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an *Angel*, appears out of *Chap.* 12. 23. *The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.* (From which place, and *Psalm* 78. *v.* 49. where it is said (of the *Egyptians*) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath and indignation, and trouble, by sending evil Angels among them*; Some collect, that God used here the Ministry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels*; but I cannot believe,

believe, that *God* and the *Magicians* had the same *Agents*, and that the Text of the *Psalm* is perhaps ill Translated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* understand by it *Moses* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better rendred in *English*, *Destroying* or *Punishing Angels*, Inflicters of Evil upon them. I attribute this infliction to the *Archangel Michael*: First, because it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and smote him and his *Angels*, *Revel.* 12. 7. Secondly, because in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an *Angel* of *War*, Chap. 10. v. 13. And Lastly, because the very name is said to signifie *Percussio Dei*, The *Smiting of God*. The *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 18. v. 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the fancy of this *Stanza*: *For whilst all things were in quiet silence, and that the night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leapt down from Heaven out of thy Royal Throne, as a fierce man of War into the midst of a Land of destruction: And brought thine unfeigned Command as a sharp Sword, and standing up, filled all things with death*, &c.

15.

1. That this Plague was a *Pestilence* is the Opinion of *Josephus*, and most Interpreters.

2. The Law of Consecrating all *First-borns* to God, seems *Exod.* 13. to be grounded upon this slaughter of the *Egyptian First-born*. But that was rather the Addition of a new Cause why the *Hebrews* should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole reason of it; for even by natural right the *First-born*, and *First-fruits* of all things are *Sacred* to God; and therefore Anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but also other Nations, the *Priesthood* belonged to the *Eldest Sons*.

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red Sea*. There is great confusion in the succession of the *Egpptian Kings*, and divers named by some *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the *Red Sea*; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the most probable and most received Opinion.

16.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan* was the place where *Moses* did his Miracles, and consequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the Authority of *Psalm.* 78. 12. It was likewise called *Tanis* (by the *Grecians*) and from it that mouth of the *Nile*, near which it stood, *Ostium Taniticum*. So that they are mistaken, who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more *Southward*.

2. The *Adored Heifer*. *Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Osyris*, (who was *Misraim*) I conceive to have been the same *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the Names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, &c. and signifying the *Sun*; the great lamentations for the disappearing or loss of *Osyris*. *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoycing for their return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re-approach of the *Sun by Summer*. The *Egyptians* under *Apis* or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus*; and their Ἀφανισμὸς and Εὕρεσις signified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the *Channel*. Now owing all their Sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the shape of an Ox; and not, I believe, as *Vossius*, and some other Learned Men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine: Besides, the Images of this Ox (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and worshiped it with great Reverence and made infinite Lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the Death or Disappearing.

——*Quo se gurgite Nili*
Condat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis. Stat.

The *Marks* were these. It was to be a Black *Bull*, with a white streak along the Back, a white mark like an Half-Moon on his Right Shoulder, two Hairs only growing on his Tail, with a square Blaze in his Forehead, and a Bunch called *Cantharus*, under his Tongue: By what Art the *Priests* made these marks, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calfe*, or *Heifer*, both by the *Hebrews*, *Greeks*, and *Latines*. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Psalm* 106. renders an Ox.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the *Hebrews* had two computations of the beginning of the year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: the *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Æquinoctial*; and all Civil Matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the Year. The *Sacred*, to which all Festivals, and all Religious Matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Æquinoctial*, and was instituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17.

1. Give a new occasion for it to be called the *Red Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the Opinions are very different; that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King* of *Erithra*, or *Erithrus*, from whence the *Grecians* derive it, was *Esau*, and *Erythræa* his Country, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and *Greek*; but because that Opinion of the *Redness* of the Shore in some places, has been most received, and is confirmed even

to this day by some Travellers, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

18.

1. *Plutarch de Is. & Osyr.* testifies, that χημία was an Ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psalm* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham.* From whose Son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians Mesre* to this day.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the *Egyptians*, who chose at first the figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical Signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the worship came even to be terminated in them.

FINIS.

Verſes Written on ſeveral Occaſions.

CHRIST's PASSION
Taken out of a Greek *ODE, written by Mr.* Maſters *of* New-College *in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muſe of Earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which does riſe
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half ſeen by Mortal Eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs thing!
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I'll ſing the mighty Riddle of Myſterious Love,
Which neither Wretched Men below, nor bleſſed Spirits above,
With all their Comments, can explain;
How all the whole World's Life to die did not diſdain.

2.

I'll ſing the ſearchleſs depths of the Compaſſion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By Reaſon's Plummet, and the Line of Wit;
Too light the Plummet, and too ſhort the Line.
How the Eternal Father did beſtow
His own Eternal Son as ranſom for his Foe,
I'll ſing aloud, that all the World may hear
The Triumph of the buried Conqueror.
How Hell was by it's Priſ'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer, Death, ſlain by the Dead.

3.

Methinks I hear of Murthered Men the voice,
Mixt with the Murtherers confuſed noiſe,
Sound from the top of *Calvary*;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there the midmoſt of the three;
Oh, how unlike the others, He! (Tree!
Look how he bends his gentle Head with bleſſings from the
His Gracious Hands, ne'r ſtretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
And ſinful Man does fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins does bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear
Thy Garments and thy Hair,
And let thy grief and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad all o're,
Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Do'st thou not see the Roses, which adorn
Thy thorny Garland, by him worn?
Do'st thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart,
If that be yet not Crucify'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine Eyes,
And let 'em call
Their stock of moisture forth where e're it lies,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all (alas!) too little be
Tho' thy salt Tears come from a Sea;
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his sides mysterious Flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some Waters to his Blood.

ODE.

On Orinda's *Poems.*

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign,
Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
And cancel great *Apollo*'s Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Love's Fire-Arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known.
Too many Arms besides that Conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down
T'assault a stubborn Town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,

And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillerie.

2.

Woman, as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Tranſmit to their poſteritie;
If in it ſomtime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, *Orinda*, if thee
A Spirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful field?
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe, that it does yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feaſt,
A ſecret Joy unſpeakable does move
In their great Mother *Cybele*'s contented breaſt:
With no leſs pleaſure thou methinks ſhould ſee
This thy no leſs immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch do'ſt find
Of th' ancient curſe to Womankind,
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travail is, nor Labour of the brain,
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' unexhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Counteſs thou may'ſt bear
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou do'ſt my wonder, would'ſt my Envy raiſe,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe
Where e're I ſee an Excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit Senſe,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet.
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera*'s, that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the ſhame!
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair incloſed light,
It through the Paper ſhines, where ſhe does write,
Honour and Friendſhip, and the gen'rous Scorn
Of things for which we were not born,

(Things that can only by a fond Diſeaſe,
Like that of Girles, our vitious Stomachs pleaſe,)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her Pen,
And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inſpire
A Female Breſt with ſuch a fire,
The warlike *Amazonian* Train,
Who in *Elyſium* now do peaceful reign,
And Wits mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſetled in their Sex by her.
Merlin, the Seer (and ſure he would not ly
In ſuch a ſacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* ſhew,
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago,
Ev'n *Boadicia*'s angry Ghoſt
Forgets her own misfortune, and diſgrace,
And to her injured Daughters now does boaſt,
That *Rome*'s o'recome at laſt, by a Woman of her Race.

ODE.

Upon occaſion of a Copy of Verſes of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon, (ſaid I) ingrateful Muſe, and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me.
Since I grow Man, and Wiſer ought to be,
My buſineſs and my hopes I left for thee :
For thee (which was more hardly given away,
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But ſay, Ingrateful Miſtreſs, ſay,
What for all this, What didſt thou ever pay ?
Thou'lt ſay perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the growth of Lands where thou do'ſt trade,
And I, as well my Country might upbraid
Becauſe I have no Vineyard there.
Well ? but in Love thou doſt pretend to Reign,
There thine the Power and Lordſhip is,
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again ?
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.
I like a fool did thee obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain;
For after all my'xpence of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me Fame.
Bounty immenſe ! and that too muſt be try'd,
When I my ſelf am nothing but a Name.

Who

Who now, what Reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt w' are alive ?
For when a Poet now himſelf doth ſhew,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepeſt blow.
And this is all, kind Muſe, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himſelf went with them too,
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred *Mantuan* Book :
I my own off-ſpring, like *Agave*, tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay, and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flowry Weeds inſtead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (ſee the ſubtil ways, which Fate does find
Rebellious man to bind,
Juſt to the worſt for which he is aſſign'd,)
The Muſe came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Lo thy reward, look here and ſee
What have I made (ſaid ſhe,)
My Lover and belov'd, my *Broghill* do for thee.
Tho' thy own verſe no laſting Fame can give,
Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live,
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have writ,
Will dare t'oppoſe thee, when
Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen ?
I roſe and bow'd my head,
And pardon ask'd for all that I had ſaid,
Well ſatisfi'd and proud
I ſtraight reſolv'd, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
That from her Service now I ne'r would part,
So ſtrongly large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

4.

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping Sp'rits can raiſe,
As Praiſes from the Men, whom all men praiſe.
'Tis the beſt Cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th' Ingredients can compoſe,
A Cordial, that reſtores our fainting breath,
And keeps up Life ev'n after Death.
The only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a Remedie :
Leſt, in removing cold, it ſhould beget
Too violent a heat ;
And into Madneſs turn the Lethargie.
Ah ! Gracious God ! that I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o're-heat with praiſe !
But I within me bear (alas !) too great allayes.

'Tis

5.

'Tis ſaid, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their human ſhapes into a form Divine?
None who had ſate could her own Picture ſee,
Or ſay, One part was drawn for me:
So, tho' this noble Painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a Cauſe, but an Occaſion to his wit;
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, ſince I,
Inſtead of my own likeneſs, only find
The bright *Idea* there of the great Writer's mind?

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book preſenting it ſelf to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learning's *Pantheon!* Hail the ſacred Ark,
Where all the World of Science does embarque!
Which ever ſhalt withſtand, and haſt ſo long withſtood
Inſatiate times devouring Flood.
Hail Tree of Knowledge, thy leaves Fruit! which well
Do'ſt in the midſt of Paradiſe ariſe,
Oxford the Muſes Paradiſe,
From which may never Sword the bleſt expel;
Hail Bank of all paſt Ages! where they lie
T'inrich, with intereſt, Poſterity!
Hail Wits illuſtrious Galaxy!
Where' thouſand Lights into one brightneſs ſpread;
Hail living Univers'ty of the dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all Tongues, which e're
The mighty Linguiſt Fame, or Time, the mighty Traveller,
That could ſpeak, or This could hear.
Majeſtick Monument and Pyramide,
Where ſtill the ſhapes of parted Souls abide,
Embalm'd in verſe, exalted Souls which now
Enjoy thoſe Arts they woo'd ſo well below,
Which now all wonders plainly ſee,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the myſterious Librarie,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deitie.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meaneſt *Britiſh* Wit;
You Gen'ral-Council of the Prieſts of Fame,
Will you not murmur and diſdain,
That I a place among you claim.

The humbleſt Deacon of her Train?
Will you allow me th' Honourable Chain?
The Chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Pris'ners proudly wear?
A Chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Libertie?
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty Names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
Whatever happy Book is chained here,
No other Place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Paſſport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a ſeat in Heaven
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
Who caſting round his wond'ring Eye
Does none but Patriarchs and Apoſtles there eſpy;
Martyrs who did their Lives beſtow,
And Saints, who Martyrs liv'd below,
With trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties paſt, and ſins,
He doubts almoſt his Station there,
His ſoul ſays to it ſelf, How came I here?
It fares no otherwiſe with me
When I my ſelf with conſcious wonder ſee,
Amidſt this purify'd elected Companie.
With hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain:
No labour I nor merits can pretend,
I think Predeſtination only was my friend.

5.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a Place, and ſuch a Companie!
Inſtead of ſev'ral Countreys, ſeveral Men,
And buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall Eſtate,
Which nature ſparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven, then,
And ſettled upon me, his Child, ſomewhat to live,
'T had happier been for him as well as me,
For when all (alas!) is done,
We Books, I mean, You Books will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt converſation.
For tho' ſome Errors will get in,
Like tinctures of Original Sin,
Yet ſure we from our Father's Wit
Draw all the ſtrength and ſpirit of it;
Leaving the groſſer parts of Converſation,
As the beſt Blood of Man's imploy'd in Generation.

ODE.

ODE.

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.*

CHear up, my Mates, the Wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more Sail and never ſpare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another Bowl of Wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning-Line:
Hey boys! ſhe ſcuds away, and by her Head I know,
We round the World are ſailing now.
What dull Men are thoſe that tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain ſuch Experience, and ſpy too
Such Countrys and Wonders, as I do?
But prythee, good Pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold there the Veſſel we will ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No, never be poor any more.

2

What do I mean? what thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd journeys in the Air,
As I ſail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee,
For all it's quiet now, and gravity,
Has wandred, and has travell'd more,
Than ever Beaſt, or Fiſh, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Air, and every Sea t' has been,
'T has compaſs'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has ſeen.
Let not the Pope's itſelf with this compare,
This is the only Univerſal Chair.

3.

The pious Wandrer's Fleet, ſav'd from the Flame,
(Which ſtill the Reliques did of *Troy* perſue,
And took them for its due,)
A Squadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And ſtill make new and greater Voyages;
Nor has the firſt Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
Tho now a Star ſhe ſo triumphant ſhew,
And guide her ſailing Succeſſors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the ſhining Fleece,
Yet to this day a quiet Harbor found,
The Tide of Heaven ſtill carries her around;
Only *Drake*'s ſacred Veſſel which before
Had done, and had ſeen more
Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince the Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been,

As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of Rest at last;
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see,
Let the World now come to see thee.

4.

The World will do't, for Curiosity
Does no less than Devotion Pilgrims make?
And I my self, who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a Journey take
An old Wheel of that Chariot to see,
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake:
Yet what could that say more than these Remains of *Drake?*
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,
Hast still one way of making Voyages;
The breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind, which ne'r does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run
Along around it as the Sun.
The streights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an undiscovered Sea,
And steer the endless course of vast Eternity,
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy Pilot Me.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

TIS Folly all that can be said
By living Mortals of th' Immortal dead.
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain Tears we shed.
'Tis, as if we, who stay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity those who past the streight before,
And touch the universal shore,
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Thô ne'r so fair and calm it be;
What would all sober Men believe,
If they should here us sighing say,
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our love and our respect Command,
At whose great Parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

2.

If you will say: Few persons upon Earth
Did more than he deserve to have
A Life exempt from Fortune and the Grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,
And Ancestors, whose Fame's so widely spread,
But Ancestors alas, who long ago are dead;

Or whether you consider more
The vast increase, as sure you ought,
Of Honour by his Labour bought,
And added to the former store,
All I can answer is, that I allow
The Priviledge you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

3.

Tho' God for Great and Righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends
Erroneous Mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* Hand,
That once with so much Industry and Art
Had clos'd the gaping Wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his distracted Nation's cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage t'was t'endure?
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove
From all th' oppression and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below,
To his Souls true and peaceful Country 'bove:
So God, like Kings, for secret Causes known
Sometimes but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest Ministers Elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which they intend
Shall never take effect.

But, tho' the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy Agent wants not the reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His just and righteous Master calls him home,
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

4.

Noble and great Endeavours did he bring
To save his Country and restore his King;
And whil'st the Manly half of him, which those
Who know not Love to be the whole suppose,
Perform'd all parts of Virtues life;
The beauteous half, his lovely Wife,
Did all his Labours and his Cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralytick side,
In all the turns of Human state;
In all th' unjust Attacques of Fate
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he,
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His Virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

5.

With these Companions, 'twas not strange
That nothing could his Temper change,
His own and Countrys Union had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty Mind.
He saw around the Hurricanes of State,

Fixt

Fixt as an Iſland 'gainſt the Waves and Wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward things are but the breach, or beach;
A great Man's Soul it doth aſſault in vain;
There God himſelf the Ocean doth reſtrain
With an imperceptible Chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wiſdom, Juſtice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to ſuffer and to dye,
His Virtues and his Lady too
Were things Celeſtial. And we ſee
In ſpight of quarrelling Philoſophie,
How in this caſe 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n ſtands ſtill, and only Earth goes round.

ODE.

Upon Doctor Harvey.

1.

COY Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
A beauteous Virgin ſtill, injoy'd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one,)
When *Harvey*'s violent paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a Tree:
There *Daphne*'s Lover ſtopt, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch:
But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, ſtopt not ſo,
Into the Bark and Root he after her did go:
No ſmalleſt Fibres of a Plant,
For which the Eye-beams point doth ſharpneſs want,
His paſſage after her withſtood;
What ſhould ſhe do? through all the moving Wood
Of Lives endow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight,
Harvey purſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight.
But as the Deer, long hunted, takes a Flood,
She leap'd at laſt into the Winding-ſtreams of Blood;
Of Man's *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the Heart ſhe ſtay'd,
Where turning Head, and at a Bay,
Thus by well-purged Ears ſhe was o're-heard to ſay.

2.

Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe (ſaid ſhe,)
None will be able ſure to ſee
This my Retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me.
The Heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A Wall impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the very Heart of Man ev'n from it ſelf conceal.
She ſpoke, but e're ſhe was aware,
Harvey was with her there,

And held this ſlippery *Proteus* in a Chain,
Till all her mighty Myſteries ſhe deſcry'd,
Which from his Wit th' attempt before to hide
Was the firſt Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practice of New Life did ſee,
Whil'ſt to conceal it's toilſome poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver underſtood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to ſet up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imploy'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought,
How the great Fabrick does proceed,
What Time, and what Materials it does need.
He ſo exactly does the Work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the Workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* ſought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
The Creatures, which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th' Original itſelf to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others ſtand
Lock'd up together hand in hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread.
A Dance like Fairies, a Fantaſtick round,
But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his Wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood had been untroden yet:
Great Doctor, th' art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy Patient Phyſick ſee
From all inveterate Diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old Errors by thy Care,
New Dieted, put forth to clearer Air,
It now will ſtrong and healthful prove,
Itſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

Theſe uſeful Secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a barbarous War's unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age;
Oh cruel loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
With ſo much coſt and labour wrought,
And from afar by a great Heroe brought,
Had ſunk even in the Ports of *Greece*.
Oh curſed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and Towns may riſe again,

And

And ten times eaſier 'tis
To rebuild *Paul*'s, than any work of his.
The mighty Task none but himſelf can do,
Nay, ſcarce himſelf too now,
For tho' his Wit the force of Age withſtand,
His body Alas! and Time it muſt command.
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſt,
Will ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catallus. Acmen Septimius *ſuos amores Tenens in gremio*, &c.

WHil'ſt on *Septimius* panting Breaſt
(Meaning nothing leſs than reſt,)
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid.

My deareſt *Acme*, if I be
Once alive and love not thee
With a Paſſion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Deſert may
I become ſome Lion's Prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him,)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the Sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſt the Augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gentle-bending head,
And her Purple Mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice,)
She kiſt his drunken rowling Eyes.

My little Life, my All, (ſaid ſhe,)
So may we ever Servants be
To this beſt God, and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again:
So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
As I a paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a Man.
Into my Marrow it is gone,
Fixt and ſettled in the bone,
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs like Life through ev'ry part.

She

She spoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the croud
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augury.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the Race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing else but *Acme* grow,)
Acme's Bosom was alone
The whole World's Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme*'s Mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise 'em when they spy
Any illustrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be She;
To reward Him, if it be He;
With such a Husband, such a Wife,
With *Acme*'s and *Septimius*'s his life.

ODE.

Upon His Majesties Restauration and Return.

Virgil.——*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvendâ dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOW *Blessings* on you all, ye peaceful *Stars*,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
Your universal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Wars*,
Nor whil'st around the Continent
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The World apart, o're which do Reign
Your seven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charles his Wane*;
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which, thirty years ago
At * *Charles* his *Birth*, did in despight
Of the proud *Sun's* Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshew;
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give Thanks to God for that Blessing.

Auspi-

2.

Auſpicious *Star* again ariſe,
And take thy *Noon-tide Station* in the Skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiouſly adorn;
For lo! thy *Charles* again is *born*,
He then was *born with, and to Pain*;
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wiſely for this *Second Birth*,
By which thou certain wer't to bleſs
The Land with full and flouriſhing *Happineſs*,
Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them, all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoyce*:
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Par'diſe* to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Bleſſed Pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden-Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *Gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty years one *Calmy day*?
Ah! mild and galleſs *Dove*,
Which do'ſt the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love,
Canſt thou in *Albion* ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it *white*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In theſe deformed *Ruines*? will ſhe clear
The *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Juſtice* hazard to be ſeen
Where a *High Court* of *Juſtice* e're has been;
Will not the Tragick Scene,
And *Bradſhaw's* bloody *Ghoſt* affright here there,
Her, who ſhall never fear?
Then may *Whitehall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Juſtice* ſhall endure at *Weſtminſter* to ſit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearful looks again of *Libertie*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freſhly ſtill
The Courſes of ſo many ſufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt, as a *Tempeſt* carried him away,
Some *Hurrican* ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his poyſ'nous folds whole *Nations Priſoners made*,)
Should a third time perhaps prevail

To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return ye *Sacred Hour*,
And dread your perish'd Enemies no more;
Your Fears are causeless all, and vain
Whil'st you return in *Charles* his Train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might You restore.
Nor shall the World him only call
Defender of the *Faith*, but of you *All*.

Along with you *Plenty*, and *Riches* go,
With a ful Tide to ev'ry Port they flow,
With a warm fruit to *wind* of all the Country blow.
Honor does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,
The *Arts* encompass you around,
And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety itself brings up the *Rear*,
And in the head of this *Angelick Band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand
(O righteous *God!*) on his *own happy Land*.
'Tis *Happy* now, which could with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a *Disease*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whose every *Symptom* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of three, *Frenzy* possest,
And *Lethargy* the rest.
'Tis *Happy*, when no *Bleeding* does endure
A *Surfeit* of such *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy* which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

We *fear'd*, (and almost touch't the black degree
Of instant *Expectation*,)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague*, should here establish see,
(*God's* great *Triumvirate* of *Desolation*,)
To scourge and to destroy this sinful *Nation*.
Justly might *Heaven Protectors* such as those.
And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,
Upon a *Land* which scarcely *Better chose*.
We fear'd, that the *Fourth Vial*, in
Which Men against *God's houses* did declare,
Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A sure Destruction to our *Own*.
We read th' *Instructive Histories*, which tell
Of all those endless Mischiefs that befell
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,
After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,
His Blood be upon ours, and our Children's head.
We knew, thô there a *greater Blood* was spilt
'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*.

We

We know thoſe Miſeries did befall,
Whil'ſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince* whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought,
And it was haſting (we thought,)
Even to the laſt of *Ills*, *Annihilation.*
When in the midſt of this confuſed Night
Lo! the bleſt *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light.*
For in the glorious *General*'s previous Ray
We ſaw a new created *Day.*
We by it ſaw, tho yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteous Work of Order* moving on.
Where are the Men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with marks of good *Succeſs*
Sign his allowance of their *Wickedneſs?*
Vain Men! who thought the Divine power to find
In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind:*
God came not till the Storm was paſt,
In the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
The cruel buſineſs of *Deſtruction*
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty*'s *hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we ſee't, and by the *Speed.*

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Britiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
With which misfortune ſtrives t' abuſe our Sight,
He who had ſeen Him in this *Cloud* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothr's* heavenly good, and *Siſter's* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (methinks,) with eaſe,
(But *wicked Men* ſee only what they pleaſe,
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right.*
He who had ſeen, how by the pow'r Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *Fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough red Sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed;
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wand'red in their fatal *Wilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;
Might (methinks,) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Trials paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong unerring hand
To their own *promis'd Land.*
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*;
And all *Heav'ns bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given

The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyr's Crown*.

9.

The *Martyr's Blood* was ſaid of old to be
The *ſeed* from whence the *Church* did grow;
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did ſow
Becomes no leſs the *ſeed* of *Royaltie*.
'Twas in *diſhonour ſown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*.
The *grave* could but the *droſs* of it devour;
'Twas *ſown* in *weakneſs*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Queſtion* well decided ſee,
Which *Eaſtern Wits* did once conteſt
At the *Great Monarch's* Feaſt,
Of all on Earth what things the ſtrongeſt be?
And ſome for *Women*, ſome for *Wine*, did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this later *Age*;
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greateſt *ſtrength*,
When they their ſacred *Force* unite,
And twine into one *Right*.
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of Human *Policies*;
No ſtores of *Arms* or *Gold*, (tho you could joyn
Thoſe of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*,)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Iſlands* can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring
Againſt the *naked Truth*, and the *unarm'd King*.

10.

The *fooliſh Lights*, which *Travellers* beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No *Art* ſo far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're-while
Mis-led our *wandring Iſle?*
Where's the *Impoſtor Cromwell* gone?
Where's now that *Falling-Star* his *Son?*
Where's the *large Comet* now, whoſe raging-flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o're our Heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood?*
The *fiery Tail* did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Tho long the *Tail*, we ſaw at laſt its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſht ſight;

Which

Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of *Spring*.
We welcom both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter*, and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future happineſs* to fear,
If he be always *happy here?*
He wants the *bleeding Marks of Grace*,
The *Circumciſion of the choſen Race*.
If no one *Part* of him ſupplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt,) reſerv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victim* for the *Fire*.
Beſides even in this *World* below,
To thoſe who never did *ill-fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow.
Conſider man's *whole life*, and you'l confeſs
The ſharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad ſucceſs*
Is that which gives the taſte to all his *Happineſs*.
But the true *Method* of *Felicitie*
Is when the worſt
Of human *Life* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Child's Correction* proves to be
The cauſe of *perfecting* the *Man*:
Let our *weak Days* Bead up the *Van*;
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian-Band*
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the force of theſe are ſure of *Victorie*.

12.

Such are the *years* (Great *Charles*,) which now we ſee
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*:
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and ſtill *triumphant* be:
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never ſhall *o're-take* Thee more.
To ſee't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look *behind*,
Things which *offend*, when preſent, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all th' *Afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father*'s came at laſt:
Thy *Martyrdom*'s already paſt.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe
No *Gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choice *Medal*, for *Heaven*'s *Treaſurie*,
God did *ſtamp* firſt upon one ſide of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *ſuffering Humanitie*:
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to ſight, does ſhine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wiſeſt *Poets* ſeek
In all their livelieſt Colours to ſet forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*,)
They choſe ſome *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick Son* of *Earth*,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the *Gods forbidden Seat*,)
They feed him not with *Nectar* and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat,
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *ſtorms* of *adverſe chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees,
The *beauteous Drop* firſt into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *ſolid Cryſtal* next advance.
His *murthered Friends* and *Kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry Gods* withſtand.
He does long *Troubles*, and long *Wars* ſuſtain,
E'r he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
Whith no leſs *time* or *labor* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient vertue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attacques did yield:
And all the *Weapons malice* e're could try,
Of all the ſeveral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armor* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand pieces broke,
To *Angels*, and their *Bretbren Spirits* above,
No ſhow of Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born, and *Decencie*.
So were they *born*, when *Worc'ſter's* diſmal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born when no *Diſguiſes cloud*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhroud*,
And one of th' *Angels*, whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend.)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th' other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He* ?)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee,
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all His *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye*.

Him

15.

Him and His *Royal Brothers* when I ſaw
New marks of *honor* and of *glory*
From their *affronts* and *ſufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory* ;
Methought I ſaw the *three Indian Youths*
(The *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Nobleſt Truths*,)
In the *Chaldean Furnace* walk ;
How cheerfully, and unconcern'd they talk !
No *hair* is ſing'd no ſmalleſt *beauty* blaſted ;
Like *painted Lamps* they ſhine *unwaſted*.
The greedy *Fire* itſelf dares not be fed
With the beſt *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*.
The honorable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name,)
Does like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Body*'s *crown'd*.
Who are thoſe *Two bright Creatures* which we ſee
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the ſame *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Joys* inſpire ?
Sure they the *beauteous Siſters* are,
Who whil'ſt they ſeek to bear a ſhare
Will ſuffer no *affliction* to be there.
Leſs favor to thoſe *Three* of old was ſhewn,
To ſolace with their company
The *fiery Tryals* of *Adverſity* ;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the others had but *One*.

16.

Come forth, *Come forth*, ye *men of God belov'd*,
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
Which againſt you ſo *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be prov'd ;
Come Mighty *Charles*, *Deſire of Nations* come !
Come *you triumphant Exile*, home !
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore ; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People*'s *ſacred voyce*.
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're ſent to *Land* ſo loud a *ſound* ;
The mighty *Shout* ſends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And ſwells up every *Sail* ;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are ſcarcely heard at all ;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural*.
All *England* but one *Bonfire* ſeems to be,
One *Ætna* ſhooting *flames* into the *Sea*.
The *Starry Worlds*, which ſhine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a *Star*.
With *Wine* all *Rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow ?
And *We* the *Prieſts* of a *Poetick* rage ;
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too ſhould not do ſo.
There is no *Stoick* ſure who would not now
Even ſome *exceſs* allow ;

And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
Should end our twenty years of *diſmal Melancholy.*

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *ſhare*
In this ſo vraiſhing ſight,
And with the *part* ſhe *takes* to *add* to the *Delight?*
Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *beſt*, and now the *happieſt Queen*,
To *ſee* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *ſeen?*
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To ſhew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superior ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicitie.*
How well thoſe different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom!*
Thy Princely *Mind* with ſo much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With ſo much *Goodneſs* us'd *Felicitie*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
Tis come, and ſeen to day in all its *Braverie.*

18.

Who's that *Heroick Perſon* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial-Pride*,)
Into the hands now of thy *Son?*
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious pity
Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbababel* to be,
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City.*
For ever bleſt may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vaſt*, thô leſs-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *Solide Great*, above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has ſhewn,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown.*
Thou worthieſt Perſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Thô 'tis not *ſmall*, the *Britiſh Glory*,)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *height* of *Thee*,
Thou and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flatterie*,
Does make *true Praiſe* her *Labour* and *Deſign*;
An *Iliad*, or an *Æneid* ſhould be *Thine.*

19.

And ill ſhould We deſerve this happy day,
If nô acknowledgments we pay
To you, *Great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly other Houſes* now;
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *ſhame*
A *Parliament*'s once *venerable Name*;

And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore
To that which was but *Slaughter-houſe* before.
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your *living Preſence* graces,
Your Marble *Statues* always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful *Memory*
And to your *Succeſſors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reaſon*, *Loyalty*.
For tho a firmly ſetled *Peace*
May ſhortly make your publick labours ceaſe,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy conſent,
That in *this ſenſe* you ſhould be ſaid,
(Tho yet the *Name* ſounds with ſome dread,)
To be the *Long*, the *Endleſs Parliament*.

On the Queen's Repairing Somerſet-Houſe.

WHen God (the Cauſe to Me and Men unknown,)
Forſook the Royal Houſes, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to Ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t'adorn this Princely Place
Which Covetous Hands could take, or Rude Deface.
In all my Rooms and Galleries I found
The richeſt Figures torn, and all around
Diſmembred Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naſeby*'s Field ſeem'd on the fatal day.
And me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death, the gaſping Walls were cleft,
The Pillars ſunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No ſign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was ſeen which could content the Eye,
Till dead the impious Tyrant here did lye.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now Foundreſs, came.
It does not fill her Bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall,) before.
She imitates the kindneſs to her ſhewn;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected Throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears,)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what ſhe Repairs.
And now I dare, (tho proud I muſt not be,
Whil'ſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo humble ſee
In all her various Glories,) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt Palaces compare;
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm ſure,)
So juſt a Boaſt with Modeſty endure.
And all muſt to me yield, when I ſhall tell,
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
Before my Gate a Street's broad Chanel goes,
Which ſtill with waves of crouding People flows,

And every day there paſſes by my ſide,
Up to it's *Weſtern* Reach, the *London* Tide
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride and Buſineſs of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we ſee
The livelieſt Image of the Deity.
We in their Houſes ſhould Heav'ns likeneſs find,
Where nothing can be ſaid to be behind,)
My other Fair and more Majeſtick Face
(Who can the Fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itſelf below;
In the beſt Mirror that the World can ſhew.
And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one Glorious Bow;
The Mid'ſt the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by me;
Beſt to be ſeen by all, and all o'reſee.
Which way ſoe're I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the Right.
T'aſſure yet my Defence on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtateliеſt Piles which e're
Man's liberal Piety of old rear,
Where the two Princes of th' Apoſtles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, Watch and Command.
My Warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houſes of that wondrous Street
Which rides o're the broad River like a Fleet.
The Stream's Eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the ſwoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Tho both their Ruine with joynt Pow'r conſpire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.
And here my *Thames*, tho it more gentle be
Than any Flood, ſo ſtrength'ned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural Forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtraight, and calms his Face,
Is into Reverence and Submiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace where that King does Reign
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.
Amid'ſt theſe louder Honors of my Seat,
And two vaſt Cities troubleſomely great,
In a large various Plain the Country too
Opens her gentler Bleſſings to my view,
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
By different ways equal content may find.
If any prouder Virtuoſo's Senſe
At that part of my Proſpect take offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are deſcry'd,
Of my Imperial River's humble ſide,

If they call that a Blemish, let them know,
God and my God-like Mistress think not so;
For the distrest and the afflicted lye
Most in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me
Just Homage, in thy passage to the Sea,
Take here this one Instruction as thou go'st;
When thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,
When round the World their Voyage they shall make,
And back to thee some secret Chanels take,
Ask them, what nobler sight they e're did meet
Except thy mighty Master's Soveraign Fleet,
Which now Triumphant o're the Main does ride,
The terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride?
From hence his Kingdoms happy now at last,
(Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past,)
From hence may Omens take of that success
Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
The Peaceful Mother or mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual Scene
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
Mixt with the Morning Willows careful Gray,
Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play,)
Bodied, arrayed, and seen by an internal Light:
A Golden Harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all Figures were,
That Nature, or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose Pride it Wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and Wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal, who did'st so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here to repent too late?

And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the Rich Harvest-time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast!
But when I meant t'adopt thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of Peaceful Fame;
Thou Changeling, thou, bewitch'd with noise and show
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go;
Would'st see the World abroad, and have a share
In all the Follies, and the Tumults there.
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of Human Lusts to shake off Innocence!
Business! the grave impertinence!
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostasie.
Thou thought'st if once the publick Storm were past,
All thy remaining Life should Sun-shine be:
Behold the publick Storm is spent at last,
The Soveraign is tost at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at last to shore.
But whil'st thy fellow Voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd Land,
Thou still alone (alas!) dost gaping stand
Upon the naked Beach, upon the barren Sand.

4.

As a fair Morning of the blessed Spring,
After a tedious stormy Night;
Such was the Glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching moisture dropped on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him Light.
But then (alas!) to thee alone
One of old *Gideon*'s Miracles was shewn,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly Dew was Crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was drye.
It did all others Threats surpass,
When God to his own People said,
(The Men whom through long wanderings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Brass:

The

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not reſtrain
Upon the moſt unjuſt to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven years and more
Thou did'ſt with Faith and Labour ſerve,
And did'ſt (if Faith and Labour can) deſerve,
Thô ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice ſeven years more thy Fortune try,
Twice ſeven years more God in his Bounty may
Give thee, to ſling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
Should'ſt in a hard and barren Seaſon thrive,
Should even able be to live;
Thou, to whoſe ſhare ſo little Bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtfull head,
The melancholy *Cowley* ſaid:
Ah! wanton foe does thou upbraid
The ills which thou thy ſelf haſt made?
When in the Cradle, innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed Soul didſt bear
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden *Indies* in the Air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſh'd freedom to regain;
Still I Rebel, ſtill thou doſt Reign,
Lo, ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds,
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds;
No wholſome Herb can near them thrive
No uſeful Plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies Dance, no Graſs doth ever grow.
When my new Mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th'inherent Dye:
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native white:
To all the Ports of Honor and of Gain,
I often ſteer my courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.

Thou ſlack'neſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinckling Strings of thy looſe Minſtrelſie.
Whoever this World's happineſs would ſee
Muſt as intirely caſt off thee,
As they, who only Heaven deſire,
Do from the World retire.
This was my Error, This my groſs Miſtake.
My ſelf a demi-Votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husband's Fate,
(A fault which I like them am taught too late,)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, Oh thou fallacious Muſe,
The Court, and better King t' accuſe;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile ſoil will a full Harveſt bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough,
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Sov'reign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's Will he did depend,
I ought to be accurſt, if I refuſe
To wait on His, Oh thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long Hands (they ſay,) and though I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Should'ſt not reproach Rewards for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the ſpacious Main,)
Take in juſt War a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unſhapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of Uſe,
On which the Conqu'rors Image now does ſhine,
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine:
So in the mild Contentions of the Muſe,
(The War which Peace itſelf loves and purſues,
So have you home to us in Triumph brought
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treaſures fraught;
You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by tranſlation borrow'd all it's wealth,
But by a powr'ful Spirit made it your own,
Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
With the fair ſtamp of your victorious Wit.

But

But thô we praiſe this voyage of your Mind,
And thô ourſelves enrich't by it we find;
W'are not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow;
W'ave ſeen how well your foreign Ores refine;
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.,
The World ſhall then our Native plenty view
And fetch Materials for their Wit from you.
They all ſhall watch the travails of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you ſhall make Repriſals then.

On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Philips.

CRuel Diſeaſe; Ah, could not it ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt Sex,
Wich ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy Malice moſt of all
(Thy Malice or thy Luſt;) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, ev'n the Face?
There was enough, of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought,) either thy Luſt or Rage.
Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Diſeaſe,
Did'ſt on this Glorious Temple ſeize?
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacriledge commit
On th' inward Holieſt Holy of her Wit?
Cruel diſeaſe! There thou miſtook'ſt thy pow'r:
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth the baſis wide.

2.

All Ages paſt record, all Countrys now,
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhew,
That even Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow,
Thô Goddeſſes t'his Sentence did ſubmit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durſt he ſay, Of all the Female race,
This is the Sovereign Face.
And ſome (thô theſe be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah much leſs frequent than the Fair,)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt Woman for her guide ſhe choſe,

But if *Apollo* should design
A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,
Thô *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen.
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by Fraud, th' other by Wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,
Nothing is shewn, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetrie.
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning wast
The Thunder of their Voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past,
The certain proofs of our *Orinda*'s Wit
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Thô long perhaps too that may live.
The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen,
Thô great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us Men;
'Tis by the number of the Sharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female coasts of Fame
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetick Name.
She does no Partner with her see,
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Companie.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine;
Unless to Virtues prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;
Thô it with beauteous Leaves, and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now Shame and Blushes on us all
Who our own Sex Superior call!
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too,
She does above our best Examples rise,
In hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
Never did Spirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learning's sacred Lake,
A Temper more invulnerable take.
No violent Passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her Mind,
Through walls of Stone, those furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft Breast they hit, pow'rless and dead thy lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary with the Tale ſhe grew,
Rejoyces now t'have got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing Story,
Of fair *Leucaſia*'s and *Orinda*'s Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign Country he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no ſtranger there:
So well *Orinda* did herſelf prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn to the Light.

1.

FIrſt-born of *Chaos*, who ſo fair did'ſt come
From the old *Negro*'s darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd.

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no reſt doſt know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou Golden ſhower of a true *Jove!*
Who does in thee deſcend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.

Hail, active Natures watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the luſty Bridegroom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

5.

'Tis I believe, this Archery to ſhew,
That ſo much coſt in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting do'ſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carreer run,
Thy Race is finiſht when begun,
Let a Poſt-Angel ſtart with Thee,
And thou the Goal of Earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as He.

7.

Thou, in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Do'ſt thy bright Wood of Stars ſurvey;
And all the year do'ſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

8. Thou

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like do'ſt round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move;
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy ſhow.

9.

Nor amidſt all theſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild
(O greatneſs without Pride!) the Buſhes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid ſhapes with the black Hemiſphere.

11.

With 'em there haſtes, and wildly takes th' Alarm
Of painted Dreams, a buſie ſwarm.
At the firſt opening of thine Eye,
The various Cluſters break, the antick Atoms fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obſcener Beaſts
Creep, conſcious, to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights remove out of thy way.

13.

At thy appearance, Grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his Wings, and rowſe his Head:
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy appearance, Fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold.
Encourag'd at the ſight of Thee,
To the Cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the Knee.

15.

Ev'n Luſt, the Maſter of a hardned Face,
Bluſhes, if thou be'ſt in the place,
To darkneſs Curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing Night he rowles his ſmoaky fires.

16.

When, Goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy wak'ned head,
Out of the Mornings Purple Bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all thy joyful World ſalutes the riſing day.

17.

The Ghoſts, and Monſter-Spirits, that did preſume,
A Bodies Priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And Bodies gain agen their viſibility.

18.

All the Worlds brav'ry that delights our Eyes
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries:
Thou the rich Dy on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'ſt.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.
The Virgin Lillies in their White
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.

20.

The Violet, Springs little Infant, stands
Girt in the purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condens'd thou dost thy Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix;
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less lib'ral to Gold;
Did thou less value to it give,
Of how much care (alas!) might'st thou poor man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft ways of Heav'n and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee;
Like a clear River thou do'st glide,
And with thy living Streams through the close Chanels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the Land o'rflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empyrean Heaven does stay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes and Springs below
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

To the Royal Society.

PHilosophy, the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Tho full of years He do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,
For whatsoe'r the Painters fancy be,
It a Male virtue seems to me,)
Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:

Three or four thousand years one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A Science so well bred and nurst
And of such hopeful parts too at the first.
But, ho, the Guardians and the Tutors then
(Some negligent, and some ambitious, Men,)
Would ne're consent to set him free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Authoritie.

2.

That his own business he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,
With the Deserts of Poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid Meats t'increase his force;
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever fresh Discourse:
Instead of carrying him to see
The Riches which do hoarded for him lye
In Nature's endless Treasury,
They chose his Eye to entertain
(His curious, but not covetous Eye,)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.
Some few exalted Spirits this later Age has shewn,
That labour'd to assert the Liberty
(From Guardians who were now Usurpers grown,)
Of this old *Minor* still, captiv'd Philosphy;
But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
For such a long oppressed Right.
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
Whom a wise King and nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupil's Cause.

3.

Authority, which did a Body boast,
Thô 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
Like some old Giant's more Gigantick Ghost,
To terrifie the Learned Rout,
With the plain Magick of true Reasons light
He chas'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd living *Men* to be misled
By the vain Shadows of the Dead:
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled.
He broke that monstrous God which stood
In mid'st of th' Orchard, and the Whole did claim,
Which with an useless Sithe of Wood,
And something else not worth a Name,
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget;
Ridiculous and senseless Terrors!) made
Children and superstitious Men afraid:
The Orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke the Scare-crow Deitie.
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd Fruit come gather now your fill.

Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the Forbidden-Tree;
We would be like the Deitie,
When Truth and Falſhood, Good and Evil, we,
Without the Senſes aid, within ourſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Tho we our Thoughts from them perverſely drew,)
To Things, the Minds right Object, he it brought:
Like fooliſh Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the True:
And when on heaps the choſen Bunches lay,
He preſt them wiſely the Mechanick way;
Till all their juyce did in one Veſſel joyn,
Ferment into a Nouriſhment Divine,
The thirſty Souls refreſhing Wine.
Who to the Life an exact Piece would make
Muſt not from others Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' Ideas, and the Images which lye
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The Natural and Living Face:
The real Object muſt command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

5.

From theſe, and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Predeceſſors went,
And like th' old *Hebrews*, many years did ſtray
In Deſerts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like *Moſes*, led us forth at laſt,
The barren Wilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very Border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd Land,
And from the Mountain's top of his exalted Wit
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to diſcover Worlds, and Conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a Line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt Depths of Nature's Sea:
The Work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt, if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Exceſs
Of low Affliction, and high Happineſs.
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's always in a Triumph or a Fight?

6.

From you great Champions, we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious Countrys but diſcover'd yet;
Countreys, where yet inſtead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worſhip'd ſee:

Theſe large and wealthy Regions to ſubdue,
Thô Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in ev'ry Land,
A better Troop he ne're together drew;
Methinks like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with deſign has pickt out you,
To do thoſe noble Wonders by a few.
When the whole Hoſt he ſaw, They are (ſaid he,)
Too many to o'recome for Me;
And now he chooſes out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not thoſe many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No, but thoſe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous patern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up their Light,
Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heaven already we eſpy,
And crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the ſpacious Plains of Earth and Sea
Could never yet diſcover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye.
Nature's great Works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmalneſs her near Objects can ſecure;
Y' have taught the curious Sight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her imperceptible Littleneſs.
Y' have learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hand,
And well begun her deepeſt Senſe to underſtand.

8.

Miſchief and true Diſhonor fall on thoſe
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe
So virtuous, and ſo Noble a Deſign,
So Human for its Uſe, for knowledge ſo Divine.
The things which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall.
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of Nature let me know;
Rather than all their greateſt Actions do.
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the Throne uſurp'd from it
Muſt feel at firſt the Blows of Ignorance,
And the ſharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celeſtial Dance,
In many thouſand years
A Star, ſo long unknown, appears,

Thô

Thô Heaven itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wiſe a Star, to Fools a Meteor ſhew.

9.

With Courage and Succeſs you the bold Work begin ;
Your Cradle has not idle bin :
None e're but *Hercules* and you would be
At five years Age worthy a Hiſtorie.
And ne're did Fortune better yet
Th' Hiſtorian to the Story fit :
As you from all Old Errors free,
And purge the Body of Philoſophie ;
So from all Modern Follies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Style like a clean Stream does ſlide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-ſhine in it play ;
It does, like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide ;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Cryſtal Urn,
And with Judicious hand does the whole Torrent guide!
'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs without the paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship preſented to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford *Eſquire.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
And matcht in race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
Without preſumption ſo deſerv'd a Name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now,)
In her new ſhapes this ſacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wiſh'd from fate
A more bleſt Station, or more bleſt Eſtate.
For (lo !) a Seat of endleſs reſt is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
Thô Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in ev'ry Land,
A better Troop she ne're together drew,
Methinks like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with design has pickt out you,
To do those noble Wonders by a few.
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he,)
Too many to o'recome for Me;
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Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea
Could never yet discover'd be
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Nature's great Works no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure;
Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible Littleness.
Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand.

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Mischief and true Dishonor fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous, and so Noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for knowledge so Divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small.
Those smallest things of Nature let me know;
Rather than all their greatest Actions do.
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the Throne usurp'd from it
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance,
In many thousand years
A Star, so long unknown, appears,

Thô

Thô Heaven itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wiſe a Star, to Fools a Meteor ſhew.

9.

With Courage and Succeſs you the bold Work begin;
Your Cradle has not idle bin:
None e're but *Hercules* and you would be
At five years Age worthy a Hiſtorie.
And ne're did Fortune better yet
Th' Hiſtorian to the Story fit:
As you from all Old Errors free,
And purge the Body of Philoſophie;
So from all Modern Follies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Style like a clean Stream does ſlide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-ſhine in it play;
It does, like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Cryſtal Urn,
And with Judicious hand does the whole Torrent guide!
'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs without the paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship preſented to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford *Eſquire.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
And matcht in race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
Without preſumption ſo deſerv'd a Name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now,)
In her new ſhapes this ſacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wiſh'd from fate
A more bleſt Station, or more bleſt Eſtate.
For (lo!) a Seat of endleſs reſt is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
Thô Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in ev'ry Land,
A better Troop she ne're together drew,
Methinks like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with design has pickt out you,
To do those noble Wonders by a few.
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he,)
Too many to o'recome for Me;
And now he chooses out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not those many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream just so as by their mouths it fled:
No, but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous patern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up their Light,
Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
And crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea
Could never yet discover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye.
Nature's great Works no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure;
Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible Littleness.
Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand.

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So Human for its Use, for knowledge so Divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
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To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

A PROPOSITION

For the Advancement of

Experimental Philosophy.

THE COLLEGE.

THat the *Philosophical College* be situated within one, two, or (at farthest,) three Miles of *London*, and if it be possible to find that Convenience, upon the side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this College amount to Four thousand a year.

That the Company received into it be, as follows:

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors. 2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Professors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Baily for the Revenue. 5. Manciple, or Purveyor for the Provisions of the House. 6. Two Gardners. 7. A Master-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical-servants. 13. A Library-keeper, who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and Keeper of Instruments, Engines, *&c.* 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beasts, Fowl, *&c.* kept by the College. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all uses of the College. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like Services.

That the Annual Allowance for this Company be, as follows:

1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, One hundred and twenty Pounds. 2. To the Sixteen Scholars, Twenty Pounds a piece, Ten Pounds for their Diet, and Ten Pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily, Thirty Pounds besides Allowances for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty Pounds. 5. To each of the Gardners, Twenty Pounds. 6. To the Master-Cook, Twenty Pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four Pounds. 8. To the Butler, Ten Pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, Four Pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thirty Pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty Pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs, Twelve Pounds. 13. To the Keeper of the Beasts, Six Pounds. 14. To the Groom, Five Pounds. 15. To the Messenger, Twelve Pounds. 16. To the Four necessary Women, Ten Pounds. For the Manciples Table, at which all the Servants of the House are to eat, except the Scholars, One hundred sixty Pounds. For Three Horses for the Service of the College, Thirty Pounds.

All

All which amounts to Three thousand two hundred eighty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable Sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the Industry of the College will in a short time so inrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and inlargement of the work, when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise from Leases and other Casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Professors, or any other use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the general good of the World; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the Institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragment of the Company, it is proposed,

That some person of eminent Quality, a lover of solid Learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen Chancellor or President of the College; and that eight Governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed Visitors of the College, and receive an exact account of all expences even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their publick Treasure, under the Hands and Oaths of the Professors Resident.

That the Choice of the Professors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the Professors (who are likeliest to know what Men of the Nation are most proper for the duties of their Society,) direct their choice by recommending two or three persons to them at every Election. And that if any Learned Person, within His Majesties Dominons, discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward, and the encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the Governors have power to turn out any Professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the Societey.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner; That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large Grounds, inclosed with good Walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster, and the Professors Lodgings or rather little Houses, four on each side at some distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of the *Charteux* beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lined with a Gravel-walk, and and that Walk with a row of Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts. 1, A Chapel. 2. A Hall with two long Tables on each side for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the

end

end for the publick Lectures. 2. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing useful to Human Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, *&c.* and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like Discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraictures: As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuft Skins of as many strange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy-Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all Conveniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Drugs and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furnish'd with all sorts of Mathematical Instruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyor, near the Chapel, Anatomy-Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchin, Butteries, Brew-house, Bake-house, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, *&c.* and especially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-servants.

That behind the second Court be placed the Garden, containing all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little House of Pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardner, and a Grove of Trees cut into Walks.

That the second enclosed Ground be a Garden, destined only to the Trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, Coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art, either for Use or Curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardner.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient Receptacles for all sorts of Creatures, which the Professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the College, where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dials, and such like Curiosities; and that there be very deep Vaults, made underground, for Experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the Charity or Generosity of this Age to extend to; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomon*'s House in my Lord *Bacon*, (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented,) but propose it within such bounds of Expence, as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Profeſſors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.

THat of the twenty Profeſſors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and ſixteen always Reſident, unleſs by permiſſion upon extraordinary occaſions; and every one, ſo abſent, leaving a Deputy behind him to ſupply his Duties.

That the four Profeſſors itinerate be aſſigned to the four parts of the World, *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, there to reſide three years at leaſt, and to give a conſtant account of all things that belong to the Learning, and eſpecially Natural Experimental Philoſophy, of thoſe parts.

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That the Maſter ſhall command all the Officers of the College, appoint Aſſemblies or Conferences upon occaſion, and preſide in them with a double voice, and in his abſence the Treaſurer, whoſe buſineſs is to receive and diſburſe all Moneys by the Ma-

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sters order in writing, (if it be an extraordinary,) after consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in Parlor within the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thursdays*,) at two round Tables for the convenience of Discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their Studies and Professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable Talk, shall be the duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read them what they shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall belong likewise to the said *Arbitri Mensarum* only to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the the College Twenty pounds a year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the College, and the Progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the Assembly to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture, with an Elogy under it shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be always assigned to some particular Inquisition, (besides the ordinary course of their Studies,) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the College shall furnish for the charge of the Operation.

That there shall be kept a Register under Lock and Key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of all the Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the tryal.

That the popular and received Errors in Experimental Philosophy, (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almost all overgrown,) shall be evinced by Trial, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the Foundation,) the College shall give an account in Print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber, and at Table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That

That the Scholar ſhall underſtand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being choſen into the ſervice, and that he ſhall not remain in it above Seven years.

That his Lodging ſhall be with the Profeſſor whom he ſerves.

That no Profeſſor ſhall be a Married Man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Phyſick he may be allowed to preſcribe, becauſe the ſtudy of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is ſo great, that it will not ſuffer him to loſe much time in mercenary Practice.

That the Profeſſors ſhal in the College wear the habit of ordinary Maſters of Art in the Univerſities, or of Doctors, if any of them be ſo.

That they ſhall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendſhip with one another, and that the Aſſembly ſhall lay a conſiderable pecuniary mulct upon any one who ſhall be proved to have entered ſo far into a Quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Profeſſor; and that the perſeverance in any enmity ſhall be puniſh'd by the Governors with expulſion.

That the Chaplain ſhall eat at the Maſters Table, (paying his Twenty pounds a year as the others do,) and that he ſhall read Prayers once a day at leaſt, a little before Supper-time; that he ſhall Preach in the Chappel every Sunday-morning, and Catechize in the Afternoon the Scholars and the School-boys; that he ſhall every Month Adminiſter the Holy Sacrament; that he ſhall not trouble himſelf and his Auditors with the Controverſies of Divinity, but only teach God in his juſt Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

The School.

THat the School may be built ſo as to contain about an hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Claſſes, not as others are ordinarily into ſix or ſeven, becauſe we ſuppoſe that the Children, ſent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have paſt the two or three firſt, and to have attained the Age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the *Latin Grammar*, and ſome Authors.

That none, though never ſo rich, ſhall pay any thing for their Teaching; and that if any Profeſſor ſhall be convicted to have taken any Money in conſideration of his pains in the School, he ſhall be expelled with ignominy by the Governors; but if any Perſons of great Eſtate and Quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the ſame age commonly are at other Schools, ſhall not think fit to receive an Obligation of ſo near concernment without returning ſome marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they pleaſe, (for nothing is to be demanded,) beſtow ſome little Rarity or Curioſity upon the Society in recompence of their Trouble.

And becauſe it is deplorable to conſider the loſs which Children make of their Time at moſt Schools, employing, or rather

casting away six or seven years in the learning of Words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here established for the infusing Knowledge and Language at the same time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done by breeding them in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who Treat of some parts of Nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; Such are in Latin, *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, part of *Celsus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Natura Deorum*, and several scattered Pieces, *Virgils Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Nemetianus*, *Manilius*; and because the truth is, we want good Poets (I mean we have but few,) who have purposely treated of Solid and Learned, that is, Natural Matters, (the most part indulging to the weakness of the World, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes,) we conceive, that one Book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient Poets that might serve for the advancement of Natural Sciences, and which would make no small and unusual or unpleasant Volume. To this we would have added the *Morals* and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Institutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common Discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be made Masters of them, as a part of their Recreation, and not of their Task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terence*'s Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced,) some of *Plautus*'s; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoyned, and most innocent Pleasures they can be allowed. As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Nicander Oppianus*, (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*,) *Aristotle*'s History of *Animals*, and other parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several, both Poets, and other *Grecian* Writers. For the Moral and Rhetorick. *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the later. With the History of *Animals* they should be shewed Anatomy as a Divertisment, and made to know the Figures and Natures of those Creatures, which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those Errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be used to make them acquainted with all Plants: And to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry and Astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in *Latin* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latin*; and in all this travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punishment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Mustering and Training after the manner of Soldiers, *&c.* And to prevent all Dangers, and all Disorder there should always be two of the Scholars with them, to be as Witnesses and Directors of their Actions.

In

In foul weather it would not be amiſs for them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn juſt ſo much, (for all beyond is ſuperfluous, if not worſe,) as may give them a graceful comportment of their Bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are to be a part of the Chaplains Province.

That for all theſe ends the College ſo order it, as that there may be ſome convenient and pleaſant Houſes thereabouts, kept by Religious, Diſcreet, and careful perſons, for the Lodging and Boarding of young Scholars, that they have a conſtant Eye over them, to ſee that they be bred up there Piouſly, Cleanly, and Plentifully, according to the Proportion of their Parents Expences.

And that the College, when it ſhall pleaſe God, either by their own Induſtry and Succeſs, or by the Benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them ſo far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, ſhall at their own charges erect and maintain ſome Houſe or Houſes, for the Entertainment of ſuch poor Mens Sons, whoſe good Natural Parts may promiſe either Uſe or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their Abode at School, and ſhall take care that it ſhall be done with the ſame conveniencie as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children, (though they maintain the fewer for that cauſe) there being nothing of eminent and illuſtrious to be expected from a low, ſordid, and Hoſpital-like Education.

Concluſion.

IF I be not much abuſed by a natural fondneſs to my own Conceptions (that εὕρημα of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deſerves to meet with ſo few Adverſaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of twenty well ſelected perſons in ſuch a condition of Life, that their whole buſineſs and ſole profeſſion may be to ſtudy the improvement and advantage of all other Profeſſions, from that of the higheſt General even to the loweſt Artiſan? Who ſhall be obliged to imploy their whole time, wit, learning, and induſtry, to theſe four, the moſt uſeful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; Firſt, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former Ages, to detect, explode, and ſtrike a cenſure through all falſe Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated ſo long, and (as I may ſay) to ſet the mark of the Colledge upon all true Coins that they may paſs hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the loſt Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancient. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; and laſtly, to diſcover others, which we yet have not. And who ſhall beſides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the beſt Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as ſhall think fit to make uſe of

of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good Inſtitutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things conſidered, I will ſuppoſe this Propoſition will encounter with no Enemies; the only Queſtion is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Diſcourſe and deſign to Reality and Effect; the neceſſary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it ſelf well enough afterwards) being ſo great (though I have ſet them as low as is poſſible in order to ſo vaſt a work) that it may ſeem hopeleſs to raiſe ſuch a ſum out of thoſe few dead Reliques of Human Charity and Publick Generoſity which are yet remaining in the World.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE By way of VISION,

Concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwell.*

IT was the Funeral day of the man late who made himself to be called *Protector.* And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that Solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's) as far as from the Mount in *Cornwal* and from the *Orcades.* I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death it self could deserve. There was a mighty Train of black assistants, among which two divers Princes in the Persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother) were pleased to attend; the Herse was magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practised at Royal interments; and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the Spectacle it self. But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methoughts, it somewhat repesented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet after all this, but an ill sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and like his short Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene past by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, asleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddainly transported afar off (whether in the body or out of the body, like St. *Paul*, I know not) and found my self on the top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the prospect of three Great, and not long since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I look'd on them,

them, the not-long-ſince ſtrook upon my memory, and called forth the ſad repreſentation of all the Sins, and all the Miſeries that had overwhelmed them theſe twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my preſent ſtock of moiſture was all waſted, I fell a ſighing for an hour more, and as ſoon as I recovered from my paſſion, the uſe of ſpeech and reaſon, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Iſle, how art thou chang'd and curſt,
Since I was born, and knew thee firſt!
When Peace which had forſook the World around,
(Frighted with noiſe and the ſhrill Trumpets ſound)
Thee for a private place of reſt,
And a ſecure retirement choſe
Wherein to build her Halcyon Neſt;
No Wind durſt ſtir abroad the Air to diſcompoſe.

2.

When all the riches of the Globe beſide
Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful Induſtry,
When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
And all his Tributary Streams,
A conſtante Tribul paid to thee,
When all the liquid World was one extended *Thames*.

3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was its Steward there;
When Gold walkt free about in open view,
E'r it one conqu'ring parties priſoner grew;
When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Subſtance with her Voice,
E'r ſhe by'er fooliſh Loves of late,
Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd into a noiſe.

4.

Which Men to Men reſpect, and friendſhip bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happ'er even than He.

5.

Thou do'ſt a *Chaos* and Confuſion now,
A *Babel* and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a frantick perſon thou do'ſt tear
The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou ſhould'ſt wear,
And cut they Limbs, and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy Barbarous *Britons* did)
Thy Body with Hypocriſie
Painted all o'r thou think'ſt, thy naked ſhame is hid.

6. The

6.

The Nations which envied thee er' while,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee (alas!)
But that thy Faults all pity do ſurpaſs.
Art thou the Countrey which didſt hate,
And mock the *French* Inconſtancie?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of Habits there, than Governments in Thee?

7.

Unhappy Iſle! No Ship of thine at Sea,
Was ever toſt and torn like thee
Thy naked Hulk looſe on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her ruine threat;
What did thy fooliſh Pilots ail,
To lay the Compaſs quite aſide?
Without a Law or Rule to ſail,
And rather take the Winds than Heavens to be their Guide?

8.

Yet mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Iſle from ſhipwrack ſave;
And though to waſh that blood which does it ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays we know)
This guilty periſhing Veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his Blood below.

I think, I ſhould have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a ſtrange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (ariſing out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the ſhadow of any Gyant in the Evening. His Body was naked, but that nakedneſs adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over, with ſeveral Figures, after the manner of the ancient *Britons*, painted upon it: and I perceived that moſt of them were the repreſentation of the late Battels in our Civil Wars, and (if I be not much miſtaken) it was the Battel of *Naſeby* that was drawn upon his Breaſt. His Eyes were like burning Braſs, and there were three Crowns of the ſame Metal (as I gueſt,) and that look'd as red-hot too upon his Head. He held in his right Hand a Sword that was yet Bloody, and nevertheleſs the Motto of it was, *Pax quæritur bello*; and in his left Hand a thick Book, upon the back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Proteſtations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonſtrances, *&c.* Though this ſudden, unuſual, and dreadful Object might have quelled a greater Courage than mine, yet ſo it pleaſed God, (for there is nothing bolder than a Man in a Viſion,) that I was not at all daunted, but ask'd him reſolutely and briefly, What art thou? and he ſaid, I am called, The *North-Weſt* Principality, His Highneſs the Protector of the Commonwealth of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of thoſe three King-

doms which thou ſeeſt from this place. And I anſwered and ſaid, If it be ſo, Sir, it ſeems to me that for almoſt theſe twenty years paſt, your Highneſs has been abſent from your Charge: For not only if any Angel, but if any wiſe and honeſt Man had ſince that time been our Governor, we ſhould not have wandred thus long in theſe laborious and endleſs Labyrinths of confuſion, but either not have entred at all into them, or at leaſt have returned back e're we had abſolutely loſt our way; but inſtead of your Highneſs, we have had ſince ſuch a Protector as was his Predeceſſor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he preſently ſlew the Commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and ſet up himſelf in the place of it: A little leſs guilty indeed in one reſpect, becauſe the other ſlew an innocent, and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an Enemy, and rather receive a conſtant *Turk*, than this every Months Apoſtate; ſuch a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he ſhears, and ſells, or devours himſelf; and I would fain know, What the Wolf, which he protects them from, could do more? Such a Protector ——— and as I was proceeding, methought his Highneſs began to put on a diſpleaſed and threatning countenance, as Men uſe to do when their deareſt Friends happen to be traduced in their company, which gave me the firſt riſe of jealouſie againſt him, for I did not believe that *Cromwel*, among all his foreign Correſpondences, had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hard'ned enough to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had ſpoken to the Protector himſelf in *Whitehall*,) I deſired him that his Highneſs would pleaſe to pardon me, if I had unwittingly ſpoken any thing to the diſparagement of a perſon, whoſe relation to his Highneſs I had not the honor to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for late his Highneſs, than as he took him to be the greateſt Man that ever was of the *Engliſh* Nation, if not, (ſaid he) of the whole World, which gives me a juſt Title to the defence of his Reputation, ſince I now account myſelf as it were a naturalized *Engliſh* Angel by having had ſo long the management of the Affairs of that Country. And pray, Countryman, (ſaid he, very kindly and very flatteringly,) for I would not have you fall into the general Error of the World, that deteſts and decries ſo extraordinary a Virtue; What can be more extraordinary, than that a perſon of mean Birth, no Fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have ſometimes, or of Mind which have often, raiſed Men to the higheſt Dignities, ſhould have the courage to attempt, and the happineſs to ſucceed in ſo improbable a Deſign, as the deſtruction of one of the moſt ancient, and moſt ſolidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? That he ſhould have power or boldneſs to put his Prince and Maſter to an open and infamous death? To baniſh that numerous and ſtrongly-allied Family? To do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament? To trample upon Them too as he pleaſed, and ſpurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them? To raiſe up a new and unheard of Monſter out of their Aſhes? To ſtifle that in the very infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever

were

were called Sovereign in *England*? To oppreſs all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice? To ſerve all Parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriouſly at laſt? To over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome, with equal felicity, both the Riches of the South, and the Poverty of the North? To be feared and courted by all foreign Princes, and adopted a Brother to the Gods of the Earth? To call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and ſcatter them again with the breath of his Mouth? To be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would pleaſe to be hired, at the rate of two Millions a year, to be Maſter of thoſe who had hired him before to be their Servant? To have the Eſtates and Lives of Three Kingdoms as much at his diſpoſal, as was the little Inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them? And laſtly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his Glory, to bequeath all this with one word to his Poſterity? To die with Peace at home, and Triumph abroad? To be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal Solemnity? And to leave a Name behind him not to be extinguiſh'd, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his Praiſes, ſo might have been too for his Conqueſts, if the ſhort line of this human Life could have been ſtretcht out to the Extent of his immortal Deſigns?

By this Speech I began to underſtand perfectly well, what kind of Angel his pretended Highneſs was, and having fortified myſelf privately with a ſhort mental Prayer, and with the Sign of the Croſs, (not out of any Superſtition to the Sign, but as a recognition of my Baptiſm in Chriſt,) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what you are pleaſed to ſay in commendation of the late Great and (I confeſs. extraordinary Perſon, but that I remember, Chriſt forbids us to give aſſent to any other Doctrine, but what himſelf has taught us, even tho it ſhould be delivered by an Angel; and if ſuch you be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: For ſure I am, that we muſt renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honeſty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I ſuppoſe you commend by Irony. There would be no end to inſtance in the particulars of all his wickedneſs; but to ſum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a perſon, ſuch as your ſelf qualifie him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himſelf above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his ſervants? to take Arms againſt Taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand pounds a year, and to raiſe them himſelf to above two Millions? to quarrel for the loſs of three or four Ears, and ſtrike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight againſt an imaginary ſuſpicion of I know not what two thouſand Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himſelf no leſs than forty thouſand? to pretend the defence of Parliament, and violently to diſſolve all even of his own calling, and almoſt chooſing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even

to the very ſkin, and then to expoſe it naked to the rage of all Sects and Hereſies? to ſet up Councils of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight againſt the King under a Commiſſion for him? to take him forcibly out of the hands of thoſe for whom he had Conquer'd him? to draw him into his Net, with proteſtations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him with as little ſhame as conſcience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive a Commiſſion for King and Parliament, to murder (as I ſaid,) the one, and deſtroy no leſs impudently the other? to fight againſt Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare againſt it, when he contrived for it in his own perſon? to abaſe perfidiouſly, and ſupplant ingratefully his own General firſt, and afterwards moſt of thoſe Officers, who with the loſs of their Honour, and hazard of their Sculs had lifted him up to the top of his unreaſonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all Friends equally? and to make no leſs frequent uſe of the moſt ſolemn Perjuries than the looſer ſort of People do of cuſtomary Oaths? to uſurp three Kingdoms without any ſhadow of the leaſt pretenſions, and to govern them as unjuſtly as he got them? to ſet himſelf up as an Idol, (which we know, as St *Paul* ſays, in itſelf is nothing,) and make the very Streets of *London* like the Valley of *Hinnom*, by burning the bowels of men as a Sacrifice to his *Moloch-ſhip*? to ſeek to entail this uſurpation upon his Poſterity, and with it an endleſs War upon the Nation? and laſtly by the ſevereſt Judgement of Almighty God, to Dye HARDNED, and MAD, and UNREPENTANT, with the CURSES of the preſent Age, and the DETESTATION of all to Succeed?

Tho I had much more to ſay, (for the life of Man is ſo ſhort, that it allows not time enough to ſpeak againſt a Tyrant,) yet becauſe I had a mind to hear how my ſtrange Adverſary would behave himſelf upon this ſubject, and to give even the Devil (as they ſay,) his right and fair play in Diſputation, I ſtopt here, and expected, (not without the frailty of a little fear,) that he ſhould have broke into a violent paſſion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove-like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to ſting, thus reply'd to me:

It is not ſo much out of my affection to that perſon whom we diſcourſe of, (whoſe greatneſs is too ſolid to be ſhaken by the breath of my Oratory,) as for your own ſake (honeſt Countryman,) whom I conceive to err rather by miſtake than out of malice, that I ſhall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjuſt opinion. And in the firſt place, I muſt needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the moſt ancient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withal.

Οὐχ ὅσιον κλαυθμοῖσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι ἐυχετάασθαι,

'Tis wicked with inſulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there is no leſs proper for this

this Subject; for it was ſpoken to a perſon who was proud and inſolent againſt thoſe dead Men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whil'ſt they lived. Your Highneſs may pleaſe (ſaid, I to add the Verſe that follows, as no leſs proper for this Subject.

Whom God's juſt doom and their own ſins have ſent
Already to their puniſhment.

But I take this to be the rule in the caſe, that when we fix any infamy upon deceaſed perſons, it ſhould not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity to the Living, that the Curſes which only remain in mens thoughts, and dare not come forth againſt Tyrants, (becauſe they are Tyrants) whilſt they are ſo, may at leaſt be for ever ſettled and engraven upon their Memories, to deter all others from the like wickedneſs, which elſe in the time of their fooliſh proſperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not ſuffer them to perceive. Ambition is ſo ſubtil a Tempter, and the corruption of human nature ſo ſuſceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly reſiſt it, be he never ſo much forewarn'd of the evil conſequences, much leſs if he find not only the concurrence of the preſent, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The miſchief of Tyranny is too great, even in the ſhorteſt time that it can continue, it is endleſs and inſupportable, if the example be to reign too, and if a *Lambert* muſt be invited to follow the ſteps of a *Cromwel*, as well by the voice of Honour, as by the ſight of Power and Riches. Tho it may ſeem to ſome fantaſtically, yet was it wiſely done of the *Syracuſians*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary juſtice, to condemn and deſtroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; if it were poſſible to cut them out of all Hiſtory, and to extinguiſh their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but ſince they have left behind them too deep wounds, to be ever cloſed up without a Scar, at leaſt let us ſet ſuch a mark upon their memory, that men of the ſame wicked inclinations may be no leſs affrighted with their laſting Ignominy, than inticed by their momentany glories. And that your Highneſs may perceive, that I ſpeak not all this out of any private animoſity againſt the perſon of that late *Protector*, I aſſure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of *Martius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the leaſt injury; and with that tranſported by a holy fury, I fell into this ſudden rapture,

1.

Curſt be the Man, (What do I wiſh?) as tho
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curſt on let him be, (who thinks it brave
And great his Country to enſlave,
Who ſeeks to overpoiſe alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Againſt the whole but naked State
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the weight.

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be firſt,

Tho

Two at the rate of being worſt.
Who would be rather a great Monſter, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain ſtands,
Till Thunder ſtrikes him from the Skie;
The Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

What Blood, Confuſion, Ruin, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous Serpent riſe?
But ev'n his forked Tongue ſtrikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal frown,
A *Baſilisk* he grows, if once he gets a Crown.

4.

But no Guards can oppoſe aſſaulting Ears.
Or undermining Tears.
No more than Doors, or cloſe-drawn Curtains keep
The ſwarming Dreams out when we ſleep.
That bloody Conſcience too of his
(For, ho! a Rebel Red-coat 'tis,)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He ſees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this Rod againſt our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worſe Plagues than *Egypt* new.
What Rivers ſtain'd with blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-ſhot have we ſeen?
What Sores deform'd the Uleerous State?
What Darkneſs to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How as it fnacht our Flocks and Herds away?
And made ev'n our Sons a prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it ſent,
The reſtleſs Notion to torment?
What greedy Troops, what armed Power
Of Flies and Locuſt to devour
The Land, which every where they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it ſtill.

7.

Come, the elevent Plague, rather than this ſhould be;
Come ſink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Peſtilence and reap us down;
Come Gods ſword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſh'd before.

8. If

8.

If by our ſins the Divine Juſtice be
Call'd to this laſt extremitie;
Let ſome denouncing *Jonas* firſt be ſent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at leaſt ſome Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, ſo of a Tyrant's Birth.

Here the ſpirit of a Verſe beginning a little to fail, I ſtopt, and his highneſs ſmiling, ſaid, I was glad to ſee you engaged in the Encloſures of *Metre*; for if you had ſtaid in the open Plain of declaiming againſt the word Tyrant, I muſt have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourſelf as well as me. But pray, Country-man, to avoid this Sciomachy, or imiginary Combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of Tyrant, for I remember, that among your ancient Authors, not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himſelf (your *Juvans Pater*,) is ſo termed, and perhaps as it was uſed formerly in a good ſenſe, ſo we ſhall find it upon better conſideration to be ſtill a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at leaſt it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be juſtly applyed to the Perſon, who is now the ſubject of our Diſcourſe.

I call him (ſaid I,) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himſelf forcibly into the Government of his fellow-Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or, who having a juſt Title to the Government of a people, abuſes it to the deſtruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the ſame time Uſurpers, either of the whole, or at leaſt of a part of that Power which they aſſume to themſelves, and no leſs are they to be accounted Rebels, ſince no man can uſurp Authority over others, but by Rebelling againſt them who had it before, or at leaſt againſt thoſe Laws which were his Superiors; and in all theſe ſenſes no Hiſtory can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or more out of all poſſibility of excuſe, or palliation, than that of the Perſon whom you are pleaſed to defend; whether we conſider his reiterated rebellions againſt all his Superiors, or his uſurpation of the Supreme power to himſelf, or his Tyranny in the exerciſe of it; and if lawful Princes have been eſteemed Tyrants by not containing themſelves within the bounds of thoſe Laws, which have been left them as the ſphere of their Authority by their Forefathers, what ſhall we ſay of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this Nation, could not content himſelf with that which had ſatisfied the moſt ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with thoſe vaſtly extended limits of Sovereignty, which he (diſdaining all that had been preſcribed and obſerved before,) was pleaſed (out of great modeſty,) to ſet to himſelf? not abſtaining from Rebellion and Uſurpation even againſt his own Laws as well as thoſe of the Nation?

Hold, friend, ſaid his Highneſs, pulling me by my Arm, (for I ſee your zeal is tranſporting you again,) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exerciſe of his power, we ſhall

ſee

ſee anon, it is requiſite to examine firſt, whether he were ſo in the uſurpation of it. And I ſay, that not only He, but no man elſe ever was, or can be ſo; And that for theſe reaſons, Firſt, becauſe all power belongs only to God, who is the ſource and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to ſome he gives their places for a few years, to ſome for their lives, and toothers (upon ends or deſerts beſt known to himſelf, or meerly for his indiſputable good pleaſure,) he beſtows as it were Leaſes upon them, and their poſterity, for ſuch a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Deſtiny, which is not legible to you Men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to ſucceed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the caſes obliged to obey him, whom they ſee actually inveſted with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ougt to derive it, without diſputing or examining the cauſes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, becauſe all Power is attained either by the Election and Conſent of the People, and that takes away your objection of forcible intruſion; or elſe by a Conqueſt of them, and that gives ſuch a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Uſurpation of a Tyrant; ſo that either this Title is right, and then there are no Uſurpers; or elſe it is a wrong one, and then there are none elſe but Uſurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which, quitting the diſpute in general, is a particular juſtification of his Highneſs,) the Government of *England* was totally broken and diſſolved, and extinguiſht by the confuſions of a Civil War, ſo that his Highneſs could not be accuſed to have poſſeſt himſelf violently of the ancient building of the Commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and aſhes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable ſhipwrack can with extraordinary induſtry gather together the diſperſt and broken planks and pieces of it; and with no leſs wonderful Art and Felicity ſo rejoyn them, as to make a new Veſſel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deſerves, no doubt, to have the command of her, (even as his Highneſs had by the deſire of the Seamen and Paſſengers themſelves.) And do but conſider laſtly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be ſpoken upon this noble argument,) do but conſider ſeriouſly and impartially with yourſelf, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefagitable diligence and invincible courage muſt of neceſſity have concurred in the perſon of that man who, from ſo contemptible beginnings (as I obſerved before,) and through ſo many thouſand difficulties, was able not only to make himſelf the greateſt and moſt abſolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the intire Conqueſt of *Ireland* and *Scotland*,) which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to,) and to Crown all this with Illuſtrious and

Hero-

Heroical undertakings and ſucceſs upon all our foreign Enemies, do but (I ſay again,) conſider this, and you will confeſs, that his prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the Blood of an hundred Royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conqueſt and Dominion of theſe. Whoever you are (ſaid I, my indignation making me ſome what bolder,) your diſcourſe (methinks,) becomes as little the perſon of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector. It is upon theſe Principles, that all the great Crimes of the World have been commited, and moſt particulary thoſe which I have had the misfortune to ſee in my own time, and in my own Country. If theſe be to be allowed, we muſt break up human Society, retire into the Woods, and equally there ſtand upon our Guards againſt our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beaſts. For if there can be no Uſurpation upon the Rights of a whole Nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private perſon; and if the Robbers of Countries be Gods Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under-Officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the Source and Fountain of all Power, and it is no leſs true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodneſs fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures. What Power he ſuffers the Devil to exerciſe in this World, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monſtrous iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in *England*? but would you infer from thence, that the power of the Devil is a juſt and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as moſt men do, obey him; God is the fountain of all Powers; but ſome flow from the right hand (as it were,) of his Goodneſs, and others from the left hand of his Juſtice; and the World, like an Iſland between theſe two Rivers, is ſomtimes refreſht and nourisht by the one, and ſomtimes over-run and ruin'd by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory,) we are never over-whelm'd by the later, till either by our malice or negligence we have ſtopt and damm'd up the former. But to come up a little cloſer to your argument, or rather the Image of an argument, your ſimilitude; If *Cromwel* had come to Command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I ſhould have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the ſtrength, and the Guards which he brought with him, but for the Commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhewed me from our common Sovereign which ſent him? and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but Commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your ſecond Argument is, that he had the ſame right for his Authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of Conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquer'd by the perſon, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furniſh him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them,) and keep them for ever

ſheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? Did we fight for Liberty againſt our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant? This is ſuch an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for for him had ever the face to mention. Thô it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without paſſion, yet I ſhall, if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the caſe deſerves. The right certainly of Conqueſt can only be exerciſed upon thoſe againſt whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be ſaid to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil Wars men are ſo far from ſtating the quarrel againſt their Country, that they do it only againſt a perſon or party which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any juſt cauſe for the deſtruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the preſervation and ſafety of the whole. 'Tis our Country that raiſes men in the quarrel, our Country that arms, our Country that pays them, our Country that authoriſes the undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from Rapine and Murder: Laſtly, 'tis our Country that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to ſay in Civil Wars, that the prevaling party conquers their Country, is to ſay, the Country conquers itſelf. And if the General only of that party be the Conqueror, the Army, by which he is made ſo, is no leſs conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reaſon to Triumph in that Victory, by which they loſe both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquer'd any party, it was only that againſt which he was ſent, and what that was, muſt appear by his Commiſſion. It was (ſays That,) againſt a company of evil Counſellors, and diſaffected perſons, who kept the King from a good Intelligence and Conjunction with his People. It was not then againſt the People; it is ſo far from being ſo, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conqueſt did not belong to *Cromwel*, but to the Parliament which employed him in their ſervice, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whoſe ſervice (if there had been any faith in mens Vows and Proteſtations,) the Wars were undertaken, Merciful God! did the right of this miſerable Conqueſt remain then in his Majeſty, and did'ſt thou ſuffer him to be deſtroyed with more Barbarity than if he had been Conquer'd even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them juſt as with the Army which we fought againſt, the one part being ſlain, and the other fled? It appears therfore plainly, that *Cromwel* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and a Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Uſurper upon thoſe of the People. I do not here deny Conqueſt to be ſometimes (thô it be very rarely,) a true Title, but I deny this to be a true Conqueſt. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by ſuch a one. One Nation may conquer another ſometimes juſtly, and if it be unjuſtly, yet ſtill it is a true Conqueſt, and they are to anſwer for the injuſtice only to God Almighty (having nothing elſe in authority above them,) and not as particular Rebels to their Country, which is, and ought always to be, their Superior, and their Lords. If perhaps we find Uſurpation inſtead of Conqueſt in the Original

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nal Title of ſome Royal Families abroad, (as no doubt there have been many Uſurpers before ours, though none in ſo impudent and execrable a manner,) all I can ſay for them is, That their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juſter Pretenders, it became to be the true, becauſe it was the only one. Your third Defence of his Highneſs (as your Highneſs pleaſes to call him,) enters in moſt ſeaſonably after his pretence of Conqueſt, for then a Man may ſay any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was diſſolved; Who diſſolved it? It was extinguiſhed; Who was it but *Cromwel*, who not only put out the Light, but caſt away even the very Snuff of it? As if a Man ſhould Murder a whole Family, and then poſſeſs himſelf the Houſe, becauſe 'tis better that he, than that only Rats ſhould live there. Jeſus God! (ſaid I,) and at that Word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a ſtart, and trembled, but I took no notice of it, (and went on,) this were a wicked Pretenſion even though the whole Family were deſtroyed, but the Heirs (bleſſed be God!) are yet ſurviving, and likely to outlive all Heirs of their diſpoſſeſſors, beſides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet Wine enough left for the Sacrifice for thoſe wild Beaſts that have made ſo much ſpoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwel* think, like *Nero*, to ſet the City on Fire, only that he might have the Honour of being Founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have ſuch a ſhadow of Virtue in his Wickedneſs; he meant only to rob more ſecurely, and more richly in midſt of the combuſtion; he little thought then, that he ſhould ever have been able to make himſelf Maſter of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to ſee the publick Veſſel (the Sovereign of the Seas,) in as deſperate a condition as his own little Canow, and thought only with ſome ſcattered Planks of that great Shipwrack to make a better Fiſher-boat for himſelf. But when he ſaw, that by the drowning of the Maſter, (whom he himſelf treacherouſly knockt on the Head, as he was ſwimming for his life,) by the flight and diſperſions of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining Company, that all was abandoned to his pleaſure, with the old Hulk, and new miſhapen, and diſagreeing Pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that Piratical Veſſel which we have ſeen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may beſt be judged by its perpetual Leaking. Firſt then, (much more wicked than thoſe fooliſh Daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by Charms and Witchcraft to make him young and luſty again,) this Man endeavoured to deſtroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what Materials, by what Workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dream't himſelf to be able to revive that Body which he had killed, yet it had been but the inſupportable inſolence of an ignorant Mountebank; And Thirdly, (which concerns us neareſt,) that very new thing which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the Original, either for Beauty, Uſe, or Duration, than an Artificial Plant, raiſed by the Fire of a Chymiſt, is comparable to the true and natural one which he firſt burnt, that out of the Aſhes of

it he might produce an imperfect ſimilitude of his own making. Your laſt Argument is ſuch, (when reduced to Syllogiſm,) that the Major Propoſition of it would make ſtrange work in the World, if it were received for Truth; to wit, that he who has the beſt parts in a Nation, has the Right of being King over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two Branches of the ſame Family; What would become of us, when every Man in *England* ſhould lay his claim to the Government? And truly if *Cromwell* ſhould have commenced his Plea when he ſeems to have begun his Ambition, there were few Perſons beſides that might not at the ſame time have put in theirs too. But his Deſerts, I ſuppoſe, you will date from the ſame term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late Calamities, (for, as for his private Faults before, I can only wiſh, (and that with as much Charity to him as to the Publick,) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for thoſe of his later days,) and therefore we muſt begin the Conſideration of his Greatneſs from the unlucky *Æra* of our own Misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was ſaid leſs truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Noſtra miſeria Magnus es.* But becauſe the general ground of your Argumentation conſiſts in this; That all Men who are the Effectors of extraordinary Mutations in the World, muſt needs have extraordinary Forces of Nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they pleaſe, ſo great a Wheel, I ſhall ſpeak firſt a few Words upon this univerſal Propoſition, which ſeems ſo reaſonable, and is ſo popular, before I deſcend to the particular Examination of the Eminencies of that Perſon which is in queſtion.

I have often obſerved, (with all ſubmiſſion and reſignation of Spirit to the inſcrutable Myſteries of Eternal Providence,) that when the fulneſs and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confuſions and changes in the World, it uſually pleaſes God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the Effects of Human Force or Policy, but of the Divine Juſtice and Predeſtination; And though we ſee a little Man like that which we call *Jack of the Clock-houſe*, ſtriking as it were the hour of that fulneſs of time, yet our Reaſon muſt needs be convinced, that his Hand is moved by ſome ſecret, and, to us that ſtand without, inviſible direction; and the Stream of the Current is then ſo violent, that the ſtrongeſt Men in the World cannot draw up againſt it, and none are ſo weak, but they may ſail down with it. Theſe are the Spring-Tides of Publick Affairs, which we ſee often happen, but ſeek in vain to diſcover any certain Cauſes.

——Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinaque ſilvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes.——

And

And one Man then, by maliciously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this, (though he may be as guilty, as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so,) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the Art then and Industry of Mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the Wisdom and Power of the *Roman Senate*, nor the Wit and Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus*, was able to defend their Country or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a Beardless Boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous Mad-man. The valour and prudent Counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the Errors and Cowardise on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one General saves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that in the Translation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most Eminent Men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio*, and his Contemporaries, for his chief Instruments and Actors in so admirable a Work, (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one Nation, which may be done by the worst of Mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous Persons,) yet when God only intends the Temporary Chastisement of a People, he does not raise up his Servant *Cyrus*, (as he himself is pleased to call him,) or an *Alexander*, (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm,) but he makes the *Massenelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the Instruments of his Vengeance; that the Power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the Means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the Serpents and the Monsters of *Africk* to correct the Pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locusts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole Country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is easie to apply this general Observation to the particular Case of our Troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a Temporary Chastisement of our Sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these Considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a Judgment of the Will of God in future Events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered Mortars can hold out against the next blast of Wind, nor any Stone stick to a Stone, till that, which these foolish Builders have refused, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indisposed and long tormented Commonwealth hath wearied and spent itself almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous Experiments of several Mountebanks, it is to be supposed it will have the wit at last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second Consideration,) most evidently, (as it now

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begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long ſince,) that no Uſurpation (under what name or pretext ſoever,) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of thoſe Oppreſſions upon the People, which will at laſt tire out their patience, though it be great, even to ſtupidity. They cannot be ſo dull, (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their underſtanding,) as not to find out this no extraordinary Myſtery, that it is madneſs in a Nation to pay Three Millions a year for the maintaining of their ſervitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I ſay, will not always lie hid, even to the ſloweſt capacities; And the next truth they will diſcover afterwards is, That a whole People can never have the Will, without having at the ſame time the Power to redeem themſelves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks,) as if God had forſaken the Family of that Man, from whom he had raiſed up five Children, of as eminent Virtue, and all other commendable Qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for ſo many together, and ſo young) in any other Family in the whole World; eſpecially, if we add hereto this conſideration, That by protecting and preſerving ſome of them already through as great dangers as ever were paſt with ſafety, either by Prince or Private Perſon, he hath given them already (as we may reaſonably hope to be meant,) a promiſe and earneſt of his future Favours. And laſtly, (to return cloſely to the Diſcourſe from which I have a little digreſs'd,) becauſe I ſee nothing of thoſe excellent parts of Nature, and mixture of Merit with their Vices, in the late Diſturbers of our Peace and Happineſs, that uſes to be found in the Perſons of thoſe who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confeſs I find nothing of that kind, no nor any ſhadow, (taking away the falſe light of ſome proſperity,) in the Man whom you extol for the firſt example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by Mens Actions, or of the later than by their Writings or Speeches. As for theſe later, (which are leaſt in merit, or rather which are only the Inſtruments of Miſchief, where the other are wanting,) I think you can hardly pick out the Name of a Man who ever was called *Great*, beſides him we are now ſpeaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wiſe or witty Apothegm, even amongſt his Domeſtick Servants or greateſt Flatterers. That little in Print which remains upon a ſad record for him, is ſuch, as a Satyr againſt him would not have made ſay, for fear of tranſgreſſing too much the Rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the Juſtification of his Parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive ſo many particular Perſons, and ſo many whole Parties; which if you pleaſe to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I deſire you to allow me the liberty to do ſo too, when I am to ſpeak of his Morals. The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wiſdom, and Diſſimulation Wit, (aſſiſted both and improved with Hypocriſies and Perjuries,) I muſt not deny him to have been ſingular in both; but ſo groſs was the manner in which he made uſe of them, that as Wiſe Men ought not to have believed him at firſt, ſo no Man was Fool enough

nough to believe him at laſt; neither did any man ſeem to do it, but thoſe who thought they gained as much by that diſſembling, as he did by his. His very actings of Godlineſs grew at laſt as ridiculous, as if a Player by puting on a Gown, ſhould think he repreſented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the ſame time were ſeen by all the Spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiſs and explode him off the Stage? I can only anſwer, that they durſt not do ſo, becauſe the Actors and the Door-keepers were too ſtrong for the company. I muſt confeſs, that by theſe Arts, (how groſly ſoever managed, as by hypocritical praying, and ſilly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falſhoods and perjuries, even diabolical,) he had at firſt the good fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune,) to attain his ends; but it was becauſe his ends were ſo unreaſonable, that no human reaſon could foreſee them; which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluding Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impoſtor; that theſe Arts were helpt by an Indefatigable induſtry, (as you term it,) I am ſo far from doubting, that I intend to object that diligence as the worſt of his Crimes. It makes me almoſt mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedneſs. If I were his Son, I ſhould wiſh to God he had been a more lazy perſon, and that we might have found him ſleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather then waking for thoſe ends of his when other men were ordinarly aſleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tells us, *Their feet run to evil, and they make haſte to ſhed innocent blood*, Iſa. 59. 7. *He travels with iniquity*, Pſal. 7. 14. *He deviſeth miſchief upon his bed*, Pſal. 34. 4. *They ſearch out iniquity, they accompliſh a diligent ſearch*, Pſal. 64. 6. And in a multitude of other places. And would it not ſeem ridiculous to praiſe a Wolf for his Watchfulneſs, and for his indefatigable induſtry in ranging all night about the Country, whil'ſt the Sheep, and perhaps the Shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all aſleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
To call him to the duties of his Cell;
There needs no noiſe at all t'awaken ſin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the Diligence of wicked Perſons be ſo much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphaſis and Exaggeration of their wickedneſs, I ſee not how their courage can avoid the ſame cenſure. If the undertaking bold, and vaſt, and unreaſonable deſigns can deſerve that honourable Name, I am ſure *Faux* and his fellow Gunpowder-Fiends will have cauſe to pretend, though not an equal, yet at leaſt the next place of Honour; neither can I doubt, but if they too had ſucceeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unqueſtionably, for a Man in defiance of all Human and Divine Laws, (and with ſo little probability of a long impunity,) ſo publickly and ſo outragiouſly to murder his Maſter; It was bold, with ſo much inſolence and affront to expel and diſperſe all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold, to violate

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so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his one making; It was bold to assume the authority of Calling, and bolder yet of Breaking, so many Parliaments; It was bold to trample upon the patience of his, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countrys; It was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to Usurp the Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this Boldness is so far from being a sign of manly Courage, which dares not transgress the rules of another Virtue, that it is only a Demonstration of Brutish Madness or Diabolical possession. In both which last cases, there use frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force, as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of *Cromwel*; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater; 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropolis of the whole World on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp, whil'st he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that Great person, (for, Why should not He too be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage, which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like necessity. It would look (I must confess,) like Envy, or too much partiality, if I should say, that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no Man ever bore the honour of so many Victories, at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the Command of three Nations. What then shall we say, that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe, he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths,) to the Supream Usurpt Authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his Foreign and Domestick Actions. The first of his Foreign, was a Peace with our Brethren of *Holland*, (who were the first of our neighbours, that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home,) Who would not imagine at first glimpse, that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole Life could have made any parade of? But no man can look upon all the Circumstances, without perceiving that

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it was purely the ſale and ſacrificing of the greateſt advantages that this Country could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Intereſts of his Covetouſneſs and Ambition, and the ſecurity of his new and unſettled Uſurpation. No ſooner is that danger paſt, but this *Beatus pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, a carrying a War two thouſand miles off Weſtwards. Two Millions a year (beſides all the Vails of his Protectorſhip,) is as little capable to ſuffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two Hundred pounds were that he was born too. He muſt have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To ſatisfie our *Anti-Solomon*, (who has made Silver almoſt as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious Stones in his *New Jeruſalem*,) we muſt go, ten thouſand of his Slaves to fetch him Riches from his fantaſtical *Ophir*. And becauſe his Flatterers brag of him as the moſt fortunate Prince, (the *Fauſtus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forſook in any of his undertakings,) I deſire them to conſider, how ſince the *Engliſh* Name was ever heard of, it never received ſo great and ſo infamous a blow, as under the imprudent Conduct of this unlucky *Fauſtus*; and herein let me admire the Juſtice of God in this circumſtance, that they who had enſlaved their Country, (though a great Army, which I wiſh may be obſerved by ours with trembling,) ſhould be ſo ſhamefully defeated by the hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous to ſee, how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conqueſt of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army ſhould have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, becauſe though they had fled out of the field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a neceſſary conſequence of this Folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the *Cuſtom-houſe* and *Exchange* inform you; and if he pleaſe to boaſt of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet (which indeed no body elſe but he, who was the ſole gainer, hath cauſe to do,) at leaſt, let him give leave to the reſt of the Nation (which is the only loſer,) to complain of the loſs of twelve hundred of her Ships. But becauſe it may here perhaps be anſwered, that his Succeſſes nearer home have extinguiſh'd the diſgrace of ſo remote Miſcarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his Glory, than *S. Domingo* for his Diſadvantage; I muſt confeſs, as to the honor of the *Engliſh* Courage, that they were not wanting upon that occaſion (excepting only the fault of ſerving, at leaſt, indirectly againſt their Maſter,) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Anceſtors. But for his particular ſhare of it, who ſate ſtill at home, and expoſed them ſo frankly abroad, I can only ſay, that for leſs Money than he, in the ſhort time of his Reign, exacted from his fellow-Subjects, ſome of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own perſons,) have added to the Dominion of *England*, not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it ſelf. And this being all conſiderable as concerning his Enterpriſe abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Juſtice and good Government at home. And firſt, he found the Commonwealth (as then they called it.) in ready ſtock of about 800000 *l.*

he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent raillery ſtill to call it,) ſome two millions and a half in debt. He found our Trade very much decayed indeed, in compariſon of the Golden times of our late Princes? he left it as much again more decayed than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever ſought out more baſe or infamous means to raiſe Moneys. I ſhall only inſtance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he,) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was Decimation; which was the moſt impudent breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himſelf had made as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe,) in all Hiſtory, from any of the moſt barbarous Generals of the moſt barbarous People. Which becauſe it hath been moſt excellently and moſt largely laid open, by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I ſhall only deſire you here to remember the thing in general, and be pleaſed to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumſtances of the Iniquity. The other deſign of raiſing a preſent ſum of Money, which he violently purſued, but durſt not put in execution, was by the calling in and eſtabliſhment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuked by the univerſal out-cry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a conſiderable number, at leaſt among themſelves, were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*, and for this deſign they ſaw he invented (Oh Antichriſt! πόνηρον and πόνηρε) to ſell S. *Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purſes and devotions could have reacht to the purchaſe. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation, which had given the firſt noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had ſome appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love to their Mammon; and would have ſold afterwards for as much more S. *Peters* (even at his own *Weſtminſter*,) to the *Turks* for a *Moſquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he deſired he might be worſhipped in all manners, excepting only that Heatheniſh way of the Common-Prayer-Book. But, what do I ſpeak of his wicked inventions for getting Money? when every penny that for almoſt five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery, as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not ſo? or, Can any man think that *Cromwel*, with the aſſiſtance of his Forces and Moſs-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purſes, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too ſtrong for upon a Road? And yet when this came, in the caſe of Mr. *Coney* to be diſputed by a legal Tryal, he (which was the higheſt act of Tyranny that ever was ſeen in *England*,) not only diſcouraged and threatned, but violently impriſoned, the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he ſhut up the Law itſelf cloſe Priſoner, that no man might have relief from, or acceſs to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by thoſe Men, who a few years before had ſo bitterly decried, and openly oppoſed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the Tryal of a little Ship-money

ney. But tho we loſt the benefit of our old Courts of Juſtice, it cannot be denied that he ſet up new ones; and ſuch they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, ſo no ill one durſt erect. What, have we lived ſo many hundred years under ſuch a form of Juſtice as has been able regulary to puniſh all men that offend againſt it, and is it ſo deficient juſt now, that we muſt ſeek out new ways how to proceed againſt Offenders? The reaſon which can only be given in Nature for a neceſſity of this, is, Becauſe thoſe things are now made Crimes, which were never eſteemed ſo in former Ages; and there muſt needs be a new Court ſet up to puniſh that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am ſo far from declaiming (as you call it,) againſt theſe wickedneſſes, (which if I ſhould undertake to do, I ſhould never get to the Peroration,) that you ſee I only give a hint of ſome few, and paſs over the reſt as things that are too many to be numbered, and muſt only be weighed in groſs. Let any Man ſhew me, (for tho I pretend not to much Reading, I will defie him, in all Hiſtory) let any Man ſhew me (I ſay,) an Example of any Nation in the World, (tho much greater than ours,) where there have in the ſpace of four years been made ſo many Priſoners only out of the endleſs jealouſies of one Tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the curſed Triumvirate after them, put more People to death; but the reaſon I think partly was, becauſe in thoſe times that had a mixture of ſome honour with their madneſs, they thought it a more civil revenge againſt a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the Examples that have ever been ſet it in other Countries. Our Judges and our Courts of Juſtice have not been idle; And to omit the whole Reign of our late King, (till the beginning of the War,) in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt Princes ſcarce ſaw many more Executions than the ſhort one of our bleſt Reformer. And we ſaw, and ſmelt in our open Streets, (as I markt to you at firſt,) the broiling of Human bowels as a Burnt-Offering of a ſweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (tho after the ſubtileſt invention of his Predeceſſors of *Sicilie*,) is more Human and more Supportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, Engliſhmen, Gentlemen; his ſelling of them, (Oh monſtrous! Oh incredible!) to be Slaves in *America*. If his whole Life could be reproach't with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any one of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (tho a juſt,) paſſion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I reſolve to obſerve in this diſcourſe with you. Theſe are great Calamities; but even theſe are not the moſt inſupportable that we have indured; for ſo it is, that the ſcorn and mockery and inſultings of an Enemy are more painful than the deepeſt wounds of his ſerious fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry,) with our ſufferings; He loved to ſay

and do ſenceleſs and fantaſtical things, only to ſhew his power of doing or ſaying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat thoſe words which he ſpoke concerning the moſt ſacred of our *Engliſh* Laws, the Petition of right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you ſhould ſee him ranting ſo wildly, that no body durſt come near him, the morrow flinging of Cuſhions, and playing at Snow-balls with his Servants. This month he aſſembles a Parliament, and profeſſes himſelf with HUMBLE TEARS to be only their Servant and their Miniſter; the next Month he ſwears by the *LIVING GOD*, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does ſo, in his Princely way of threatning, bidding them, Turn the Bucklers of their Girdles behind them. The Repreſentative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his Eſteem ſo contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of ſo little conſequence, as not to deſerve that he ſhould adviſe with any Mortal Man about it. What ſhall we call this? Boldneſs, or Brutiſhneſs? Raſhneſs, or Phrenſie? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore we muſt leave it without one. Now a Parliament muſt be choſen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all caſhiered ſtill after the neweſt mode. Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by one Houſe, now by another Houſe, now by no Houſe; now the freak takes him, and he makes Seventy Peers of the Land at one clap (*Ex tempore* and *ſtans pede in uno*,) and to manifeſt the abſolute power of the Potter, he chooſes not only the worſt Clay he could find, but picks even the Dirt and Mire, to form out of it his Veſſels of Honour. It was anciently ſaid of Fortune, that when ſhe had a mind to be merry and divert herſelf, ſhe was wont to raiſe up ſuch kind of People to the higheſt Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwel*, (who was himſelf one of the primeſt of her Jeſts,) found out the true haut-guſt of this pleaſure, and rejoyced in the extravagance of his ways as the fulleſt demonſtration of his uncontroulable Sovereignty. Good God! What have we ſeen; and, What have we ſuffered? What do all theſe actions ſignifie? What do they ſay aloud to the wole Nation, but this, (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the Streets of *London*,) You are Slaves and Fools, and ſo I'll uſe you? Theſe are briefly a part of theſe merits, which you lament to have wanted the reward of more Kingdoms, and ſuppoſe that if he had lived longer he might have had them; Which I am ſo far from concurring to, that I believe his ſeaſonable dying to have been a greater good Fortune to him than all the Victories and Proſperities of his Life. For he ſeemed evidently (methinks,) to be near the end of his deceitful Glories; his own Army grew at laſt as weary of him, as the reſt of the People; and I never paſs'd of late before his Palace, (His, do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon,) but I never paſt of late before *Whitehall* without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharſin*. But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary Courts of Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Juſtice, which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his Friends, if he have any; tho the outward unrepentance

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of his death afford but ſmall Materials for the work of Charity, eſpecially if he deſigned even then to Entail his own injuſtice upon his Children, and, by it, inextricable Confuſions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at laſt an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that Blood and Calamity which his Ambition has coſt the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'l ſay,) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt the Gentleman, or any living of his Family; on the contrary, I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet poſſeſſion of his Maſters inheritance. Whatſoever I have ſpoken againſt his Father, is that, which I would have thought (tho Decency perhaps might have hindred me from ſaying it,) even againſt mine own, if I had been ſo unhappy, as that Mine by the ſame ways ſhould have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I ſtopt; and my pretended Protector, who I expected ſhould have been very angry, fell a laughing, it ſeems at the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he replied: You ſeem to pretend extreamly to the old obſolete rules of Virtue and Conſcience, which makes me doubt very much whether from the vaſt proſpect of three Kingdoms, you can ſhew me any acres of your own. But theſe are ſo far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your Friends will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much as a Juſtice of Peace in your own Country: For this I perceive which you call *Virtue*, is nothing elſe, but either the frowardneſs of a Cynick, or the lazineſs of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me, at leaſt, Artful Diſſimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Heroe*; and I aſſure you, That he, whoſe life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall never be miſled out of the way of Greatneſs. But I ſee you are a Pedant, and Platonical Stateſman, a Theorical Commonwealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer. Were ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supream place attained to by Virtues that muſt not ſtir out of the middle? Do you ſtudy *Ariſtotle*'s Politicks, and write, if you pleaſe, Comments upon them, and let another but practiſe *Machiavel*, and let us ſee then which of you two will come to the greateſt Preferments. If the deſire of Rule and Superiority be a Virtue, (as, ſure I am, it is more imprinted in Human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Creature, but the exerciſe of thoſe Powers and Inclinations which God hath infuſed into it?) If that (I ſay,) be Virtue, we ought not to eſteem any thing Vice, which is the moſt proper, if not the only means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth ſo certain and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born Man it did appear;
Did not the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the freſh Laws of Nature taught, diſdain
That (tho a Brother,) any one ſhould be
A greater Favourite to God than He?
He ſtruck him down; and ſo, (ſaid He,) ſo fell
The Sheep which thou did'ſt Sacrifice ſo well.

Since

Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the Offering,
Lest God should my next Victim too despise,
The acceptable Priest I'll Sacrifice.
Hence Coward Fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a Reward, He the first City built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;
One step of Glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of Greatness gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, he might have Reign'd alone.
One Brothers death, what do I mean to name?
A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame.
The mighty-soul'd *Abimelech*, to shew,
What for high place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almost of Brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal Purple-pride.
Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman can,
When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.
So *Athaliah*, when she saw her Son,
And with his Life her dearer Greatness gone,
With a Majestick fury slaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to Reign alone; Resolv'd and Reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of *David*'s Blood,
A noble, and a bold contention, she,
(One Woman,) undertook with destinie,
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old,)
The great *Jessean* Race on *Judah*'s Throne;
'Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by One,
Tell me not, she herself at last was slain?
Did she not first seven years (a Life time,) reign?
Seven Royal years to a publick spirit will seem
More than the private Life of a *Methusalem*.
'Tis God-like to be Great; and as they say,
A thousand years to God are but a day:
So to a Man when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation day's more than a thousand years.

He would have gone on I perceived in his blasphemies, but that by Gods Grace I became so bold as thus to interrupt him. I understand now perfectly, (which I guest at long before,) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and tho your style in Verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly

merly (that I heard of,) the face to publiſh ? whether your long practice with mankind has increas'd and improv'd your malice, or, whether you think Us in this Age to be grown ſo impudently wicked, that there needs no more Art or Diſguiſes to draw us to your party. My Dominion (ſaid he haſtily, and with a dreadful furious look,) is ſo great in this World, and I am ſo powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be aſhamed that you ſhould know me; and that you may ſee I know you too, I know you to be an obſtinate and inveterate Malignant; and for that reaſon I ſhall take you along with me to the next Gariſon of Ours ? from whence you ſhall go to the *Tower*, and from thence to the Court of Juſtice, and from thence you know whither. I was almoſt in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey,

When, lo, e're the laſt words were fully ſpoke,
From a Fair Cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flaſh of Light rather than Lightning came,
So ſwift and and yet ſo gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career
Seem'd to my Eyes no ſooner There than Here,
The comlieſt Youth of all th' Angelick Race;
Lovely his ſhape, ineffable his Face.
The Frowns, with which he ſtruck the trembling Fiend,
All ſmiles of Human Beauty did tranſcend.
His Beams of Locks fell part diſhevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *Britiſh* Monarchs us'd to wear,
If Gold may be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven Silver Light:
Acroſs his Breaſt an azure Ribon went,
At which a Medal hung that did preſent,
In wondrous living Figures to the ſight,
The myſtick Champions and old Dragon's fight;
And from his Mantles ſide there ſhone afar
A fixt, and I believe, a real Star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more ?)
No Arms but th' *Engliſh* bloody Croſs he bore,
Which when he towards th' affrighted Tyrant bent,
And ſome few words pronounc'd, (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd *Jeſus* was one,)
He trembled and he roar'd, and fled away ?
Mad to quit this his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such Rage inflames the Wolves wild Heart and Eyes,
(Robb'd as he thinks unjuſtly of his prize,)
Whom unawares the Shepherd Spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws.
The Shepherd fain himſelf would he aſſail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:
He knows his Foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Several Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays, in Verſe and Proſe.

1. *Of Liberty.*

THE Liberty of a people conſiſts in being governed by Laws which they have made themſelves, under whatſoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Maſter of his own Time and Actions, as far as may conſiſt with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this later only we are here to diſcourſe, and to enquire what eſtate of life does beſt ſeat us in the poſſeſſion of it. This liberty of our own actions is ſuch a Fundamental Priviledge of human Nature, that God himſelf, notwithſtanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes ſo much care for the entire preſervation of it to us, that he ſuffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the ſame God, to whom we are but Tenents-at-will for the whole, requires but the ſeventh part to be paid to him as a ſmall Quit-Rent in acknowledgment of his Title. It is man only, that has the impudence to demand our whole time, thô he neither gave it, nor can reſtore it, nor is able to pay any conſiderable value for the leaſt part of it. This birth-right of Mankind above all other Creatures, ſome are forced by hunger to ſell, like *Eſau*, for bread and Broth; but the greateſt part of men make ſuch a Bargain for the delivery up of themſelves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, inſtead of a Kid, the neceſſary Proviſions of human life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all theſe Men ſell themſelves to be ſlaves, thô to the vulgar it may ſeem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wiſe ſo plain and obvious, that they will ſcarce think it deſerves the labour of Argumentation. Let us firſt conſider the Ambitious, and thoſe both in there progreſs to Greatneſs, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Sallust* ſays, *Dominationis in alios ſervitium ſuum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay ſo great a price as their own Servitude, to purchaſe the domination over others. The firſt thing they muſt reſolve to ſacrifice, is their whole time, they muſt never ſtop, nor ever turn aſide whilſt they are in the race of Glory, no not like to *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a man ſtop himſelf if he would, when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray let us but conſider a little, what mean ſervile things men do for this imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief Men of that Nation which boaſted moſt of Liberty. To what pitiful baſeneſs did the nobleſt *Romans* ſubmit themſelves for the obtaining of a Prætorſhip or the Conſular dignity; they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about

on

on foot, and in dirt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the pooreſt Artiſans, and carried a *Nomenclator*, with them, to whiſper in their ear every mans name, leſt they ſhould miſtake it in their ſalutations; they ſhook the hand, and kiſs'd the cheek, of every popular Tradeſman: They ſtood all day at every Market in the publick places to ſhew and ingratiate themſelves to the Rout; they imployed all their friends to ſolicite for them; they kept open Tables in every ſtreet, they diſtributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vileſt of the people. *En Romanos rerum dominos! Behold the Maſters of the World begging from door to door.* This particular humble way to greatneſs is now out of faſhion, but yet every Ambitious perſon is ſtill in ſome ſort a *Roman* Candidate. He muſt feaſt and bribe, and attend, and flatter, and adore many Beaſts, tho not the Beaſt with many heads. *Catiline*, who was ſo proud that he could not content himſelf with a leſs power than *Sylla's*, was yet ſo humble for the attaining of it, as to make himſelf the moſt contemptible of all ſervants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and ſomething worſe, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whoſe hot luſts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make uſe of. And ſince I happen here to propoſe *Catiline* for my inſtance, (tho there be thouſands of examples for the ſame thing,) give me leave to tranſcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, becauſe it is a general deſcription of all ambitious men, and which *Machiavel* perhaps would ſay ought to be the Rule of their life and Actions. This man (ſays he, as moſt of you may well remember,) had many artificial touches and ſtroakes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate converſation was with the worſt of Men, and yet he ſeem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the beſt; he was furniſhed with all the Nets of Luſt and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Induſtry: neither do I believe that there was ever any Monſter in Nature, compoſed out of ſo many different and diſagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, ſometimes, to the moſt Honourable perſons? Who more a favourite to the moſt Infamous? Who ſometimes appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder enemy to his Country? Who more diſſolute in his pleaſures? Who more patient in his toils? Who more rapacious in robbing? Who more profuſe in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The Arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindneſs of all ſorts of men, to retain it with great complaiſance, to communicate all things to them, watch and ſerve all the occaſions of their Fortune, both with his money and his intereſt, and his induſtry; and if need were not by ſticking at any wickedneſs whatſoever that might be uſeful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature, and laveer with every Wind, to live ſeverely with the Melancholy, merrily with the Pleaſant, gravely with the Aged, wantonly with the Young, deſperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the Luxurious: With this variety and multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a collection of friendſhips with all the moſt wicked and reſtleſs of all Nations, ſo, by the artificial ſimulation of ſome Virtues, he made a ſhift to enſnare ſome honeſt

and eminent perſons into his familiarity; neither could ſo vaſt a deſign as the deſtruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of ſo many Vices had not been covered and diſguiſed by the appearances of ſome excellent qualities.

I ſee, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all Men, that he might deſtroy all; who only wanted the aſſiſtance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæſar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cæſar* to compaſs the ſame ends (I mean too the Civil War, which was but another manner of ſetting his Country on Fire,) were not unlike theſe, tho he uſed afterward his unjuſt Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. *Saluſt* therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many ſuch like Gentlemen of his time, ſays, That it is the nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falſos fieri coegit*, &c. to make men Lyars and Cheaters, to hide the truth in their Breaſt, and ſhew like Juglers another thing in their Mouths, to cut all friendſhips and enmities to the meaſure of their own Intereſt, and to make a good Countenance without the help of good Will. And can there be freedom with this perpetual conſtraint? What is it but a kind of Rack, that forces men to ſay what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous ſtratagem of *Zopyrus*, and more at the praiſes which I find of ſo deformed an action; who tho he was one of the ſeven Grandees of *Perſia*, and the Son of *Megabiſus*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, ſlit his own Noſe and Lips, cut off his own Ears, ſcourged and wounded his whole Body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled ſo inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then beſieged by the *Perſians*,) and get into the command of it, by the recommendation of ſo cruel a ſufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians ſuſpected not his falſhood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Deſign ſucceeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governor of it. What bruiſh Maſter ever puniſhed his offending Slave with ſo little mercy, as Ambition did this *Zopyrus*? And yet how many are there in all Nations, who imitate him in ſome degree for a leſs reward? Who, tho they endure not ſo much corporal pain for a ſmall preferment, of ſome Honour (as they call it,) yet ſtick not to commit actions, by which they are more ſhamefully and more laſtingly ſtigmatized? But you may ſay, Tho theſe be the moſt ordinary and open ways to Greatneſs, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little trodden paths too, through which ſome Men find a paſſage by vertuous Induſtry. I grant, ſomtimes they may; but then that Induſtry muſt be ſuch, as cannot conſiſt with Liberty, tho it may with Honeſty.

Thou'rt Careful, Frugal, Painful; we commend a Servant ſo; but not a Friend.

Well then, we muſt acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this Aſcent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we are gotten up into the High Places. This is but a ſhort Apprenticeſhip, after which, we are made free of a Roy-

al Company. If we fall in love with any beauteous Women, we muſt be content that they ſhould be our Miſtreſſes whilſt we woo them, as ſoon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we ſhall be the Maſters.

I am willing to ſtick to this ſimilitude in the caſe of Greatneſs; we enter into the Bonds of it like thoſe of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the outward and printed Beauty, and take it for better or worſe, before we know it's true nature and interior Inconveniences. A great Fortune (ſays *Seneca*,) is a great ſervitude. But many are of that opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly,) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*. We fear (ſays he to *Atticus*,) Death, and Baniſhment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks theſe to be the worſt of evils, and if he have but ſome perſons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worſhip him, ſeems to be well enough contented with an honourable ſervitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable, in ſo baſe and contumelious a condition, This was ſpoken as became the braveſt man who was ever born in the braveſt Commonwealth: But with us generally, no condition paſſes for ſervitude, that is accompanied with great Riches and Honors, and with the ſervice of many Inferiors. This is but a deception of the ſight through a falſe Medium. For if a Groom ſerve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other; the circumſtantial difference of the one getting only his Bread and Wages, the ſecond a plentiful, and the third a ſuperfluous Eſtate, is no more intrinſical to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich and gaudy Livery. I do not ſay, That he who ſells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thouſand, is not a wiſer Merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds, but I will ſwear they are both Merchants, and that he his happier than both, who can live contentedly without ſelling that Eſtate to which be was born. But this Dependence upon Superiours is but one chain of the Lovers of Power, *Armatorum Trecenta Perithoam cohibent catenæ*. Let's begin with him by Break of day: For by that time he's beſieged by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers, (all the Gutworks,) poſſeſt by the Enemy, as ſoon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards for entrance. This is ſo eſſential a part of Greatneſs, that whoſoever is without it, looks likes a fallen Favourite, like a Perſon diſgraced, and condemned to what he pleaſe all the Morning. There are ſome who rather than wan this, are contented to have their Rooms fill'd up every day with murmuring and curſing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know, which is the worſt Duty, That of any one particular Perſon, who waits to ſpeak with the Great Man, or the Great Man's, who waits every day to ſpeak with all the Company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circumſaliunt latus*, A hundred Buſineſs of other Men (many unjuſt, and moſt impertinent,) fly continually about his Head and Eears, aud ſtrike him in the face like Doors. Let's con-

template him a little at another ſpecial Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he ſeems to be the Lord of all Nature: The Earth affords him her beſt Metals for his Diſhes, her beſt Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea ſupply him with their choiceſt Birds and Fiſhes: And a great many Men, who look like Maſters, attend upon him; and yet when all this is done, even all this is but Tabl'd Hoſt, 'tis crowded with People for whom he cares not, with many Paraſites, and ſome Spies, with the moſt burdenſom ſort of Gueſts, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great reſpect, every body commends his Meat, that is, his Money; every body admires the exquiſite dreſſing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the Kitchen, or his Cook, every body loves his Hoſpitality, that is, his Vanity. But I deſire to know, why the honeſt Inn-keeper, who provides a publick Table for his Profit, ſhould be but of a mean Profeſſion; and he who does it for his Honour, a Munificent Prince? You'll ſay, becauſe one ſells and the other gives: Nay, both ſell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whoſe value is in Cuſtom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture ſpeaks,) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and every where, ſome reſtraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and ſhackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat; the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Poſitive parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the Room, the Superlative at the Door, and if the Perſon be *Pan huper ſebaſtus*, there's a *Huper-ſuperlative* Ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate: As if there were ſuch Rules ſet to theſe *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hæc inter miſeros Lux*, Thus wretchedly the precious day is loſt.

How many impertinent Letters and Viſits muſt he receive, and ſomtimes anſwer both too as impertinently? He never ſets his Foot beyond his Threſhold, unleſs like a Funeral he have a Train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he would not ſtir, till the Bearers were all ready. 'My Life, (ſays *Horace*) ſpeaking to one of the *Magnifico*'s, is a great deal more eaſie and commodious than thine; in that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I pleaſe, without being wondred at; and take my Horſe and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being miſt. 'Tis an unpleaſant conſtraint to be always under the ſight, and obſervation, and cenſure of others; as there may be vanity in it, ſo, methinks, there ſhould be vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred Men ſtand gazing upon them whil'ſt they are at Dinner, and take notice of every bit they eat. Nothing ſeems Greater, and more Lordly, than the multitude of Domeſtique Servants; but even this too, if weighed ſeriouſly, is a piece of Servitude; unleſs you will be a Servant to them, (as many Men are,) the trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their obſervance of you. I take the Profeſſion of a Schoolmaſter to be one of the moſt uſeful, and which ought to be of the moſt Honourable in a Commonwealth, yet cer-

certainly all his Faces, and Tyrannical Authority over ſo many Boys, take away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but ſlightly touch upon all theſe Particulars of the Slavery of Greatneſs: I ſhake but a few of their outward Chains, their Anger, Hatred, Jealouſie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Et cætera* of their Paſſions, which are the ſecret, but conſtant, Tyrants and Tortures of their Life, I omit here, becauſe though they be Symptoms moſt frequent and violent in this Diſeaſe, yet they are common too in ſome degree to the Epidemical Diſeaſe of Life itſelf. But the ambitious Man, though he be ſo many ways a Slave, (*O totius ſervus!*) yet he bears it bravely, and heroically; he ſtruts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himſelf a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the fooliſh part of his Spectators: He's a Slave in *Saturnalibus*. The covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught-Horſe with Bells or Feathers; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a Man condemned to work in Mines, which is the loweſt and hardeſt condition of Servitude; and to encreaſe his miſery, a Worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches, and knows not who ſhall enjoy them. 'Tis only ſure, that he himſelf neither ſhall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himſelf Cloaths and Board-wages; *Uncitim vix demenſo de ſuo ſuum defraudans Genium comparcit miſer*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius: He cheats himſelf for Money. But the ſervile and miſerable condition of this Wretch is ſo apparent, that I leave it as evident to every Man's ſight, as well as judgment. It ſeems a more difficult work to prove, that the voluptuous Man too is but a Servant: What can be more the Life of a Freeman, or, as we ſay ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own Pleaſures? Why I'll tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all his Pleaſures, (the very Name of Followers is ſervile,) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward Impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to reſtrain the Beaſt that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horſe. The voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon,) may be divided, I think, into the Luſtful and Luxurious, who are both Servants of the Belly; the other whom we ſpoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κατὰ θηρία, Evil wild Beaſts, theſe are, γαστέρες ἀργαὶ, ſlow Bellies, as our Tranſlation renders it; but the word Ἀργαὶ (which is a fantaſtical word, with two directly oppoſite Significations,) will bear as well the Tranſlation of quick or diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to theſe Men. *Metrodorus* ſaid, That he had learnt πλέον Ἀληθῶς γαστὶ χαρίζεσθαι, To give his Belly juſt thanks for all his Pleaſures. This, by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philoſophy, was objected as one of the moſt ſcandalous of all their Sayings; which, according to my charitable underſtanding, may admit a very virtuous Senſe, which is, That he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the cuſtomary appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happineſs in this World. Let

Phorm. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

this

this suffice at present to be spoken of those great *Triumviri* of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean Villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens sibi qui Imperiosus:* Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man

Hor. L. 2. Serm. Sat. 4.

> Who governs his own Course with steady Hand,
> Who does himself with Soveraign Pow'r Command;
> Whom neither Death nor Poverty does fright,
> Who stands not aukwardly in his own light
> Against the Truth? Who can, when Pleasures knock
> Loud at his door, keep from the Bolt and Lock?
> Who can, though Honor at his Gate should stay
> In all her Masking Cloths send her away
> And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play?

This I confess is a Freeman: But it may be said, That many Persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hindred from enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both understand, and, in part, feel the weight of this objection: All I can answer to it, is: That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me, what condition of Life I think most allow'd? I should pitch upon that sort of People, whom King *James* was wont to call, the Happiest of our Nation, the Men placed in the Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many Relations, and with so much knowledg, and love of Piety and Philosophy, (that is, of the study of God's Laws, and of his Creatures,) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without Business, and never to be melancholy, though without Sin and Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latine *Verses*, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*,) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

> *Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,*
> *Da mihi, da Panem Libertatémque, nec ultrà*
> *Sollicitas effundo preces: Si quid datur ultrà,*
> *Accipiam gratus; sin non, contentus abibo.*
>
> For the few hours of Life allotted me,
> Give me (Great God,) but Bread and Libertie,
> I'll beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
> I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
> If beyond this, no more be freely sent,
> I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Mar-

Martial Lib. 2.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WEll then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend;
He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
Would be no Lord, but leſs a Lord would have:
The Ground he holds, if he his own can call;
He quarrels not with Heaven becauſe 'tis ſmall:
Let gay and toilſom Greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely Littleneſs the Eaſe.
Can any Man in Guilded Rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble Viſits ſpend;
When in the freſh and beauteous Fields he may
With various healthful Pleaſures fill the day?
If there be Man (ye Gods,) I ought to hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.
Still let him buſie be, and in a Crowd,
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:
Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow,
But let him Peace and Freedom never ſee;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

Martial Lib.

Vis fieri Liber? &c.

WOuld you be free? 'tis your chief wiſh, you ſay,
Come on; I'll ſhew thee, Friend, the certain way:
If to no Feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whil'ſt bount'ous God does Bread at home beſtow;
If thou the goodneſs of thy Cloaths do'ſt prize
By thine own Uſe, and not by others Eyes;
If (only ſafe from weathers,) thou canſt dwell,
In a ſmall Honſe, but a convenient Shell;
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wiſh,
Can look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Diſh:
If in thy Mind ſuch Power and Greatneſs be,
The *Perſian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

Quod te nomine? &c.

Mart. Lib. 2.

THat I do you with humble Bowes no more,
And danger of my naked Head adore;
That I, who Lord and Maſter cry'd e'r while,
Salute you in a new and diff'rent Style,
By your own Name, a ſcandal to you now,

Think

Think not that I forget my ſelf and you,
By loſs of all things by all others ſought
This Freedom, and the Freemans Hat is bought.
A Lord and Maſter no man wants but He
Who o'r Himſelf has no Authority.
Who does for Honours and for Riches ſtrive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune do'ſt no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Maſter need'ſt to have.

ODE.

Upon Liberty.

1.

FReedom with Virtue takes her Seat,
Her proper place, her only Scene,
Is in the Golden Mean,
She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great,
The wings of thoſe Neceſſity has clipt,
And they'r in *Fortunes Bridewel* whipt
To the laborious task of Bread;
Theſe are by various Tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, Reins, and Spurs them like th'unruly Horſe.
And ſervile Avarice yokes them now
Like toilſom Oxen to the Plow.
And ſomtimes Luſt, like the miſguided Light,
Draws them through all the Labyrinths of night.
If any few among the Great there be
From theſe inſulting Paſſions free
Yet we ev'n thoſe too fetter'd ſee
By Cuſtom, Buſineſs, Crowds, and formal Decencie.
And whereſoe'r they ſtay, and whereſoe'r they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
Theſe are the ſmall uneaſie things
Which about Greatneſs ſtill are found,
And rather it Moleſt than Wound:
Like Gnats, which too much heat of Summer brings;
But Cares do Swarm there too, and thoſe have ſtings;
As when the Honey does too open lie,
A thouſand Waſps about it flie:
Nor will the Maſter ev'n to ſhare admit;
The Maſter ſtands aloof, and dares not taſte of it.

2.

'Tis Morning; well, I fain would yet ſleep on;
You cannot now; you muſt be gone
To Court, or to the noiſy Hall:
Beſides, the Rooms are crowded all;
The ſtream of Buſineſs does begin,
And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Priſoner keep!
Will they not ſuffer him to ſleep?

Make

Make an Escape out at the Postern fleet,
And get some blessed Hours of Liberty.
With a few Friends, and a few Dishes Dine,
And much of Mirth, and moderate Wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy Life to live.
Oh happy man! (he cries,) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a Freedom always given!
Why, Mighty Madam, What should hinder thee
From being every day as free?

3.

In all the free-born Nations of the Air,
Never did Bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange a Native Liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the Sky,
His liberty to Sing, to Perch, or Fly,
When and wherever he thought good,
And all the innocent pleasures of the Wood,
For a more plentiful or constant Food.
Nor ever did ambitious Rage
Make him into a painted Cage,
Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room
For Honour and Preferment come.
Now, Blessings on you all, ye' Heroick Race,
Who keep their Primitive Powers and Rights so well
Tho Men and Angels fell.
Of all material Lives the highest place
To you is justly given,
And ways and Walks the nearest Heaven.
Whil'st wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast that we look up to it:
Ev'n to the universal Tyrant, Love,
You Homage pay but once a year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear,
None but a few unhappy Houshold Fowl,
Whom human Lordship does controul,
Who from the birth corrupted were
By Bondage and by Mans Example here.

4.

He's no small Prince, who every day
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk.
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk,
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will presently go ride
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account,)
To *Dover*, *Berwick*, of the *Cornish* Mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd e're thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir unless there be

A hundred Horſe and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart;
What an unwieldly Man thou art?
The *Rhodian Coloſſus* ſo
A Journey too might go.

5.

Where Honour, or where Conſcience does not bind,
No other Law ſhall ſhackle me,
Slave to my ſelf I will not be;
Nor ſhall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own preſent Mind.
Who by Reſolves and Vows engag'd does ſtand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does like an unthrift morgage his Eſtate,
Before it falls into his Hand.
The Bondman of the Cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe.
And ſtill as Time comes in, it goes away
Not to Enjoy but Debts to pay.
Unhappy Slave, and Pupill to a Bell!
Which his hours work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind, releaſing Knell.

6.

If Life ſhould a well order'd Poem be,
(In which he only hits the White
Who joyns true Profit with the beſt Delight,)
The more Heroick ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick way I'll make.
The Matter ſhall be grave, the Numbers looſe and free,
It ſhall not keep one ſettled pace of Time,
In the ſame Tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbour Rhime;
A thouſand Liberties it ſhall diſpenſe,
And yet ſhall manage all without offence,
Or to the ſweetneſs of the Sound, or greatneſs of the Senſe;
Nor ſhall it ever from one Subject ſtart.
Nor ſeek Tranſitions to depart,
Nor its ſet way o'r Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor through Lanes a Compaſs take,
As if it fear'd ſome treſpaſs to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not ſtay
Till the whole Carkaſs he devour,
That's fallen into its power.
As if his generous Hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of Food,
He only ſucks the taſtful Blood,
And to freſh Game flies chearfully away;
To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled prey.

Of Solitude.

NUnquam minus *solus, quam cum solus*, is now become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man, and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty Person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by Solitude than by Company. And to shew, that he spoke not this loosely, or out of vanity, after he had made *Rome* Mistress of almost the whole World, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and, at a private House in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*, passed the remainder of his Glorious Life no less gloriously. This House *Seneca* went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things, describes his Baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the People would despise them, and cry out, Poor *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the Credit of Retreat? And happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could have taught him as much Wisdom, as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest Prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly, as it is colourably, and wittily, said by Monsieur *de Montagne*, That Ambition itself might teach us to love Solitude, there's nothing that does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have it's Elbows free, it detests to have a Company on either side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest part of Men are so far from the opinion of that Noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without Company, they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Mens Breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withall. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in Love with a Mistress, all other Persons are importunate and burdensom to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone. *Epist.* 86.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in Woods could rest,
Where human Foot no ground has prest:
Thou from all Shades the Darkness can'st exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisom to us, that we can scarcely support it's conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humor.

Odi & Amo, quanam id faciam ratione, requiris ?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a Man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the World, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few Persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World, to see the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue, to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possest with any Lust or Passions, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the midst of Company, but, like Robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sew'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a Man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts; for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are tyed to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art, and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than Well-speaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing, which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now, because the Soul of Man is not by it's own Nature, or Observation, furnisht with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning and Books, for fresh Supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole Life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!
O Life long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much Business in publick, as a wise Man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in Company; the one has but part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other, all the Works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no Saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often: That a Man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem*, in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any Science, to have cause

cause to complain, that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you'll say, is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments, or Divertisements, that arrive from Letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions, (except the very meanest of the People, who have Business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life,) it is truly a great shame, both to his Parents and Himself; for a very small Portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of our time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening; or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his Affections upon Poetry, (which I do not advise him to immoderately,) that will overdo it, no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of Company or Business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

—— *O, quis me gelidis sub montibus Æmi*
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra? *Virg. Georg.*

1.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye *Plebeian* underwood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food;
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muses richest Mannor Seat!
Ye Country Houses and Retreat,
Which all the happy God so love,
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,
Nature the wise Architect,
Who those fond Artists does despise
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the dead Timber prize.

4.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft Winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too Mute.

5.

A Silver Stream shall roul his Waters near,
Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

6.

Ah wretched and too Solitary He,

Who

Odi & Amo, quanam id faciam ratione, requiris ?
Neſcio, ſed fieri ſentio, & excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis ſo.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a Man ſomtimes to pitiful ſhifts in ſeeking how to avoid himſelf.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone; nor he who has ſet his heart much upon the World, though he have never ſo much underſtanding; ſo that Solitude can be well fitted and ſet right, but upon a very few Perſons. They muſt have enough knowledge of the World, to ſee the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue, to deſpiſe all Vanity; if the Mind be poſſeſt with any Luſt or Paſſions, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the mid'ſt of Company, but, like Robbers, they uſe to ſtrip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the puniſhment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be ſew'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The firſt work therefore that a Man muſt do to make himſelf capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Luſts; for how is it poſſible for a Man to enjoy himſelf while his Affections are tyed to things without himſelf? In the ſecond place, he muſt learn the Art, and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no leſs than Well-ſpeaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing, which diſtinguiſhes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beaſt. Now, becauſe the Soul of Man is not by it's own Nature, or Obſervation, furniſht with ſufficient Materials to work upon; it is neceſſary for it to have continual recourſe to Learning and Books, for freſh Supplies, ſo that the ſolitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to ſtarve without them; but if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of Letters, inſtead of being wearied with the length of any day, we ſhall only complain of the ſhortneſs of our whole Life.

O vita, ſtulto longa, ſapienti brevis!
O Life long to the Fool, ſhort to the Wiſe!

The firſt Miniſter of State has not ſo much Buſineſs in publick, as a wiſe Man has in private; if the one have little leiſure to be alone, the other has leſs leiſure to be in Company; the one has but part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other, all the Works of God and Nature under his conſideration. There is no Saying ſhocks me ſo much as that which I hear very often: That a Man does not know how to paſs his Time. 'Twould have been but ill ſpoken by *Methuſalem*, in the Nine hundred ſixty ninth year of his Life, ſo far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmoſt perfection of any part of any Science, to have cauſe

cauſe to complain, that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you'll ſay, is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments, or Divertiſements, that arrive from Letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be ſo unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almoſt all conditions, (except the very meaneſt of the People, who have Buſineſs enough in the neceſſary Proviſions for Life,) it is truly a great ſhame, both to his Parents and Himſelf; for a very ſmall Portion of any ingenious Art will ſtop up all thoſe gaps of our time, either Muſick, or Painting, or Deſigning, or Chymiſtry, or Hiſtory, or Gardening; or twenty other things will do it uſefully and pleaſantly; and if he happen to ſet his Affections upon Poetry, (which I do not adviſe him to immoderately,) that will overdo it, no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of Company or Buſineſs, which would abſtract him from his Beloved.

——— *O, quis me gelidis ſub montibus Æmi*
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra? *Virg. Georg.*

1.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, ſo great and good!
Hail, ye *Plebeian* underwood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet Neſts and plenteous Food;
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muſes richeſt Mannor Seat!
Ye Country Houſes and Retreat,
Which all the happy God ſo love,
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3.

Here Nature does a Houſe for me erect,
Nature the wiſe Architect,
Who thoſe fond Artiſts does deſpiſe
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the dead Timber prize.

4.

Here let me careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft Winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,
Nor be myſelf too Mute.

5.

A Silver Stream ſhall roul his Waters near,
Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
On whoſe enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And ſee how prettily they ſmile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

6.

Ah wretched and too Solitary He,

Who

Who loves not his own Companie!
He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
Unleſs he call in Sin or Vanitie
To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh Solitude, firſt ſtate of Human-kind!
Which bleſt remain'd till Man did find
Even his own Helpers Companie.
As ſoon as two (Alas!) together join'd,
The Serpent made up Three.

8.

Though God himſelf, through countleſs Ages Thee
His ſole Companion choſe to be,
Thee, Sacred Solitude alone,
Before the branchy Head of Numbers Three
Sprung from the Trunk of one.

9.

Thou (though Men think thine an unactive part,)
Do'ſt break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which elſe would know no ſetled pace,
Making it move, well manag' by the Art,
With Swiftneſs and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reaſon's ſcatter'd Light
Do'ſt like a Burning-glaſs unite,
Do'ſt Multiply thee feeble Heat,
And fortifie the ſtrength till thou doſt bright
And noble fires beget.

11.

Whil'ſt this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I ſee
The Monſter *London* laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh City,
If it were fit to laugh at Miſery,
But thy Eſtate I pity.

12.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Even thou who do'ſt thy Millions boaſt,
A Village leſs than *Iſlington* wilt grow,
A Solitude almoſt.

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3. *Of Obſcurity.*

Hor. Ep. l. 1. 18.

NAm neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.

God made not pleaſures only for the Rich,
Nor have thoſe Men without their ſhare too liv'd,
Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.

This ſeems a ſtrange Sentence thus literally Tranſlated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the Men of buſineſs, (for who elſe can deceive the World?) whereas it is in commendation of thoſe

thoſe who live and die ſo obſcurely that the World takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another place uſes the ſame phraſe.

Secretum iter & Fallentis ſemita vitæ.
The ſecret Tracks of the deceiving Life. *Ep.* 18

It is very elegant in *Latine*, but our *Engliſh* word will hardly bear up to that ſenſe, and therefore Mr. *Broom* Tranſlates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by ſtealth.

Yet we ſay in our Language, a thing deceives our ſight, when it paſſes before us unperceived, and we may ſay well enough out of the ſame Author.

Sometimes with Sleep, ſometimes with Wine we ſtrive
The cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the World, but deceive ourſelves, as *Quintilian* ſays, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on ſtill, and amuſe, and deceive our Life till it be advanced inſenſibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The Meaning of all this is no more than that moſt vulgar ſaying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a Truth, the World (I'll ſwear,) is ſufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleaſanteſt condition of life is, *incognito*. What a brave priviledge is it, to be free from all Contentions, from all Envying or being Envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind a very delightful paſtime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together in places where they are by no body known, nor know any Body. It was the caſe of *Æneas* and his *Achates*, when they walkt inviſibly about the fields and ſtreets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her ſelf *Declam. de Apib.*

A vail of thickned Air around them caſt,
That none might know, or ſee them as they paſt. *Virg. 1. Æn.*

The common ſtory of *Demoſtenes*'s confeſſion that he had taken great pleaſure in hearing of a Tanker-woman ſay as he paſt, This is *That Demoſthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from ſo ſolid an Orator. I my ſelf have often met with that temptation to vanity, (if it were any,) but I am ſo far from finding it any pleaſure, that it only makes me run faſter from the place, till I get as it were out of ſight-ſhot. *Democritus* relates, and in ſuch manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens*, no body there did ſo much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, laid hid many years in his Gardens, ſo famous ſince that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*; after whoſe death, making in one of his Letters a kind of commemoration of the happineſs which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at laſt, that he thought it no diſparagement to thoſe

thoſe great felicities of their life, that in the midſt of the moſt talk'd of and talking Country in the World, they had lived ſo long, not only without fame, but almoſt without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterwards, there were no two Names of Men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we ſet open our gates to the Invaders of moſt of our time: we expoſe our life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinences, which would make a wiſe man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by ſight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: Whatſoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the beſt Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief-Juſtice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was often ſaid, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the ſtreets, as This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the later, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beaſt than his Maſter, and more deſerving the Conſulſhip, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, becauſe it hath the ſhadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious ſhadow, and like that of S. *Peter*, cures the Diſeaſes of others. The beſt kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honeſty, ſuch as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Ariſtides*; but it was harmful to them both, and is ſeldom beneficial to any man whil'ſt he lives: What it is to him after his death, I cannot ſay, becauſe I love not *Philoſophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no Man, who has made the Experiment, has been ſo kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a perſon who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the converſation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the World beſides, who is eſteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and ſo after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old age, goes more ſilently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him ſo much as cry in the *Exit.*) This innocent Deceiver of the World, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta Perſona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greateſt Actors that fill the Stage with ſhow and noiſe; nay, even than *Auguſtus* himſelf, who askt with his laſt breath, whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeſte,
Act. 2. *Chor.*

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the ſlippery tops of human State,
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly ſtand: and, for a while
The giddy Danger to beguile,
With Joy and with Diſdain look down on all,

Till

Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
That I no fall to Earth may fear;
And, O ye Gods, at a good distance seat
From the long Ruins of the Great,
Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.
Here let my Life with as much silence slide,
As Time that measures it does glide.
Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,
From Town to Town eccho about my Name.
Nor let my homely Death embroidered be
With Scutcheon or with Elogie.
An old *Plebeian* let me die,
Alas, all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear,
Who in his life flattering his senseless pride,
By being known to all the World beside,
Does not himself, when he is Dying know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

4. *Of Agriculture.*

THE first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses,) was, to be a good Philosopher; the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens,) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon?* because he prayed for Wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd He made him one of the best Philosophers, and the best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet. He made him besides all this, a Rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. *O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit*: To be an Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather a retreat from the World, as it is Mans, into the World, as it is Gods. But since Nature denies to most Men the Capacity or Appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of human Affairs that we can make, are the Employments of a Country life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ*, The nearest Neighbour, or rather Next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art or Science, in the World besides: And therefore *Cicero* says, the pleasures of a Husbandman *Mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere*, come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a mans self: The

Lib. 1. c. 1.

De Senect.

Uſefulneſs or rather Neceſſity of it to all the reſt of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleaſure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not ſo great now in our Nation as ariſes from Merchandiſe and the Trading of the City from whence many of the beſt Eſtates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetcht from the Plow to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome* to be made Conſuls and Dictators, the reaſon of which I conceive to be from an evil Cuſtom, now grown as ſtrong among us as if it were a Law, which is, That no men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but ſuch who are ſo poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to ſet up in it, and ſo can only farm ſome ſmall parcel of ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subſiſtence of the Tenant: whileſt they who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or for want of that kind of Education, too ignorant to improve their Eſtates, though the means of doing it, be as eaſie and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce: If there were always two or three thouſand Youths, for ſeven or eight years bound to this Profeſſion, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Maſters in it, by a moderate ſtock: I cannot doubt but that we would ſee as many Aldermens Eſtates made in the Countrey, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be Rich, and which is better, there is no poſſibility to be poor, without ſuch negligence as can neither have excuſe, nor pity; for a little ground will without queſtion feed a little Family, and the ſuperfluities of Life (which are now in ſome caſes by Cuſtom made almoſt neceſſary (muſt be ſupplyed out of the ſuperabundance of Art and Induſtry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philoſophy. As for the Neceſſity of this Art, it is evident enough, ſince this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preſerved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech which ſerve only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and ſome do ſtill, without any Art but this; not ſo Elegantly, I confeſs, but ſtill they live, and almoſt all the other Arts which are here practiſed, are beholding to this for moſt of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preſerve not that, they are much to blame, for no Men are ſo free from the temptations of Inquity. They live by what they can get by Induſtry from the Earth and others by what they can catch by Craft from Men. They live upon an Eſtate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Eſtate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine by the allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquiſitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very uſeful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without diſpute, of all men the moſt quiet and leaſt apt to be inflamed to the diſturbance of the Common-wealth: their manner of Life inclines them, and Intereſt binds them to love peace: In our late mad and miſe-

rable

rable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meaneſt, ſet forth whole Troops, and raiſed up ſome great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the miſchiefs they had done? But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had ſo conſiderable a ſhare in the twenty years ruine of his Countrey, as to deſerve the Curſes of his Countrey-men: And if great delights be joyn'd with ſo much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here where they are ſo tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities where they are ſo wild, and the chaſe ſo troubleſom and dangerous.

We are here among the vaſt and Noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful ſhifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open ways of the Divine Bounty? we grope there in the dark and confuſed Labyrinths of humane Malice: Our Senſes are here feaſted with the clear and genuine taſte of their Objects; which are all ſophiſticated there, and for the moſt part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleaſure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, conſtant, and modeſt Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmleſs and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expenceful Luxury.

I ſhall only inſtance in one Delight more, the moſt natural and beſt natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman, and that is the ſatisfaction of looking round about him, and ſeeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence, to be always gathering of ſome fruits of it, and at the ſame time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to ſee all his Fields and Gardens covered with the beauteous Creatures of his own Induſtry; and to ſee, like God, that all his Works are good.

——*Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Orcades? ipſe*
Agricolæ tacitum portentant gaudia pectus.

On his heart-ſtring a ſecret Joy does ſtrike?

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be conteſted by any other. The three firſt men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any man object, That the ſecond of theſe was a Murtherer, I deſire he would conſider, that as ſoon as he was ſo, he quitted our Profeſſion and turn'd Builder. It is for this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that *Eccleſiaſticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry? *Becauſe* (ſays he) *the Moſt High has created it.* We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nouriſh our Bodies by the ſame Earth out of which they were made, and to which they muſt return, and pay at laſt for their ſuſtenance. *Cap.* 7.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all theſe great Perſons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almoſt to tread upon it. We may talk what we pleaſe of Lilies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles In Fields *d'Or*, or *d'Argent*, but if Heraldry were guided by reaſon, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the moſt Noble and Antient Arms.

All theſe conſiderations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*. How it ſhould come to paſs that all

Arts or Sciences, (for the dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curiosity of us Husbandmen;) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*, *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only *Metaphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters, and yet that we should never see or hear of any man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious humour, that it were but a vain irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a room together in a hundred several postures and figures to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and onely practised anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness; the latter being the chief glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one College in each University were erected and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to Medicine and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain endowments, as in other Colledges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it. First, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens*, *Orchards*, *Vineyards*, and *Woods*. Fourthly all parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees*, *Swine*, *Poultry*, *Decoys*, *Ponds*, &c. and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field (which ought to be looked upon not only as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Pliny*, *Varro*, or *Columella* but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging and Learning, would be a sufficient constant Revenue for maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be men not chosen for the Ostenation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach such

Men;

Men; so industrious and publick-spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive; But it is needless to speak farther of my thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have farther to say of the Countrey-life, shall be borrowed from the Poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.

The Muses still love their one Native place,
'T has secret Charms wich nothing can deface.

The truth is no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow,
In vain the thankless Glebe we Plow and Sow.
Against th' unnatural Soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth; And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiisque jocisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent happiness of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (says *Columella*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The most Acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an Oracle. (Πλεῖον ἥμισυ παντός.) The half is more than the whole. The occasion of this Speech is this; His Brother *Perses* had by corrupting some great Men Βασιλῆας Δωροφάγους, Great Bribe-eaters he calls them, gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no matter, (says he,) they have not done me so much prejudice, as they imagine.

Nam,

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον Ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύψαντες δὲ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they, to whom God ha'n't reveal'd,
By a strong Light which must their Sense controul,
That half a great Estate's more then the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of Roots and Herbs the wholsom Luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest *Hesiod's* meaning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our Affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the Country, nor enjoy the Pleasures of it, his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine Tales of the Wars, and Adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his Good-will a little. For though he could do us no Honour in the person of his Hero *Ulysses*, (much less of *Achilles*,) because his whole time was consumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardner all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the absence of his Son in the pleasure of Planting and even Dunging his own grounds. Yet see, he did not contemn us Peasants, nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs, with wonderful respect, δῖον ὑφορβόν, The Divine Swine-herd: He could ha done no more, for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*, And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Pastorals,) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman, Ἡμίθεον δῖον ἀρωτῆα, The Divine Husbandman replyed to *Hercules*, who was but δῖος Himself. These were Civil *Greeks*! and who understood the Dignity of our Calling! Among the *Romans*, we have in the first place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favor of *Mecœnas* and *Augustus*, he might have been one of the chief Men of *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the Exercise, and much of his immortal Wit in the Praise and Instructions of a Rustique Life; who though he had written before whole Books of Pastorals and *Georgics*, could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Evander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Country-man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bear's skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eaves of his Window call him up in the morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his guard: At last when he brings *Æneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable Complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehal*.

—*Hæc*

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides subiit, hac illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble Roof, this rustick Court (said he,)
Receiv'd *Alcides*, crown'd with Victorie.
Scorn not (Great Gust,) the Steps where he has trod,
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man, whom we are much obliged to both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the World to *Virgil*, his dear Friend *Horace*, who when *Augustus* had desired *Mecænas* to persuade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be the Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather joyntly with him, for he says, *Ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Mannor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an Example as this in the World, that he should have so much Moderation and Courage as to refuse an offer of such Greatness, and the Emperor so much Generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the Passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be obliged to translate half his Works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non Plenius & melius Chrysippo, & Crantore dicit.* I shall content myself upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the Suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scattered up and down though all their Writings, and especially in *Martial*'s. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face, that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latin* verses, (though of another kind,) and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say, that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many Faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg.

Virg. Georg.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A Translation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy (if his happiness he knows,)
The Country Swain! on whom kind Heav'n bestows
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just Earth with easie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Chanels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living Brass;
Nor is his Wooll superfluously Dy'd
With the dear poison of *Assyrian* pride:
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
The Native Use, and sweetness of his Oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artless Grots the murm'ring waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep, does sound;
And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well hardned active youth we see,
Taught the great Art of chearful Povertie.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of Love both Human and Divine:
From hence *Astræa* took her flight, and here
Still her last Footsteps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire, which does controul
All the inferiour wheels that move thy Soul,
Is, that the Muse me her High-Priest would make
Into her Holy Scenes of Myst'ry take,
And open there to my Mind's purged Eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found:
The Moon the changing Worlds eternal bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease
Dares trouble the fair Centre's antient ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny
To send forth th' Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious, destinie.

In

In Lifes cool vale let my low Scene be laid ;
Cover me, Gods, with *Tempe's* thickeſt ſhade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he,
Who can through groſs Effects their Cauſes ſee:
Whoſe courage from the Deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
But does his walk of Virtue calmly go,
Through all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy ! but next ſuch Conqu'rors happy they,
Whoſe humble Life lies not in Fortune's way.
They unconcern'd from their ſafe diſtant ſeat
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the Great,
The Quarrels of the Mighty without fear,
And the deſcent of foreign Troops they hear.
Nor can ev'n *Rome* their ſteddy courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her perſhing pride.
Them never yet did ſtrife or av'rice draw
Into the noiſy Markets of the Law,
The Camp of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad-men give.
Duty for Nature's Bounty they repay,
And her ſole Laws religiouſly obey.
Some with bold Labour plough the faithleſs Main,
Some rougher ſtorms in Princes Courts ſuſtain.
Some ſwell up their ſlight Sails with Pop'lar Fame,
Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlins of a Name.
Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit ;
With endleſs cares, ſome brooding or' it ſit.
Country and Friends are by ſome wretches ſold,
To lie on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold ;
No price too high for profit can be ſhewn ;
Not Brother's Blood, nor hazards of their own,
Around the World in ſearch of it they roam,
It makes even their *Antipodes* their home.
Mean while the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual Duties driving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertil Month does ſome new gifts preſent,
And with new work his induſtry content.
This, the young Lamb, that the ſoft Fleece doth yield,
This loads with Hay, and that, with the Corn, the Field :
All ſorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumn's* pride :
And on a ſwelling Hill's warm ſtony ſide,
The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does ſhine.
In th' Evening to a fair enſuing day,
With joy he ſees his Flocks and Kids to play ;
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the Milker's hand ;
And when from wholſom labour he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſht for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt humane bliſſes,
His chaſte wifes welcome, and dear Childrens kiſſes.

When any Rural Holy-days invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earth's fair bed beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carlesly laid,
He sings Thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Bowl foams with a flood of Wine,
Not to the loss of reason or of strength
To active games and manly sport at length:
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,
Who can the best at better Tryals be.
Such was the life the prudent *Sabines* chose,
From such the old *Hetrurian* virtue rose.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From such firm footing *Rome* grew th' World's head.
Such was the life that ev'n till now does raise
The honour of poor *Saturn*'s Golden days:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.
Before new ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before those Beasts which humane life sustain
By Men unless to the Gods use were slain.

Horat. Epodon.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bount'eous Gods allow
With his own hands Paternal Grounds to plough!
Like the first golden Mortals happy he
From Bus'ness and the cares of Money free!
No humane storms break off at Land his sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the deep,
From all the cheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th' affronts of Palaces endure.
Sometimes the beaut'eous Marriageable Vine
He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does joyn;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he shears his Flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
He sees the lowing Herds walk o'r the Plain,
Whilst neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:
And when the Season Rich as well as Gay,
All her Autumal Bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see
Of his well trusted Labours bend the Tree?
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much joy does he beneath some shade
By aged Trees reve'rend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh Green recline,
His head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design?

By

By him a River constantly complains,
The Birds above rejoyce with various strains,
And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep
Like Dreams mixt with the Gravity of sleep,
Sleep which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the Gate.
Nor does the roughest season of the Sky,
Or sullen *Jove* all sports to him deny.
He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the Air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more
He drives into a Toil, the foaming Bore.
Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net
To intercept the trave'ling Fowl is set.
And all his malice, all his craft is shown
In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee.
And if a chast, and clean, though homely Wife
Be added to the blessings of this life,
Such as the ancient Sun-burnt *Sabines* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and the House her care,
And joyfully the work of Life does share,
Nor thinks her self too noble nor too fine
To pin the Sheepfold or to milk the Kine,
Who waits at Door against her Husband come
From rural Duties, late, and wearied home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face;
And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
And with Domestique plenty loads the Board:
Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
Drest by the wanton hand of Luxury,
Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwits*, nor the rest
Of costly names that glorifie a Feast,
Are at the Princely Tables better cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here.

The Countrey-Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace *Second Book*, Satyr 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow Tree,
Close to plow'd Ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and Hereditary House,
There dwelt a good substantial Countrey-Mouse:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City-Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there,

For a days longing: the good hearty Hoaſt,
(The ancient plenty of his Hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtore produce, that might excite
With various taſtes, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches, and Beans, Peaſon, Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut the delicious Meat
Which *Jove* himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat.
And for a *Hautgouſt* there was mixt with theſe
The Sword of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheeſe,
The precious Reliques, which at Harveſt, he
Had gathered from the Reapers Luxurie.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on Beds of Straw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day.
Yet the nice Gueſt's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem, and kind)
Deſpis'd this Country Feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virtuous, and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage Beaſts lodge in a Country Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
And taſte the gen'rous Luxury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhe's about you move,
And by high fate, are pliant made to love.
We all e'r long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death.
Since Life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting, and in ſport.
Come worthy, Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath ſufficient Arms,
T' oppoſe bright Honour, and ſoft Pleaſures charms?
What wiſdom can their magick force repel?
It draws this rev'erend Hermit from his Cell.
It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *boſome fell*:
She bluſht at firſt, and then put out the light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
When to the Town our wearied Trav'ellers get,
To a Lord's houſe as Lordly as can be
Made for the uſe of Pride and Luxurie,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' obedience, and ſo in they go.

Behind

Behind a Hanging in a ſpacious Room,
(The richeſt Work of *Mortlackes* noble Loom)
They wait a while their wearied Limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their Feaſt.
About the hour that Cynthia's *ſilver light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble Fancies with a Ball.
Our Hoſt leads forth his Stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd Diſhes ſtood,
(And with delicious Bits the Floor was ſtrow'd.
The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat varieties are bleſt.
Th' induſtrious Peaſant every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midſt of a well fraighted Pye,
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lye,
When ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſperous Fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait.
With hideous noiſe, down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.
Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curſt;
This, of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave and Wood;
With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my food.

A Paraphraſe upon the 10*th Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEalth from the lover of the Country, me,
Health to the lover of the City, thee,
A difference in our Souls this only proves,
In all things elſe we agree like Married Doves.
But the warm Neſt, and crouded Dove-houſe thou
Do'ſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough,
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks, I play;
In fine, I live and reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at laſt from the Prieſt's Service fled,
Loathing the Hony'd-Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I an Houſe for Happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.

She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chuſe her Seat.
Is there a place doth better helps ſupply,
Againſt the wounds of Winter's cruelty?
Is there an Air, that gentlier does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lyon's Rage?
Is it not there that ſleep, (and only there,)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within, doors fear?
Does Art through Pipes a purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a Spring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures ſhew
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and Trees our wearied Pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded Palaces.
And in your Towns that Proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the Country to your ſight.
Men to the good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.
The Man who changes Gold for burniſh'd Braſs,
Or ſmall right Gems for larger ones of Glaſs:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,
Than he, who ſells a ſolid good to buy
The painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet grief to loſe.
For, when we place, ev'n trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part,
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear, untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.
The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the Horſe in common paſture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always wan,
Till the ambitious Horſe begg'd help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain:
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Maſters they themſelves enſlave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt Flower which crowns Humanity.
And all this Miſchief does upon them light,
Only, becauſe they know not how aright
That great, but ſecret, Happineſs to prize,
That's laid up in a little for the Wiſe:
That is the beſt, and eaſieſt Eſtate,
Which to a Man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtrait;

'Tis

'Tis like a Shoe, it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
My deareſt Friend, ſtop thy Deſires at laſt,
And chearfully enjoy the Wealth thou haſt.
And, If me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide, and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made not to command our Will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and Woe to us, if we our Wealth obey,
The Horſe doth with the Horſeman run away.

The Country Life,

Lib. 4 *Plantarum.*

BLeſt be the Man, (and bleſt he is,) whom e're
(Plac'd out of the Roads of Hope or Fear,)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden lib'rally beſtows
All ſhe can ask, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious Inconveniencies that wait
Upon a Life of Buſineſs, and of State,
He ſees (nor does the Sight diſturb his reſt,)
By Fools deſir'd, by wicked Men poſſeſt.
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great *Virgil*'s Praiſe,)
The old *Corycian* Yeoman paſt his days,
Thus his wiſe Life *Abdolonymus* ſpent:
Th' Ambaſſadors which the great Emperor ſent
To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend Gard'ner Howing of his Ground,
Unwillingly and ſlow, and diſcontent,
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went;
And oft he ſtopt in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to ſay,
Not without Sighs, Alas, I there forſake
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus *Aglaus* (a Man unknown to Men,
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then,)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a Name,
Aglaus now conſign'd t' eternal Fame.
For *Gyges*, the Rich King, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe *Apollo*'s *Delphick* Seat,
Preſum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'ſt thou a Man, that happier is than I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,
In a proud Rage, who can that *Aglaus* be?
W'have heard as yet of no ſuch King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around
No King of ſuch a Name was to be found.
Is ſome old *Hero* of that Name alive,
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?

Is it some mighty Gen'ral that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honors won?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth, said he?
None, none of these? who can this *Aglaus* be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last;
Th' *Arcadian* Life has always shady been,
Near *Sopho*'s Town (which he but once had seen,)
This *Aglaus*, who Monarchs envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness to,
This mighty *Aglaus* was labouring found,
With his own Hands in his own little ground.
So, Gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention Thee,
So let me act on such a private Stage
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
Of Heavenly rest this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn *Esquire.*

I Never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness, as that one which I have had always that I might be Master at last of a small House and large Garden, with very moderate Conveniencies joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my Life only to the Culture of them, and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my Wall,) whole and entire to lye,
In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish, that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own,) but several accidents of my ill fortune have disapointed me hitherto, and do still, of that Felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all Ambitions and Hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all Business, and almost Company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest Work of human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arived at my little *Zoar*. *O Let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose*) what I mean by all this Preface; It is to let you know, That though I have

have miſt, like a Chymiſt, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by ſomething that I have met with by the By; which is that they have procured to me ſome part in your kindneſs and eſteem; and thereby the honour of having my name ſo advantagiouſly recommended to Poſterity, by the *Epiſtle* you are pleaſed to prefix to the moſt uſeful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to laſt as long as Months and Years.

Among many others *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the moſt predominant, That you chooſe this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the iſſue of this ſeems to be deſigned by you to the main of the Eſtate; you have taken moſt pleaſure in it, and beſtow'd moſt charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to ſee that Book, which you are pleaſed to promiſe to the World, and of which you have given us a a large earneſt in your Calendar, as accompliſht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that poſſeſſes more private happineſs than you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happineſs more publick, by a free Communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my ſelf am able yet to do, is only to recommend to Mankind the ſearch of that Felicity, which you inſtruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

1.

Happy art thou whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of thine own Happineſs;
And happier yet, becauſe thou'rt bleſt
With prudence how to chooſe the beſt:
In Books and Gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
(Things well which thou doſt underſtand,
And both doſt make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again doeſt meet
Both pleaſures more refin'd and ſweet:
The faireſt Garden in her Looks,
And in her Mind the wiſeſt Books.
Oh, Who would change theſe ſoft, yet ſolid joys,
For empty ſhows and ſenceleſs noiſe;
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which ſeem ſuch beauteous Flowers, and are ſuch poiſonous (Weeds?

2.

When God did man to his own Likeneſs make,
As much as Clay, though of the pureſt kind,
By the great Potters are refin'd:
Could the Divine Impreſſion take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heav'en too did appear,
As far as Earth could ſuch a likneſs bear:

That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first Master could afford;
He did a Garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his Omnipotent Word.
As the chief Help and Joy of Human Life,
He gave him the first Gift; first, ev'n before a Wife.

3.

For God, the universal Architect,
'T had been as easie to erect
A Louvr, or Escurial, or a Tower
That might with Heav'en communication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power,
In the World's Fabrick those were shown,
And the Materials were all his own.
But well he knew what place would best agree
With Innocence, and with Felicitie:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our Judgement in the search direct;
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain.*

4.

Oh blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate Heat,
In which the frantick World does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-Star, Ambitions rage;
This Avarice, the Dog-Stars Thirst asswage;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule Mans wretched Destinie:
They neither Set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'r all the Year?
Whil'st we ne'r feel their Flame or Influ'ence here.
The Birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Than we who Lie or Walk below,
And should by right be Singers too.
What Princes Quire of Musick can excell
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing Pay or Give,
They like all other Poets live,
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well if they become not Prey,
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave Base the murmuring Fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our Plants, Arts Musick too,
The Pipe, The Orbo, and Guitar we owe;
The Lute it self, which once was Green and Mute,
When *Orpheus* struck th' inspired Lute,
The Trees danc'd round, and understood
By Sympathy the voice of wood.

5. These

5.

Theſe are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within reſiſtance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not chooſe to be awake,
While he's incompaſs'd round with ſuch delight,
To th' Ear, the Noſe, the Touch, the Taſte, and Sight?
When *Venus* would her dear *Aſcanius* keep
A Priſ'oner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,
She Od'orous Herbs and Flowers beneath him ſpread
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
Who, that has Reaſon, and his Smell,
Would not among Roſes and Jaſmin dwell,
Rather than all his Spirits choak
With exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?
And all th' uncleanneſs which does drown
In peſtilential Clouds a populous Town?
The Earth it ſelf breaths better Perfumes here,
Than all the Female Men or Women there,
Not without cauſe about them bear.

6.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
That pleaſure was the chiefeſt good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly underſtood)
His life he to his Doctrine brought,
And in a Gardens ſhade that Sovereign Pleaſure ſought.
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous Luxurie.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
That Fiſcal Table, to which every day
All Countries did a conſtant Tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than Nature's Liberality,
Helpt with a little Art and Induſtry,
Allows the meaneſt Gard'eners board.
The wanton Taſt no Fiſh or Fowl can chooſe,
For which the Grape or Melon ſhe would looſe,
Though all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air
Be liſted in the Gluttons Bill of Fare;
Yet ſtill the Fruits of Earth we ſee
Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxurie.

7.

But with no Senſe the Garden does comply;
None courts or flatters, as it does the Eye:
When the great *Hebrew* King did almoſt ſtrain
The wond'erous Treaſures of his Wealth and Brain,
His Royal Southern Gueſt to entertain;
Though ſhe on Silver Floors did tread,
With bright *Aſſyrian* Carpets on them ſpread,
To hide the Metals Poverty.
Though ſhe look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
And nought around her could behold

But Silk and rich Embroidery,
And *Babylonian* Tapestry,
And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy:
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Though she her self, and her gay Host were dress't
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Though she her self, and her gay Host were dress
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of Bravery
Was by the Garden from the Palace won;
And every Rose and Lilly there did stand
Better attir'd by Nature's hand:
The case thus judg'd against the King we see,
By one that would not be so Rich, though wiser far than he,

8.

Nor does this happy place onely dispense
Such various pleasures to the Sence;
Here Health it self does live,
That Salt of Life which does to all a relish give
Its standing Pleasure, and Intrinsick Wealth,
The Bodies Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune, Health.
The Tree of Life when it in *Eden* stood,
Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
It lasted a tall Cedar till the Flood;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It always here is freshest seen;
'Tis only here and Ever-green.
If through the strong and beauteous Fence
Of Temperance and Innocence,
And wholesome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
And Diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A Land unarmed, or without a Guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before thy can prevail:
Scarce any Plant is growing here
Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.
Let Cities boast, that they provide
For Life, the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Country and the Field,
That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

9.

Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine
In a more bright and sweet Reflection shine?
Where do we finer Strokes and Colours see
Of the Creator's real Poetrie,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third days Volum of the Book?
If we could open and intend our Eye,
We all like *Moses* should espy
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his Inferior ways,
(Though no less full of Miracle and Praise,)

Upon

Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raiſe,
Though theſe perhaps do, more than they,
The Life of Mankind ſway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More ſtor'd with Beauty, Power, and Myſterie;
Yet to encourage human Induſtry,
God has ſo ordered, that no other part
Such Space and ſuch Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

We no where Art do ſo triumphant ſee.
As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree;
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a Docile Schollar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Maſter here.
It imitates her Maker s Power Divine,
And changes her ſomtimes, and ſomtimes does refine.
It does like Grace, the fallen Tree reſtore
To it's bleſt State of Paradiſe before:
Who would not joy to ſee his conquering hand
O'r all the vegetable World command?
And the wild Giants of the Wood receive
What Law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill natur'd Crab produce
The gentle Apples Winey Juice;
The golden Fruit that worthy is
Of *Galatea*'s purple Kiſs;
He does the Savage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the ruſtick Plum to rear
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach,
Ev'n *Daphne*'s Coyneſs he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her ſtock,
Though ſhe, refus'd *Apollo*'s Suit;
Ev'n ſhe that chaſt and Virgin-Tree,
Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
That ſhe's a Mother made, and bluſhes in her Fruit.

11.

Methinks I ſee great *Dioclesian* walk
In the *Salonian* Garden's noble ſhade,
Which by is own Imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
With the Ambaſſadors who came in vain,
T' entice him to a Throne again,
If I, my Friends (ſaid he,) ſhould to you ſhew
All the Delights, which in theſe Gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much, that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than 'tis that you ſhould carry me away:
And truſt me not, my Friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever after the moſt happy Fight,
In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myſelf almoſt a God.

6. *Of*

6. *Of Greatneſs.*

SInce we cannot attain to Greatneſs, (ſays the *Sieur de Montagne*,) let's have our revenge by Railing at it: This he ſpoke but in jeſt. I believe he deſired it no more than I do, and had leſs reaſon, for he enjoyed ſo plentiful and honorable a Fortune in a moſt excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniencies of it, ſeparated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I ſhould think it hard meaſure, without being convinced of any Crime, to be ſequeſtred from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State, But the Reader may think that what I now ſay, is of ſmall Authority, becauſe I never was, nor ever ſhall be put to the Tryal: I can therefore only make my Proteſtation,

If ever I more Riches did deſire
Than Cleanlineſs and Quiet do require;
If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat
With any wiſh ſo mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove
The Humble Bleſſings of that Life I love.

I know very many Men will deſpiſe and ſome pity me for this Humour, as a poor-ſpirited fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being ſo. *Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli Finxerunt animi.* I confeſs I love Littleneſs almoſt in all things. A little convenient Eſtate, a little chearful Houſe, a little Company, and a very little Feaſt, and if I were ever to fall in love again, (which is a great Paſſion, and therefore, I hope I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettineſs, rather than with Majeſtical Beauty. I would neither wiſh that my Miſtreſs, nor my Fortune, ſhould be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uſes to deſcribe his Beauties like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the ſtatelineſs and largeneſs of her Perſon, but as as *Lucretius* ſays,

Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μια, tota merum ſal.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thouſand of *Seneca*'s mind, whoſe ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder deſcribes to this effect. *Seneca* was a man of a turbid and confuſed Wit, who could not endure to ſpeak any but mighty Words and Sentences, till this Humour grew at laſt into ſo notorious a Habit, or rather a Diſeaſe, as became the ſport of the whole Town: He would have no ſervants but huge maſſy fellows, no Plate or Houſhold-ſtuff, but thrice as big as the faſhion: You may believe me, for I ſpeak it without Railery, his Extravagancy came at laſt into ſuch a Madneſs, that he would not put on a pair of Shooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: He would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horſe-plums and Pound-pears: He kept a Concubine that was a very Gianteſs, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, till at laſt he got the Surname of *Seneca Grandio*, which, *Meſſala* ſaid,

was

was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum* : When he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedemonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his Arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cryed out in a very loud voice ; I rejoyce, I rejoyce—We wondred, I remember, what new great Fortune had befaln his Eminence, *Xerxes*, (says he,) is All mine own. He took away the sight of the Sea with Canvas Vails of so many Ships—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burley way of Nonsence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio*'s. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of quality were such high Shoos, as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them ? and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up ? I may safely say, That all the ostenation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the World, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio* ? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it ? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestick pleasures, (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them,) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the Vulgar, nay even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the World, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole World ? If ever any Men had the free and full Enjoyment of all humane Greatness, (nay that would not suffice, for they would be Gods too,) they certainly possest it ? and yet, one of them who styled himself Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to past his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero*, (who never put any bounds nor met with any stop to his Appetite,) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the Women, and affront the Men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them : This was one of his Imperial nocturnal Pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick Stage : He was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then,) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were of there Triumphs over Nations : He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperor and the last of all the *Cæsarian* Race of *Deities*, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cried out, Alas, what pity 'tis, that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner !

manner! His Uncle *Claudious* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Soveraignty. I omit the madness of *Caligula*'s delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of Mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding Stones, with little *Syrian* and *Mooriſh* Boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Rome's*, best Blood he spilt,
With so much Falshood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his Ambition strove,
To equal *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?
Greatness is barren sure of solid Joys;
Her Merchandize (I fear,) is all in Toys,
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his universal Majestie,
His new-created Deitie,
With Nuts, and Bounding-stones, and Boys.

But we must excuse her for his meager entertainment, she has not really wherewithal to make such Feasts as we imagine; her Guests must be contented sometimes but with slender Cates, and with the same cold Meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. When you have pared away all the Vanity, what solid and natural Contentment does there remain which may not be had with Five hundred pounds a year? Not so many Servants or Horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: Not so many choice Dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: Not so Rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de Chambre*: Not such a stately Palace, nor gilt Rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient Brick-house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work Hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions,) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vast Parks nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholsome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquillity, Security, and Innocence and when you have thought upon this you will confess that to be a Truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a more beautiful Object:

Sed

Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up towards Heaven the Branches grow,
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to Greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: What a wonderful thing is this? Unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of Borrowing, Cousenage and Robbery, *Mancipits locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with Slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient *Roman* Emperors, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extream Poverty: But yet with most of them it was much otherwise, they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their Friends and Servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This fashion of imperial Grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the necessary Provisions of life, and have no way to satisfie those Debts, but out of the succours and supplies of Rapine. As Riches encrease, (says *Solomon*,) so do the Mouths that devour them. The Masters Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Oneus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these Inconveninces arise naturally one more, which is that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: Still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of *Tenariff*, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of Tranquillity above the Moon. The first ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are said to have made an Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despight of the Gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*: Two or three Mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoil'd all their work, when they were come up to the third story.

And what a noble Plot was crost,
And what a brave Design was lost!

A famous Person of their Off spring, the late Giant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an Army of lit-

tle *Titans*, which was his firſt Mountain, and afterward General, which was the ſecond, and after that, abſolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almoſt touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with grief and Diſcontent, becauſe he could not attain to the honeſt name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a Wicked Uſurpation. If he could have compaſs'd that, he would perhaps have wanted ſomething elſe that is neceſſary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor, or a God. The reaſon of this is, that Greatneſs has not reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that conſiſts only in Relation and Compariſon: It is indeed an Idol; but S. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no Riſing or Meridian of the Sun, but only in reſpect to ſeveral places: There is no Right or Left no upper-hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diverſly compared. There may be perhaps ſome Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a great Man; and in that caſe I ſhould be like *Cæſar*, (you would wonder how *Cæſar* and I ſhould be like one another in any thing,) and choſe rather to be the Firſt man of the Village, than ſecond at *Rome*. Our Country is called *Great Britany*, in regard only of a Leſſer of the ſame name, it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we conſider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That, too, is but a pitiful Rood of Ground in compariſon of the whole Earth beſides: And this whole Globe of Earth, which we account ſo immenſe a Body, is but one Point or Atom in relation to thoſe nummberleſs Worlds that are ſcattered up and down in the infinite Space of the Sky which we behold. The other many inconveniences of Grandeur I have ſpoken of diſperſtly in ſeveral Chapters, and ſhall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copyed, but rudely imitated.

Horace Lib. 3. Ode 1.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

1.

HEnce, ye Prophane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small.
To Virgin-Minds, which yet their Native whiteneſs hold,
Not yet diſcolour'd with the love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look ſo Gilded and ſo Foul,)
To you, ye very few, theſe truths I tell,
The Muſe inſpires my Song, hark, and obſerve it well.

2.

We look on Men, and wonder at ſuch odds
'Twixt things that were the ſame by Birth:
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
Theſe Giants are but Pigmeys to the Gods.
The humbleſt and the proudeſt Oak
Are but of equal proof againſt the Thunder-ſtroak.

Beauty,

Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth and power
Have their short flourishing Hour,
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence a while;
Even so in the same Land,
Poor Weeds, Rich Corn, gay Flowers, together stand;
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

3.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear,) like *Damocles*:
If you your Eyes could upwards move,
(But you (I fear,) think nothing is above,)
You would perceive by what a little Thread
The Sword stills hangs over your head;
No Tittle of Wine would drown your Cares;
No mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears.
The fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages;
His Poppy grows among the Corn,
The Halcyon sleep will never build his Nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind,
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who, in all wishes he does make,
Does only Nature's Counsel take;
That wise and happy Man will never fear
The evil Aspects of the Year;
Nor tremble, thô two Comets should appear:
He does not look in Almanacks to see,
Whether he Fortunate shall be;
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heavens conjoyn,
And what they please against the World design,
So *Jupiter* within him shine

6.

If of your Pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your Cares and Fears will set no bound.
What would content you? who can tell
Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well.
Ye strive for more, as if you lik'd it not.
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your Fancy please,
But trust Me when you've done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

7. Of Avarice.

THere are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a bastard-kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of Gain; not for his own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Chanels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of Riches, not for any further end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it: The second is like the foolish *Chough*, which loves to steal Money only to hide it. The first does much harm to Mankind, and a little good to some few: The second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his Actions: The second can give no reason or colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; He is a slave to Mammon without wages: The first makes a shift to be beloved; I, and envyed too by some people: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have persued it with Stories, and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and moved, as we say, every Stone to sling at it. Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

> *Desunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia.*
> Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which Saying, I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus.

> Poverty wants Some, Luxury Many, Avarice
> All Things.

Some body says of a Virtuous and Wise Man, That having Nothing, he has All: This is just his Antipode, Who, having All things, yet has Nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos Amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.* They're the fondest Lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

> And, oh, What Mans Condition can be worse
> Than his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse!
> The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
> The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made against him: Against him, do I say? I mean, for him; as there are publick Povisions made for all other Mad-men; It

is

is very reasonable that the King should appoint some persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this Proposition,) to manage his Estate during his Life, (for his Heirs commonly need not that care,) and out of it to make it their business to see that he should not want Alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggers, but have no care at all of these really Poor Men, who are (methinks,) to be respectfully treated in regard of their Quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choakt with the super-abundance of the Matter; Too much Plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will conclude this odious Subject with part of *Horace*'s first *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar Style.

I admire, *Mecænas*, how it comes to pass,
That no Man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that State,
In which his own choice plants him or his Fate:
Happy the Merchant, the old Souldier cries;
The Merchant beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the Souldier, one half hour to thee
Gives speedy Death, or Glorious Victorie.
The Lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless Clients, calls the Peasant blest;
The Peasant, when his Labours ill succeed,
Envies the Mouth which only Talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'l say,) that I want store
Of Instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach at least a Mile
Beyond long *Orator Fabius* his Style.
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e're endears,
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove*'s now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou Souldier be a Merchant; Merchant, Thou
A Souldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plow.
Change all your Stations straight,, Why do they stay?
The Devil a man will change, now when he may.
Were I in Gen'ral *Jove*'s abused case,
By *Jove* I'de cudgel this rebellious Race:
But he's too good; be all then as you were,
However make the best of what you are,
And in that state be chearful and rejoyce,
Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be a while.
But 'tis with a Design only to gain
What may their Age with plent'eous ease maintain.
The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach,
And industry to lazy Mankind preach.
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get,

But

But in is temperate Mouth carries it home
A ſtock for Winter, which he knows muſt come.
And when the rowling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong ſide of the Year,
And ſhuts them in, with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
He chearfully does his paſt labour eat:
O' does he ſo? your wiſe example, th' Ant,
Does not at all times Reſt, and Plenty want.
But weighing juſtly a mortal Ant's condition
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold
From thy unnat'ural diligence can withold,
To th' *Indies* thou wouldſt run rather than ſee
Another, though a Friend, richer than Thee.
Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of Treaſure buried under ground;
Which rather than diminiſht e're to ſee
Thou wouldſt thy ſelf too buried with them be:
And what's the diff'erence, is't not quite as bad
Never to Uſe, as never to have Had?
In thy vaſt Barns Millions of Quarters ſtore,
Thy Belly for all that will hold no more
Than mine does; every Baker makes much Bread,
What then? He's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of Nature live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive;
One hundred Acres will no leſs for you
Your Life's whole buſineſs than ten thouſand do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great ſtore;
What, Man? though you're reſolv'd to take no more
Than I from a ſmall one? if your Will
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
To ſome great River for it muſt you go,
When a clear Spring juſt at your feet does flow?
Give me the Spring which does to humane uſe
Safe, eaſie, and untroubled ſtores produce,
He who ſcorns theſe, and needs will drink at *Nile*,
Muſt run the danger of the Crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream it ſelf, which may
At unawares bear him perhaps away.
In a full Flood *Tantalus* ſtands, his skin
Waſht o'r in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the ſtream with greedy Lips,
From his toucht Mouth the wanton Torrent ſlips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but, What's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy ſtory,
Thou in a Flood of Uſeleſs Wealth doſt glory,
Which thou canſt only toucht but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want does laſt.
The Treaſures of the Gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they're made thine won, they Sacred are,

And must be kept with reverence, as if thou
No other use of precious Gold did'st know,
But that of curious Pictures to delight
With the fair stamp thy *Virtuoso* sight.
The only true, and genuine use is this,
To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss
Without discomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,
And Wine, by which the Life of Life is fed.
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is Giv'en for thee to Give.
If Cares and Trubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
The bitter Fruits be which fair Riches bear;
If a new Poverty grow out of store;
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's *third Book beginning thus,* Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
And Guards as strict as in the heat of Wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent Maidenhead.
The jealous Father thought he well might spare,
All further jealous Care,
And as he walkt, t'himself alone he smil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he slept, his rest was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the amorous *Jove*
A Magical receipt in Love,
Which Arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ship before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixir, by which Art,
His Godhead into Gold he did convert,
No Guards did then his passage stay,
He pass'd with ease; Gold was the Word;
Subtle as a Lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through Doors and Walls did pierce,
And as that works somtimes upon the sword,
Melted the Maidenhead away,
Even in the secret scabbard where it lay.
The prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring,
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamans Star.

3.

Let all the World slave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this disguised Deitie,
Yet it shall never conquer me.

A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
And Wisdom is a Tower of stronger Brass.
The Muses Lawrel round my Temples spread,
'T does from this Lightnings force secure my Head:
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent Meteors to lye.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, Ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great
The vast *Xerxean* Army I retreat,
And to the small Laconick forces fly,
Which hold the Straights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summers store,
If the Mind thirst and hunger still,
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to things we too much prize,
We Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord;
But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy He
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The dangers of an Honest Man in much Company.

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I see little possibility for one Honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all furnisht *Cap-a-pe*, with the defensive Arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore that I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open Campagne, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all Bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a Knave, or else the world will make him a Fool; and if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these

civil *Cannibals* too as well as the wild ones, not onely dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand; neither is the Solitude uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to Man all kind of beasts, a fawning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a Robing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some moderation and good nature in the *Tonpinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the greatest Boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the Walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies, They have assembled many thousands so scatered People into one body: 'Tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities, to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an Art of War: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome Laws for the restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot bind; though there were before no punishments for Wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceived; let Oratory answer for it self, the Tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: It never was the work of Philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regluate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first builders of Towns, and Founders of Empires; They said, *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower, whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.* What was the beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? What was it but a concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was justly named by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his brother; not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first Town too in the World; and such is the orginal sin of most Cities: their Actual encrease daily with there Age and Growth; the more People, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing

ſecure our ſafety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Scituation to regard above all things the Healthfulneſs of the place, and the Healthfulneſs of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But ſupoſe (which is hardly to be ſuppoſed) we had Antidote enough againſt this Poiſon; nay ſuppoſe farther, we were always and at all pieces armed and provided both againſt the Aſſaults of Hoſtility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compaſs'd round with Fire, to defend our ſelves from wild Beaſts, the Lodgings would be unpleaſant becauſe we muſt always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no leſs the defects of our Guard, than the diligences of our Enemy. The ſum of this is, that a vertuous man is in danger to be trod upon and deſtroyed in the crowd of his Contraries; nay, which is worſe, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impoſſible to eſcape both theſe inconveniences without ſo much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is the Happineſs of his Life. Ye ſee then, what he may loſe; but I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri neſcio.* What ſhould a man of truth and honeſty do at *Rome?* He can neither underſtand nor ſpeak the Language of the place; a naked man may ſwim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fiſh there; they are likelier to devour him then he them, if he bring no Nets, and uſe no Deceits. I think therefore it was wiſe and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*.

Juven. Sat. 3.

lib. 2. Mart.

Honeſt and Poor, faithful in word and thought;
What haſte thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
Thou neither the Buffoon nor Bawd canſt play,
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' Innocent betray:
Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
A living by thy Induſtry and ſweat;
Nor with vain promiſes and projects cheat;
Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great,
But you're a man of Learning, prudent, juſt;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for truſt.
Why you may ſtay, and live unenvy'd here;
But (faith) go back, and you keep where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the caſe, yet the very ſight of Uncleanneſs is loathſom to the Cleanly; the ſight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wiſe and Pious.

Lucr. lib. 2.

Lucretius, by his favour, though a good Poet, was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he ſaid, It was delightfull to ſee other Men in a great ſtorm. And no leſs ill-natur'd ſhould I think *Democritus*, who laughs at all the World, but that he retired himſelf ſo much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleaſure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to *Bedlam*, and have ſeen others very much delighted with fantaſtical extravagancy of ſo many various madneſſes, which upon me wrought ſo contrary an effect, that I always

ways return'd, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Mad-men abroad, without any perturbation; though to weigh the matter justly the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of humane Blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path; nay go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum?* that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*: But whither shall we fly then? into the Deserts, like the ancient Hermites?

Qua terra patet fera regnat Erynnis,
In facinus jurasse putes. Metam. 1.

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin: The difference onely is, That some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Philip Sidney* in *Arcadia*, or of Monsieur *d' Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*? and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Foreſt*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in humane conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the *Court* or the *Exchange*, or *Westminster-Hall*. I ask again then, Wither shall we fly? or, What shall we do? The World may so come in a Mans way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed tho' not to go a Whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocations, or just necessity, Men happen to be Married to it, I can only give them St. *Pauls* advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains, that they that have Wives, be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.* 1 Cor. 7. 29. Verse 7.

In all cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the sight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Countrey.

Claudian's Old Man of *Verona.*

HAppy the Man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' incloſure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the ſame humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his race)
From his firſt riſing Infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gentle bending down,
With natural propenſion to that Earth
Which both preſerv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no falſe diſtant Lights by Fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wandrings get.
He never dangers either ſaw or fear'd:
The dreadful ſtorms at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the ſhrill alarms of War,
Or the worſe noiſes of the Lawyers Bar.
No change of Conſuls marks to him the year,
The change of ſeaſons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer ſhows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He meaſures Time by Land-marks and has found
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighbouring Wood born with himſelf he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona*'s Name,
And knows it like the *Indies* but by Fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the *Red Sea.* and of *Benacus* Lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of Boys.
About the ſpacious World let others Roam,
The Voyage Life is longeſt made at home.

9. *The ſhortneſs of Life and uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you ſhould ſee a man that were to croſs from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very buſie and ſolicitous, and trouble himſelf many weeks before in making proviſions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and diſcreet perſon, or laugh at him for a timerous and impertinent Coxcomb? A man who is exceſſive in his pains and diligence, and who conſumes the greateſt part of his time in furniſhing the remainder with all conveniences and even ſuperfluities, is to Angels and wiſe men no leſs ridiculous; he does as little conſider the ſhortneſs of his paſſage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, ſo narrow a ſtraight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais.* We are all Ἐφήμεροι (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our deſires to that little ſpace; as if it were probable that every day ſhould be our laſt, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time.

time. The Sun ought not to ſet upon our Covetouſneſs no more then upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thouſand years are as one day, ſo in direct oppoſition, one day to the Covetous man is a thouſand years; *tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, ſo far he ſhoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for ſo long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almoſt ſuch a Life, made, we are ſure, leſs ſtores for the maintaining of it; they who lived Nine hundred years ſcarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days, provide at leaſt for Nine hundred years; what a ſtrange alteration is this of Human Life and Manners? And yet we ſee an imitation of it in every mans particular experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half ſpent, and ſtill encreaſe them as that decreaſes. What is there among the actions of Beaſts ſo illogical and repugnant to reaſon? When they do any thing which ſeems to proceed from that which we call Reaſon, we diſdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Inſtinct? and are not we Fools too by the ſame kind of Inſtinct? if we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we ſhould adjuſt much better our other accounts, but whil'ſt we never conſider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* adviſes very wiſely, and in excellent good words, *ſpacio brevi ſpem longam reſeces*, From a ſhort life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They muſt be pruned away like Suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the ſame ſence, *Vita ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he ſays, *Oh quanta dementia eſt ſpes longas inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great induſtry in turning about of Money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches, but died on a ſudden after, having ſupped merrily, *In ipſo actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipſo procurrentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full courſe of his good fortune, when ſhe had a high Tide and a ſtiff Gale, and all her Sails on; upon which occaſion he cries out of *Virgil*,

Inſere nunc Melibœe pyros, pone ordine vites,

Go *Melibœus*, now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compaſſion, becauſe he was taken as we ſay, *in ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich man in *St. Luke*) whoſe caſe was not like this) I could pity methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he ſeems to have been ſatisfied at laſt, he confeſſes he had enough for many years, he bids his ſoul take its eaſe, and yet for all that, God ſays to him; *Thou fool, this night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee*, and the things thou haſt laid up, Whom ſhall they

belong

belong to? Where ſhall we find the cauſes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgement? We may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps ſaw more; Firſt, that he did not intend true Reſt to his Soul, but only to change the Employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his deſign is to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of reſting; the Fulneſs of his old Barns had not ſufficed him, he would ſtay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the ſame meaſure; Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God deſtroy'd his Life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away ſometimes the Man from his Riches, and no leſs frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of ſuch a Marriage, where both parties are ſo fickle and uncertain? By what bonds can ſuch a couple be kept long together?

1.

Why doſt thou heap up Wealth, which thou muſt quit,
Or, what is worſe, be left by it?
Why doſt thou load thy ſelf, when thou'rt to flie,
Oh Man ordain'd to die?

2.

Why doſt thou build up ſtately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou ſow'ſt and Planteſt, but no Fruit muſt ſee,
For Death, alas! is ſowing Thee.

3.

Suppoſe, thou Fortune could to tameneſs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppoſe, thou could'ſt on Fate ſo far prevail
As not to cut off thy Entail:

4.

Yet Death at all that ſubtilty will laugh,
Death will that fooliſh Gard'ner mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual Plant engraff
Upon a laſting ſtock.

5.

Thou doſt thy ſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldſt ſeem;
Fond Man! like a bought ſlave, thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweat and toil.

6.

Officious fool! that needs muſt medling be
In buſi'neſs that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou' extend'ſt thy cares
Thou deal'ſt in other mens affairs.

7.

Even aged Men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare,
Proviſions for long travail they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort Line.

8.

Wiſely the Ant againſt poor Winter hoords
The Stock which Summer's wealth affords,

In

In Graſhoppers that muſt at Autumn dye,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry?

9.

Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,
If it of Life the whole ſmall time ſhould ſtay,
And be our Sunſhine all the day.

10.

Like Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud
(Though ſhining bright, and ſpeaking loud)
Whilſt it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it Gilds, it wounds the place.

11.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which do'ſt fair appear,
Only to Men that ſtand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinſel brav'ery wears!
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears!

12.

Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep,
In a weak Boat truſt not the deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envy'ing riſe;
Pity Great Men, Great Things deſpiſe.

13.

The wiſe example of the Heavenly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley* mark,
Above the Clouds let thy proud Muſick ſound,
Thy humble Neſt build on the Ground.

10. *The danger of Procraſtination.*

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my deſign, of withdrawing my ſelf from all tumult and buſineſs of the World; and conſecrating the little reſt of my time to thoſe ſtudies, to which Nature had ſo Motherly inclin'd me, and from which Fortune like a Step-mother has ſo long detained me. But nevertheleſs (you ſay,) which *But*, is *Ærugo mera* a ruſt which ſpoils *Horat.* the good Metal it grows upon. But (you ſay) you would adviſe me not to precipitate that reſolution, but to ſtay a while longer with patience and complaiſance, till I had gotten ſuch an Eſtate as might afford me (according to the ſaying of that perſon whom you and I love very much, and would believe as ſoon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium.* This were excellent advice to *Joſhua*, who could bid the Sun ſtay too. But ther's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond forty. The ſeeking for a Fortune then, is but a deſperate After-game; 'Tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; eſpecially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is ſome help for all the Defects of Fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wiſhes, he may have remedy by cuting of them ſhorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneus* who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it ſeems) a bountiful perſon, to recommend to

Him

Him who had made ſo many Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he deſired might be made a rich man too; But I intreat you that would not do it juſt the ſame way as you have done to many leſs deſerving perſons, but in the moſt Gentleman-manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Eſtate, but to take ſomething from his Deſires. The ſumm of this is, That for the certain hopes of ſome conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is neceſſary, eſpecially, when the uſe of thoſe things which we would ſtay for, may otherwiſe be ſupplyed, but the loſs of time never recovered: Nay, farther yet, though we were ſure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were ſure of getting never ſo much by continuing the Game; yet when the Light of Life is ſo near going out, and ought to be ſo precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The play is not worth the Expence of the Candle: after having been long toſt in a tempeſt, if our Maſts be ſtanding, and we have ſtill Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande ſinus.* A Gentelman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Priſoner, and loſt his life afterwards, only by ſtaying to put on a Band, and adjuſt his Periwig: He would eſcape like a perſon of quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your councel of *Feſtina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was ſo cautious, as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

——*Sapere Aude, Incipe*——

Begin, the getting out of doors is the greateſt part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latine* Proverb, *Portam Itinere longiſſimam eſſe*: But to return to *Horace*,

——*Sapere aude,*

Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum labitur Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopt him, ſhould be gon,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Ceſar (the man of Expedition above all others) was ſo far from this Folly, that whenſoever in a journey he was to croſs any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himſelf into it immediatly, and ſwam over; and this is the courſe we ought to imitate, If we meet with any ſtops in our way to Happineſs. Stay till the waters are low

low, ſtay till ſome Boats come by to tranſport you, ſtay till a Bridge be built for you; You had even as good ſtay till the River be quite paſt. *Perſius* (who you uſe to ſay, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, becauſe you cannot underſtand him, and whom therefore (I ſay) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expreſſion of theſe Procraſtinations, which methinks is full of Fancy.

Jam Cras Heſternum conſumpſimus, Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos annos.

Our Yeſterday's To morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new To morrow does come on;
We by To morrows draw up all our ſtore,
Till the exhauſted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Feſtina lente*, and three or four other more of your New *Latine* Sentences: if I ſhould draw upon you all my Forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this ſubject, I ſhould overwhelm you, but I leave thoſe as *Triarii* for your next Charge. I ſhall only give you now a light Skirmiſh out of an Epigrammatiſt, your ſpecial good Friend, and ſo, *Vale*.

Mart. Lib. 5. *Epigr.* 59.

To morrow you will Live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this Morrow lye,
That 'tis ſo mighty long e'r it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis ſo far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very Old and very Dear.
To morrow I will live, the Fool does ſay;
To Day it ſelf's too late, the Wiſe liv'd Yeſterday.

Mart. Lib. 2. *Ep.* 90.

Wonder not, Sir (you who inſtruct the Town
In the true Wiſdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haſt to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.
Life for Delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet, made haſte enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whoſe prepoſterous care
Omits himſelf, and reaches to his Heir.
Who does his Father's bounded Stores deſpiſe,
And whom his own too never can ſuffice;
My humble thoughts no glittering Roofs require,
Or Rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant Fire.
I well content the Avarice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected Light:
Pleaſures abroad, the ſport of Nature yields
Her living Fountains, and her ſmiling Fields.

And then at home, What pleaſure is't to ſee
A little cleanly chearful Familie?
Which if a chaſte Wife crown, no leſs in her
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wiſe, ſhe ſhould not be,
No, not too Rich, too Fair, too Fond of me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

6. *Of my Self.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himſelf, it grates his own heart to ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the Readers Ears to hear any thing of praiſe from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind, neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is ſufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preſerved me from being ſcandalous, or remarkable on the defective ſide. But beſides that, I ſhall here ſpeak of my ſelf, only in relation to the ſubject of theſe precedent diſcourſes, and ſhall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than riſe up to the eſtimation of moſt people. As far as my memory can return back into my paſt Life, before I knew, or was capable of gueſſing what the world, or glories, or buſineſs of it were, the natural affections of my Soul gave a ſecret bent of averſion from them, as ſome Plants are ſaid to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themſelves, and inſcrutable to man's underſtanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, inſtead of running about on Holydays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to ſteal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with ſome one Companion, if I could find any of the ſame temper. I was then too ſo much an Enemy to conſtraint, that my Maſters could never prevail on me, by any perſwaſions, or encouragements, to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar, in which they diſpenced with me alone, becauſe they found I made a ſhift to do the uſual exerciſe out of my own reading and obſervation. That I was then of the ſame mind as I am now (which I confeſs, I wonder at my ſelf) may appear at the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verſes. The beginning of it is boyiſh, but of this part which I here ſet down (if a very little were corrected) I ſhould hardly now be much aſhamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for Envy, for contempt too high.
Some Honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

10.

Books should, not business, entertain the Light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.
My House a Cottage, more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxurie.
My Garden painted o'r
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

11.

Thus would I double my Life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy State,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stampt first, or rather engraved the Characters in me: They were like Letters cut in the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mothers Parlor, (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spensers* Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Gyants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as immediately as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars, to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much Company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant, (for that was the state then of the *English* and the *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before

but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I say many Ships which rid safely, and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my Stomach if, it did with my Courage; though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistance that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busie World and I shall ne'r agree, *&c.*

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from His Majesties happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderatly convenient Retreat in the Countrey, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary Fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophecie against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it:

Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling Bar;
Content thy self with the small barren praise,
Which neglected Verse does raise, *&c.*

However by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on, I cast my self into it *A Corpus perdi*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not onely with many little Incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperor as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum:* Nothing shall separate me from a Mistriss, which I have lov'd so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from Her.

——*Nec vos dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor

Nor by me e'r ſhall you,
You of all Names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You Muſes, Books, and Liberty and Reſt;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forſaken be,
As long as Life it ſelf forſakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; becauſe I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verſes, I will maintain the Humour to the laſt.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SInce deareſt Friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true Receipt of Happineſs from Me;
Theſe are the chief Ingredients, if not all,
Take an Eſtate neither too great nor ſmall,
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call:
Let this Eſtate from Parents care deſcend;
The getting it too much of Life does ſpend.
Take ſuch a Ground, whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtrie.
Let conſtant Fires the Winters fury tame;
And let thy Kitchins be a Veſtal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,
And rarely, very rarely Buſineſs draw,
Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,
In undiſturbed Peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let exerciſe a vigorous Health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each does the juſt mixture make.
But a few friendſhips weare, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Inſtead of Art and Luxury in food,
Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good.
If any cares into the Day-time creep,
At night without Wines Opium, let them ſleep.
Let Reſt, which Nature does to darkneſs wed,
And not Luſt, recommend to thee thy Bed,
Be ſatisfi'd, and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th' allotted part,
Enjoy the preſent Hour, be thankful for the Paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

Martial Book 10. *Epigram* 96.

ME who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a Retreat ſo diſtant as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return when once I go,

Give

Give me a Country how remote ſo e'r,
Where Happineſs a mod'erate rate does bear,
Where Poverty it ſelf in Plenty flows;
And all the ſolid uſe of Riches knows.
The Ground about the Houſe maintains it there;
The Houſe maintains the Ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full Board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the Lord.
The Land it ſelf does there the Feaſt beſtow,
The Land it ſelf muſt here to Market go.
Three or four Suits one Winter here does waſt,
One Suit does there three or four Winters laſt.
Here every frugal Man muſt oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you ſold.
There Fire's an Element, as cheap and free
Almoſt as any other of the Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their Sports, and at their Tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you ſcore:
The Places bounty there, ſhall give me more.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

Hic, O Viator, ſub Lare parvulo,
Couleius *Hic eſt Conditus, Hic Jacet*
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuaque vita,
Non Indecora paupere *Nitens,*
Et non inerti *nobilis* otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus *hoſtis.*
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc Quantula *ſufficit?*
Exempta ſit Curis, viator,
Terra ſit illa Levis, precare.
Hic ſparge Flores, *ſparge breves* Roſas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbiſque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

To the Duke of Buckingham, *upon his Marriage with the Lord* Fairfax *his Daughter.* Never before Printed.

1.

Beauty and strength together came,
Even from the Birth with *Buckingham*;
The little active Seeds which since are grown
So fair, so large and high,
With Life it self were in him sown;
Honour and wealth stood like the Midwives by,
To take the Birth into their happy Hands,
And wrapt him warme in their rich swaddling Bands:
To the great Stock the thriving Infant soon
Made greater Acquisitions of his own;
With Beauty generous Goodness he Combin'd,
Courage to Strength, Judgment to Wit he joyn'd;
He pair'd, and match'd his Native Virtues right,
Both to improve their use, and their Delight.

2.

O blest Conjunction of the fairest Stars,
That Shine in Humane Natures Sphere!
But O! what envious Cloud your Influence bars,
Ill fortune, what dost thou do there?
Hadst thou the least of Modesty,
Thou'dst be asham'd that we should see
Thy deform'd Looks, and Dress, in such a Company:
Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess, in thy hate,
If thou dist foolishly believe
That thou could'st him of ought deprive,
But, what men hold of thee, a great Estate.
And here indeed thou to the full did shew
All that thy Tyrant Diety could do,
His Virtues never did thy power obey,
In dissipating Storms, and routed Battles they
Did close and constant with their Captain stay;
They with him into Exile went,
And kept their Home in Banishment.
The Noble Youth was often forc'd to flee
From the instriate Rage of thee,
Disguised, and Unknown;
In all His shap'es they always kept their own,
Nay, with the Foil of darkness, brighter shone,
And might Unwillingly have don,
But, that just Heaven thy wicked Will abhor'd,
What Virtues most detest, might have betrayd their Lord,

3.

Ah slothfull *Love*, could'st thou with patience see
Fortune usurp that flowry Spring from thee;
And nip thy rosy Season with a Cold,
That comes too soon, when Life's short year grows old,

Love

Love his gross Error saw at last,
And promis'd large amends for what was past.
He promis'd, and has don it, which is more
Than I, who knew him long, e're knew him do before.
H'has don it Nobly, and we must confess
Could do no more, though h'ought to do no less.
What has he don? he has repair'd
The Ruines which a luckless War did make,
And added to it a Reward
Greater than Conquest for its share could take.
His whole Estate could not such gain produce,
Had it layd out a hundred years at use.

4.

Now blessings to thy Noble choice betide
Happy, and Happy-making Bride.
Though thou art born of a Victorious Race,
And all their rougher Victorie dost grace
With gentle Triumphs of thy Face,
Permit us in this milder War to prize
No less thy yeilding Heart, than thy Victorious Eyes.
Nor doubt the honour of that field,
Where thou didst first overcome, e're thou didst yield.
And tho' thy Father's Martial Name
Has fill'd the Trumpets and the Drums of Fame,
Thy Husband triumphs now no less than He,
And it may justly question'd be,
Which was the Happiest Conqueror of the Three.

5.

There is in Fate (which none but Poets see)
There is in Fate the noblest Poetry,
And she has shown, Great Duke, her utmost Art in Thee;
For after all the troubles of thy Scene,
Which so confus'd, and intricate have been,
She has ended with this Match thy Tragicomedy;
We all admire it, for the truth to tell,
Our Poet Fate ends not all Plays so well;
But this she as her Master-piece does boast,
And so indeed She may;
For in the middle Acts, and turnings of the Play,
Alas! we gave our Hero up for lost.
All men, I see, this with applause receive,
And now let me have leave,
A Servant of the Person, and the Art,
To Speak this Prologue to the second part,

FINIS.

Davideis,

A

SACRED POEM

OF THE

TROUBLES

OF

DAVID.

In FOUR BOOKS.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perfussus amore,
Accipiant, Cœliq; vias & Sidera monstrent.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Proposition. *The* Innovation. *The* Entrance *into the* History *from a new Agreement betwixt* Saul *and* David. *A Description of* Hell, *The* Devil's *Speech.* Envy's *Reply to him. Her appearing to* Saul *in the shape of* Benjamin; *Her Speech and* Saul's *to himself after she was vanish'd. A Description of* Heaven. God's *Speech: He sends an* Angel *to* David, *the* Angel's *Message to him.* David *sent for to Play before* Saul. *A* Digression *concerning* Musick. David's Psalm. Saul *attempts to kill him. His Escape to his own House, from whence being pursued by the King's* Guard, *by the Artifice of his Wife* Michol, *he escapes and flies to* Naioth, *the* Prophet's College *at* Ramah. Saul's *Speech and Rage at his Escape. A long* Digression *describing the* Prophet's College, *and their manner of* Life *there, and the ordinary subjects of their* Poetry. Saul's *Guards pursue* David *thither, and prophesie.* Saul *among the* Prophets. *He is compared to* Balaam, *whose Song concludes the* BOOK.

DAVIDEIS.

The first Book.

1,2 I Sing the *Man* who *Judah*'s *Scepter* bore
In that right hand which held the *Crook* before;
Who from best *Poets*, best of *Kings* did grow;
The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow.
Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* crost his strong fate in vain.
Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford;
Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword*;
So long her *Conq'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd;
Till with unwearied *Vertue* he subdu'd
All homebred Malice, and all Foreign boasts;
Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.
Joh. 8. 58. Thou, who didst *Davids* Royal stem adorn,
And gav'st him *Birth* from whom thy self was *Born*.
Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
Whilst *Hell's* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old,
Who Heav'ns *glad burden* now, and justest pride,
Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side,
(Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head
Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
Till Crimson drops of Precious *Blood* hung down
Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.
Ev'n *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of *David*'s *Lyre*,
Guide my bold steps with thine old *trav'ling Flame*,
Exod. 13. 21.
3 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame*;
Lo, with *pure hands* thy Heav'nly *Fires* to take,
My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chast *Vestal* make!
From earths vain joys, and loves soft Witchcraft free,
I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee!
Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praise,
On polish'd *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchsafe to dwell,
4 It *Solomon*'s, and *Herod*'s shall excel.
Too long the *Muses-Land* have *Heathen* bin;
Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ls*, and *Virtues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal World*, has call'd forth *Me*
5 Th' *Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*;
T' unbind the Charms that in slight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is *truest Poesie*.
The Malice now of jealous *Saul* grew less,
O'ercome by constant *Virtue*, and *Success*;

6 He grew at laſt more weary to *command*
New dangers, than young *David* to withſtand
Or *Conquer* them; he fear'd his Maſt'ring Fate,
And envy'd him a *King*'s unpowerful Hate.
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'ppreſſion ſpeed,
7 *Victorious*, and the *Victors* ſacred Meed!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know
How a tame *ſtream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force; he now with wanton play,
Kiſſes the ſmiling Banks, and glides away,
But his known Chanel ſtopt, begins to roar,
8 And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore.
His mutinous Waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
And over-runs the Neighbouring Fields with violent courſe.
This knew the *Tyrant*, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind Vows to *David* did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his Oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For *David* all Men *lov'd*, and *Saul* they *fear'd*.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve;
From Mans *agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take,
And *Quiet* here does there new *Buſineſs* make.
Beneath the ſilent Chambers of the Earth,
Where the *Suns* fruitful Beams give *metals* Birth,
Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does ſee,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*.
9 Beneath the Dens where *unfletcht Tempeſts* lye,
And Infant *Winds* their tender *Voices* try,
Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy Caves,
10 Beneath th' Eternal *Fountain* of all Waves,
Where their vaſt *Court* the *Mother-Waters* keep,
And undiſturb'd by *Moons* in ſilence ſleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine *Night* and *Horrour* does o'erflow;
11 No bound controls th' unwearied ſpace, but *Hell*
Endleſs as thoſe dire *pains* that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the *Sun*'s lovely Face,
Strikes through the *Solid* darkneſs of the Place;
No dawning *Morn* does her kind Reds diſplay;
One ſlight weak Beam would here be thought the *Day*.
No gentle *ſtars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
Offend the tyr'nous and unqueſtion'd *Night*.
Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* Reigns;
Proud, 'midſt his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
Once *General* of a gilded *Heſt* of *Sprights*,
Like *Heſper*, leading forth the ſpangled *Nights*.
But down like *Lightning*, which him ſtruck, he came;
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the *Flame*.
Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there;
With dropping *Lights* thick ſhone the ſinged *Air*.

Since when the diſmal *Solace* of their wo,
Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt *themſelves* the' excite,
(Their deareſt *Conqueſt*, and moſt proud delight)
And if thoſe *Mines* of ſecret *Treaſon* fail,
With open force Mans *Vertue* they aſſail;
Unable to *corrupt*, ſeek to *deſtroy*;
And where their *Poyſons* miſs, the *Sword* employ.
Thus fought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *David*'s fall;
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'rful rage of *Saul*.
He ſaw the Beauties of his ſhape and Face,
1 Sam. His Female ſweetneſs, and his Manly Grace,
16. 12. He ſaw the Nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
Great *Gifts*, which for Great *Works* he knew deſign'd.
1 Sam. 17. He ſaw (t' aſhame the ſtrength of *Man* and *Hell*)
How by's young Hands their *Gathite Champion* fell.
1 Sam. He ſaw the reverend *Prophet* boldly ſhed
16. 13. 12 The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head*.
Gen. 49. 10. 13 And well he knew what *Legacy* did place
The Sacred *Scepter* in bleſt *Judah*'s race,
From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to ſpring;
A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring!
And though no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
The ſmalleſt Link of ſtrong-wrought *Fate* to break;
Yet would he rage and ſtruggle with the *Chain*;
Lov'd to *Rebel*, though ſure that 'twas *in vain*.
And now it broke his form'd deſign, to find
The gentle change of *Saul*'s recov'ring *Mind*.
He truſted much in *Saul*, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great *Deceiver*) to be Himſelf *Deceiv'd*.
Thrice did he Knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl.
His Eyes dart forth red Flames which ſcare the *Night*,
And with worſe *Fires* the trembling *Ghoſts* affright.
A Troop of gaſtly *Fiends* Compaſs him round,
And greedily catch at his Lips fear'd ſound.
Are we ſuch *Nothings* then (ſaid *He*) Our will
Croſt by a *Shepherd*'s *Boy*? And you yet ſtill
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? Dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies*? Are ye grown
Benum'd with *Fear*, or *Vertues* ſprightleſs cold,
You, who were once (I'm ſure) ſo *brave* and *bold*?
O my ill-chang'd Condition! O my fate!
14 Did I loſe *Heav'n* for this?
With that, with his long tail he laſh'd his Breaſt,
And horridly *ſpoke* out in *Looks* the reſt.
The quaking Powers of Night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze.
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the Native Terrour of *Hells* Face;
Rivers of Flaming Brimſtone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept ſoftly by the Shore;
No hiſs of *Snakes*, no clank of *Chains* was known,
The *Souls* amidſt their *Tortures* durſt not Groan.

Envy

Envy at laſt crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'ſt; her black Locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale skin
Was almoſt dropt from the ſharp Bones within,
And at her Breaſt ſtuck *Vipers* which did prey
Upon her panting Heart, both Night and Day
Sucking black *blood* from thence, which to repair
Both Night and Day they left freſh *Poyſons* there.
Her Garments were deep ſtain'd in humane gore,
And torn by her own Hands, in which ſhe bore
A knotted Whip, and Bowl, that to the Brim
Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood ſwim.
With which when ſhe was drunk, ſhe furious grew,
And laſh'd *herſelf*; thus from th' accurſed crew
Envy, the worſt of *Fiends*, her ſelf preſents,
Envy, *good* only when ſh' her ſelf torments.
Spend not, great *King*, thy Precious rage (ſaid ſhe)
Upon ſo poor a cauſe; ſhall *Mighty We*
The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
Are *We* not *Furies* ſtill? And *you* our *Lord?*
At thy dread anger the fixt *World* ſhall ſhake,
And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forſake,
Do *Thou* but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make reply,
And *Thunder* 'Echo'd to the trembling Sky,
Whilſt raging *Seas* ſwell to ſo bold an height,
As ſhall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright,
Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy *Voice* ſtart, and miſguide the *day*.
The jocund *Orbs* ſhall break their meaſur'd pace,
And ſtubborn *Poles* change their alloted place.
Heav'n's gilded *Troops* ſhall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boaſting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;
15 Nay their *God* too----for Fear *he* did, when *We*
Took noble *Arms* againſt his *Tyrannie*,
So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cauſe* ſo great,
That *Triumphs* they deſerve for their *Defeat*.
There was a *Day*! Oh might I ſee 't again
Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thruſt us in!
And can ſuch Pow'rs be by a *Child* withſtood?
Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebbles* do him good?
What th' untam'd *Lion*, whet with hunger too,
And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* ſhall do:
I'll ſoon diſſolve this *Peace*; were *Saul*'s new *Love*
(But *Saul* we knew) great as my *Hate* ſhall prove,
Before *their Sun* twice more be gone about,
I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
16 By me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brother*'s gore, Gen. 4. 8.
A *Sacrifice* far worſe than that before;
I ſaw him fling the *ſtone*, as if he meant,
At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
And laught to ſee (for 'twas a goodly ſhow) Ib. v. 2.
The *Earth* by her *firſt Tiller* fatned ſo: Exod. 14. 23.
I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*;
He, and his *Hoſt* drank up cold death by *Me*;

By

By Me Rebellious Arms fierce *Corah* took,
Nu. 16. 1. And *Moſes* (curſe upon that *Name*!) forſook;
17 Hither (ye know) almoſt *alive* he came
Ib. 31. Through the cleft *Earth*; Ours was his *Fun'ral Flame.*
By *Me*----but I loſe time, methinks, and ſhould
Perform new acts whilſt I relate the old;
David's the next our fury muſt *enjoy*;
'Tis not thy *God* himſelf ſhall ſave thee, *Boy*;
No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;
May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* ceaſe,
And baniſh'd from this potent Court below,
May I a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow.
She ſpoke; all ſtar'd at firſt, and made a pauſe;
But ſtraight the general murmur of applauſe
Ran through Deaths Courts; ſhe frown'd ſtill, and begun
To *envy* at the praiſe *herſelf* had won.
18 Great *Belzebub* ſtarts from his burning Throne
To 'mbrace the *Fiend*, but ſhe now furious grown
To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence ſhe fled;
The *Snakes* all hiſt, the *Fiends* all murmured.
It was the time when ſilent Night began
T' enchain with *ſleep* the buſie *ſpirits* of Man;
And *Saul* himſelf, though in his troubled Breaſt
The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle reſt:
So did not *Envy*; but with haſt aroſe;
And as through *Iſraels* ſtately Towns ſhe goes,
She frowns and ſhakes her Head; ſhine on (ſays ſhe)
Ruines e'er long ſhall your ſole *Monuments* be.
The Silver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
And Neighbouring *Hermon* ſweated flowery dew;
Swift *Jordan* ſtarted, and ſtraight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged Head;
19 Lo, at her entrance *Saul*'s ſtrong *Palace* ſhook;
And nimbly there the reverend ſhape ſhe took
Of *Father Benjamin*; ſo long her Beard,
So large her Limbs, ſo grave her looks appear'd.
20 Juſt like his *Statue* which *beſtrid Saul*'s Gate,
And ſeem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*.
In this known form ſh' approach'd the *Tyrant*'s ſide;
And thus her Words the Sacred *Form* bely'd.
Ariſe, loſt *King* of *Iſr'el*; can'ſt thou lie
Dead in *this ſleep*, and yet thy *Luſt* ſo nigh?
If *King* thou be'ſt, if *Jeſſe*'s race as yet
Sit not on *Iſrael*'s *Throne*! And ſhall he ſit?
Did ye for this from Fruitful *Egypt* fly?
From the mild *Brickhils nobler ſlavery*?
For this did *Seas* your pow'rful *Rod* obey?
Did *Wonders guide*, and *feed* you on your way?
Could ye not there *great Pharaoh*'s Bondage bear,
You who can ſerve a *Boy*, and *Minſtrel* here?
Forbid it *God*, if thou be'ſt *juſt*; this ſhame
Caſt not on *Saul*'s, on *mine*, and *Iſrael*'s *Name*.
Why was I elſe from *Canaan*'s *Famine* lead?
Gen. 43. Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead

E'er

E'er my full *Loyns* discharg'd this num'rous race,
This luckless *Tribe*, even *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace!*
Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants Vassal* must thou live?
Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give?
What wants he now but that? Can'st thou forget
(If thou beest *Man* thou can'st not) how they met
The *Youth* with Songs? Alas Poor *Monarch*! You — 1 Sam. 18. 7.
Your *thousand* only, he *Ten thousand* slew!
Him *Israel loves*, him Neighb'ring *Countries fear*;
You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear;
And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;
The *Court* that must *be his*; where he shall sport — 1 Sam. 13. 13.
Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
Thy costly *Robes* thy *Crown*; Wert thou not told
This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he
With bold false threats from *God* affronted Thee?
The *dotard* ly'd; *God* said it not I know;
Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so;
Was not the choice his own? Did not thy worth
Exact the *Royal Lot*, and call it forth?
Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Son*)
To *Him*, and to his per'shing *Nation* done — 1 Sam. 19. 21.
Such lasting Ben'fits as may justly claim
A *Scepter* as Eternal as thy *Fame*?
Poor Prince, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys* invade;
By thine *own Flesh* th' ingrateful *Son* betray'd!
Unnat'ral *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
By *Friendship*'s Name against a *Crown* and *Thee*?
Betray not too thy self; take Courage, call
Thy Enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul.*
Lo, this great cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,
Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes.*
Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*
Survives, the *Priv'ledge* of their *Graves* enjoy.
Rise quickly *Saul*, and take that *Rebel*'s Breath
Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'n our *Death.*
Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only *He*
That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*
As *Earth*'s low Globe robs the High Moon of *Light*;
When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate*'s all bright.
Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;
I've seen thy Royal *Stars*, and know them well.
Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays*! Is not thy *Breast*
(Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble Thoughts possest?
May they beget like *Acts*. With that she takes
One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,
Softly, dear *VVorm*, soft and unseen (said she)
Into his Bosom steal, and in it be
My *Vice-Roy*. At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the *Night.*
The infected *King* leap'd from his Bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.

Terror

Terror froze up his Hair, and on his Face
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his Angry Hands his Breast,
Earth with his Feet; He crys, O'tis confest;
22 I've been a *pious Fool*, a *VVoman-King*;
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, *every thing*.
23 Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*.
My Patience ev'n a *Sacrilege* becomes,
Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their Sacred *Tombs*.
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father*! Who for me
This cursed World endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, great *Vision*, is so true,
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do;
Kill him? Yes, *mighty Ghost*, the wretch shall dy,
Though every *Star* in Heav'n should it deny;
Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
Had he Ten times his fam'd *Ten thousand* slain.
Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design
Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,
1 Sam. 8. 19. Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th' intent,
Should mine *own heart* grow scrupulous and relent.
Curse me just *Heaven* (by which this truth I swear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare.
No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home;
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come.
If that curst object longer vex my sight,
It must have learnt t' appear, as *Thou*, to Night.
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed;
The threatned *Youth* slept fearless on his Bed;
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,
For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God*'s awake.
24 Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,
Above those petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night*;
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed *Light*;
Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,
Is stretcht out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the Sacred place,
25 Nor can the Glory contain it self in th' endless space.
For there no Twilight of the *Sun*'s dull ray,
Glimmers upon the pure and Native Day.
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln Beams appear,
Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there.
On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *Seasons* slide,
No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide;
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,
26 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.
There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;
Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
And *All* obey'd him, for that *VVord* was *He*.
Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*
From out the Womb of *fertile Nothing* rist.

O who ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy Throne,
Thou great *Three-One*?
There, Thou thy ſelf doſt in full preſence ſhow,
Not abſent from theſe meaner *VVorlds* below;
No, if thou wert, the *Element*'s *League* would ceaſe,
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.
The *Sun* would ſtop his Courſe, or Gallop back,
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themſelves would crack:
Earths ſtrong Foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vaſt Work all ravel out again
To its firſt *Nothing*; For his *Spirit* contains
27 The well-knit *Maſs*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he ſtill beſtows;
From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.
28 Round him vaſt *Armies* of ſwift *Angels* ſtand,
Which ſeven Triumphant Generals command,
They Sing loud Anthems of his endleſs Praiſe,
And with fixt Eyes drink in Immortal rays.
29 Of theſe he call'd out one; all Heav'n did ſhake,
And ſilence kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.
Are we forgotten then ſo ſoon? Can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it? Can He think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) His threats? And have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *Deaf*? No, *Saul*, we heard;
And it will coſt thee dear; the ills thou'ſt fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double ſend;
Have *we* not ſpoke it, and dares *Man* contend?
Alas, Poor Duſt! Didſt thou but know the day
When thou muſt lie in blood at *Gilboa*, 1 Sam. 31.
Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldſt not threaten ſtill,
Thy trembling Tongue would ſtop againſt thy will.
Then ſhall thine *Head* fixt in curſt *Temples* be,
And all their *fooliſh Gods* ſhall laugh at Thee.
That Hand which now on *David*'s Life would prey,
Shall then turn *juſt*, and its own *Maſter* ſlay;
He whom thou *hateſt*, on thy *lov'd Throne* ſhall ſit,
And expiate the diſgrace thou doſt to it.
Haſt then; tell *David* what his *King* has ſworn,
Tell him whoſe Blood muſt paint this riſing Morn.
Yet bid him go ſecurely when he ſends;
30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back
He ſpoke; the *Heav'ns* ſeem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now
The jocund *Sphæres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* ſung *Halleluja*.
Only that *Angel* was ſtrait gone; Ev'n ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the *Morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Sun*, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged *Light'ning* the ſoft air does wound.
Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no *Account* ſo *ſmall*.

So flew this *Angel*, till to *David*'s Bed
He came, and thus his Sacred Meſſage ſaid,
31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has ſworn;
He ſwore thy Blood ſhould paint this riſing Morn.
Yet to him go ſecurely when he ſends;
'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friend*.
The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back.
Up leapt *Jeſſides*, and did round him ſtare;
But could ſee nought; for nought was left but Air,
Whilſt this great *Viſion* labours in his thought,
Lo, the *ſhort Prophecy* t' affect is brought.
1 Sam. 18. 10. & 19. 9. In treacherous haſt he's ſent for to the King,
And with him bid his Charmful *Lyre* to bring.
The King, they ſaw, lies raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but Sacred tunes admit;
1 Sam. 16. 23. 32 And true it was, ſoft *Muſick* did appeaſe
Th' obſcure Fantaſtick rage of *Saul*'s diſeaſe.
33 Tell me, O *Muſe*, (for *Thou*, or none canſt tell
The myſtick Pow'rs that in bleſt *Numbers* dwell,
Thou their great *Nature* know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t' omit)
Tell me from whence theſe Heav'nly Charms ariſe;
Teach the dull World *t' admire* what they *deſpiſe*.
As firſt a various unform'd *Hint* we find
Riſe in ſome God-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches *Verſe* and *Muſick* make,
34 Such was *God*'s *Poem*, this *World*'s new *Eſſay*;
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no *Correſpondence* knew,
And artleſs *War* from thwarting *Motions* grew,
Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
By the *Eternal Minds Poetick Thought*.
35 *VVater* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* choſe,
Earth made the *Baſe*, the *Treble Flame* aroſe,
36 To th' active *Moon* a quick briſk ſtroke he gave,
To *Saturn*'s *ſtring* a touch more ſoft and grave,
The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven ſo,
Did in ſuch Artful *Figures* ſmoothly fall,
As made this decent meaſur'd *Dance* of *all*.
And this is *Muſick*: *Sounds* that Charm our Ears,
Are but one *Dreſſing* that rich *Science* wears,
Though no Man hear 't, though no Man it rehearſe,
Yet will there ſtill be *Muſick* in my *Verſe*.
In this *Great VVorld* ſo much of it we ſee;
37 The *leſſer*, *Man*, is all o'er *Harmonie*.
Storehouſe of all *Proportions ſingle Quire*!
Which firſt *God*'s *Breath* did tunefully inſpire!
From hence bleſt *Muſick*'s Heav'nly Charms ariſe,
From *ſympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.
Thus they our *Souls* thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.

38 Thus

38 Thus the ſtrange *Cure* on our ſpilt *Blood* apply'd;
Sympathy to the diſtant *Wound* does guide.
39 Thus when two *Brethren ſtrings* are ſet alike,
To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *ſtrike*.
Thus *David*'s *Lyre* did *Saul*'s wild rage controul,
40 And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his *Soul*.

41 When *Iſrael* was from bondage led, Pſal. 114.
Led by th' *Almighty*'s Hand
From out a foreign Land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As Men purſu'd, when that fear paſt they find,
Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind,
So whilſt through wondrous ways
The Sacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar ſtood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did repreſent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordans* Waters to their *Spring*
Start back with ſudden *fright*;
The *Spring* amaz'd at ſight,
Ask'd what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* ſhook; and to the *Mountains* ſide,
The little *Hills* leapt round themſelves to hide;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful ſpy,
Run trembling to their helpleſs *Dams*;
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *excuſe* to ſee the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee?
Or why did *Jordans* Tide
Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordan's *Tyde*, what ailed Thee?
Why leapt the *Hills*? Why did the *Mountains* ſhake?
What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forſake?
Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!
And *Jordans* Current ceaſe;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
For at *God*'s word, when e'er he pleaſe,
The *Rocks* ſhall weep new *Waters* forth inſtead of theſe. Exod. 17. 6. Num. 24. 11.

Thus ſung the great *Muſitian* to his Lyre;
And *Saul*'s black rage grew ſoftly to retire;
But *Envys Serpent* ſtill with him remain'd,
42 And the wiſe *Charmer*'s healthful Voice diſdain'd. Pſal. 58. 5.
Th' unthankful *King*, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buryed ſtill in it.
From his paſt madneſs draws this wicked uſe,
To Sin diſguis'd, and *Murther* with *excuſe*:
For whil'ſt the fearleſs youth his cure purſues,
And the ſoft *Med'cine* with kind Art renews;
The Barb'rous *Patient* caſts at him his *Spear*, 1 Sam. 18. 11. & 19.
(The uſual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)

Caſts it with violent ſtrength, but into th' Room
An *Arm* more ſtrong and ſure than his was come;
An *Angel* whoſe unſeen and eaſie might
Put by the *weapons*, and *miſ-led* it *right*.
How vain Man's Pow'r is! Unleſs God command,
The *weapon* diſobeys his *Maſter's* Hand;
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At *Gilboa* it will not ſerve him ſo.
One would have thought, *Saul*'s ſudden rage t' have ſeen,
He had himſelf by *David* wounded been.
He ſcorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his *Honour* now engag'd i' th' *Sin*.
A bloody Troop of his own Guards he ſends
(*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falſly call'd his *Friends*)
To mend his *error* by a ſurer blow;
So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not ſo.
Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*
Relates the new-paſt hazard of his Life,
Which ſhe with *decent paſſion* hears him tell;
For not her own fair *Eyes* ſhe lov'd ſo well.

43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
Of *Limon-Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright Stores of Golden fruit repay
The *Light* they drank from the *Sun*'s Neighb'ring Ray,
(A ſmall, but artful *Paradiſe*) they walk'd;
And hand in hand ſad gentle things they talk'd.
Here *Michol* firſt an armed Troop eſpies
(So Faithful and ſo Quick are *loving Eyes*)
Which marcht, and often gliſter'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair *Palace* ſtood;
1 Sam. 19. 21. She ſaw them; and cry'd out; They 're come to kill
My deareſt *Lord*; *Saul*'s ſpear purſues thee ſtill.
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haſte quickly, fly,
For Heavens ſake haſte; My dear *Lord*, do not dy.
Ah cruel *Father*, whoſe ill-natur'd rage
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can aſſwage!
Will he part thoſe he join'd ſo late before?
1 Sam. 18. 7. Were the two-hundred Foreskins worth no more?
He ſhall not part us; (Then ſhe wept between)
At yonder Window thou mayſt 'ſcape unſeen;
This hand ſhall let thee down; ſtay not but haſt:
'Tis not my *Uſe* to ſend thee hence ſo faſt.
Beſt of all Women, he replies----and this
Scarce ſpoke, ſhe ſtops his Anſwer with a Kiſs;
Throw not away (ſaid ſhe) the precious Breath,
Thou ſtay'ſt too long within the *reach* of *Death*.
Timely h' obeys her wiſe advice, and ſtrait
1 Sam. 13. 13. 44 To unjuſt Force ſh' oppoſes juſt deceit.
She meets the Murd'rers with a *virtuous Ly*,
And good diſſembling Tears; May he not *dy*
1 Sam. 19. 14. In quiet then? (ſaid ſhe) will they not give
That freedom who ſo fear leaſt he ſhould *Live*?
Even fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
And ſpares your *guilt*, yet does what you *deſire*.

Muſt

Muſt he not *live?* For that ye need not *Sin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* ſpeechleſs lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his *Murtherers*, or to feel his *Death.*
One *hour* will do your work------
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling aptneſs* find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statue*'s Head
In linen wrapt appear'd on *David*'s Bed;
Two Servants mournful ſtand and ſilent by,
And on the Table Med'cinal Reliques ly;
In the cloſe Room a well-plac'd Tapers light,
Adds a becoming Horror to the ſight.
And for th' *Impreſſion God* prepar'd their *Sence*;
They ſaw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Saul*'s unbleſt Anger trys,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and Servants *Eyes*!
It cannot be (ſaid he) no, can it? Shall
Our great *Ten thouſand Slayer* idly fall?
The ſilly rout thinks *God* protects him ſtill;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill.*
O may he guard him! May his members be
In as full ſtrength, and well-ſet Harmonie
As the freſh Body of the firſt made Man
E'er *Sin*, or Sins juſt meed, *Diſeaſe* began.
He will be elſe too *ſmall* for our *vaſt Hate*;
And we muſt *ſhare* in our revenge with *fate.*
No; let us have him *Whole*; we elſe may ſeem
T' have ſnatcht away but ſome few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two;
Will our great Anger learn to ſtoop ſo low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our juſt wrath the ſolemn *Sacrifice*
That muſt not *blemiſht* be; let him remain
Secure and *grow up* to our *ſtroke* again.
'Twill be ſome pleaſure then to take his Breath,
When he ſhall *ſtrive*, and *wreſtle* with his *Death*;
Go, let him live----And yet----ſhall I then ſtay
So long? Good and great actions hate delay.
Some fooliſh Piety perhaps, or He
That has been ſtill mine *honour*'s *Enemy*,
Samuel may change or croſs my juſt intent,
And I this *Formal Pity* ſoon repent.
Beſides *Fate* gives him me, and Whiſpers this,
That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs;
Miſs? Can we Miſs again? Go bring him ſtrait,
Though gaſping out his Soul; if the wiſht date
Of his accurſed Life be almoſt paſt,
Some *Joy* 'twill be to *ſee* him breath his laſt.
The *Troop* return'd, of their *ſhort Vertue* aſham'd;
Saul's *Courage* prais'd, and their own weakneſs blam'd.

1 Sam. 19. 15.

But

But when the *pious fraud* they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to *Saul*'s Sacred Blood,
Due to the Sacred *Beauty* in it reign'd,
From *Michol*'s Murder their wild rage reſtrain'd.
1 Sam. 19. 17. She alleg'd the holieſt Chains that bind a *Wife*,
Duty and *Love*; ſhe alleg'd that her own Life,
Had ſhe refus'd that ſafety to her Lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his Sword.
Now was *Saul*'s Wrath full grown; he takes no reſt
A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled Breaſt,
And in fierce *Light'ning* from his *Eyes* do's break;
Not his own *Fav'urites*, and beſt Friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this *Cloud* will burſt, and *Thunder* fall.
So when the *Pride* and *Terrour* of the *Wood*,
A *Lyon* prick'd with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed Beaſt,
And bruſtles up preparing for his Feaſt;
If that by ſwiftneſs 'ſcape his gaping Jaws;
His Bloody Eyes he hurls round, his ſharp Paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his Angry tail, and roaring out.
Beaſts creep into their Dens, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *Wind* ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
1 Sam. 19. 19. *Silence* and *Horror* fill the place around:
Echo it ſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.
46 Midſt a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramah*'s Town
(The Neighbourhood fair *Ramah*'s chief renown)
47 A *College* ſtands, where at great *Prophets Feet*
The *Prophets Sons* with ſilent dil'gence meet,
By *Samuel* built, and mod'rately endow'd,
Yet more t' his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they ow'd.
There himſelf *Taught*, and his bleſt Voice to hear,
Teachers themſelves lay proud *beneath* him there.
The *Houſe* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
Wiſe *Natures* Uſe *Art* ſtrove not to out go.
An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made;
And midſt the Friendly cover of their ſhade,
A pure, well-taſted, wholſome *Fountain* roſe;
Which no vain coſt of *Marble* did encloſe;
Nor through carv'd *ſhapes* did the forc'd Waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i' th' *Liquid Glaſs*.
Yet the Chaſt Stream that 'mong looſe Pebbles fell
48 For *Cleanneſs*, *Thirſt*, *Religion* ſerv'd as well.
49 The *Scholars*, *Doctors*, and *Companions* here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat ſmall Chambers were:
Well Furniſh'd Chambers, for in each there ſtood,
50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of Wood;
More is but clog where *uſe* does bound *delight*;
And thoſe are rich whoſe *Wealth*'s Proportion'd right
To their *Lifes Forms*; more *goods* would but become
A *Burden* to them, and contract their *Room*.
A ſecond *Court* more Sacred ſtood behind,
Built Fairer, and to Nobler uſe deſign'd:

The

The *Hall* and *Schools* one side of it poſſeſt;
The *Library* and *Synagogue* the reſt.
Tables of plain-cut Fir-tree adorn'd the Hall;
51 And with Beaſts skins the *Beds* were cov'red all.
52 The Reverend *Doctors* take their ſeats on high,
Th' *Elect Companions* in their Boſom lie.
The *Scholars* far below upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd Ruſhes place themſelves around.
With more reſpect the *Wiſe* and *Ancient* lay;
But eat not Choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they.
Nor purer *Waters* drank, their conſtant Feaſt;
But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreaſt,
The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
With their fair Circle did this ſide extend;
To which their *Synagogue* on th' other ſide,
And to the *Hall* their *Library* repli'd.
The midſt tow'rds their large *Gardens* open lay,
T' admit the joys of *Spring* and *Early Day*.
I' th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* ſtood;
Yet 'twas well ſtor'd, for that ſmall ſtore was *good*;
Writing, Mans *Spir'tual Phyſick*, was not then
It ſelf, as now, grown a *Diſeaſe* of Men.
Learning (young Virgin) but few *Suiters* knew;
The common *Proſtitute* ſhe lately grew,
And with her *Spurious Brood* loads now the Preſs;
Laborious effects of *Idleneſs*!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How *Letters* ſav'd themſelves from *Death* of old;
53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *plates*,
Some cut in *wood*, ſome lightlier trac'd on *ſlates*;
54 Some drawn on fair *Palm-leaves*, with ſhort-liv'd toyl,
Had not their *Friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*.
55 Some wrought in *Silks*, ſome writ in tender *barks*;
Some the ſharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;
56 Some in Beaſts *skins*, and ſome in *Biblos reed*;
Both new rude Arts, with Age and growth did need.
The *Schools* were painted well with uſeful skill;
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd Wall did fill.
Wiſe Wholeſome *Proverbs* mixt around the Room,
57 Some writ, and in *Ægyptian Figures* ſome.
Here all the nobleſt *Wits* of Men inſpir'd,
From Earths ſlight joys, and worthleſs toils retir'd,
Whom *Samuel*'s *Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
Each Day by turns their ſolid knowlege read.
58 The courſe and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
And home to Man thoſe *diſtant wonders* brought,
How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.
By what juſt ſteps the *wandring Lights* advance,
And what Eternal meaſures guide their *dance*.
Himſelf a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* ſhew'd
How little of that *Art* to them he ow'd.
Mahol th' inferior Worlds Fantaſtick Face,
Through all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,

Great

Great *Natures* well-ſet *Clock* in pieces took;
On all the *Springs* and ſmalleſt *Wheels* did look
Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal Art
Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.
The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Duſt* deſigns
Th' immortal ſolid Rules of fancy'd *Lines*.
Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumber'd wealth* he ſhows,
And with them far their *endleſs journey* goes.
59 *Numbers* which ſtill encreaſe more high and wide
From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*.
Of *Men*, and *Ages* paſt *Seraiah* read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd *Hiſtory* the *Dead*.
Show'd the *ſteep falls*, and ſlow *aſſent of States*;
What *Wiſdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*,
Samuel himſelf did *God*'s rich *Law* diſplay;
Taught doubting Men with *Judgment* to *obey*.
And oft his raviſht *Soul* with ſudden flight
Soar'd above *preſent Times*, and humane ſight.
Thoſe *Arts* but welcome *ſtrangers* might appear,
Muſick and *Verſe* ſeem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
Scarce the bleſt *Heav'n* that rings with *Angels* Voice,
Does with more conſtant *Harmony* rejoice.
The ſacred *Muſe* does here each breſt inſpire;
Heman and ſweet-mouth *Aſaph* rule their *Quire*:
Both Charming *Poets*, and all ſtrains they plaid,
By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
The *Synagogue* was dreſt with care and coſt,
(The only place where that they 're ſteem'd *not loſt*)
The glittering Roof with Gold did daze the view,
60 The ſides refreſh 't with Silks of *ſacred Blew*.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
Thrice Pray'rs from willing *Heav'n* a bleſſing draw;
Thrice in glad *Hymns* ſwell'd with the *Great Ones* praiſe,
61 The plyant *Voice* on her ſev'n ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt the *enlivened Inſtruments* around
To the juſt Feet with various concord ſound;
Such things were *Muſes* then, contemn'd low Earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth*,
'Twas *God* himſelf that here tun'd every Tongue;
And gratefully of him alone they ſung.
62 They ſung how *God ſpoke out* the Worlds vaſt Ball;
From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*.
No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to poſſeſs,
But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptineſs*.
Full of *Himſelf*, th' *Almighty* ſat, his own
63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone*.
But he was *Goodneſs* whole, and all things will'd;
Which e'er they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd;
And their aſtoniſh'd Heads o' th' ſudden rear'd,
An unſhap'd kind of *Something* firſt appear'd,
Confeſſing its new *Being*, and undreſt
As if it ſtept in haſt before the reſt.
Yet buried in this *Matters* darkſome Womb,
Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ry thing to come.

From

From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up ſo high;
Cloſe at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly;
Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fixt *Navel* of the *Univerſe*,
And was quite loſt in *VVaters*: Till God ſaid
To the proud *Sea*, ſhrink in your ins'olent Head,
See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place;
That durſt not murmur, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He Foams, and Rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bad *Heav'n*'s Fabrick ſhine,
And from him a quick Spring of *Light Divine*
Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his Cher'ſhing Flame
Fills the whole World, like *Him* from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt *Moon*'s imperfect mold,
And comb'd her Beamy Locks with Sacred Gold;
Be thou (ſaid he) *Queen* of the mournful Night,
And as he ſpoke, ſh' aroſe clad o'er in *Light*,
With thouſand *Stars* attending on her train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then *Herbs* peep'd forth, new *Trees* admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling *Flow'rs* painted the infant Wood.
Then Flocks of *Birds* through the glad air did flee,
Joyful, and ſafe before *Mans Luxurie*,
Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays:
Nay the *mute Fiſh* witneſs no leſs his praiſe.
For thoſe he made, and Cloath'd with Silver Scales;
From *Minoes* to thoſe *living Iſlands*, *Whales*.
Beaſts too were his Command: What could he more?
Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before;
In him he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;
In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.
This, and much more of *God*'s great works they told;
His *mercies*, and ſome *judgments* too of old:
How when all Earth was deeply ſtain'd in Sin;
With an impetuous noiſe the waves came ruſhing in,
Where *Birds* e'er while dwelt and ſecurely ſung;
There *Fiſh* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
The Face of *Shipwrackt Nature* naked lay;
The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*.
This Men forgot, and burnt in luſt again,
Till ſhow'rs, ſtrange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
And Scalding Brimſtone, dropt on *Sodom*'s Head;
Alive they felt thoſe *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.
No better end raſh *Pharaoh*'s Pride beſel
When *Wind* and *Sea* wag'd War for *Iſrael*.
In his gilt Chariots amaz'd *Fiſhes* ſat,
And grew with Corps of Wretched *Princes* fat.
The Waves and Rocks half-eaten Bodies ſtain;
Nor was it ſince call'd the *Red-Sea* in vain.
Much too they told of faithful *Abraham*'s fame,
To whoſe bleſt Paſſage they owe ſtill their *Name*:
Of *Moſes* much, and the great Seed of *Nun*:
What wonders they perform'd, what Lands they won.

How many *Kings* they ſlew or *Captive* brought;
They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.
Thus gain'd they the wiſe ſpending of their Days;
And their whole *Life* was their dear *Maker*'s praiſe.
No minutes reſt, no ſwifteſt thought they ſold
To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*.
Gold for which all Mankind with greater pains
Labour towards *Hell*, than thoſe who dig its Veins.
Their *Wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
They valu'd than rich Fools the ſhining *Ore*.
The *Silk-worm*'s Pretious Death they ſcorn'd to wear,
And *Tyrian Dye* appear'd but ſordid there.
Honour, which ſince the price of *Souls* became,
Seem'd to theſe *great ones* a low idle *Name*.
Inſtead of *Down*, hard Beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.
Their *Board* diſpeopled no full *Element*,
Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they ſpent
And ſpar'd the *Stock*; nor could their Bodies ſay
We owe this *Crudeneſs* t' Exceſs Yeſterday.
Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome *Maker there*.
The *Senſes* perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And *Honeſtly*, not are by *Reaſon* chid.
And when the Down of *ſleep* does ſoftly fall,
65 Their *Dreams* are Heavenly then, and Myſtical.
With haſty Wings *Time preſent* they outfly,
And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Deſtiny*.
There walk and ſport among the *years to come*;
And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ry *Cauſes womb*.
Thus theſe wiſe *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
Free from the ſpight of *much-miſtaken Saul*:
For if Man's Life we in juſt ballance weigh,
David deſerv'd his *Envy* leſs than *They*.
Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.
But long unknown even here he could not lye;
So bright his *Luſtre*, ſo quick *Envy*'s Eye!
1 Sam. 19. 20. Th' offended Troop, whom he eſcap'd before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more;
Belov'd revenge freſh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all *promiſe* to their *Swords*.
They came, but a new Spirit their Hearts poſſeſt,
Scatt'ring a Sacred calm through every breſt:
The furrows of their Brow, ſo rough e'erwhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.
Their cooler Veins ſwell with a peaceful Tide,
And the Chaſt Streams with even current glide.
A ſudden *Day* breaks gently through their Eyes,
And *Morning bluſhes* in their Cheeks ariſe.
Ib. v. 21. The Thoughts of War, of Blood, and Murther ceaſe;
In peaceful tunes they adore the *God* of *Peace*.
New Meſſengers twice more the *Tyrant* ſent,
And was twice more mockt with the ſame event.

His

His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;
It ſends him there himſelf; but on the way
His *Fooliſh Anger* a *wiſe Fury* grew, 1 Sam. 23.
And *Bleſſings* from his Mouth *unbidden* flew.
His Kingly Robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
Began to *underſtand* and *ſcorn* his *Crown*;
Employ'd his mounting Thoughts on nobler things;
And felt more *ſolid joys* than *Empire* brings.
Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his Head
The *balm* of all paſt *wounds*, kind *Tears* he ſhed.
So covetous *Balaam* with a fond intent Num. 22.
Of *curſing* the *bleſt Seed*, to *Moab* went.
But as he went his *fatal tongue* to ſell;
His *Aſs* taught him *to ſpeak*, *God* to *ſpeak well*.
How comely are thy *Tents*, O *Iſrael!* Ib. v. 28.
(Thus he began) what Conqueſts they foretel! Num. 24. 5.
Leſs fair are *Orchards* in their *Autumn* pride,
Adorn'd with *Trees* on ſome fair *Rivers* ſide.
Leſs fair are *Vallies* their green Mantles ſpread!
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their Head!
'Twas *God* himſelf (thy *God* who muſt not fear?)
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Maſter* here.
Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe; new *Weapons* get;
And *Death* in Triumph on thy Darts ſhall ſit.
When *Judah*'s *Lyon* Starts up to his prey,
The *Beaſts* ſhall hang their Ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* ſhall ſilence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *ſleep*.
Thy *Curſers*, *Jacob*, ſhall twice *curſed* be:
And he ſhall Bleſs *himſelf* that Bleſſes *Thee*.

NOTES upon the FIRST BOOK.

1 THE Cuſtom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Propoſition* of the whole Work, and an *Invocation* of ſome God for his aſſiſtance to go through with it, is ſo Solemnly and Religiouſly obſerved by all the Ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I ſhould not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no leſs neceſſary for a *Chriſtian Poet*. A *Jove principium. Muſæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole Work may reaſonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be ſo. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with leſs State, and made but one part of theſe *Two*; in which, and almoſt all things elſe, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abuſed the Prayer, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worſt of *Men*, their *Princes*: As *Lucan* addreſſes it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuſes *Auguſtus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little Superior to the other two.

2 I call it *Juda*'s, rather than *Iſrael*'s *Scepter* (though in the notion of diſtinct *Kingdoms*, *Iſrael* was very much the greater) Firſt, becauſe *David* himſelf was of that Tribe. Secondly, becauſe he was firſt made King of *Judah*, and this Poem was deſigned no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, becauſe the Monarchy of *Judah* laſted longer, not only in his Race, but out-laſted all the ſeveral Races of the Kings of *Iſrael*. And laſtly, and chiefly, becauſe our *Saviour* deſcended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more conſiderable than all the reſt.

3 I hope this kind of boaſt (which I have been taught by almoſt all the old *Poets*) will not ſeem immodeſt; for though ſome in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none that I know of, has in Engliſh: So *Virgil* ſays in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Caſtalium molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Becauſe none in *Latin* had written of that ſubject. So *Horace*,

Libera, per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps
Non alieno meo preſſi pede.———

And before them both *Lucretius*,

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita ſolo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire———

And ſo *Nemeſianus*,

———*Ducitq; per avia, qua ſola nunquam*
Trita rotis———

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the ſame Argument before him. And ſo *Oppian*, 1. *Ven.*

Ἔρρεο, ἡ τεύχειαν ὁπὶ εἰςωμὸν ἀταρπὸν
Τὴν μερόπων ὅπῃ τὶς ἐὴς ἐπάτησεν ἀοιδῆς.

My own alluſion here is to the paſſage of the *Iſraelites* through the *Wilderneſs*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar* of *Flame*.

4 Though there have been three *Temples* of *Jeruſalem*, the firſt built by *Solomon*, the ſecond by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Joſephus* that *Herod* pluck'd down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the firſt and laſt, which were very much Superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in Riches and Magnificence, though that was forty ſix years a building, whereas *Herod*'s was but eight, and *Solomon*'s ſeven; of all three the laſt was the moſt Stately; and in that, and not *Zorobabel*'s Temple, was fulfilled the Prophecy of *Haggai*, that the Glory of the laſt Houſe ſhould be greater than of the firſt.

5 To be made an *Apoſtle* for the Converſion of *Poetry* to *Chriſtianity*, as St. *Paul* was for the Converſion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Chriſt* was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the Latin Tranſlation.

6 It was the ſame caſe with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this ſubject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* ſpeak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & creſcit malis,
Iraq; noſtra fruitur, in Laudes ſuas
Mea veriit odia, dum nimis ſæva impero.
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.

And a little after,

Minorq; labor eſt Herculi juſſa exequi,
Quam mihi jubere———

7 In the publick *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the ſign and reward of *Victory*, becauſe it is the nature of that *Tree* to Reſiſt, Overcome, and Thrive the better for all preſſures,

———*Palmaq; nobilis*
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it ſelf. And the Greek *Grammarians* ſay that νίκειν (to overcome) is derived from the ſame ſenſe, ἀφ' τῦ μὴ εἴκειν, *à non cedendo.*

8 *Shore* is properly ſpoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: And the ſame difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the beſt *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffundiris agris,

Speaking of *Mincius*.

9 That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* ariſing out of the Concavities of the Earth, is the Opinion of *Ariſtotle*, and almoſt all *Philoſophers* ſince him, except ſome few who follow *Hippocrates* his Doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In thoſe Concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moiſt ones turn into Water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and theſe are the Secret *Treaſuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture ſaid to bring them. This was alſo meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, impriſoned in deep Caves,

———*Hic vaſto Rex Æolus antro*
Luctantes ventos tempeſtateſq; ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too Critical, when he ſays, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clauſum eſt, eſſe adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus eſt, poſſe claudi; nam quod in clauſo eſt, quieſcit, & aeris ſtatio eſt, omnis in fuga ventus eſt:* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as ſoon as it ſtirs within, and attempts to do ſo. However, my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempeſts* might paſs with him; for as ſoon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in caſe of extream reſiſtance (if it be very ſtrong) cauſes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat.* 5. expreſſes very well the *South wind*, in one of theſe Dens.

———*Dum ſe continet Auſter,*
Dum ſedet, & ſiccat madidas in carcere pennas.

10 To give a probable reaſon of the perpetual ſupply of Waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is neceſſary to eſtabliſh an *Abyſs* or deep gulph of Waters, into which the *Sea* diſcharges it ſelf, as Rivers do into the Sea; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of Water, like that of *Blood* in Mans Body: For to refer the Original of all *Fountains* to condenſation, and afterwards diſſolution of Vapours under the Earth, is one of the moſt Unphiloſophical Opinions in all *Ariſtotle*. And this *Abyſs* of Waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* Bleſſes *Joſeph* with the Bleſſings of the Heavens above, and with the Bleſſings of the Deep beneath; that is, with the Dew and Rain of Heaven, and with the Fountains and Rivers that ariſe from the Deep; and *Eſdras* conformably to this, asks, What Habitations are in the Heart of the Sea, and what Veins in the root of the *Abyſs*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moſes* ſays, that God ſtopt the Windows of Heaven, and the Fountains of the *Abyſs*.

And

And undisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moons* to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the Waters that are beneath the Sea it self.

11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my Conscience, where e'er it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and *Sweating* should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin. Lessius* in the Book *de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to *survey* it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch Mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of) the *Apocalypse*, allows *Pluto* a little more Elbow-Room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian Miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.

Hesiod is more moderate:

Τόσσον ἔνερθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσσον ἔραννὸς ἐς ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi———

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls Τάρταρον νέρθεν αἴης, the *Scripture* terms it *utter Darkness*, Σκότος ἐξώτερον, & Ζόφον Σκότους

12 There are two Opinions concerning *Samuel*'s Anointing of *David*, one (which is *Josephus*'s) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a Secret from *David*'s *Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the word *Boldly*: Nay, I believe, that most of the People, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul*'s great jealousie of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his Family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High-Priests*; and was applied to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High-Priests*, and did often exercise the Duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reproved and punished; not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of Anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatim*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests* Heads, and Round in Fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more Poetically (*The Royal drops round his enlarged Head*) not that I have any Faith in the Authority of those *Authors*.

13 The *Prophecy* of *Jacob* at his Death concerning all his Sons, *Gen.* 49. v. 10. The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Law-giver* from between his Feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ ἀπόκειμενα αὐτῷ *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the Ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half Verses, (where the sense seems to invite a Man to that Liberty) yet his Authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: And I am far from their Opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemisticks*: There are some places in him, which, I dare almost swear, have been made up since his Death by the Putid Officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

———*Moriamur inultæ?*
Sed moriamur, ait.———

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the Passion she was then in, than to conclude abruptly with that resolution? Nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense: for to have dyed revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras?

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make Death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to die. I remember when I made once this exception to a Friend of mine, he could not tell how to Answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a Note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sence; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is Lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that Age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken Verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16. *Controversie*) upon these two Verses of *Varro*.

Desierunt latrare canes, urbesq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placida composita quiete.

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second Verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant———

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own Verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia

Omnia ponius erant, deerant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore.*

Where he might have ended excellently with
Omnia pontus erant———
But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness.

15 An *Apostopæsis*, like *Virgil's*
Quos ego———*Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*
This would ill befit the Mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole Speech without some lies in it; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devil's* Power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boasts more false, than her threat'nings vain, where she says afterwards, *'Tis not thy God himself*——— yet *Seneca* ventures to make a Man say as much in *Her. Fur.*
Amplectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi———

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this World; who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angred, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cain's sacrifice* that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκῃς, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ἥμαρτες. If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not Sinned? But this Translation, neither the Vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he Knock'd him on the Head with some great Stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural Weapons of Anger. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so Hyperbolical, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus.*
———*Saxum circumspicit ingens,*
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui forte jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem:
Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole.*
Ὁσσὸν ὑ δύο ἄνδρε τέρειαν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δ' ἦμιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος. Il. 21.
Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.
Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Functa, Pholoeniden a summo vertice fregit.

17 Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that Custom: Which if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War.*

18 *Belzebub.* That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received Opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of the World*, John 12. 31. *Prince of the Age*, Corinth. 11. 6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, Ephes. 11. 2. *Prince of Devils.* Mat. 12. 24. by the expres name of *Belzebub*; which is the reason why I use it here. *Porphyrius* says his name is *Serapis*, Μήποτε δαιμόνιόν εἰσιν ὧν ἄρχει ὁ Σαράπις ἢ τοῦτον Σύμβολον ὁ τειμόθεως νοῶν τοῦτ' ἔλεγεν ὁ ἐν τῷ τειοῦ στοιχεῖοις ὕδατι, γῇ, ἄερι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *tripticis mundi summum*; but names him not: For he adds, *Quem scire nefastum est.* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyry* address themselves,
Δαίμον ἀλιτροσύνων ψυχῶν διάδημα λελοίσχως
Ἠερίων ὑπένερθε μυχῶν χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.
O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty *Souls*, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord* of *Flies*; which some think to a name of *scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called Βεελσαμὼν, *id est*, Διὰ θερίνιον, because the Sacrifices in the *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar privilege, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem.* But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was Worship'd at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *swarms* of *Flies*, with which the Eastern-Countries were often molested: and their reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his Sickness (when it is likely he would not rally with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub.*

19 That even insensible things are affected with horrour at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of Stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Sprits*,
Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, &c.———Virg. Æneid. 7.
And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit*———*Jam tuum mœstæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat, ut regio vacent*, &c. And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the War with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape

ſhape of *Tireſias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocemq; & vellera*, ſince at his going away he diſcovers him to be *Latus*,

——Ramos, ut vellera fronti
Diripuit confeſſus avum.——

Neither do I more approve, in this point, of *Virgil*'s method, who in the 7. *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at firſt in the ſhape of a *Prieſteſs*

Fit Calybe Junonis anus;——

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own Figure of a *Fury*, and ſo ſpeak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at firſt or indeed better not done at all; for no Perſon is ſo improper to perſwade Man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a diſguiſe: Which is the reaſon why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeneſs of *Benjamin*, who as the firſt and chief of *Saul*'s Progenitors, might the moſt probably ſeem concern'd for his welfare, and the eaſilieſt be believed and obeyed.

20 I fancy here that the *ſtatue* of *Benjamin* ſtood in manner of a *Coloſſus* over *Saul*'s *Gate*; for which perhaps I ſhall have ſome *Criticks* fall ſeverely upon me; it being the common Opinion, that the uſe of all *ſtatues*, nay, even Pictures, or other repreſentations of things to the ſight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter Ages, when they were moſt rigid in obſerving of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they ſhould have left it) even the *civil uſe* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahometans*. But I believe that at firſt it was otherwiſe: And firſt, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not abſolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or Worſhiping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implyed more, it would bind us *Chriſtians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Mortal one*. Secondly, we have ſeveral examples in the *Bible*, which ſhew that *ſtatues* were in uſe among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be ſo, as thoſe of the *Cherubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the Ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewiſe of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Solomon*'s *Throne*, and the *ſtatue* of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Soldiers who came to Murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vaſques* ſays, that ſuch *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erecta aut conſtitutæ modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or conſtituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per ſe*, for its own ſake, and not as an *Appendix* or Addition for the Ornament of ſome other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21 *Enchanted Vertues*. That is, whoſe Operation is ſtopt, as it were, by ſome Enchantment. Like that *Faſcination* called by the *French*, *Novement d' eſguillete*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

22 So *Homer*, Α'χαϊδες, ὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.
And *Virg*. *O vere Phrygiæ, neq; enim Phryges!*

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Saul*'s Reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: And indeed, though it were in proſe, in ſo paſſionate a ſpeech it were not natural to be punctual.

24 In this, and ſome like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my Opinion by what I ſay; no more than before in divers expreſſions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Muſick* made by their motion had been received very Anciently, and probably came from the *Eaſtern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who firſt brought this into *Greece*) learnt there moſt of his *Philoſophy*. And to ſpeak according to common Opinion, though it be falſe, is ſo far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the Cuſtom even of the Scripture to do ſo; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it Attributes the *Members* and *Paſſions* of Mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himſelf; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the ſmalleſt: but is ſpoken of, as it *ſeems*, not as it *Is*, and in too many other places to be Collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgil*'s Verſe,

Tarda venit ſeris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86 *Epiſtle*, That the Tree will eaſily grow up to give ſhade to the *Planter*: But that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be ſpoken moſt *Truly*, but what moſt *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *inſtructing Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Maſter Homer*; 'tis in the deſcription of a *Tempeſt* (a common place that they all ambitiouſly labour in) where they make all the four Winds blow at once, to be ſure to have enough to ſwell up their Verſe,

Una Euruſq; Notuſq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus—— And *Statius*,
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And ſo all the reſt. Of this kind I take thoſe Verſes to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himſelf,

——Facet omne pecus, volucreſq;, feræque,
Et ſimulant feſſos curvata cacumina ſomnos.

Hitherto there is no ſcruple; for he ſays only, *The bowing Mountains ſeem to nod*. He adds,

Nec trucibus fluviis idem ſonus occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria inclinata quieſcunt,

Which is falſe, but ſo well ſaid, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

25 I am ſorry that it is neceſſary to admoniſh the moſt part of *Readers*, that it is not by *Negligence* that this Verſe is ſo looſe, long, and as it were, *Vaſt*; it is to paint in the number the Nature of the thing which it deſcribes, which I would have obſerved in divers other places of this *Poem*, that elſe will paſs for very careleſs Verſes: As before, *And over-runs the Neigh'ring Fields with violent courſe* In the Second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he caſts them all* ——and, *And fell adown his ſhoulders, with looſe care*. In the 3. *Braſs was his Helmet, his Boots Braſs, and o'er his Breaſt, a thick plate of ſtrong Braſs he wore*. In the 4. *Like ſome fair Pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks caſt themſelves down headlong*; and many more: But it is enough to inſtance in a few. The thing is, that the diſpoſition of words and numbers ſhould be ſuch, as that out of the order and

found

found of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince*, *Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious Men, so that it is superfluous to Collect them.

26 Eternity is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is always *in fluxu*.

27 *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur cura regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi suâ vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the World, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the Fire could not burn the three young Men in the red hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* Superiour to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the Ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* 6. Ἕπεται τοὺς τὴν μεσίτιν δυνάμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest Power, the *First-born Angels*, *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael* one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo, Michael one of the chiefest Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechary* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young Man*, &c. and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The number of just *seven* Supreme *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*; but I doubt whether the seven there were so Ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zechariel*, *Samuel*, and *Anael*, let the Authors of them Answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶν δὲ θρόνῳ πυρέτιν παρεζᾶσιν πολύμοχθοι
Ἄγγελοι, εἶπι μίμνε βρότοις ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1, 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐνώπιον τοῦ Θεοῦ. He that *stands* before the face of *God* And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, ἷς ἑστηκότων, of the *standers* before *God*.

29 The *Poets* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. Hom.

——— Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Virgil. *Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

Stat. ——— *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30 *Friends* in the plural, as an intimation of the *Trinity*; for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31 I do not like *Homer*'s repeating of long Messages just in the same words; But here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no Creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative Speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a Crime against τὸ πρέπον that is, *Decency*.

32 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same Art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his Friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a Woman to stop the fury of a Young Man, who came to set her House on Fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from Murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the spoils of *Eetion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even Seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes*, and effeminate Priests of *Cybele* could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all Men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppresst (for which cause *Pindar* says to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμάταν κεραυνὸν σβεννύεις. *Thou quenchest the raging thunder.*) But that it should cure setled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib.* 28. *Chap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femore Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicos sanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris*; Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with *Musical* notes. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported, *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthusiasm*, that *Musick* cures many Passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους καὶ στάσεις ὀδὰς μακρὰν γινομένας ἢ διανοίας ἐκστάσεις, ἴσται δὲ φησὶν ἡ καλαύλησις καὶ Ἰσχιάδα καὶ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same Author Witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used by the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen*, call καλαυλεῖν τὸ πόπυ, *Super loca affecto tibia canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured mad Men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the Magicians fly to their *Colcodea*; the

the *Plantonicks*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says that *Madness* is to be cured by the Harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciatick* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the Negligence or Impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirand.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to Operate upon the *Body*, and that it Cures the *Body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* Sounds move the outward Air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan. Kircherus* requires four Conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number* and *Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and pathetical *words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. And adapting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magna Consoni & Dissoni*.

33 *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own Person. If he had brought in, says he, any other Person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new Occasion, by the bye to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the Person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the Authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*. *Hom. Il.* 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.
Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice the same Book (*Æn.* 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato———
Tu Vatum, tu Diva mone, &c.———

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Helicona, Deæ, cantusq; ciete———
Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

34 I have seen an excellent saying of St. *Augustin's*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus*———*sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quadam non verborum sed rerum eloquentia contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur*. And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight*, *and Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the World, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise Audibly from the Circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *Musical* and loud Voice, of which *David* speaks, Psalm 19. *The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord*——— *There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the World*——Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) render it, Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea vel amussis eorum*: To shew the exactness of their Proportion.

35 Even this distinction of sounds in the Art of Musick, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of the elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed an Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to Answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranate*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36 Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.

37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kircherus* in his 10 Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38 The *Weapon-Salve*.

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this Verse and the *Psalm*. It is *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That* David *sung to his Harp, before* Saul, *the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*.

Fungimur hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto,
Da propriam Thymbræ domum, &c.———

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplyed by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out of some Verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5. Book, upon the Death of *Palinurus*,

Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium cælo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignota Palinure jacebis arena.

And such is that in *Statius*, 2. *Theb.*

——Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio dignata virum——Sate gente superbi
Oeneos, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus——

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41 For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no Authority or example; and therefore like Men who venture upon a new Coast I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Graeca
Ausi deserere—— Hor.

42 Psal. 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio:* Which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the Power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, Though you practise *Magick-Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the Power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the Creatures most *Antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.
Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,
Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

43 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *wonders of the World*) than the κῆπος or δενδρεὼν κρεμαστὸς rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis*, at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, and each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banquetting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l.* 11. and out of him in *Q. Curt. l.* 5. It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosor*, for so *Josephus*, l. 10. and *Suidas* expresly says) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulit naturae genium amanitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susae* in his *Sermon of Riches*, Οὐδ' ἂν γένοιθ' πόλις ἀνθρώποις εὐδαίμονες ἐρῶντι δ' ἄρρητος, οὐδ' ἂν ἡ ὁ Σύσων παράδεισον οἰκοδομήσαντον, ὃς ἦν, ὡς φασὶ, κατ' ἄνω. These were Miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the Ancients. *Seneca Trag. Act.* 3. *Thyest.*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva. Sen. Epist. 122.
Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? Quorum silvae in tectis domorum & fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quo improbe cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romae scandebant silvae*; Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scriptures make me conjecture, 2 Sam. 26. 22. *They spread for* Absalom *a Tent upon the Top of the House, and* Absalom *went unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all* Israel. 2 Sam. 11. 2. *And it came to pass in an Evening, that* David *arose from off his Bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings House; and from the roof he saw a Woman washing her self.* And 1 Sam. 9. 25. Samuel *communed with* Saul *upon the top of the House.* And again, *verse* 26.

44 1 Sam. 19. 13. *And* Michol *took an image, and put it in the Bed, and put a Pillow of Goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a Cloath.* An *Image*, The Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense, but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by Εἴδωλον, in other places by, Θεραπεῖν, or Θεραπεῖν, sometimes by γλυπτὸν, here by κενοτάφιον, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* uses *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, μορφώματα. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the Cloaths the Liver of a she-Goat, newly cut out, and shew'd the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Soldiers, saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all Night: How come such Men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the Bed? Certainly no Idol, for those were not to be found in the House of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of Celestial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the Jews; but she made some figure like a Man, out of several Cloaths, which she stuft with other things, like *Scar-crows*, or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theatres, or those that are placed upon great Men's *Herses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his Head, to represent his Red hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a Statue of *David* in the House, and laid that in the Bed, pretending that he was speechless; and even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th' impression God prepared their sense.* And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my Opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long it hath any appearance of probability.

45 It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit.* 1. and this was observed too among the Heathen.

46 *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom.*

47 The

47 The Description of the *Prophets College* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the Pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian* Customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious Persons, who separated themselves from the business of the World, to employ their time in the Contemplation and Praise of God; their manner of praising him was by Singing of Hymns, and Playing upon Mufical Instruments: For which cause in 1 *Sam.* 10. 5. they carried with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the Company of Prophets prophesying (that is saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *Stantem super, eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in Reading, Writing, Learning and Teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as 2 *Kings* 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v.* 5. the *Sons* of the Prophets that were at *Jericho*: Out of which may be collected, that *Colleges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of the *Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physicians*, Ἰατρῶν παῖδας. The *Sons* of the *Physicians*; and the *Hebrews*, *Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this Appellation. To this alludes St. *Matth.* 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children.* And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 12. *My Father, my Father*, &c.

48 For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by Water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the omission of which, in some cases, was punished with no less than Death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49 I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the Speech of an Ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may Collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies* or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high Chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the Feet of their *Teachers*, from whence St. *Paul* is said to be brought up at the Feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his *Feet*, and heard his word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the Scholars had made good Progress in Learning they were *Elected* and made, by imposition of Hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colleges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions.*

50 The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha*'s Chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51 It was the Ancient Custom to cover the Seats and *Table-Beds* with Beasts skins: So *Eumæus* places *Ulysses*, *Odyss.* 14.

Ἕρσεν δ' ὀπὶ δέρμα ἰονδάδα ἄγεω αἰγός.
Collocavit super pellem villosæ silvestris capræ.

So *Ævander Æneas*, 8 *Æneid.*

Præcipuumq; toro & villosi pelle Leonis
Accipit Æneam——

Ovid. *Qui posterat pelles addere, dives erat.*

52 There is a great dispute among the Learned, concerning the Antiquity of this Custom of *Lying down* at meat; and most of the *Criticks* are against me, who make it here so Ancient. That the *Romans* at first used *sitting* at Table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Græcians* did so too, appears by *Athenæus* l. 7. c. 15. That in our Saviour's time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several words used in the New Testament upon this occasion, as ἀναπίπτω, *Luke* 22. ἀνακεῖσθ, *Matt.* 26. κατακεῖσθ, *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matt.* 14. so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus Bosom*, Joh. 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feast; and alluding to this Custom, *Christ*, is said to be in the *Bosom* of his *Father*, and the Saints in the *Bosom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this Fashion from the *Romans* after they were subdued by them, but that is a mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eastern People: Even in the *Prophets* time we have Testimony of this Custom, Ezek. 23. 41. *Thou satest upon a stately Bed, and a Table prepared before it*, Amos 2. 8. *They lay themselves upon Cloaths laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used Garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they Eat things Sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the Fashion in *Samuel*'s time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before; for the plucking off their Shoos when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular command to have their Shoos on their Feet at the Eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their Shoos off at other Meals?

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latins*, *Liv. Dec.* 1. *Lib.* 2. and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass*; by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in Brass, and put them severely in Execution. *Pausan.* in *Boetic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiod*'s Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in Lead; which kind of plates *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden paper*. This Fashion was in use before *Job*'s time; for he says, *Job* 19. 23, 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron Pen and Lead in the Rock for ever. Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise Anciently engraved the very Pillars themselves, as those two Famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows, that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars* of *Mercurie*. *Plin* l. 7. 56. reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* writ their Laws in *Coctis lateribus*, that is, *Pillars* of *Brick*. *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace*,

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* or Leaves of *Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their *bigness*. Mart.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may eaſily believe, that they and all other capable Materials were written upon. Of thin ſhavings of wood the *Longobards*, at their firſt coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: Some of which *Puncirollus* had ſeen and read in his time.

54 See *Plin.* l. 13. 11. From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm-Tree*. But *Guiland. de Papyro*, thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the ſame with φοῖνιξ and has a long diſcourſe to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in uſe for writing, and that we ſhould read *Malvarum* inſtead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very ſlight grounds. It is true, they did Anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Iſidor*, and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him:

Hæc tibi Arateis multum invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ deſcripta libello
Pruſiaca vexi munera navicula.

But this was a *rarity*; for *Mallows* are too ſoft to be proper for that uſe. At *Athens* the Names of thoſe who were expelled the Senate, were written in ſome kind of *Leaf*, from whence this Sentence was called Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the Names of thoſe baniſh'd by the People were in *Shells*; but at *Syracuſe*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called Πεταλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τῶ πετάλω ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgil*'s *Sibylla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny teſtifies that the Books of *Numa* continued ſo long a time under ground unperiſhed, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*. *Horace*, *de Ar. Po.*

Speramus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda Cedro, aut lævi ſervanda Cupreſſo?

Ovid. *Nec Cedro charta notetur*; and,

Cedro digna locutus;

Who ſpeaks things worthy to be preſerved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewiſe in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55 Of *Linen Books Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *Publick Records*; by others termed too *Linteæ Mappæ*, and *Carbaſina volumina*, Silken Volumes, *Claud. de B. Get.*

Quid carmina poſcat
Fatidico cuſtos Romani carbaſus ævi.

And *Sym.* l. 4. *Epiſt. Monitus Cumanos lintea texta ſumpſerunt.* And *Pliny* ſays, the *Parthians* uſed to have Letters woven in their Cloaths.

55 *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the Body of the Tree. The Paper uſed to this day in *China* and ſome part of the *Indies*, ſeems to be made of the ſame kind of ſtuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the ſharp ſtyle, &c. Theſe waxen Table-Books were very Ancient, though I am not ſure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Naioth*. *Iliad.* 6, *Prætus* ſent a Letter in ſuch Table-Books by *Bellerophon*. The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at firſt made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they uſed *ſtyles* of Bone; it was made ſharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *ſtylum vertere*.

56 *Pliny* ſays that *Paper* (ſo called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed ſo of a Town of that name in the Marſhes of *Ægypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and Parchment, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whoſe Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod.* in *Terpſ.* ſays, that the *Ionians* ſtill call *Paper skins*, becauſe formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make uſe of *skins* inſtead of it. See *Melch. Guiland. de Pap.* upon this argument. And the *Diphtera* of the *Græcians* were nothing elſe but the skins of Beaſts; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the ſhe-Goat that gave him Milk. And many are of Opinion, that the Famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin*. *Diod. Sicul.* l. 2. affirms that the *Perſian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: However, I call *Parchments* and the *Paper of Ægypt new Arts* here, becauſe they were later than the other.

57 *Hieroglyphicks.* The uſe of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Ægypt* where they had lived ſo long, *Lucan.* l. 3.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos
Noverat, & ſaxis tantum volucreſq; feræq;
Sculptaq; ſervabant magicas animalia linguas.

58 *Nathan* and *Gad* were Famous *Prophets* in *David*'s time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *College*, for their particular *Profeſſorſhips*, the one of *Aſtronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I ſuppoſe the places were very lawfully at my diſpoſing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called 1 *Kings* 4. 2. *Siſha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shauſha*. *Mahol* the *Reader* of *Natural Philoſophy*, is mentioned, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Aſaph* are often ſpoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42, and 25.

59 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and ſmaller and ſharper by degrees upwards, till it end in a point, like our Spire-Steeples. It is ſo called from Πῦρ, *Fire*, becauſe *Flames* aſcends in that Figure. *Number*, is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, becauſe the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up ſtill larger and larger, juſt contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Aſcenſion*.

60 *Sacred Blue.* Becauſe of the uſe of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the Curtain for the Door, the *Vail*, the *Prieſts Ephod*, *Breaſt-Plate*, and briefly all ſacred Ornaments. The reaſon of chuſing *Blue*, I ſuppoſe to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to repreſent the ſeat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, Numbers 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that

Lace

Lace or Ribband of *Blue*, wherewith their Fringes are bound to their Cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; because, they say, the Art is lost of dying that kind of *Blue*, which was the perfectest Sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cœluleus.*

Virg. *l.* 6. *Æn.*

Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.

61 From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*, *Fa*, *So*, *La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to S. *John*, beginning every line with those Syllables) so the Ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the Lyre with seven strings; and *Pindar* calls it Ἑπτάτονον, his Interpreter, Ἑπτάμιτον. and the *Argives* forbad under a Penalty, the use of more strings.

62 *Porphyrius* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3. *Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believe but *one God*, whom they called Κνὴφ (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is. & Osyr. & Strabo*, l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the Image of God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his Mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the World*, that is, made it with his *Word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *World*. So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos.* l. 11. *Quæst* 3. and *Macrob.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ᾠὸν καὶ τὸ τοῦ Πλάτωνος Ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

Theophil l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς οὐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἔστι πᾶν ὅλων, God is in no place, but is
63 the *Place* of all things; and *Philo*, Αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ πλήρης. Which is the same with the Expression here.

Gen. 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew*, &c. which Text hath
64 raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general Opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned Men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Criticks, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is that the name came from *Abraham*'s passage over *Euphrates* into *Cannaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the People amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which Opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τὸν περάτην. The *Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περαίτην.

65 For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colleges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 3, &c.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Friendship betwixt Jonathan *and* David; *and upon that Occasion a Digression concerning the nature of* Love. *A Discourse between* Jonathan *and* David, *upon which the latter absents himself from* Court, *and the former goes thither, to inform himself of* Saul's *Resolution. The Feast of the* New-Moon, *the manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digression of the History of* Abraham, Saul's *Speech upon* David's *absence from the Feast, and his anger against* Jonathan. David's *Resolution to fly away; he parts with* Jonathan, *and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of* Phansie; *an* Angel *makes up a* Vision *in* David's *Head; the* Vision *it self, which is A* Prophesie *of all the succession of his Race till* Christ's *time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking,* Gabriel *assumes an humane shape, and confirms to him the truth of his* Vision.

DAVI-

DAVIDEIS.

The Second Book.

BUT now the early Birds began to call
The Morning forth; up roſe the *Sun* and *Saul*;
Both, as Men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
But both, alas, from reſtleſs labours roſe.
For in *Saul*'s Breaſt, *Envy*, the toilſome *Sin*,
Had all that Night active and tyr'nous bin,
Sh' expell'd all forms of *Kindneſs*, *Virtue*, *Grace*;
Of the paſt Day no footſtep left to trace.
The New-blown Sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
So near a ſtorm wiſe *David* would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glittering of a faithleſs Day.
He ſaw the *Sun* call in his Beams apace,
And angry Clouds march up into their place.
The *Sea* it ſelf ſmooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy *Merchants* with a ſmile;
But he, whoſe ſhip-wrack'd Barque it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the *Sea*, and ſuch was *Saul*-----
But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
Was gentle as fair *Jordan*'s uſeful Flood.
Whoſe innocent Stream as it in ſilence goes,
1 Freſh *Honours*, and a ſudden Spring beſtows
On both his Banks to every Flower and Tree;
The manner *How* lies hid, th' *effect* we ſee.
But more than *all*, more than *Himſelf* he lov'd
The Man whoſe worth his *Father*'s Hatred mov'd.
For when the noble *Youth* at *Dammin* ſtood
Adorn'd with *ſweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
1 Sam. 18. 1. *Jonathan* pierc'd him through with greedy Eye
And underſtood the future *Majeſty*
Then deſtin'd in the glories of his look;
He ſaw, and ſtraight was with amazement ſtrook,
To ſee the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young Limbs; he ſaw his comely face
Where Love and Rev'rence ſo well mingled were;
2 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *Golden hair*.
He ſaw what *Mildneſs* his bold *Spirit* did tame,
Gentler than *Light*, yet po'wrful as a *Flame*.
He ſaw his *Valour* by their ſafety prov'd;
He ſaw all this, and as he ſaw, he *Lov'd*.
What art thou, *Love*, thou great myſterious thing?
From what hid ſtock does thy ſtrange *Nature* Spring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the *World* through every part
And hold'ſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart

From

From the due *Place* and *Office* firſt ordain'd.
3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *ſuſtain'd*.
Sometimes we ſee thee *fully*, and can ſay
From hence thou took'ſt thy *Riſe*, and went'ſt that way!
But oftner the ſhort Beams of *Reaſons* Eye,
See only, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
How is the *Loadſtone*, Natures ſubtle pride,
By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
How was the *Weapon wounded*? What hid *Flame*
The ſtrong and Conqu'ring *Metal* overcame?
4 *Love* (this *Worlds Grace*) exalts his *Natural* ſtate,
He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.
5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *Garlands* grace,
Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace?
The *Oak* for Courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the *VVinds* that fight with it?
How does the abſent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love?*
Which are the *VVings* of *Lightneſs* to aſcend?
Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards bend?
Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy Laws,
And ſeldom *VVe*, *they* never knew the *Cauſe*.
In thy large ſtate, *Life* gives the next degree,
6 Where *Senſe*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories ſhown,
7 Handſome *Deſires*, and *Reſt* about the flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal*, and *Ecſtaſie*.
Thouſand with *Joys* cluſter around thine Head,
O'er which a gall-leſs *Dove* her Wings does ſpread,
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter far,
Than *Conſciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,
Lies at thy Feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtick *Scepter* of a *Croſs* of Gold.
Thus do'ſt thou ſit (like Men e'er Sin had fram'd
A guilty bluſh) *Naked*, but not *Aſham'd*.
What cauſe then did the fab'lous Ancients find,
When firſt their Superſtition made thee *blind*?
'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that *Monſter*, *Luſt*, for *Thee*.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming *Flame*;
Such in th' amazed Buſh to *Moſes* came;
When that ſecure its new-crown'd Head did rear, Exod. 32.
And chid the trembling Branches needleſs fear.
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
Soft as the *Feathers* that they 're fletcht withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret Darts,
Which ſweetly touch'd this nobleſt pair of Hearts.
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
No weight of *Birth* did on one ſide prevail,
Two *Twins* leſs even lie in *Nature*'s *Scale*.
They mingled Fates, and both in each did ſhare,
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.

If

If any Joy to one of them was ſent,
It was moſt his, to whom it leaſt was meant,
And fortunes malice betwixt both was croſt,
For ſtriking one, it wounded th' other moſt.
Never did *Marriage* ſuch true *Union* find,
Or Mens deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of *Sin*,
And ſtill the *Sex* will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker far,
Theſe without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred *Love* does Heav'ns bright *Spirits* fill,
Where *Love* is but to *Underſtand* and *Will*,
With ſwift and unſeen *Motions*; ſuch as We
Somewhat expreſs in heigten'd *Charity*.
O ye bleſt One! Whoſe *Love* on *Earth* became
So pure that ſtill in *Heav'n* 'tis but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mixt Souls embrace,
Gazing upon great *Lover*'s myſterious Face,
And pity this baſe World where *Friendſhip*'s made
A *bait* for Sin, or elſe at beſt a *Trade*.
Ah wond'rous *Prince*! Who a true *Friend* could'ſt be,
When a *Crown flatter'd*, and *Saul threatned* Thee!
Who held'ſt him dear, whoſe *Stars* thy Birth did croſs!
And bought'ſt him nobly at a *Kingdoms loſs*!
Iſrael's bright *Scepter* far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer *Friends* on Earth than *Kings*.

To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew;
Till *Natures* ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as *Two*.
1 Sam. 20. 1. Hither flies *David* for advice and aid,
As ſwift as Love and Danger could perſwade,
As ſafe in *Jonathan*'s truſt his Thoughts remain
As when *Himſelf* but *dreams* them o'er again.

My deareſt *Lord*, farewel (ſaid He) farewel;
Heav'n bleſs the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th' injuſtice of his hate, when I am dead;
They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltleſs Head
Here in your ſight, perhaps, muſt bleeding lie,
And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
Think me not ſcar'd with *Death*, howe'er 't appear,
I know thou can'ſt not think ſo: 'Tis a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* ſpeaks me free;
I've met him Face to Face, and ne'er could ſee
One terrour in his looks to make me *flie*
When *Vertue* bids me ſtand; but I would *die*
So as becomes my *Life*, ſo as may prove
Saul's *Malice*, and at leaſt excuſe your *Love*.

He ſtopt, and ſpoke ſome Paſſion with his Eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good Men, more than to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Iſrael*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? For he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are leſs.

And ſhould my *Father* at thy ruin aim,
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
Think them not coming then to ſlay thee here,
But *doubt* miſhaps, as little as you *fear*.
For by thy loving God who e'er deſign
Againſt *thy Life* muſt ſtrike at it through *Mine*.
But I my Royal *Father* muſt acquit
From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his ſoftneſs when from Death he freed
The faithleſs *King* of *Am'lecks* curſed Seed;
Can he t' a *Friend*, t' a *Son* ſo bloody grow,
He who ev'n Sin'd but now to ſpare a *Foe*? 1 Sam. 15. 9.
Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or Art
Could he ſo long cloſe, and ſeal up his Heart?
Such Counſels jealous of themſelves become,
And dare not fix without conſent of ſome.
Few Men ſo boldly ill, great Sins to do,
Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
Than *I*, had he diſcover'd it, from *Thee*.
Here they embraces join, and almoſt Tears; 1 Sam. 20. 2.
Tell gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praiſe you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to ſpend
Was all out-ſpoken when you ſtil'd me *Friend*.
That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
And gives excuſe to th' *Envy* of a *King*.
What did his Spear, Force, and dark Plots impart
But ſome eternal rancour in his Heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that Day
When drown'd in his own Blood *Goliah* lay,
And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
How that vaſt *Monſter* fell, and ſtrook the ground:
The *Dance*, and *David his ten thouſand ſlew*,
Still wound his Sickly Soul, and ſtill are new.
Great Acts t' Ambitious *Princes Treaſons* grow.
So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *owe*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place,
From the *Good*, *danger*; from the *Bad*, *diſgrace*.
They doubt the *Lords*, miſtruſt the *Peoples* hate,
Till *Blood* becomes a *Principle* of *State*.
Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
But ſtill they *Fear* ev'n more than they *Affright*.
Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and ſtern:
His *Will* too ſtrange to bend, too proud to learn.
Remember, Sir, the *Honey*'s deadly ſting;
Think on that Savage Juſtice of the *King*.
When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
Things above Man, ſhould ſee you Man no more.
'Tis true, th' accurſed *Agag* mov'd his ruth,
He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth
Had ſeen, alas, the proof of Heav'ns fierce hate,
And fear'd no miſchief from his Powerleſs fate.
Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his Crown.

Since then his Pride quakes at th' *Almighty*'s rod,
Nor dares he Love the Man belov'd by *God*.
Hence his deep Rage and trembling *Envy* ſprings;
Nothing ſo wild as *Jealouſie* of *Kings*.
Whom ſhould he Counſel ask, with whom adviſe,
Whoſe *Reaſon* and *God*'s *Counſel* does deſpiſe?
Who head-ſtrong will no *Law* or *Conſcience* daunt,
Dares he not Sin, d' you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fixt Love he knew,
He would not doubt, believe 't, to kill ev'n *you*.
The Prince is mov'd, and ſtraight prepares to find
The deep reſolves of his griev'd Father's Mind.
The danger now appears, *Love* can ſoon ſhow 't,
And force his *Stubborn piety* to know 't.
1 Sam. 20. 5, &c. Th' agree that *David* ſhould conceal'd abide,
Till his great Friend had the Courts temper try'd,
Till he had *Saul*'s moſt Secret purpoſe found,
And ſearch'd the depth and rancour of his Wound.
'Twas the years ſeventh-born *Moon*; the ſolemn *Feaſt*
Le. 23. 24. Nu. 26. 1. That with moſt noiſe its Sacred mirth expreſt.
From op'ning Morn till night ſhuts in the day,
On *Trumpets* and *ſhrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
9 Whether by this in myſtick *Type* we ſee
The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternity*,
When the chang'd *Moon* ſhall no more changes *make*,
And ſcatter *Deaths* by *Trumpet*'s ſound awake;
Exod. 19. 19. 10 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ry ſtill,
Giv'n with like noiſe on *Sina*'s ſhining Hill,
11 Or that (as ſome Men teach) it did ariſe
From faithful *Abraham*'s righteous *Sacrifice*,
Who whilſt the *Ram* on *Iſaac*'s Fire did fry,
His *Horn* with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by.
Obſcure the *Cauſe*; but *God* his will declar'd;
And all nice knowlege then with eaſe is ſpar'd.
12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
Midſt a large train of *Prieſts* and *Courtiers* went;
The Sacred *Herd* march'd proud and ſoftly by;
13 Too fat and gay to think their Deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of *Beaſts*, more innocent than *We*!
Prey to our *Lux'ry*, and our *Piety*!
Whoſe guiltleſs Blood on *boards* and *Altars* ſpilt,
Serves both to *Make*, and *Exp'ate* too our guilt!
14 Three Bullocks of free neck, two gilded Rams,
Two well-waſht Goats, and fourteen ſportleſs Lambs,
With the three Vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
(Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we 're fed)
Are offer'd up; the hallowed Flames ariſe,
And faithful Prayers mount with them to the Skies.
15 From thence the *King* to th' outmoſt Court is brought,
Where Heav'nly things an inſpir'd *Prophet* taught,
And from the Sacred Tent t' his Palace gates,
With glad kind ſhouts th' Aſſembly on him waits;
The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd Flowers paint his Triumphant way.

Thus

Thus in ſlow State to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
Rich dreſt for ſolemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'ſtry* hung the Room,
The nobleſt Work e'er ſtretch'd on *Syrian* Loom;
For wealthy *Adri'l* in proud *Sydon* wrought
And giv'n to *Saul* when *Saul*'s beſt gift he ſought, 1 Sam. 18. 19.
The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful Day
No Ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.
17 There all old *Abram*'s ſtory you might ſee;
18 And ſtill ſome *Angel* bore him Company.
His painful, but well-guided Travels ſhow
The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen. 21. 14.
He bluſh'd with ſudden *Paſſion*, ſhe with *ſhame*;
Troubl'd ſhe ſeem'd, and labouring in the ſtrife
'Twixt her own *Honour*, and her *Husband*'s *Life*.
Here on a Conqu'ring *Hoſt* that careleſs lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey, Gen. 14.
The *Patriarch* falls; well mingl'd might you ſee
20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
21 In the next piece bleſt *Salem*'s myſtick King Gen. 14. 18.
22 Does ſacred Preſents to the *Victor* bring;
Like him whoſe *Type* he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
Ev'n in his Port, his Habit, and his Face;
The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Prieſt* and *Prince* had place.
Here all their Starry Hoſt the Heavens diſplay; Gen. 15. 5.
And, Lo, an Heav'nly *Youth*, more fair than they,
Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; ſuch, ſaid he,
23 So bright and numberleſs thy *Seed* ſhall be.
24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes; Gen. 17.
And in his Fleſh the marks of *Homage* takes;
25 Here he three myſterious *Perſons* Feaſts, Gen. 18. 2.
Well paid with joyful tidings by his *Gueſts*. Ver. 10.
Here for the *Wicked Town* he prays, and near Gen. 18. 23.
Scarce did the *Wicked Town* through *Flames* appear. Gen. 19. 24.
And all his *Fate* and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
26 Since he from * *Ur* to † *Ephron*'s Cave was brought. * Gen. 11. 31. † Gen. 25. 9.
But none 'mongſt all the Forms drew then their Eyes
Like faithful *Abram*'s righteous *Sacrifice*. Gen. 22. Ver. 3.
27 The ſad old Man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With *Natures* Power Triumphant in his Face
O'er the *Mind*'s Courage; for in ſpight of all
From his ſwoln Eyes reſiſtleſs Waters fall. Ver. 6.
28 The inn'cent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before,
And ſometimes turn'd to talk; above was made,
The *Altar*'s fatal *Pile*, and on it laid
29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay, Ver. 9.
And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
The mournful *Syre* lifts up at laſt the Knife, Ver. 10.
And on one moments ſtring depends his *life*
In whoſe young *loyns* ſuch brooding *wonders* lie.
A thouſand *Spir'ts* Peep'd from th' affrighted ſky,

Amaz'd at this ſtrange *Scene*; and almoſt fear'd
For all thoſe joyful *Prophecies* they 'd heard.
Ver. 11. Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *God*'s command
Like *Light'ning* from a *Cloud*, and ſtopt his hand.
The gentle *Spirit* ſmil'd kindly as he ſpoke,
New Beams of joy through *Abram*'s wonder broke.
Ver. 13. The *Angel* points t' a tuft of Buſhes near,
Where an entangl'd *Ram* does half appear,
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which though but ſlightly *wrought*, was firmly *ſet*.
For, lo, anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful *Beaſt* on *Iſaac*'s *Pile* conſum'd;
Whilſt on his *Horns* the ranſom'd Couple plaid,
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this *Hall's* end a *Shittim Table* ſtood;
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the Wood.
For from the Foot a golden Vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that Beauteous *Ore*, the *Grape* expreſs,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame Wood the gilded Beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd *Carpets* laid,
From *Egypt* the rich Shop of *Follies* brought,
But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* ſoon are taught.
30 Behold ſev'n comely blooming *Youths* appear,
And in their hands ſev'n Silver *Waſhpots* bear,
31 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choiceſt Sons that be
Of *Gibeon*'s Race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
Seven Beauteous *Maids* march'd ſoftly in behind;
Bright Scarfs their Cloaths, their Hair freſh Garlands bind,
32 And whilſt the *Princes* waſh, they on them ſhed
Rich *Oyntments*, which their coſtly Odours ſpread
O'er the whole Room; from their ſmall *priſons* free
With ſuch glad haſt through the wide air they flee.
1 Sam. 20. 25. 33 The *King*'s was plac'd alone, and o'er his Head
A well-wrought *Heav'n* of Silk and Gold was ſpread,
Azure the ground, the *Sun* in Gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wand'ring *Clouds* with Silver light.
The right hand Bed the *King*'s three Sons did grace,
The third was *Abner*'s, *Adriel*'s, *David*'s place.
And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime Men *Saul*'s *Court* and *Camp* could ſhow;
The Palace did with *mirth* and *muſick* ſound,
34 And the Crown'd *Goblets* nimbly mov'd around.
But though bright joy in every gueſt did ſhine,
The Plenty, State, Muſick, and ſprightful wine
Were loſt on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell
In his dark Breaſt, and all gay Forms expel.
1 Sam. 20. 26, 27. *David*'s unuſual abſence from the Feaſt
To his Sick Spir't did jealous Thoughts ſuggeſt.
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor eat, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke.
Where can he be? Said he; it muſt be ſo:
With that he paus'd a while; Too well we know

His

His boundleſs Pride: He grieves and hates to ſee
The ſolemn *Triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
Believe me, Friends, and truſt what I can ſhow
From thouſand proofs, th' Ambitious *David* now
Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud Soul deſign
That too much *buſineſs* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious Fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conſpire
Againſt *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilſt we
Are loth ev'n to *ſuſpect*, what we might *See*.
35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true--------
With that he ſtrook the board, and no Man there
But *Jonathan* durſt undertake to clear
The blameleſs *Prince*; and ſcarce ten words he ſpoke,
When thus his ſpeech th' enraged *Tyrant* broke.
36 Diſloyal *Wretch*! Thy gentle *Mother*'s *ſhame*!
Whoſe cold pale *Ghoſt* ev'n Bluſhes at thy *name*!
Who fears leaſt her Chaſt Bed ſhould doubted be,
And her white Fame ſtain'd by black deeds of *thee*!
Can'ſt thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* ſometimes does hire
Ev'n *Sons* againſt their *Parents* to conſpire,
But ne'er did ſtory yet, or fable tell
Of one ſo wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
Quitted the unqueſtion'd *Birthright* of a *Throne*,
And bought his *Father*'s ruine with his *own*:
Thou need'ſt not plead th' Ambitious *youths* defence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
Whilſt thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'd ſo near.
Is this that noble *Friendſhip* you pretend?
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worſt *En'mies Friend*?
If thy low Spirit can thy great *Brithright* quit,
The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerves thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here, have no ſuch mind;
Nor ſuch prodigious worth in *David* find,
That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
Or think *God*'s *choice* not made ſo well as *Thine*.
Shame of thy *Houſe* and *Tribe*! Hence from mine Eye,
To thy falſe *Friend*, and ſervile *Maſter* fly;
He's e'er this time in Arms expecting thee;
Haſt, for thoſe Arms are rais'd to ruine *Me*.
Thy Sin that way will *nobler* much appear,
Than to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
When I think this, *Nature* by thee forſook,
Forſakes me too. With that his ſpear he took
To ſtrike at him; the mirth and muſick ceaſe;
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t' appeaſe;
37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *Duty* knew;
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
To *David* ſtrait, who in a Foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the Royal *Friend* does fly.
The ſole advice, now like the danger clear,
Was in ſome Foreign Land this ſtorm t' outwear.

1 Sam. 20. 28, 29. V. 30 31.

Ver. 33.

Ver. 34

Ver. 35.

All

All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen;
Ver. 42. And mournful kind diſcourſes paſt between.
No generous Tears their haſty Tongues reſtrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again.
Ver. 42. A reverend *Oath* of conſtant Love they take,
And *God's* high name their dreaded *Witneſs* make;
Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
But 'twas the tedious *Zeal* of endleſs *Love*.
Thus, e'er they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp *Friendſhip* and *Grief* could ſhow.
And *David* now with doubtful cares oppreſt,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick *miſts* ariſe,
And ſtop the *Senſe*, and cloſe the Conqu'red Eyes.
38 There is a place which *Man* moſt high doth rear,
The *ſmall World*'s *Heav'n*, where *Reaſon* moves the *Sphere*.
Here in a Robe which does all Colours ſhow,
(Th' envy of Birds, and the Clouds gawdy *bow*)
Fancy, wild *Dame*, with much laſcivious Pride
By twin-*Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride,
Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of Shapes and Airy *Forms* an endleſs rout.
A *Sea* rowls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 'tis a *Field*, and Trees and Herbs appear.
Here in a moment are vaſt *Armies* made,
And a quick *Scene* of War and Blood diſplaid.
Here ſparkling *Wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
The *Bawds* for *Senſe* and lying baits of *Sin*.
39 Some things ariſe of ſtrange and quarr'ling kind,
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind;
Here Golden *Mountains* ſwell the cov'tous place,
40 And *Centaures* ride *Themſelves* a painted race.
Of theſe ſlight wonders *Nature* ſees the ſtore,
And only then accounts herſelf but *Poor*.
Hither an *Angel* comes in *David*'s trance;
And finds them mingled in an Antick Dance;
Of all the numerous Forms fit choice he takes.
And joyns them wiſely, and his *Viſion* makes.
First *David* there appears in Kingly ſtate,
2 Sam. 5. 1. Whilſt the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await;
1 Chro. 12. 23. Strait to the Wars with his join'd ſtrength he goes,
Ver. 6. Setles new *Friends*, and frights his Ancient *Foes*.
To *Solyma*, *Can'ans* old Head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
2 Sam. 5. 6. 41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th' undoubted Wall defend,
And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.
The buſie *Image* of great *Joab* there
Diſdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
He climbs the *Airy* Walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the Town.
They curſe the Guards their mirth and bravery choſe;
All of them now are ſlain, or made like *thoſe*.
42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full Banners a fair *Fiſh* diſplay.

From

From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypt*'s Coaſt
They ſeem all met; a vaſt and Warlike *Hoaſt*.
Thither haſts *David* to his deſtin'd prey,
Honour and noble *Danger* lead the way;
43 The conſcious *Trees* ſhook with a reverent fear
Their *unblown* tops; *God* walk'd before him there.
Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* Boſom fills,
Dead corps *imboſs* the *Vale* with little *Hills*.
44 On th' other ſide *Sophenes* mighty King
Numberleſs Troops of the bleſt *Eaſt* does bring:
Twice are his Men cut off, and Chariots ta'ne;
45 *Damaſcus* and rich *Adad* help in vain.
46 Here *Nabathaan* Troops in Battel ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of *Syrian* land;
Undaunted *Joab* ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around;
The *Syrians* leave, or poſſeſs *dead*, the ground,
On th' other wing does brave *Abiſhai* ride
Reeking in Blood and Duſt; on every ſide
The perjur'd Sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
Some baſely *die*, and ſome more baſely *yield*.
Through a thick Wood the Wretched *Hanun* flies,
And far more juſtly than fears *Hebrew Spies*.
47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thruſts out his Head,
Grinning through a black Cloud, him they 'd long fed
In his *ſev'n Chambers*, and he ſtill did eat
New-roaſted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.
Again they 'riſe, more ang'red than diſmaid;
48 *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tygris* ſends them aid;
In vain they ſend it, for again they 're ſlain,
49 And Feaſt the greedy Birds on *Helam*'s plain.
50 Here *Rabba* with proud Towers affronts the Sky,
And round about great *Joab*'s Trenches ly.
They force the Walls, and ſack the helpleſs Town;
51 On *David*'s Head ſhines *Ammon*'s maſſy Crown.
Midſt various torments the curſt race expires,
David himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
Next upon *Iſra'l*'s Throne does bravely ſit
52 A comely *Youth* endow'd with wond'rous Wit.
53 Far from the *parched Line* a Royal *Dame*,
To hear his Tongue and boundleſs *Wiſdom* came.
She carried back in her Triumphant *Womb*
The glorious ſtock of Thouſand *King*'s to come.
Here brighteſt Forms his Pomp and Wealth diſplay,
Here they a *Temples* vaſt Foundations lay.
A mighty Work; and with fit glories fill'd,
For *God* t' *enhabit*, and that *King* to *build*.
Some from the quarries hew out maſſy Stone,
Some draw it up with Cranes, ſome breath and grone.
In order o'er the anvil; ſome cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient Crown;
Some Carve the Trunks, and *breathing ſhapes* beſtow,
Giving the *Trees* more *Life* than when they *grow*:

2 Sam. 5. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. 1 Chron. 14. 8.
Ver. 22, 23, 24. 1 Chron. 14. 14.
2 Sam. 8. 3. 1 Chron. 18. 5.
Ver. 5. 2 Sam. 10. 1 Chron. 19. 6. & 19. 8.
Ver. 10.
2 Sam. 10. 3, 4. 1 Chron. 19. 3.
Ver. 15. 1 Chron. 19. 16.
2 Sam. 10. 1 Chr. 20.
2 Sam. 12. 30. 1 Chr. 20. 2.
Ver. 31. 1 Chron. 20. 3. 1 King. 1. 1 Chr. 23. 1. 2 King. 3. 12. 2 Chro. 1. 12. 1 King. 10. Mat. 12. 42. Lu. 11. 31. 2 Chr. 19. 1 King. 6. 2 Chro. 3. & 4. 5.

But,

1 King. 11. But, oh (alas) what ſudden Cloud is ſpread
About this glorious *King*'s *Eclipſed* head?
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round, and now he's ſeen no more.
1 King. 12. 2 Chro. 10. When ſtraight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* Crown'd;
With young and heedleſs *Council* circled round;
Unſeemly object! But a falling ſtate
Ver. 18. Has always its *own* errours join'd with *fate*.
2 Chron. 10. 18. Ten *Tribes* at once forſake the *Jeſſian* throne,
And bold *Adoram*, at his Meſſage, ſtone;
Brethren of Iſrael! ------ more he fain would ſay,
But a flint ſtopt his mouth, and ſpeech i' th' way.
Here this fond King's diſaſters but begin,
1 K. 14. 25. 2 Chron. 12. 2. He's deſtin'd to more ſhame by 's *Father*'s Sin.
Suſack comes up, and under his command
54 A dreadful *Army* from ſcorch'd *Africk*'s ſand,
As *numberleſs* as *that*; all is his prey,
The *Temples* ſacred wealth they bear away;
55 *Adrazar*'s ſhields and golden loſs they take;
Ev'n *David* in his dream does ſweat and ſhake.
1 Kin. 12. 10. Thus fails this wretched *Prince*; his *Loyns* appear
2 Chr. 10. 10. Of leſs *weight* now, than *Solomon*'s *Fingers* were.
1 K. 15. 1. *Abijah* next ſeeks *Iſra'l* to regain,
2 Chron. 13. 1. & 13. 3. 56 And waſh in Seas of Blood his *Father*'s ſtain;
Ne'er ſaw the Aged *Sun* ſo cruel fight,
Scarce ſaw he *this*, but hid his baſhful light.
Nebat's curſt Son fled with not half his Men,
2 Chron. 13. 17. Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then?
Yet could not this the fatal ſtrife decide;
God *puniſh'd one*, but *bleſt not* th' other ſide.
2 K. 15. 9. 2 Ch. 14. 1. *Aſan* a juſt and virtuous Prince ſucceeds;
High rais'd by Fame for Great and Godly Deeds;
ver. 13. 57 He cut the ſolemn Groves where *Idols* ſtood,
2 Ch. 14. 3. And *Sacrific'd* the *Gods* with their *own Wood*.
He vanquiſh'd thus the proud weak Powers of Hell,
Before him next their doating Servants fell.
2 Ch. 14. 9. 58 So huge an Hoſt of *Zerah*'s Men he ſlew,
2 Ch. 16. 2. ver. 18. As made ev'n that *Arabia Deſart* too.
2 Ch. 16. 8. 59 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baaſha*'s fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of *Syrian*'s might?
Conqueſt Heav'ns *Gifts*, cannot by Man be ſold;
Alas, what *weakneſs* truſts he? *Man* and *Gold*.
2 K. 15, 25. & 22. 43. 2 Chro. 17. Next *Joſaphat* poſſeſt the Royal ſtate;
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate;
His oft Oblations on God's Altar made,
2 Chro. 17. 11. With thouſand Flocks, and thouſand Herds are paid,
Arabian Tribute! What mad Troops are thoſe,
Thoſe *mighty Troops* that dare to be his Foes?
2 Chron. 20. 17. He *Prays* them dead: With mutual Wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury ſlays them all.
1 King. 22. 30. 2 Chron. 18. 19. Thus ſits he ſtill, and ſees himſelf to win;
Never o'ercome but by's Friend *Ahab*'s Sin;
60 On whoſe diſguiſe Fates then did only look;
And had almoſt their *God*'s command *miſtook*.

Him

Him from whoſe danger Heav'n ſecurely brings,
And for his ſake two ripely wicked *Kings*. 2 King. 3. 14. & 3.
61 Their Armies languiſh burnt with thirſt at *Seer*, 9. & 3. 8.
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moiſture* there.
They fix their greedy Eyes on th' empty Sky,
And fancy *Clouds*, and ſo become *more dry*.
Eliſha calls for Waters from afar 2 K. 3. 13.
To come; *Eliſha* calls, and here they are.
In Helmets they quaff round the welcome flood; 2K. 3. 24.
And the decreaſe repair with *Moab*'s *Blood*. 2K. 8. 16. & 8. 25.
62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng 2 Chr. 21.
For *Judah*'s Scepter; both *ſhort-liv'd too long*. 1, & 22. 1.
63 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims; 2K. 11. 1. 2 Chron.
Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* ſhe ſhames. 22. 10.
Proud curſed *Woman*! But her fall at laſt 2 Kin. 12. 2 Chro. 24.
To doubting Men *clears* Heav'n for what was paſt.
Joas at firſt does bright and glorious ſhow;
In lifes freſh morn his *Fame* did early *crow*.
Fair was the Promiſe of his dawning ray,
But *Prophets* angry Blood o'ercaſt his day. 2 Chron.
From thence his Clouds, from thence his Storms begin, 24. 21.
64 It cries aloud, and twice lets *Aram* in. 2K. 12. 18. 2 Chron.
65 So *Amaziah* lives, ſo ends his Raign; 24. 23.
Both by their *Trayt'rous* Servants *juſtly ſlain*. 2King. 14. 2Chro. 25.
Edom at firſt dreads his Victorious hand, 2K. 14. 7.
Before him thouſand *Captives* trembling ſtand. 2 Chron.
Down a prec'pice deep, down he caſts them all, 25. 11. & 25. 12.
66 The *mimick ſhapes* in ſeveral Poſtures fall. 2 Chro.
But then (mad fool!) he does thoſe *Gods* adore. 25. 14.
Which when pluck'd down, had *Worſhip'd* him before. 2K. 14. 13. 2 Chron.
Thus all his life to come is loſs and ſhame; 25. 23.
No help from *Gods* who themſelves help'd not, came. 2 K. 15. 1. 2Chro. 26.
67 All this *Uzziah*'s ſtrength and wit repairs, 2 K. 5. 5.
Leaving a well-built greatneſs to his *Heirs*. 2 Chron.
68 Till leprous ſcurf o'er his whole Body caſt, 26. 19.
Takes him at firſt from *Men*, from *Earth* at laſt. 2K. 15. 32. 2 Chr. 27.
69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far; 2Ch. 27. 4.
Buildings his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*. 2 K. 16. 1. 2 Chr. 28.
But *Achaz* heaps up Sins, as if he meant 2K. 16. 3.
To make his worſt Forefathers *innocent*. 2 C. 28. 3.
70 He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilſt around
The roaring Child Drums and loud Trumpets ſound.
This to the Boy a *Barb'rous Mercy* grew,
And ſnatch'd him from all his Mis'ries t' enſue.
Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thouſands fall, 2 Ki. 16. 5.
Here *Rezin* Marches up, and ſweeps up all: 2 Chro. 28. 6.
71 Till like a Sea the *Great Beloch's Son* 2 Ki. 16. 7.
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.
The laſt of *Adad*'s Ancient ſtock is ſlain, 2 Ki. 16. 9.
Iſrael Captiv'd, and rich *Damaſcus* ta'n. & 15. 27.
All this wild rage to revenge *Juda*'s wrong;
72 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too ſtrong! 2 Chro. 28. 20.
Thus *Hezekiah* the torn Empire took, 2King. 18. 2 Chr. 29.
And *Aſſur*'s *King* with his worſe *Gods* forſook, 2 Ki. 18. 7.

2 K. 18. 17. 2 Chr. 32. Isa. 36. Who to Poor *Juda* Worlds of Nations brings,
There Rages; utters *Vain* and *Mighty* things,
Some dream of Triumphs, and exalted names,
2K. 19. 35. 2 Chron. 32. 21. Some of dear Gold, and some of beauteous Dames;
Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy boast*,
2K. 19. 37. 2 Chr. 32. 21. 73 An *Angel* scatters death through all the Host.
Th' affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,
74 There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
Here *Hezekiah*'s life is almost done!
2 King. 20. 2 Chron. 23. 24. So good, and yet, alas! So short 'tis spun.
Th' end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old;
2K. 20. 11. 2 Chr. 32. *Time* must go back, and afford better hold
2 Kin. 21. 2 Chr. 33. To tie a new Thread t' it, of fifteen years;
'Tis done; Th' *Almighty Power* of *Prayer* and *Tears!*
75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went;
The *Stars* gaz'd on, and wond'red what he meant:
2K. 21. 19. 2 Chr. 23. 21. 76 *Manasses* next (forgetful Man!) begins;
Enslav'd, and sold to *Ashur* by his Sins.
Till by the rod of *Learned mis'ry* taught,
2 King. 22. 2 King. 23. Home to his *God* and *Country* both he's brought.
It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake;
He's made th' *Example* he refus'd to *take*.
Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* Springs;
Josiah best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*
77 Down went the *Calves* with their Gold and cost;
The *Priests* then *truly* griev'd, *Osyris* lost,
These mad *Ægyptian* Rites till now remain'd!
2 King. 23. Fools! They their worser thraldom still retain'd!
10. Ib. v. 13. 78 In his *own Fire Moloch* to Ashes fell,
And no more *Flames* must have besides his *Hell*.
79 Like end *Astartes Horned Image* found,
80 And *Baal*'s *spired stone* to dust was ground,
81 No more were *Men* in *Female* Habit seen,
Nor *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.
82 No lustful *Maids* at *Benos Temple* sit,
And with their Bodies *shame* their Marriage get.
83 The *double Dagon* neither nature saves,
Nor flies *She* back to th' *Erythæan* waves.
2K. 23. 11. 84 The trav'lling *Sun* sees gladly from on high
His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The King's impartial Anger lights on all.
85 From *fly-blown Acc'ron* to the *thund'ring Baal*.
Here *David*'s joy unruly grows and bold;
Nor could *Sleeps* Silken chain its vi'lence hold;
Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his Eyes
The humors stirr'd and bad more mists arise:
When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
And in it good *Josiah* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd; alas *he's slain, he's slain.*
Jehoias and *Jehoiachim* next appear;
Both *urge* that Vengeance which before was *near*.
2K. 23. 31. Ib. v. 26. He in *Ægyptian* fetters Captive dies,
2 Chr. 36. 1 & 5. 86 Thus by more *Courteous* anger Murther'd lies.

His

87 His Son and Brother next do bounds ſuſtain, 2K.23.34.
Iſrael's now ſolemn and *Imperial Chain*. 2Ch.36.4.
Here's the laſt *Scene* of this proud Cities ſtate; Jer.36.30.
All ills are met ty'd in one *knot* of *Fate*. 2K. 24. 8. 2Chr. 36.
88 Their endleſs ſlav'ry in this tryal lay;
Great God had heap'd up *Ages* in one *Day*:
Strong Works around the Wall the *Chaldees* build,
The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'neſs fill'd. 2 Ki.25.1.
To their Carv'd *Gods* the Frantick Women pray, Jer. 52.4.
Gods which as near their *ruin* were as *they*.
At laſt, In ruſhes the prevailing Foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud *Conqueſt* ſhow.
The wond'ring Babes from Mother's Breaſt are rent,
And ſuffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*. 2 Chro.
No Silver rev'rence Guards the ſtooping Age, 36. 17.
No Rule or Method ties their boundleſs rage.
The glorious *Temple* ſhines in *Flame* all o'er,
Yet not ſo bright as in its *Gold* before. 2 Chro.
Nothing but Fire or Slaughter meets the Eyes; 36. 19.
Nothing the *Ear* but Groans and diſmal Cries. 2 King.
The Walls and Towers are level'd with the ground, 25. 9.
And ſcarce ought now of that vaſt *City*'s found
But ſhards and rubbiſh, which weak ſigns might keep
Of forepaſt glory, and bid *Trav'llers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Aſſur* homewards paſs,
And thus *Jeruſal'm* left, *Jeruſalem that was*.
Thus *Zedechiah* ſaw, and this, and this not all;
Before his Face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The ſport of ins'lent *Victors*; this he views, 2 K.25.7.
A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could uſe Je.52.10.
His *Eyes* no more to do their Maſter ſpight;
All *to be ſeen* ſhe took, and next his ſight.
89 Thus a *long Death* in Priſon he out wears;
Bereft of griefs *laſt ſolace*, ev'n his *Tears*.
Then *Jeconiah*'s Son did formoſt come, Mat.1.12.
And he who brought the Captiv'd Nation home; Luk. 3.
A row of *Worthies* in long order paſt
O'er the ſhort Stage; of all old *Joſeph* laſt.
Fair *Angels* paſt by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded Baskets in their hands.
Some as they went the Blue-Ey'd *Violets* ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs *Lilies* in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown *Roſes* ſpread;
Their Smell Divine and Colour ſtrangely Red;
Not ſuch as our dull Gardens proudly wear,
Whom *Weathers* taint, and Winds *rude Kiſſes* tear.
Such, I believe, was the firſt *Roſes* hew,
Which at *God*'s Word in Beauteous *Eden* grew.
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
The Morning Bluſhes of the *Springs New Day*.
90 With ſober pace an Heav'nly Maid walks in,
Her looks all Fair; no *ſign* of *Native Sin*
Through her whole Body writ; *Immod'rate Grace*
Spoke things far more than humane in her Face.

It caſts a dusky gloom o'er all the Flow'rs ;
91 And with *full Beams* their *mingled Light* devours.
An *Angel* ſtraight broke from a ſhining Cloud,
And preſt his Wings, and with much rev'rence Bow'd.
Again he Bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred Meſſage ſweetly ſaid :
Lu. 1. 23. Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole World ſhall call
Above all *bleſt*; *Thee*, who ſhall bleſs them all.
Thy *Virgin womb* in wond'rous ſort ſhall ſhrowd
Jeſus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
Conception the great *Spirit* ſhall breath on thee;
92 Hail thou, who muſt *God*'s *Wife*, *God*'s *Mother* be!
With that, his ſeeming Form to Heav'n he rear'd ;
She low Obeiſance made, and diſappear'd.
Lo a new *Star* three Eaſtern *Sages* ſee ;
Mat. 2. 1. (For why ſhould only *Earth* a *Gainer* be?)
They ſaw this *Phoſphor*'s infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a *Sun* as New.
They haſted all this riſing *Sun* t' adore;
93 With them rich Myrrh, and early Spices bore.
Wiſe Men; no fitter gift your zeal could bring ;
You'll in a noiſome *Stable* find your *King*.
Anon a thouſand *Dev'ls* run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'dly grin.
Some ſtamp their Cloven Paws, ſome frown and tear
The gaping Snakes from their Black-knotted Hair.
As if all grief, and all the rage of Hell
Were doubled now, or that juſt *now* they *fell*.
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent awe.
In her Chaſt Arms th' *Eternal Infant* lies,
Th' *Almighty voice* chang'd into feeble cries.
Heav'n contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin contain Heav'n* before.
Angels peep round to view this myſtick thing,
And *Halleluiah* round, all *Halleluiah* Sing.
No longer could good *David* quiet bear
The *unwieldy pleaſure* which o'er-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters and burſt ope his Eye,
Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he ſtood; and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this *Viſion* ſent,
And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild *Fancy*'s play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd *relicks* of the *Day*.
94 When *Gabriel* (no bleſt *Spirit* more kind or fair)
95 Bodies and Cloaths himſelf with thick'ned Air.
All like a comely *youth* in lifes freſh bloom ;
Rare Workmanſhip, and wrought by Heavenly loom!
He took for skin a Cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd through with light;
Upon his Cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread ;
Waſh'd from the morning Beauties deepeſt Red.

An

An harmleſs flaming *Meteor* ſhone for Hair,
And fell adown his Shoulders with looſe care,
He cuts out a Silk *Mantle* from the Skies,
Where the moſt ſprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their Prime e'er they grow *ripe* and *fall*.
Of a new *Rain-bow* e'er it *fret* or *fade*,
The choiceſt piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small ſtreaming Clouds he does for Wings diſplay,
Not Vertuous Lovers ſighs more ſoft than They.
Theſe he gilds o'er with the Sun's richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure Streams on which he plays.
Thus dreſt the joyful *Gabriel* Poſts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious Day
Through the thick Woods; the gloomy ſhades a while
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile.
The trembling *Serpents* cloſe and ſilent ly.
96 The *Birds obſcene* far from his paſſage fly.
A ſudden Spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* roſe.
Thus he appears to *David*, at firſt ſight
All Earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight.
In ruſhes Joy Divine, and Hope, and Reſt;
A Sacred calm ſhines through his peaceful Breaſt.
Hail, *Man* belov'd! From higheſt Heav'n (ſaid he)
My mighty *Maſter* ſends thee *health* by me.
The things thou ſaw'ſt are full of *truth* and *light*,
97 Shap'd in the *glaſs* of the divine *Foreſight*.
Ev'n now *Time* is harneſſing the Years
To go in order thus; hence empty fears;
Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy bleſt ſeed ſhall Spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Myſtick King*.
Round the whole Earth his dreaded name ſhall ſound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that muſt not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her ſole *Lord* ſhall ſtile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'n *Albions ſtubborn Iſle*.
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell.
100 Straight into ſhapeleſs Air unſeen he fell.

Notes upon the *Second Book*.

1 HOnours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which ſenſe *Virgil* often uſes the Word, and delights in it:

Et Lætas oculis afflârat Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves*.

Frigidus & ſilvis Aquilo decuſſit Honorem:

2 *Joſephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθὸς, The *yellow*; that is, *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather *Youth*. *Cedrenus* ſays, that *Valeminian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, becauſe he had Beautiful Eyes, a ruddy Complexion, and red, or rather, *yellow* hair.

3 *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghoſt*, *Wiſdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the World: And it is not only preſerved by theſe *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom* of *God*, but by the Emanations and Beams of them derived to, and impreſt in the *Creatures*. Which could not ſubſiſt without *Power* to *Act*, *Wiſdom* to *direct* thoſe *Actions* to *Ends* Convenient for their Natures, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual neceſſary aſſiſtances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero Cognatio*

tio Naturæ, The *Kindred*, or *Conſanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love*, *the Creation* of the World was attributed even by many of the Ancient Heathens, the Verſe of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις ἀρῶτ☉ ἠμὺτος ἠ Ἔρως πολυτίμητος.

Wiſdom and *Love* were Parents of the World: And therefore *Heſiod* in his mad confuſed *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the firſt of all the *Gods*.

Ἤδ' Ἔρ☉ ὃς χάλλις☉ ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

Pherecydes ſaid excellently, that *God transformed* himſelf into *Love*, when he began to make the World,

Εἰς Ἔρωτα μεταςλᾶδ☉ ἡ
Δία μέλλοντα δημιεργεῖν.

As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, ſo other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*,
4 and ſeem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the aſcenſion of heavy Bodies, and the like.

Garlands of *Ivy* were Anciently the Ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned Men, as *Laurel* of
5 *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like *Horace*.

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis———

Me Ivy the reward of Learned brows does mingle with the Gods.

Virg. ———*Atq; hanc ſine tempora circum*
Inter victrices Hederam tibi ſerpere laurus.

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy Temples with Triumphant *Laurel* bound. Becauſe *Ivy* is alwas *green*, and requires the ſupport of ſome ſtronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great Men.

The *Object* of the *Senſitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *appears* to be
6 *Good*. There is great caution to be uſed in Engliſh in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Subſtantives*. I think when they conſtitute ſpecifical *differences* of the *Subſtantives*, they *follow* beſt; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we muſt not ſay, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; ſometimes even in other caſes the *Epithete* is put laſt very gracefully, of which a good *ear* muſt be the *judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuſe rather to ſay *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7 Theſe are the *Effects* of *Love* according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quaſt.* 28. the 1, 2. 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor eſt affectus quo cum re amata aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8 1 Sam. 5. *And David ſaid unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I ſhould not fail to ſit with the King at meat, but let me go*, &c. Ecce Calendæ ſunt craſtino, & ego ex more ſedere ſoleo juxta regem ad veſcendum, &c. The firſt day of every month was a Feſtival among the *Jews*: for the *Firſt-fruits* of all things, even all diſtinctions of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; In it they neither bought nor ſold, *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the new Moon be gone, that we may ſell Corn?* the Vulg. *Quando tranſibit menſis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Feſtum Menſis*) *& vendabimus merces?* They went to the Prophets to hear the Word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? It is neither New-Moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewiſe a *Cuſtom* among the *Romans*, for the Day of the *Calends* the *High-Prieſts* called together the People (from whence the name of *Calends à Calando plebem*) to inſtruct them in the Divine duties which they were to perform that month, *Macrob.* 1. *Saturnal.* And laſtly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other Ordinary Days, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-Moons*, that of the *ſeventh month* was the moſt ſolemn, it being alſo the *Feaſt of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* ſpoken of in this ſtory of *David*; but that it was ſo, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* ſeems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the Feaſt laſted above one day, 1 *Sam.* 20. 27. *And it came to paſs, that on the morrow, which was the ſecond day of the month, David's place was empty.* Now the reaſon of this greater obſervation of the Calends of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tiſri*, and anſwering to our *September*) was, becauſe according to the *Civil Computation* (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being inſtituted in Memory of their paſſage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the beginning of the Year; from hence Contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical Years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by ſome *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, becauſe it is the *Sabbath* of *Months*; for as the ſeventh Day, and the ſeventh Year, ſo the ſeventh Month too was conſecrated to God. Of this *New Moon* it is that *David* ſpake *Pſalm* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in time appointed on our ſolemn Feaſt day. In inſignidie ſolennitatis veſtræ.* And the Pſalm is inſcribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs juſt with this ſeventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms. ἡ ἱερομηνία ἐδ' ἑπτὰ ἡμερῶν ἀναπαύσεων. And S. *Auguſt.* reads, *In initio Menſis Tubæ.* See the Inſtitution of this Feſtival, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Prieſts* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Feſtivals*, the Year of *Jubilee* was Proclaimed by them with the ſound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it ſelf was begun with it, as *Joſephus* teſtifies, *l.* 5. *Bel. Jud. c.* 9. But why the *Trumpets* were ſounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which Opinion is likewiſe adorned with an alluſion to the beginning (or as it were *New-Years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be Proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great ſound of a *Trumpet*, Mat. 24. 31.

10 This was Saint *Baſil's* Opinion, but is not much followed, becauſe when *Feſtivals* are inſtituted in Memory of any paſt Bleſſing, they uſed to be obſerved on the ſame day that the Bleſſing was conferred.

11 This third is the common Opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Feſtival *Feſtum Cornu*, and ſay, that they ſounded only upon Rams *Horns*: But that methinks, if this be the true reaſon of it, is not neceſſary.

12 *The Third Hour*; i. Nine a Clock in the Morning: For the Day began at Six a Clock, and contained *Twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The firſt *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, becauſe that cloſed up the *Quarter*.

Gay,

13 *Gay*, becauſe the Beaſts to be Sacrificed, uſed to be *Crowned* with Garlands, and ſometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I ſay afterwards.

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and ſeven *Lambs* of the firſt year without ſpot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young Bullock, one Ram, ſeven Lambs of the firſt year without Blemiſh, and one *Kid*, Numb. 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implyed in the *Epithete Young*. *Intacta cervice Juvenci*,

15 The outmoſt Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The Cuſtom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlets*, nay even wearing Garments, is made to be very Ancient by the Poets. Such is the Hiſtory of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlet of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed*. Catull. Argonaut.

Talibus amplifice veſtis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa ſuo velabat amictu.

So *Æneas* in 5 *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloambus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextuſq; puer frondoſa regius Ida.

And many Authorities of this kind might be alleged if it were neceſſary.

17 *You might ſee.* That is, *It might be ſeen*, or, *Any one might ſee.* This manner of ſpeaking, which puts the ſecond Perſon Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

φαίης κεν ζάκοτον πυρὶ ἔμμεναι.

Virg. 4. Æn.

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* ſays, *Honeſta figuris ſi rem tertiæ perſonæ in ſecundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. Æn.

Credas innare revulſas Cycladas; that is, *Credat quis.*

18 *God* is ſaid to have ſpoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, ſo many times *Angels* brought him Meſſages from *God*. An *Angel* is called by *Joſephus* Πρόσωπον Θεοῦ.

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abram*'s *Brother*; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which Marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terah*'s *Daughter-in-Law*, not *Daughter*; others think ſhe was only *Abram*'s *Kinſwoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Siſters* Ἀδελφιδῆ *non* Ἀδελφή. *Grot. Beauteous* were a ſtrange *Epithete* for her at the Age ſhe then had, which was above threeſcore years, but that the Scripture calls her ſo, and ſhe proved her ſelf to be ſo, by ſtriking two Kings in Love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech*. It is to be believed that People in thoſe Days bore their Age better than now, and her barrenneſs might naturally contribute ſomewhat to it; but the chief reaſon I ſuppoſe to be a *Bleſſing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *Child-bearing* after the natural Seaſon.

20 The Scripture does not ſay particularly, that *Abram* ſurpriſed this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the caſe. Of theſe *Confuſed marks of Death and Luxury*, there is an excellent deſcription in the 9 Æneid, where *Niſus* and *Euryalus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; ſepultam.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum ſanguine miſta
Vina refert moriens, &c.

But I had no leiſure to expatiate in this place.

21 St. *Hierom* ſays this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to this *Time*; and that there were then remaining ſome Ruines of the Palace of *Melchiſedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jeruſalem*; for being a *Type* of *Chriſt*, that ſeat was moſt proper for him, eſpecially ſince we are ſure that *Jeruſalem* was once named *Salem*, Pſal. *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion.* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the Jebuſites; that is, *Salem of the Jebuſites*, *Adric.* The Situation of *Jeruſalem* agrees very well with this ſtory. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damaſcus*, paſſes very near *Jeruſalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchiſedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *Man*, but *God* himſelf, or the *Holy Ghoſt*, as the Ancient *Melchiſedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Chriſt* himſelf, others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the Son of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former Extravagant fancies. That which is moſt reaſonable, and moſt received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Prieſt* for the *true God*, which makes him ſo remarkable among thoſe Idolatrous Nations; for which cauſe he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, becauſe he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or repreſented *Chriſt*, as being both a *King* and a *Prieſt*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*: But this and the other Controverſies about him, are too Copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22 Ver. 18. *And Melchiſedec King of Salem brought forth bread and wine*, &c. The Romaniſts maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Euchariſt*, and *Melchiſedec* himſelf was of *Chriſt*; others, that it was only a *Preſent* for the relief of *Abram*'s Men. Why may we not ſay that it was both? And that before the Men were refreſh'd by Bread and Wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Prieſt* of the moſt *High-God*, as he is denominated? For even this Oblation of Bread and Wine (uſed alſo among the *Hebrews*) is called Θυσία, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* ſays of *Melchiſedec* upon this Occaſion ἐπινίκια Θύειν. I therefore name them *Sacred Preſents*. *Like him whoſe Type he bears*; that is, *Chriſt*. And the *Dues* he receiv'd were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abram*'s ſubſtance, or of the *preſent Spoils* (ἀκροθίνια) is a great controverſie.

Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy ſeed as the ſtars of the Heaven, and as the ſand upon*
23 *the Sea ſhore.* An ordinary Proverb in all Languages, for great numbers. Catul. *Aut quot ſidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another place he joyns the Sand of the Sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi Siderumq; micantium ſubducat numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberleſs* to the ſimilitude.

Gen.

24 *Gen.* 17. It is called a *Covenant*; and Circumcision may well be termed a *Mark* of *Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and his Seed to the Service of the true *God*.

25 The received Opinion is, that *two* of these Persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen.* 18. 22. But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very Ancient Opinion that these were the *Three Persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit*. This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *Strangers* to punish and reward Men was a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom.* p. *Odyss.*

Καί τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοπροσ̓λοις
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστρωφῶσι πόλησς
Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The Gods in the Habits of Strangers went about to several Towns to be Eye-Witnesses of the injustice of Men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a Year to Feast,

——— μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας,

With the *unblameable Ethiopians*. And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo.———
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. Metam.

26 From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephron's Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees* Gen. 11. 31. Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous Fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his Brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning Furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib.* 9. *Præpar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus*, calls Ἐδεσσὰ. and *Plin. l.* 5. *c.* 24. makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the Worship of *Fire* in that Country. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib.* 25.

27 *Mounts*. For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. Aquila ἐπὶ γῆν ἐπὶ κατάραν; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same, reason has Ὀπτασίς, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*; and the Septuag. call it ὑψηλὸν the *High-Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abraham's*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the Seat of *Solomon's Temple*.

28 *The Boy*. Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for Verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16. years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33, because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliah*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more Poetical and Pathetical than the others.

29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30 The Ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the *washing* at least, of their *hands* and *feet*, before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They wash'd their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread*, &c. So likewise *Joseph's Steward* Treats his Masters Brethren. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet*, &c. *and there followed him a mess of meat from the King*. It is in vain to add more Authorities of a thing so Notorious. And this Custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but Contract much dirt, and were (of which this Custom is some Argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

——— ἀρχαῖον ἦ τοῦτο ἔθος. Athen. L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the Ancient Custom; and so the Daughters of *Cocalus* wash'd *Minos's* at his arrival in *Sicilie*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and Beautiful Servants for this and the like Ministeries. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *washpots* standing by at the *Jewish* Feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these Reasons six *Waterpots* stood ready at the Wedding Feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

31 Eccles. 2. 8. *I gat Men-singers and Women singers, the delights of the Sons of Men*, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόας. He and She Servants to fill Wine, says the Septuagint: Though I know the *Vulgar*, and our English Edition translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible how Curious the Ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.

32 After *washing* they always *anointed* themselves with precious Oyl. So *Judah* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David*, after the Death of his Child, *Rose up and wash'd, and anointed himself*, &c. So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her Maids,

Αἳ δ' λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χριστάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο παρ' ὄχθῃσι ποταμοῖο.

But this too is Notorious as the other Fashion of *washing*. *Small Prisons*. *Boxes* of Oyntments, such as the Woman poured upon the Head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον μύρου, that is, as we, say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*. S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace.

Nardi parvus Onyx.

Claudian.

Claudian. *Gemmatis alii per totum balſama tectum*
Effudere cadis———

33 The *Roman* Cuſtom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three Perſons* to each Bed (though ſometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Aſiatiques* as well as the very Faſhion of *Diſcubation*, for Conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for ſtate I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Iſhui*, and *Melchiſua*, 1 Sam. 14,49. to *Abner* his Coſin German and Captain of his Hoſts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me that *Lying down* was now in uſe, becauſe it is ſaid here, 1 Sam. 20. 25. *And* Saul *ſate upon his ſeat as at other times, even upon a ſeat by the Wall:* Becauſe the words of *Seſſion* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at ſeveral times, and in ſeveral Nations.

34 At the Feaſts of the Ancients, not only the rooms were ſtrewed with *Flowers*, but the *Gueſts* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were *Crowned* with them. *Virg.*

Crateras magnos ſtatuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera corona
Induit, implevitq; mero———

Which cannot be interpteted as ſome do *Homer's*,

Κεκρῆας ἅλις ἀμφὶς ποτοῖο.

Which they ſay are ſaid to be *Crowned*, when they are filled ſo full, that the liquor ſtanding higher than the Brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen. l.* 1. c. 11. But why may we not conſtrue *Homer*, *They Crowned*, Κεκρῆας ποτοῖο, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink?*

35 The Name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverſe rebellious Woman*, &c. The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultro rapientis*; that is as much as to ſay, *Thou Son of a Whore.* Upon which place *Grotius.* Sons uſe to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuſe himſelf, caſts the fault of his ſtubbornneſs and ill nature upon his *Mother.* In which I cannot abide to be of his Opinion; the words are ſo ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince:* I rather think that they import this, thou who art ſo ſtubborn and unnatural that thou mayeſt ſeem to be not my Son, but a *Baſtard*, the Son of a Whore or rebellious Woman; and that which follows in the ſame Verſe confirms this to me. *Thou haſt choſen the Son of Jeſſe to thine own confuſion, and to the confuſion of thy Mother's nakedneſs*; that is, to her ſhame, who will be thought to have had thee of ſome other Man, and not of *me.*

37 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And* Jonathan *aroſe from the Table in fierce anger*, In ira furoris. But his Paſſion (it ſeems) did not overcome his duty or diſcretion; for he aroſe without ſaying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathan's* ſhooting Arrows, and ſending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 Verſe; By *Horace* his Rule,

———Et quæ
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

And what Art or Induſtry could make that ſtory *ſhine?* Beſides it was a ſubtilty that I cannot for my life comprehend; for ſince he went to *David*, and talked to him himſelf, what needed all that Politick trouble of the ſhooting?

38 The *Head*, which is the ſeat of *Fancy.*

39 Theſe are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantaſtick Creatures.*

Inter ſe quorum diſcordia membra videmus, Lucr. L. 5.

And afterwards, *Prima Leo, poſtrema Draco, media ipſa Chimæra,*

Which is out of *Homer*, Πρόσθε λεὼν ᾗ ὄπιθε δράκων.

40 When the Country People in *Theſſaly* ſaw Men firſt that came on Horſeback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horſe* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly ſaid to ride upon themſelves.

41 Unleſs thou take a way the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou ſhalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are ſome other interpretations of the place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebuſites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind.* But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in ſcorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary ſtrength of the place; which without queſtion was very great, or elſe it could not have held out ſo many hundred years ſince the entrance of the *Iſraelites* into the land, in the very midſt of them.

42 *Fiſh*; *Dagon* the Deity moſt Worſhip'd by the *Philiſtims.*

43 The Engliſh ſays *Mulberry* Trees; the Latine, *Pear* Trees; the ſafeſt is to leave it *indefinite.* The ſound of a going in the Tops of the Mulberry Trees, *v.* 24. Some interpret, The noiſe of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the Greek τὸ κλαυθμυρίζω.

44 *Hadad-Eſar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Joſephus Sophene*, a part of *Cœloſyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manaſſes.* This Kingdom is firſt mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it ſeems) it was under ſeveral Princes, and againſt the *Kings* of *Zoba.*

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damaſcus*, according to *Joſephus*, and the family of the *Adads* Reigned there long after in great luſtre.

46 The Children of *Ammon.*

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *King.* 11. 5. and 7. *Fonſeca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuntius.* Others more probably, *Saturn*, becauſe the like Worſhip and like Sacrifices were uſed to him. *Macrob.* 1. *Saturn. Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was Worſhipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word ſignifies *King*; and it is the ſame Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Aſſyrians* and *Sidonians*, ſignifying

fying *Lord* Some think that Children were not *burnt* or Sacrificed to him, but only *conſecrated* and initiated by paſſing between two Fires; which perhaps might be a Cuſtom too. But it is evident by ſeveral places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* ſay, that *paſſing through the Fire*, is but a Phraſe for *Burning*. He had *ſeven Chappels* from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reaſon the *Perſians* likewiſe made *ſeven Gates* to him. In the firſt *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine Flower, in the ſecond a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the ſixth an *Ox*, and the ſeventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Braſs*, of wonderful greatneſs, with his Hands ſpread, and ſet on Fire within, perhaps to repreſent the heat of the Sun, and not, as ſome think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewiſe the Face of a *Bullock*, in which Figure too *Oſyris* among the Ægyptians repreſented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Perſians*.

Stat. *Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the Worſhip of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was intended the Devil that they Worſhiped; which makes me ſay, *Grinning through a black Cloud*, &c.

48 *Swift Tygris*, Curt. L. 4. No River in the Eaſt runs ſo violently as *Tygris*, from which ſwiftneſs it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Perſian Language* ſignifies an *Arrow*.

49 *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of *Euphrates*.

50 The Metropolis of *Ammon*, ſince *Philadelphia*.

51 And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his Head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious Stones) and it was ſet on *David*'s Head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chron.* 20. 2. *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus*, &c. But the Seventy have it, Καὶ ἔλαβε τὸ στέφανον Μολχὸμ τοῦ Βασιλέως αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Molchom their King* from off his Head. That is, The Crown upon the Head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes ſome of the Greek Fathers ſay, That *Melchom*'s *Image* had a bright precious Stone in form of the *Morning-ſtar*, placed on the top of his Forehead. I rather follow the Engliſh Tranſlation.

52 Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his Reign at *Eleven* years Old, which is very unreaſonable. Sir *W. Raleigh*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his Age; at which time it might truly be ſaid by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wiſe Man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young Child*.

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to moſt Learned Men in this point, who make *Saba*, of which ſhe was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis eſt thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincenſe was one of her preſents to *Solomon*, Pſalm. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where ſhe lived they ſay was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and her, ſome name, *Nicaula*; others *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis*. This conſiſts well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*, for there were two *Ethiopia*'s, the one in *Aſia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheleſs, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reaſons; firſt becauſe ſhe is called in the *New Teſtament*, *Queen* of the *South*, which ſeems to me to be too great a *Title* for the Queen of a ſmall Territory in *Arabia*, lying full Eaſt, and but a little *Southward of Judæa*; and therefore the *Wiſemen* that came to Worſhip Chriſt from thoſe parts, are termed *Eaſtern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the Hiſtories of the *Abyſſines* or *African Ethiopians* affirm, that ſhe was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them ſeem to confirm, and the Cuſtom of Circumciſion uſed even to this day, though they be *Chriſtians*. In fine, whatever the truth be, this Opinion makes the better ſound in *Poetry*.

54 This *Egyptian* King's name is very variouſly written. *Shiſhac* the Engliſh, *Seſac* Latine, *Suſakim* Septuagint, *Suſac Joſephus*, *Suſeſin Cedrenus* alſo, *Saſuges*, *Soſonchis*, *Soſachis*; and by *Euſebius Smendes*: *Joſephus*, l. 8. proves that *Herodot.* falſely aſcribes the Acts of this *Suſac* to *Seſoſtris*, and particularly his ſetting up of Pillars in *Paleſtine*, which the Figures of Womens privy Parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminateneſs of thoſe Nations. The Scripture ſays, his Army was without number, compoſed of *Lubims*, i. e. *Lybians*, the Countries Weſt of *Egypt*. *Sukkyms*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodita*, a People bordering upon the *Red-Sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cuſitæ*, Joſeph. which is more probable, than to make them, as ſome do, the People of *Arabia Deſerta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Sovereignty of *Judæa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55 *Adadeſar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the Golden Shields taken by *David*, than thoſe made by *Solomon*, becauſe *David* might be more concerned in them.

56 The ſtory of this great Battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the ſtrangeſt and humanely moſt hard to believe, almoſt in the whole Old Teſtament, that out of a Kingdom not half ſo big as *England*, five hundered thouſand choſen and valiant Men ſhould be ſlain in one Battel; and of this not ſo much as any notice taken in *Abijah*'s or *Jeroboam*'s lives in the firſt of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that this defeat ſhould draw no other conſequence after it, but *Abijah*'s recovery of two or three Towns, no more than all the mighty troubles and changes in *Iſrael*, that hapned afterwards in *Aſa*'s time, who had beſides, the advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raleigh* makes a good diſcourſe to prove the reaſon of this to have been, becauſe the Succeſſors of *Solomon* ſtill kept up that ſeverity and arbitrarineſs of Government, which firſt cauſed the ſeparation, but that all the *Kings* of *Iſrael* allowed thoſe liberties to the People, upon the ſcore of which *Jeroboam* poſſeſt himſelf of the Crown; which the People choſe rather to enjoy, though with great Wars and diſturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with ſervitude under *Solomon*. There may be ſomething of this perhaps in the caſe; but even though this be true, it is ſo ſtrange that the *Kings* of *Judah* ſhould never (among ſo many changes) find a party in *Iſrael* to call them in again, that we muſt fly to the abſolute determination of *God*'s Will for a cauſe of it, who being offended with the Sins of both, made both his inſtruments of Vengeance againſt one another, and gave Victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for Bleſſings to that, but for Curſes and Scourges to *Iſrael*. *God puniſh'd one, but bleſt not th' other ſide.*

57 This Superſtition of conſecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew ſo frequent, that there was ſcarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to ſome Idol,

Lucoſq;

———*Lucoſq; vetuſta*
Religione truces & robora Numinis inſtar. Claud.

The word it ſelf *Lucus* is conceived by ſome to come *á Lucendo*, from the conſtant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At laſt the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*.

———*Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from Worſhiping an *Oak*; and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no leſs honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* ſays the Ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23. 6. *Joſiah* is ſaid to bring out the *Groves* from the Houſe of the Lord; where it ſeems the *Idols* themſelves are called *Groves*: Either having gotten that name from ſtanding commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps becauſe they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with Trees repreſented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the Silver Similitudes of *Diana*'s *Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58 The number of the Armies is here likewiſe more than wonderful, *Aſa*'s conſiſting of five hundred and eighty thouſand, and *Zarah*'s of ten hundred thouſand Men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cuſitæ*: Now though I took the *Cuſites* of *Suſac*'s Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up thoſe, as well as *Lybians*, into *Paleſtine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* ſhould march with ſuch an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; beſides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are ſpoiled by *Aſa*, as belonging to *Zerah*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I ſuppoſe to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countries thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: For otherwiſe it is hard to believe, that his Army could be ſo great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyſſines*, both deſcending from *Chus*.

He loſt ſo many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa*, as might make that like *Arabia Deſerta*.

59 It is ſtrange, that after his being able to bring ſuch an Army into the Field, after his great ſucceſs againſt *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before againſt *Jeroboam*, he ſhould be ſo alarmed with the War of *Baaſha* (a Murtherer, and an unſetled Uſurper; for which cauſe I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treaſures for the aſſiſtance of *Benhadad*: But it was not ſo much out of fear of *Baaſha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the ſame time, who would have joined with *Baaſha*, if he had not been brought off to join with *Aſa*. The Family of the *Adads* then Reigned in *Damaſcus*, were grown mighty Princes, and ſo continued long after. But the Aſſiſtance was very Dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occaſion found the weakneſs of both Kingdoms, of *Iſrael* and *Judæa*, and enriched themſelves at once upon both, never ceaſed afterwards to moleſt, and attack them.

60 The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Chriſtian Poetical* manner of ſpeaking, the *Angels* to whom the *Government* of this *World* is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and ſeeing *Jehoſaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward diſguiſe of *Ahab* (without ſtaying to conſider who the Perſon was) they had like to have cauſed the *King* of *Judah* to be ſlain inſtead of the *King* of *Iſreal*. He had like to have dyed, as *Virgil* ſays, *Alieno vulnere*.

61 *Seir*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

62 *Jehoram* is ſaid to have Reigned eight years in *Jeruſalem*, 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by moſt evident Collection out of the Text, that either ſeven of thoſe eight Years (as ſome will have it) or at leaſt four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehoſaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his miſtake, who ſays, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Joſaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duo deviginti*: Reigned Eighteen Years. I rather think it ſhould be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in ſince. *Ochoſia*, or *Ahazia* Reigned ſcarce one Year.

63 *Athalia*, by ſome *Gotholia*, Her murder of all that remained (as ſhe thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua poſſeſſio*, and belonged to the *firſt poſſeſſor*. She had been in effect in Poſſeſſion of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochoſia*, Ἐπὶ ὀκτὼ μησὶν ἦρξε τῶν Δαυὶδ κατελιπεῖν οἴκῳ, πᾶν δ' ἐξανῃσε τὸ γένος. *Joſeph.* And after theſe Murders here was a double *Uſurpation* of *Athaliah*, firſt as ſhe was not of the *Houſe* of *David*. And ſecondly, as ſhe was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* ſay, Fall to the *Diſtaff*, *Tomber en quenouille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet ſhe Reigned peaceably almoſt ſeven years, which was very much to be wondred at, not only in regard of her Murders, Uſurpation, Tyranny and Idolatry at home, but becauſe *Jehu* then King of *Iſrael*, was a ſworn enemy of the Houſe of *Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewiſe he effected, except in the Perſon of this wicked Woman, who nevertheleſs periſhed at laſt as ſhe deſerved, *Abſolving*; *Deum*.

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invaſion of *Hazael*'s King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great ſum of Money. The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewiſe but one, which ended in the loſs of a Battel by *Joas*, and the ſlaughter of moſt of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both thoſe places ſignifie but one War, and that the Compoſition followed the victory. That they were ſeveral Invaſions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwiſe thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* ſhould be driven to accept of that coſtly and ſhameful Compoſition, after the loſs of a Battel, and of the greateſt part of his Nobility, againſt a ſmall number, than before he had ever tried his Fortune in the Field againſt the *Aramites*. Neither is it ſo probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vaſt Treaſure, ſhould again break it, and invade them with a ſmall Company, as that having at firſt with a party only defeated the *Judæan* Army, they ſhould afterwards enter with greater Forces to proſecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of ſo hard and diſhonourable Conditions. But it may be objected, that it is ſaid, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When they* (the *Syrians*) *departed from him* (for they left him in great Diſeaſes) *his own ſervants conſpired againſt him, and ſlew him*; as if this followed immediately after the Battel. But he that obſerves the manner of writing uſed in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Hiſtorical parts of the *Scripture*, ſhall find the relation very imperfect and confuſed (eſpecially in Circumſtances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things firſt, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed*, &c. may relate not to this

Defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other Compoſition afterwards; which may be here omitted, becauſe that ſecond Invaſion was but a Conſequence and almoſt *Continuance* of the former: In which reſpect one Relation (*2 Chronicles*) mentioning the firſt part, which was the Battel only; and the other (*2 Kings*) the ſecond, which was the ſending in of new Forces, and the Conditions of Agreement, both have fulfilled the Duty of *Epitomies*.

65 That is, in the ſame manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at firſt, wicked and unfortunate at the laſt; with the ſame reſemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Iſraelites*; and in the conſequences of them, which were the loſs of all their Treaſures, and thoſe of the Temple, a diſhonourable Peace; and their Murders, by their own Servants.

66 This puniſhment, I ſuppoſe, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *Enemies*.

67 *Uzziah* ſo he is called in our Tranſlation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint Ὀζίας, and ſo *Joſephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High-Prieſts* name in his time.

68 *As firſt from Men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in an houſe apart, being a Leper.* So likewiſe *2 Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From earth at laſt:* For *Joſephus* reports, that the grief cauſed his Death, χρόνον μὲν πινὰ δίαιτᾶτο ἔξω τ πόλεως ἰδιώτης ἀπολελυμένος βίον—— ἔπεσε γὰρ λύπης ἡ ἀδυμίας ἀπέθανεν.

69 *Joſephus* gives *Jotham* an high Eulogy; That he wanted no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, juſt to Men, and wiſe in Government.

70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the Cuſtom to make a great noiſe with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Inſtruments, to the end that his cries might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a Vally full of Trees cloſe by *Jeruſalem*, where *Moloch* was Worſhiped in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewiſe *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia*, &c.) that *Achaz* only made his Son paſs between two Fires for a *Luſtration* and Conſecration of him to *Moloch*, becauſe it is ſaid, *2 Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son to paſs through the Fire. But *2 Chron.* 26. 3. explains it, He burnt his Children in the Fire. And *Joſephus*, εἰδώλοις ἴδιον ὁλοκαύτωσε παῖδα.

71 *Tiglat-Pilleſer*, or *Tiglat-phul-aſar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Beloſus*, by *Diodo. Beleſes*, the Aſſociat of *Arbaces* in deſtroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Aſſyrian Empire*. After which, the Government of *Babylon* and *Aſſyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he ſoon turned into an abſolute Soveraignty, and made other great additions to it by Conqueſt.

72 For after the ſpoil of *Syria* and *Iſrael*, which he deſtroyed upon *Achaz*'s quarrel, he poſſeſt himſelf alſo of a great part of *Judæa*, which he came to ſuccour, bore away the chief Riches of the Country, and made *Achaz* his *Tributary* and Servant.

73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulenſis* and *Cajetan* ſay the *Angel* of God deſtroyed them by *Fire* from Heaven. *Joſephus* ſays by a *Peſtilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ.

74 He was ſlain in the Temple of *Neſroth*, Septuagint, Νεσρὲχ, *Joſephus* τῷ ναῷ Ἀγδάκη λεγομένῳ, by his two eldeſt *Sons Adramelec* and *Saraſar*, ſome ſay, becauſe in his diſtreſs at *Peluſium* (of which ſee *Herodot.*) he had bound himſelf by Vow to Sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, becauſe he had declared *Aſarhaddon*, their younger Brother by another *Mother*, his *Succeſſor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacherib*'s Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inſcription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τὶς ὀρθὸν ἐυσεβὴς ἔστω.
Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75 It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backwards, but that the *ſhadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this Opinion hath the Authority of all the *Greek* and *Latine Fathers*.

76 *Forgetful Man*, which is the ſignification of his name.

77 The *Egyptians* Worſhiped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*; and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Oſyris* and *Iſis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Iſraelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to Worſhip under the ſame Figure, as they had ſeen *Oſyris* Worſhiped in *Egypt*. Such was *Aaron*'s *Calf*, or *Ox*, and *Jeroboam*'s *two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learn'd at the time of his Baniſhment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to repreſent the ſame *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Oſyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Oſyris*, ſee before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78 See Note 47. where I ſay that his *Image* was of *Braſs*; how then could it fall to *Aſhes* in his own *Fires*? That is, it was firſt melted, and then beaten to duſt, as the graven Image of the *Groves* which *Manaſſes* ſet up, and which *Joſiah* burnt, and then ſtampt to Powder; which ſtamping was not neceſſary if it had been of Wood, for then it would have burnt to Aſhes, *2 King.* 23. 6.

79 The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Aſtarte*, or *Aſhtaroth*, i. e. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Aſtarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βααλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔδωκεν τῇ Βααλ τῷ Δαμάλει. They Sacrificed to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were repreſently Anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Dea Syr.* Ἀστάρτη δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήνην ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her Head the Head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80 *Herodian* teſtifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was Worſhiped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a Spire, to ſignifie the nature of *Fire*. In the like Figure *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was Worſhiped, that is, I ſuppoſe, the *Moon*; *Aſtarte* (for the *Cyprian* ſuperſtition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the Wife of *Baal*. I find alſo *Lapis* to have been a ſirname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon Men*; Sacrificed to her in the Habit of *Women*, and they in that of *Men*, becauſe the *Moon* was eſteemed, ἀρρενοθήλυς, both *Male and Female*, Macrob. Saturn. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too,

Deus

Deus Venus, Jul. Firm. says of these Priests, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the occasion of the *Law*, Deut. 22. 5.

82 2 Kings 17 30. *And the Men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth*; that is, but a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βὶν Θ, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.e.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose Worship *Herodot.* L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* Crowned with Garlands sate in order in her Temple, separated from one another by little Cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of Money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.

83 Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτὼν deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, *a Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Desinit in Piscem mulier formosa superne.* I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder Dagon*, the mighty *Fish*) and *Derceto*, whose *Image* was such, and her Temple at *Ascalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was Worshiped. *Diodor.* says of the Image, *L* 3. τὸ μὲ πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισὺ μὲ γυνὴ, τὸ δ' ὁκόσον ἐλινῶν εἰς ἄκρας πόδας ἰχθύος ἀποτείνει. There is an Ancient Fable, that ὠάννης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught Men several Arts, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several Ages had arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and that the name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris Syntag.* 2. *c.* 3.

84 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen.* l. 8. *de Cyro*, 11. Ἀναβάς. *Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth.* 10. *Justin.* 1. *Herod.* 1. They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 Kings 17 30. *And the Men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the Romans. The Ancient *Persians* Worship'd it, and had no other Idol of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Persia*, *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, Θεῶ φρότω πῦ Πυεὶ ἔυχονται, which was the reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead Bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*.

85 *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18. upon the first Book.

Thund'ring Baal. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countries. See the Note 45. L. 3.

86 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *slaughter* of *Jehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*. Nay the second of *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away Captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer. 36.30. and *Josephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to slain, and his Body to be cast over the Walls.

87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away Captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger Brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bondslave*. *Israels now solemn and imperial Chain*: For it was the Custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & Reges*. Tacit.

88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their Ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans*, till their final destruction.

89 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own Eyes. In *Theb.*

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,
Longaq; vivi ducis exequias patri.

And Oed. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, quæratur via
Qua nec sepultis mistus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem——Seneca the Philosopher

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia's* affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*.

Parce religatis, heu nimis, jam parce sepultis.
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levis.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controvers.* has raised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs*, &c. *Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false sense, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self.* And again, *So much cause, and no more power to weep. As if* (says he) *Blind people could not weep.* Truly, Philosophically speaking, The moisture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the Eyes, as to make the expression *Poetically true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragedian* was not frighted with his *Criticism*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

Unctæ sors mihi infestæ abstulit.
Lacrymæ supererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well.

90 I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers*, hold very *temeratiously*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footsteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her Body.

91 Their *mingled Lights*; i.e. Their *Colours*; which are nothing but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of Opacous Bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with

a little darkneſs; *Green* with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diverſly reflected and ſhadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόγα ἀπ' σωμάτων ἐκάστων ἀπορρέουσαν. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and *Pindar*, *Od.* 6. elegantly attributes to Flowers, Πορφύρεας ἀκτῖνας. *Purple Beams.*

92 *God's Wife.* Though the word ſeem bold, I know no hurt in the Figure. And *Spouſe* is not an *Heroical word.* The *Church* is called *Chriſt's Spouſe*, becauſe whilſt it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the ſame reaſon.

93 *Early*; i.e. *Eaſtern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eaſtward* of *Judæa.* Therefore the Scripture ſays, that theſe *Arabian* wiſe Men came ἀπ' ἀνατολῶν. We have ſeen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.

Ecce Dionæi proceſſit Cæſaris aſtrum.

And the Preſents which theſe wiſe Men brought, ſhew that they came from *Arabia.*

94 *Gabriel*; the name ſignifies, The *Power of God.* I have ſeen in ſome *Magical* Books, where they give Barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great Perſons, as that of *Mathattron* to the *Angel* of *Moſes*, that they aſſign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joſeph*, *Joſua*, and *Daniel.* But I rather uſe this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Eſpecially becauſe *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifeſtation of *Chriſt*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary.* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Miniſter of *God's Juſtice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water.*

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the ſecond of the Senten. *Diſtinct.* 9. *Art.* 2. It is neceſſary that the Air ſhould be *thick'ned*, till it come near to the propriety of Earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a ſolid Body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in Bodies of condenſed Air (for want of a bettter way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquiſitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the Ancient *Poets.* Virg.

Tum Dea nube cava tenuem ſine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.

Which is the reaſon (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and beſt Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantaſm* of *Æneas*, 5. *Iliad.*

Αὐτὰρ ὁ' εἴδωλον ποίησ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
Αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ, ἴκελον κὴ τὸν ἄρεσσι τοῖον.

96 *Obſcene* was a word in uſe among the *Augures*, ſignifying that which portended *ill Fortune.* And it is moſt frequent applyed to *Birds* of *ill Omen.* Virg. 3. Æn.

Sive Deæ, ſeu ſint Diræ, obſcœnaq; volucres.
Æn. 12. ——— *Nec me terrete timentem*
Obſcœnæ volucres. ———
Ovid. ——— *Obſcœnæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And *Servius* interprets *Virgil's Obſcœnam famem*, to be, The hunger that drives Men to *Obſcene*, that is, unclean, or ſhameful things, or becauſe it was foretold by an *Obſcene*; i. e. *unlucky Bird.*

97 It is rightly termed a *Glaſs* or *Mirrour*, for God foreſees all things by looking only on himſelf, in whom all things always are.

98 *Albion* is the Ancienteſt name of this *Iſland*, yet I think not ſo Ancient as *David's* time. But we muſt content our ſelves with the beſt we have. It is found in *Ariſt. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolom.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of thoſe who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus.*

99 So the Angel to S. *John*, Revel. 19. 10. and 22. 9. calls himſelf His *Fellow-ſervant.*

100 Virg. ——— *Cum circumfuſa repente*
Scindit ſe nubes & in æra purgat apertum; and again,
Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.
Hom. Σκιὴ ἴκελον ἢ κὴ ὀνείρῳ πέτατο.

THE CONTENTS.

DAvid's *flight to* Nob, *and entertainment there by the* High-Prieſt; *from thence to* Gath *in diſguiſe, where he is diſcovered and brought to* Achis; *He counterfeits himſelf* Mad, *and eſcapes to* Adullam. *A ſhort enumeration of the Forces which come thither to him. A deſcription of the Kingdom of* Moab, *whither* David *flies*; *His entertainment at* Moab's *Court, a digreſſion of the* Hiſtory *of* Lot, *Father of the* Moabites, *repreſented in* Picture. Melchor's *Song at the Feaſt*; Moab *deſires* Joab *to relate the Story of* David. *Which he does*; *His Extraction, his excellency in* Poeſie, *and the effects of it in curing* Saul's *malady. The* Philiſtims *Army encamped at* Dammin, *the Deſcription of* Goliah *and his Arms, his Challenge to the* Iſraelites, David's *coming to the Camp, his Speech to* Saul *to deſire leave to fight* Goliah; *ſeveral Speeches upon that occaſion*; *the combat and ſlaughter of* Goliah, *with the defeat of the* Philiſtims Army. Saul's *envy to* David. *The Characters of* Merab *and* Michol. *The* Love *between* David *and* Michol, *his* Song *at her window, his expedition againſt the* Philiſtims, *and the* Dowry *of two hundred foreskins for* Michol, *with whom he is married. The Solemnities of the Wedding*; Saul's *relapſe, and the cauſe of* David's *flight into the Kingdom of* Moab.

DAVI-

DAVIDEIS.

The Third Book.

RAis'd with the news he from high Heav'n receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.
Straight to his *diligent God* juſt thanks he gives.
1 To *Divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
A ſmall *Town*, great in *Fame* by *Levi's* right,
2 Is there with ſprightly Wines, and hallowed bread,
(But what's to *Hunger hallowed?*) largely fed. v. 4, 5, 6.
3 The good old *Prieſt* welcomes his *fatal Gueſt*, Mat. 12. 4.
And with long talk prolongs the haſty Feaſt.
4 He lends him *vain Goliah's Sacred* Sword, Ver. 9.
(The fitteſt help *juſt fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whoſe *weight* without a *blow* might ſlay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hoſts* away,
A *Sword* ſo great, that it was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he Arms *David*; I your own reſtore,
Take it (ſaid he) and uſe it as before.
I ſaw you then, and 'twas the braveſt ſight 1 Sam. 17.
That e'er theſe Eyes ow'd the diſcov'ring light.
When you ſtept forth, how did the *Monſter* rage,
In ſcorn of your ſoft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad preſumption* call,
Some pity'd that ſuch *Youth* ſhould idly fall.
Th' uncircumcis'd ſmil'd grimly with diſdain;
I knew the day was yours: I ſaw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to ſay,
Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which way th' amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew than *He*.
But *David's* haſt denies all needleſs ſtay;
To *Gath* an Enemy's Land, he haſts away, 1 Sam. 21. 10.
Not there ſecure, but where one *Danger's near*,
The more *remote* though *greater* diſappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Man's* ſuccour flee,
So from *fir'd Ships Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in diſguiſe he hopes unknown t' abide!
Alas! In vain! What can ſuch greatneſs hide?
Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by *Day*,
But *Night* it ſelf does the rich *Gem* betray.
5 *Tagal* firſt ſpy'd him, a *Philiſtian* Knight,
Who erſt from *David's* Wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Soldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,

On

On him he ſeizes whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own ſhape* appear'd.
And now this wiſh'd for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they led in haſt away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th' *Immod'rate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs ly,
And he himſelf muſt Arts unuſu'l try;
1 Sam. 21. 13. Sometimes he rends his Garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly Curls of his rich Yellow Hair.
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcru'd his Face,
And ſometimes ready tears dropt down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his ſtaring Eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurld them round,
More full revenge *Philiſtians* could not wiſh,
6 But call 't the *Juſtice* of their *mighty Fiſh*.
They now in height of anger let him *Live*;
Ver. 15. And *Freedom* too, t' encreaſe his *ſcorn*, they give.
1 Sam. 21. 1. He by *wiſe Madneſs* freed does homeward flee,
And *Rage* makes them all that *He ſeem'd* to be.
7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part Earth, part rocky ſtone there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which *Nature* wrought
As if b' her *Scholar Art* ſhe had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his ſpreading fame,
1 Sam. 22. 1. Many their wants or diſcontents did call!
Great Men in War, and almoſt *Armies* all!
8 Hither came wiſe and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *David*'s ſelf muſt owe his *Crown*,
A mighty Man, had not ſome cunning *Sin*,
Amidſt ſo many *Virtues* crowded in.
1 Chron. 11. 20. With him *Abiſhai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred; with him *Aſahel*:
1 Chron. 11. 16. 9 *Aſahel*, ſwifter than the *Northern wind*;
2 Sam. 2. 18. Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his mind
Outgo his *feet*; ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That *Time* it *ſelf* perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he paſs,
His weight *unknown*, and harmleſs to the graſs;
Oft o'er the Sands and Hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whoſe end ſo near I ſee!
2 Sam. 2. 23. There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* ſo ſwift as *Thee*.
1 Chron. 11. 22. 10 Hither *Jeſſides* wrongs *Benaiah* drew,
He, who the vaſt *exceeding Monſter* ſlew.
Th' *Egyptian* like an *Hill* himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall *Tree* upon it ſeem'd his *Spear*.
Ver. 23. But by *Benaiahs ſtaff* he fell o'erthrown;
The *Earth*, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit
Ver. 22. He ſaw a Lyon, and leapt down to it.
As eas'ly there the *Royal Beaſt* he tore
As that it ſelf did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.

Him

Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely Boy, 1 Chron. 11. 28.
But full of *Spir't*, and *Arms* was all his joy.
Oft when a *Child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain Air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.
Oft would he ſhoot young *Birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them *Philiſtians* all.
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Tho' yet the Face did ſcarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whoſe dreadful hand
Snatch'd *rip'ned Glories* from a Conqu'ring band; 1 Chron. 11. 12.
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that Barly Field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody *Harveſt* yield?
Many beſides did this new Troop encreaſe;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace.
Eliel, whoſe full Quiv'r did always bear 1 Chron. 11. 46.
As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.
None from his hand did vain or inn'cent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim ſo well as *He*.
Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *David*'s ſide, 1 Chron. 12. 16.
And many of old *Jacob*'s youngeſt *Tribe*;
But his chief ſtrength the *Gathite* Soldiers are, 1 Chron. 12. 8.
Each *ſingle Man* able t' o'ercome a *War*!
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding Air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lyons* noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible, *Comely*, arm'd with *dreadful Grace!*

Th' undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here, 1 Chron. 12. 8.
Yet his ſtout Soul *durſt* for his *Parents fear*;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat,
Nor truſts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* ſo great.
So when in Hoſtile Fire rich *Aſia*'s Pride
For ten years Siege had fully ſatisfi'd,
Æneas ſtole an Act of higher Fame, *Virg. Æn.* 2.
And bore *Anchiſes* through the *wand'ring flame*,
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
Than all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in Peace, in Triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conqueſt* of thine *Overthrow*;
T' have ſav'd thy *Troy* would far leſs glorious be;
By this thou *Overcom'ſt* their *Victory*.

11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies;
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curſt Sea* denies.
13 They ſee *North-ſtars* from o'er *Amoreus* ground.
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.
15 Eaſtwards the Lands of *Cuſh* and *Ammon* ly,
The Mornings happy Beams they firſt eſpy.
The region with fat ſoil and plenty's bleſt,
A ſoil too good to be of old poſſeſt
16 By monſtrous *Emins*; but *Lot*'s Off-Spring came
And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.
17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnons* flood, Num. 21. 26.
And their ſad *bounds* mark'd deep in their own *blood*.
18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* ſtrangely grac'd.

A glorious Town, and fill'd with all delight
Which Peace could yield, tho' well prepar'd for *fight*.
But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*
Num. 21. Felt the knee rage of *Iſrael*'s *Sacred Sword*,
25. 25. Whilſt *Moab* triumph'd in her torn Eſtate,
To ſee *her own* become her *Conqu'rors* fate.
Yet that ſmall remnant of *Lot*'s parted Crown
Jud. 3. 14. Did arm'd with *Iſrael*'s Sins pluck *Iſrael* down,
Ib. v. 21. Full thrice ſix years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke,
Till *Ebuds* Sword *Gods* vengeful Meſſage ſpoke;
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their own,
Quiet the good of a not-envy'd *Throne*.
And now a wiſe old *Prince* the Scepter ſway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himſelf* obey'd.
Only before his *Father*'s *Gods* he fell;
Poor Wretched Man, almoſt *too good* for *Hell*!
Hither does *David* his bleſt *Parents* bring,
With humble greatneſs begs of *Moab*'s King,
2 Sam. A ſafe and fair aboard, where they might live,
21. 3. Free from thoſe ſtorms with which himſelf muſt ſtrive.
The King with chearful grace his ſuit approv'd,
19 By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (ſaid he)
Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.
20 That to rich *Ophirs* riſing *Morn* is known,
And ſtretch'd out far to the burnt ſwarthy *Zone*.
21 Swift *Fame*, when her round journey ſhe does make,
Scorns not ſometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the Man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
Ru. 1. 4. 22 Great *Baal of Phegor*! and how young he's ſtill!
From *Ruth* we heard you come; *Ruth* was born here,
Ru. 4. 10. In *Judah* ſojourn'd, and (they ſay) match'd there
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true,
How 're your *Virtues* here intitle you.
Thoſe have the beſt *Alliance* always bin
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.
He ſpoke, and ſtraight led in his thankful Gueſt,
To a ſtately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feaſts*.
The Room with golden *Tap'ſtry* gliſter'd bright,
At once to *pleaſe* and to *confound* the ſight,
23 Th' excellent Work of *Babylonian* hands;
24 In midſt a Table of rich Ivory ſtands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
Which grin, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *Eye* they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* ſtood,
26 With coverings dy'd in *Tyrian Fiſhes* blood,
They ſay, th' *Herculean* Art; but moſt delight
27 Some Pictures gave to *David*'s learned ſight.
Gen. 13. 6. Here ſeveral ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go,
Their too much wealth, vaſt, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each extream to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can ſeparate *Friends*;

Here

Here *Sodoms* Towers raiſe their proud tops on high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky.
By it the waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lot*'s Houſhold comes, a numerous train,
And all with various buſineſs fill the plain. Gen. v. 10.
Some drive the crowding ſheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock ſcorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threat'ning horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* ſtand afar off, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning Wagons, loaded high,
With ſtuff, on top of which the *Maidens* lie.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Siſters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either ſide.
Another *Picture* to curſt *Sodom* brings Gen. 14.
28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *Servants Kings*: 11. 12.
They ſack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; Ib. v. 10.
Whilſt in a Pit the vanquiſh'd *Bera* lay,
Buried almoſt alive for fear of *Death*;
29 But Heav'ns juſt vengeance ſav'd as yet his breath.
Abraham perſues, and ſlays the Victors *Hoſt*, Gen. 14.
Scarce had their *Conqueſt* leiſure for a *boaſt*. 13.
Next this was drawn the reckleſs *Cities* flame, Gen. 19.
30 When a ſtrange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came. 24.
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
With *ſmiling anger*; the lewd Wretches ſtrook
With ſudden blindneſs, ſeek in vain the dore, Ib. v. 11.
31 Their *Eyes*, firſt cauſe of *Luſt*, firſt *Vengeance* bore.
Through liquid Air, Heav'ns buſie Soldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where ſeeds of Thunder ly.
Here the ſad Sky gloes red with diſmal ſtreaks,
Here *Light'ning* from it with ſhort trembling breaks.
Here the Blue Flames ſcalding Brimſtone fall,
Involving ſwiftly in one ruine all.
The Fire of *Trees* and *Houſes* mounts on high,
And meets half-way new *Fires* that ſhowr from Sky.
Some in their Arms ſnatch their dear Babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers Arms*, and *They*.
Some into Waters leap with kindled Hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'n* there.
Men thought, ſo much a *Flame* by Art was ſhewn,
The *Pictures* ſelf would fall in Aſhes down,
Afar old *Lot* toward little *Zoar* hies,
And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping Eyes. Gen. 19.
32 Behind, his *Wife* ſtood ever fixt alone; 17.
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*. Ib. v. 26.
A laſting *Death* ſeiz'd on her turning head;
One Cheek was Rough and White, the other Red.
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her Lips, tho' ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One Eye was clos'd, ſurpriz'd by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light.

The wind admir'd which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* ſtands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toes* rooted there:
Ah fooliſh Woman! Who muſt always be,
A ſight more *ſtrange*, than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt *David* fed with theſe his curious Eye,
The Feaſt is now ſerv'd in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaſt to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the briſk Grape of *Arnons* richeſt ground.
34 Whilſt *Melchor* to his Harp with wond'rous skill
35 (For ſuch were *Poets* then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble Verſe through *Natures* Secrets lead;
He ſung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Maſs* is ſpread.
Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
And think it *Reſt* Eternally to *Move*.
How the kind *Sun* uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to Man repoſe.
How his *round Journey* does for ever laſt,
36 And how he baits at every Sea in haſt.
He ſung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
37 Whilſt fooliſh Men beat ſounding Braſs in vain.
Why the *Great Waters* her ſlight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not conſtanter than *They*;
38 He ſung how griſly *Comets* hang in Air,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *Hair*.
Gods Beacons for the World, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ill, and raiſe all Earth to War.
39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the Cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, till it roar ſo loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become ſo wond'rous tame,
And bear ſuch *ſhining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*:
What *ties* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palſie* of the *Earth* here ſhakes fixt *Hills*,
From off her Brows, and here whole *Rivers* ſpills.
Thus did this *Heathen Natures Secrets* tell,
And ſometimes miſt the *Cauſe*, but fought it *Well*.
Such was the ſawce of *Moab*'s noble Feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt.
Only the good old Prince ſtays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear.
He tells deeds *Antick*, and the *new* deſires;
Of *David* much and much of *Saul* enquires.
Nay gentle *Gueſt*, (ſaid he) ſince now you 're in,
The ſtory of your gallant Friend begin.
His Birth, his riſing tell, and various fate,
And how he ſlew that Man of *Gath* of late.
What was he call'd? That huge and monſtrous Man?
With that he ſtopt, and *Joab* thus began:

His

His Birth, Great Sir, ſo much to mine is ty'd, 1 Chron. 2. 16.
That praiſe of that might look from me like *Pride.*
Yet without boaſt, his Veins contain a Flood Gen. 49. 9. 1 Chr. 2. Mat. 1.
42 Of th' old *Judæan Lyons* richeſt Blood.
From *Judah*, *Pharez*, from him *Eſrom* came
Ram, *Naſhon*, *Salmon*, *Names* ſpoke loud by *Fame.*
A *Name* no leſs ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whoſe bleſt Match we come no *Strangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* ſprung,
From *Obed*, *Jeſſe*, *Jeſſe* whom Fames kindeſt Tongue,
Counting his Birth, and high *Nobility*, ſhall
Not *Jeſſe* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him ſev'nth; the ſix Births paſt 1 Chron. 2. 15.
Brave *Tryals* of a Work more great at laſt. 1 Sam. 16.
Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his Wit?
The Wings of *Time* flagg'd dully after it.
Scarce paſt a *Child*, all wonders would he ſing
Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'r* of *Natures King.*
His *ſheep* would ſcorn their food to hear his lay,
And ſavage *Beaſts* ſtand by, as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would ſtop there, and admire;
Learning *Conſent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whoſe Waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fiſh*, would liſten towards the *ſhore.*
'Twas now the time when firſt *Saul God* forſook, 1 Sam. 16. 14.
God, *Saul*; the Room in's Heart wild *Paſſions* took;
Sometimes a Tyrant-Frenſie revell'd there,
Sometimes black ſadneſs, and deep, deep deſpair.
No help from Herbs or learned Drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometimes *Bodies*, never *Minds.*
Muſick alone thoſe Storms of *Saul* could lay:
Not more *Saul* them, than *Muſick* they obey.
David's now ſent for, and his Harp muſt bring; 1 Sam. 16. 23.
His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ry ſtring.
When *Saul*'s rude Paſſions did moſt tumult keep,
With his ſoft notes they all dropt down aſleep.
When his dull *Spir'ts* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*;
He with quick ſtrains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light.*
Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury fwage,
Till *Wars* began, and times more fit for *rage.*
To *Helah* Plain *Philiſtians Troops* are come,
And Wars loud noiſe ſtrikes peaceful Muſick dumb. 1 Sam. 17.
Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough Work *Saul* his ſtout *Brethren* choſe.
He knew not what his hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure Mens *Madneſs* too.
Now *Dammin*'s deſtin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* ſtood.
Between a fatal Valley ſtretch'd out wide,
And *Death* ſeem'd ready now on either ſide;
When (Lo!) their Hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,
43 And from the midſt a monſtrous Man ſtept out; 1 Sam. 17. 4.
Aloud they ſhouted at each ſtep he took;
We and the *Earth* it ſelf beneath him *ſhook.*

Vaſt

Vaſt as the *Hill*, down which he march'd, h' appear'd;
Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.
A young tall *Squire* (tho' then he *ſeem'd* not ſo)
Did from the Camp *at firſt* before him go;
At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtrait,
Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
44 On which was wrought the *Gods* and *Gyants* fight,
Rare Work! All fill'd with *terrour* and *delight*.
45 Here a vaſt *Hill*, 'gainſt thund'ring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beaſts* on't fell burnt with *Light'ning* down.
One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
Torn up with 't; that *rains backs* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Iſlands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with Flames ſhot thick from Sky.
This he *believ'd*, and on his *ſhield* he bore,
And prais'd *their* ſtrength, but thought his *own* was more.
The *Valley* now this *Monſter* ſeem'd to *fill*;
46 And we (methoughts) *look'd up* t' him from our *Hill*.
47 All arm'd in *Braſs*, the richeſt dreſs of *War*
(A diſmal glorious ſight) he ſhone afar.
The *Sun* himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
To ſee his Beams return ſo diſmal bright.
1 Sam. 17. 7, &c. *Braſs* was his *Helmet*, his *Boot braſs*; and o'er
His Breaſt a thick Plate of ſtrong *braſs* he wore,
His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
Which *Nature* meant ſome tall *Ships Maſt* ſhould be,
Th' huge Iron head ſix hundred Shekels weigh'd,
And of *whole Bodies* but *one wound* it made,
Able *Deaths* worſt command to overdo,
Deſtroying *Life* at once and *Carcaſe* too:
Thus arm'd he ſtood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a ſcornful look away.
So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in ſome fair Plain has found
Lowing ſecure, he ſwells with angry Pride,
48 And calls forth all his *ſpots* on ev'ry ſide.
Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
In choſe of ſome ſtrong Neck on which to fall.
Almoſt he ſcorns, ſo weak, ſo cheap a prey,
And grieves to ſee them trembling haſt away.
Ib. v. 8. Ye Men of *Jury*, he cries, if *Men* you be,
And ſuch dare prove your ſelves to *Fame* and *Me*,
Chuſe out 'mongſt all your Troops the boldeſt *Knight*,
To try his *ſtrength* and *fate* with me in fight.
Ib. v. 9. 10. 49 The chance of War let us two bear for all,
And they the *Conqu'rour ſerve* whoſe *Knight* ſhall fall.
At this he paws'd a while; ſtraight, I defie,
Your *Gods* and *You*; dares none come down and *die*?
Go back for ſhame, and *Ægypts* ſlav'ry bear,
Or yield to *us*, and ſerve more nobly here.
Alas ye've no more *Wonders* to be done,
Your *Sorc'rer Moſes* now and *Joſua*'s gone,
Joſ. 6. 20. Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,
And ſounds of *Triumph* did your *Battles* make.

Spears

Spears in your hands and Manly *Swords* are vain;
Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Is there no *Sampſon* here? Oh that there were! Judg. 16.
In his full ſtrength, and long *Enchanted Hair*. 17.
This *Sword* ſhould be in the weak *Razors* ſtead;
It ſhould not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.
Thus he Blaſphem'd aloud; the *Vallies* round
Flatt'ring his Voice *reſtor'd* the dreadful ſound.
We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
We had behind ſome new *Goliah* heard.
'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n ſure (which *David*'s Glory meant
Through this whole *Act*) ſuch ſacred terrour ſent 1 Sam.
To all our *Hoſt*, for there was *Saul* in place, 17. 11.
Who ne'er ſaw *fear* but in his *Enemies face*,
His God-like *Son* there in bright Armour ſhone,
Who ſcorn'd to Conquer *Armies* not alone.
Fate her own *Book* miſtruſted at the ſight; 1 Sam. 14.
On that ſide *War*, on this a *Single Fight*.
There ſtood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* ſlew.
In his pale fright, rage through his Eyes ſhot Flame; 1 Chron.
He ſaw his *ſtaff*, and bluſh'd with *generous ſhame*. 11.
Thouſands beſide ſtood mute and heartleſs there,
Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to *Fear*.
Thus forty days he March'd down arm'd to fight,
Once every morn he March'd, and once at night.
Slow roſe the Sun, but gallop'd down apace,
With more than *Evening Bluſhes* in his Face.
When *Jeſſy* to the Camp young *David* ſent;
His purpoſe *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent, 1 Sam.
For when the *Monſters* Pride he ſaw and heard, 17. 12, &c.
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*.
Anger and brave diſdain his Heart poſſeſt,
Thoughts more than *Manly* ſwell'd his *youthful* Breaſt.
Much the rewards propos'd his Spirit enflame,
Saul's *Daughter* much, and much the Voice of *Fame*. 1 Sam. 17. 25.
Theſe to their juſt intentions ſtrongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countries-Love*,
Reſolv'd for combat, to *Saul*'s Tent he's brought,
Where thus he ſpoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your ſacred Breaſt Ib. v. 32.
With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* moleſt.
This hand alone ſhall end his curſed Breath;
Fear not, the wretch *Blaſphemes* himſelf to death,
And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to ſingle fight.
Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
The ſtrength of *Man* ſhould find juſt cauſe for *pride*!
Firm like ſome *Rock*, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
But *Rocks* we know were op'ned at thy Command.
That *Soul* which now does ſuch large Members ſway, Exod.
Through one *ſmall wound* will creep in haſt away, 17. 6.
And he who now does boldly *Heav'n* defie,
To ev'ry *Bird* of *Heav'n* a Prey ſhall lie.

For

For 'tis not human force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?
Josh. 12. 51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue?
By that whole *Nations* of *Goliah*'s slew?
The *Wonders* they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and *Josua* is, but *God*'s not gone.
We've lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *Skill*:
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.
These are more *Tall*, more *Giants* far than *He*,
Can reach to *Heav'n* and thence pluck *Victory*.
Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is;
He's stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *His*.
Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,
Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as He.
1 Sam. Brave Youth, (replies the *King*) whose daring mind,
17. 53. E'er come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
Reserve thy Valour for more equal fight,
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
Whose *Touch* would wound thee more, than him thy *Blow*.
Nature his Limbs only for *War* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beside *Love* sh' as writ.
With some less Foe thy unflesh'd valour try;
This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*.
The *Lyons* Royal Whelp does not at first
For blood of *Basan-Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst.
In timorous *Deer* he hansels his young Paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer Claws.
So vast thy Hopes, so unproportion'd be,
Fortune would be asham'd to *second Thee*.
He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
But nought moves *David* from his high Intent.
It brave to him, and om'nous does appear,
To be oppos'd at first, and *Conquer here*,
Which he resolves; Scorn not (said he) mine age,
1 Sam. For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,
17. 33. At *set-years*; when my Fathers Flock I fed,
A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led,
Broke from the Wood, and snatch'd my *Lambs* away;
From their grim *Mouths* I forc'd the panting prey.
Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'n this hand did kill,
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.
My *God*'s the same, which then he was, to day,
And this wild wretch almost the same as *They*.
Who from such danger sav'd *my Flocks*, will he
Of *Isr'el*, his *own Flock*, less careful be?
Be 't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) and thou on high,
Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strength* descry,
At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
And casts no look down on the *Fighters* hands,
Assist what *Thou* inspir'st; and let all see,
As *Boys* to *Giants*, *Giants* are to *Thee*.
Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange success,
1 Sam. 52 In his own Arms he the bold *Youth* does dress.
17. 34.

On's

On's Head an *Helm* of well-wrought Braſs is plac'd,
The top with Warlike Plumes *ſeverely grac'd.*
His Breaſt a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'd in *Death*'s Art he wore.
Yet *David* us'd ſo long to no defence,
But thoſe *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
No good in Fight of that gay *burden* knows,
But fears his *own Arms* weight more than his *Foes.*
He loſt himſelf in that *diſguiſe of War*,
And guarded ſeems as Men by *Priſons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wond'rous ſight,
Prepares now, and *diſarms* himſelf for fight.
'Gainſt Shield, Helm, Breaſt-plate, and inſtead of thoſe
Five ſharp ſmooth Stones from the next Brook he choſe, 1 Sam. 17. 40.
And fits them to his Sling; then Marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he eſteem'd his *own.*
We all with various Paſſion ſtrangely gaz'd,
Some ſad, ſome ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
Now in the Valley he ſtands, through's youthful Face
Wrath Checks the *Beauty*, and ſheds Manly grace.
Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'my Love.*
Hot as ripe *Noon*, ſweet as the *blooming Day*,
Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May.*
Th' accurſt *Philiſtian* ſtands on th' other ſide, Ib. v. 43.
Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt Rage and Pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon*! A ſmooth *Boy*, ſaid he,
A curſed *beardleſs Foe* oppos'd to *Me*!
Hell! With what Arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come!
Some Friend his Mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? If one minute more thou ſtay,
The Birds of Heav'n ſhall bear thee *dead* away.
Gods! a curſt *Boy*! the reſt then murmuring out,
He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
David with cheerful anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Thou com'ſt vain Man, all arm'd into the Field,
And truſteſt thoſe *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*; Ib. v. 45.
Thy *Pride*'s my *Spear*, thy *Blaſphemy* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
Of *Thee* and *Battels*, who hath ſent forth Me
Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* Thee.
53 In vain ſhall *Dagon* thy falſe hope withſtand;
In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand.*
Thy Fall to Man ſhall Heavens ſtrong Juſtice ſhew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou can'ſt do.
He ſaid, our Hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by,
And durſt not truſt their *Ears* againſt the *Eye.*
As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monſters* threats to them they heard,
His Flaming Sword th' enrag'd *Philiſtian* ſhakes,
And haſt to 's ruin with loud *Curſes* makes.
Backward the Winds his *active Curſes* blew,
54 And fatally round his own Head they flew. Ib. v. 49.

For now from *David*'s ſling the ſtone is fled,
And ſtrikes with joyful noiſe the *Monſter*'s Head.
It ſtruck his Forehead, and pierc'd deeply there;
As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the *Air*.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the *Wound*;
So a ſtrong *Oak*, which many years had ſtood
With fair and flouriſhing Boughs, *it ſelf a Wood*;
Tho' it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunders* ſtroke from th' Root 'tis rent:
So ſure the Blows, that from high Heav'n are ſent.
What Tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
Which did that moment our whole Hoſt poſſeſs?
Their jocond ſhouts th' Air, like a ſtorm, did tear,
Th' amazed *Clouds* fled ſwift away with *Fear*.
1 Sam. 17. 52. But far more ſwift th' accurs'd *Philiſt'ans* flee,
And their ill fate to perfect, *baſely dy*.
With thouſand Corps the ways around are ſtrown,
Till they, by the days Flight ſecure their own.
Now through the Camp ſounds nought but *David*'s name;
All joys of ſeveral ſtamps and Colours came
From ſeveral Paſſions; ſome his Valour praiſe,
Some his free Speech, ſome the fair popular Rays
Of Youth and Beauty, and his *modeſt Guiſe*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but Charm'd the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, ſome, they thought t' would be ſo, ſwear;
And ſome ſaw *Angels* flying through the Air.
The baſeſt Spirits caſt back a Crooked glance
On this great Act, and fain would giv't to *Chance*.
1 Sam. 18. 6. Women our Hoſt with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
Ib. v. 8. With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
Hence the King's Politick rage and envy flows,
Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life t' expoſe
To *gen'rous dangers* that his hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David*, bear.
So vain are Man's Deſigns! For *Fate* and *Chance*,
And *Earth*, and *Heav'n* conſpir'd to his advance;
His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love beget.
1 Sam. 18. 16. Not *Saul*'s own Houſe, not his own neareſt Blood,
The noble cauſes ſacred force withſtood.
You 've met no doubt, and kindly us'd the ſame,
Of God-like *Jonathan*'s illuſtrious *Name*;
A *Name* which ev'ry wind to Heav'n would bear,
Which *Men* to ſpeak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
55 No *Angel* e'er bore to his *Brother Mind*
A kindneſs more exalted and refin'd,
Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And ſcorn'd the falſe *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
1 Sam. 18. 1. At *Dammin* Field he ſtood; and from his place
Leap'd forth, the *wond'rous Conq'ror* to embrace;
56 On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword and Bow,
Ib. v. 4. On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did beſtow.

Nor

Not all that *Saul* could threaten or perſuade,
In this cloſe Knot the ſmalleſt looſeneſs made:
Oft his wiſe care did the King's rage ſuſpend,
His own lifes danger ſhelter'd oft his *Friend*; 1 Sam. 20. 33.
Which he expos'd a Sacrifice to fall
By th' *undiſcerning rage*, of furious *Saul*.
Nor was young *David*'s active Virtue grown
Strong and Triumphant in one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durſt invade,
And deeper Prints in the *ſoft Breaſt* it made: 1 Sam. 18. 20. 28.
For there t' *Eſteem* and *Friendſhip*'s graver name,
Paſſion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd,
Saul's Royal Houſe two Beaut'ous *Daughters* grac'd.
Merab the firſt, *Michal* the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different Glories fam'd.
Merab with ſpacious Beauty fill'd the ſight,
But too much *awe* Chaſtis'd the bold delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th' enlarged view,
Gives *pleaſure*, but gives *fear* and *rev'rence* too.
Michal's ſweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no leſs *ſtrong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
Like Virtuous *Kings* whom Men rejoice t' obey,
Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than *They*.
Merab appear'd like ſome fair Princely *Tower*,
Michal ſome *Virgin Queen*'s delicious *Bower*.
All *Beauties* ſtores in *Little* and in *Great*;
But the *contracted Beams* ſhot fierceſt heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merab*'s dy,
Such as the *Prouder* Colours might envy,
Michal's pure skin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs *White*,
As ſcatter'd the weak rays of human ſight.
Her Lips and Cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
Than e'er on Fruits or Flowers Heav'ns Pencil drew.
From *Merab*'s Eyes fierce and quick *Light'nings* came,
From *Michal*'s the *Sun*'s *mild*, yet active Flame;
Merab's long Hair was gloſſy Cheſtnut brown,
Treſſes of paleſt Gold did *Michal* Crown.
Such was their outward Form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.
Merab with comely *Majeſty* and *State*
Bore high th' advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft *Michal* ſhew,
That none who *reach ſo high* e'er *ſtoop'd ſo low*.
Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd *Lovers* pain,
And fortifi'd her *Virtue* with *Diſdain*.
The grief ſhe caus'd gave gentle *Michal* grief,
She wiſh'd her *Beauties* leſs for their relief,
Ev'n to her *Captives*, *civil*; yet th' exceſs
Of *naked Vertue* guarded her no leſs.
Buſineſs and *Power Merab*'s large Thoughts did vex,
Her *Wit* diſdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michal no leſs diſdain'd affairs and noiſe,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choiſe*.

In brief, both *Copies* were more ſweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michal* of *Jonathan*.
The day that *David* great *Goliah* ſlew,
Not great *Goliah*'s *Sword* was more his due
Than *Merab*; by *Saul*'s Publick promiſe ſhe
Was ſold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *She* did this juſt Match deſpiſe,
Her *Pride* debauch'd her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne'er ſeen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherds-ſtaff*, and *Shepherds-habit* bore;
The ſeventh-born Son of no rich Houſe, were ſtill
Th' unpleaſant Forms which her high Thoughts did fill.
And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
Was bred by being *promis'd* and *deſign'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn,
Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
And could not ſet him *free*, nor her *inchain*.
Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted *Deer*
Cloſely purſu'd quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the neareſt Waves, which from the ſhore
She oft with horror had beheld before.
1 Sam. 18. 19. So whilſt the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leap'd to *Adriel*'s long-avoided Bed.
The Match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſh'd ſtrait;
So complyed *Saul*'s *Envy* with her *Hate*.
But *Michal* in whoſe Breaſt all virtues move
That hatch the *Pregnant Seeds* of Sacred *Love*,
With juſter Eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merab*'s *Poyſon* into *Sweets*.
She ſaw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come ſo ſoon* his own:
She ſaw, and wondred how a *Shepherd*'s *Crook*
Deſpis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* ſhook.
Tho' he ſeventh-born, and tho' his Houſe but poor,
She knew it *Noble* was, and *would* be more.
Oft had ſhe heard, and *fancied* oft the fight,
With what a *generous calm* he march'd to fight.
In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatneſs, and *Goodneſs*, and an *Air Divine*,
She ſaw through all his *Words* and *Actions* ſhine.
She heard his Eloquent *Tongue*, and Charming *Lyre*,
Whoſe artful ſounds did violent *Love* inſpire,
Tho' us'd all other *Paſſions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When thoſe ſtrong Thoughts attack'd her doubtful Breaſt,
His *Beauty* no leſs active than the reſt.
The Fire thus kindled ſoon grew fierce and great,
When *David*'s Breaſt reflected back its heat.
Soon ſhe perceiv'd (ſcarce can *Love* hidden lie
From any ſight, much leſs the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'ror* was as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no leſs *Abroad* than loſt at *Home*.

57 Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a Pair,
Who in all Mankind else so matchless were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does Wed)
A mutual Warmth through both their Bosoms spread.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began
The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran.
Ev'n so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
From several Doors entring at once the Room,
With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind,
Their *Amorous Lights* into one *Light* are join'd.
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace.
Michal her modest Flames sought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'n th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal*.
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love past through them, and there such *footsteps* left.
She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke,
And suddenly her wand'ring answers broke,
At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her Thoughtful looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd-for sighs oft from her Bosom flew,
And *Adriel*'s *Active* Friend sh' *abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
She strove to Act a cold *Indifferency*;
In vain she Acted so constrain'd a part,
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
On th' other side *David* with silent pain
Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.
His humble fear t' offend, and trembling aw,
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
Than *Modesty* on her, and tho' he strove
To make her see 't, he durst not tell his *Love*.
To tell it first the timorous Youth made choice
Of *Musicks* bolder and more Active Voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithful Lyre; the Words and numbers such,
As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your Princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake, my *Lyre*.
And tell thy *silent Masters* humble Tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire,
Tho' so Exalted She
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmony*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And tho' the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

3. Weak

3.

Weak *Lyre*! Thy Virtue ſure
Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And She to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Paſſion* to remove,
Phyſick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nouriſhment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, *ſleep* again, my *Lyre*,
For thou can'ſt never tell my humble Tale,
In Sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inſpire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy ſtrings ſilent ly,
Sleep, *ſleep* again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Maſter die*:

She heard all this, and the prevailing Sound
Touch'd with delightful pain her tender Wound.
Yet tho' ſhe joy'd th' *Authentick News* to hear,
Of what ſhe gueſt before with jealous *fear*.
She Check'd her forward joy, and bluſh'd for ſhame,
And did his boldneſs with forc'd anger blame.
The ſenſeleſs Rules, which firſt *Falſe Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Cuſtom* brought,
Which Women's *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *Themſelves* too to torment,
Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure fain,
And all her *Words*, and all her *Looks* conſtrain
Before the trembling youth; who when he ſaw
His *vital Light* her wonted Beams withdraw
He curſt his Voice, his Fingers, and his Lyre,
He curſt his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Deſire*.
In vain he curſt the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:
His *Joy* and *Hope* their cheerful motions ceaſt,
His *Life* decay'd, but ſtill his *Love* encreaſt.
Whilſt ſhe whoſe Heart approv'd not her *Diſdain*,
Saw and endur'd his *Pains* with greater *Pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both Hearts were known
With a concernment equal to their own,
Joyful that Heav'n with his Sworn Love comply'd
To draw that Knot more faſt which he had ty'd,
With well-tim'd Zeal, and with an artful Care,
Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the *nice affair*.
With eaſe a Brothers lawful power o'ercame
The *formal decencies* of Virgin ſhame.
She firſt with all her Heart forgave the paſt,
Heard *David* tell his Flames, and *told her own* at laſt.
Lo here the happy point of proſperous *Love*!
Which ev'n *Enjoyment* ſeldom can improve!
Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
All *Iſrael*'s wiſh concurrent with their own.

A *Brother*'s Powerful aid firm to the ſide,
By ſolemn vow the *King* and *Father* ty'd:
All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
All that in *leſs-ripe Love* offends the *Taſt*,
In eithers Breaſt their *Soul*'s both meet and Wed;
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And tho' the groſſer Cates were yet not dreſt,
By which the *Bodies* muſt ſupply this *Feaſt*;
Bold *Hopes* prevent ſlow *Pleaſures* lingring Birth,
As *Saints* aſſur'd of *Heav'n* enjoy't on *Earth*.
All this the *King* obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
What ſcandal, and what danger it might draw.
T' oppoſe this juſt and popular Match, but meant
T' *out-malice* all refuſals by *Conſent*.
He meant the *Pois'nous grant* ſhould Mortal prove,
He meant t' enſnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.
And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of art
And fraud, than well became the *Kingly part*. 1 Sam. 18. 21

Your valour, *David*, and high worth (ſaid he)
To *praiſe*, is all Men's Duty, mine to *ſee*
Rewarded; and we ſhall t' our utmoſt Powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it, *God*, we like thoſe *Kings* ſhould prove,
Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they 're bound to *Love*.
Your *Pitty* does that tender point ſecure,
Nor will my *Acts* ſuch *humble Thoughts* endure.
Your neerneſs to't rather *ſupports* the *Crown*,
And th' *Honours* giv'n to you encreaſe *our own*.
All that we can, we'll give; 'tis our intent,
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*.
To place thee next ourſelves; Heav'n does approve,
And my *Son's Friendſhip*, and my *Daughter's Love*,
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing Choice;
I ſee, methinks, *Heav'n* in't, and I rejoice.
Bluſh not, my Son, that *Michal*'s *Love* I name,
Nor need *ſhe* Bluſh to hear it; 'tis no ſhame.
Nor *ſecret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all Men but thy *Rival*'s like it well.
If *Merab*'s choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my Elder comfort, had been thine.
And hers at laſt ſhould have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *Thine* and *Michal*'s Heart deſcry'd.
Take whom thou lov'ſt, and who loves thee; the laſt
And *Deareſt Preſent* made me by the chaſt
Ahinoan; and unleſs ſhe me deceive,
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* ſhall leave,
'Twill be a ſmaller *Gift*----
If I thy generous Thoughts may undertake
58 To gueſs, they are what *Jointure* thou ſhalt make;
Fitting her *Birth* and *Fortune*: And ſince ſo
Cuſtom Ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
The *Jointure* we exact, is that ſhall be
No leſs advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*

Go

Go where *Philiſtian* Troops infeſt the Land;
Renew the terrours of thy Conquering hand.
When thine own hand, which needs muſt Conqu'ror prove,
In this joint cauſe of *Honour* and of *Love*,
An hundred of the faithleſs Foe ſhall ſlay,
59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay,
1 Sam. 18. 25. Be *Michal* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it ſo,
We ſhould not cheaply that dear Blood expoſe
Which we to mingle with our own had choſe.
But thou'rt ſecure; and ſince this Match of thine
We to the publick benefit deſign,
A publick Good ſhall its beginning grace,
And give *Triumphant Omens* of thy race.
Thus ſpoke the King: The *happy youth* bow'd low;
Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhew,
The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind;
And nought t' except againſt it could he find,
But that his *Miſtreſs* price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different ſenſe the News receiv'd,
At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſh'd, and griev'd.
'Twas a leſs Work the Conqueſt of his Foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t' expoſe.
Their kind debate on this ſoft point would prove
Tedious, and needleſs to repeat: If *Love*
(As ſure it has) e'er touch'd your Princely Breaſt,
'Twill to your gentle Thoughts at full ſuggeſt
All that was done, or ſaid; the grief, hope, fears;
His *troubled Joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the Pomp of Paſſion's reign, they part;
And bright Prophetick Forms enlarge his Heart;
Vict'ry and *Fame* and that more *quick delight*
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
Towards *Gath* he went; and in one month (ſo ſoon
A *fatal*, and a *willing* Work is done,)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
60 Of choice *Philiſtian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in Birth and valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cauſe* and *Hand* by which they fell.
Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay
The two *reſiſtleſs Lovers* happy day.
Tho' this days *coming* long had ſeem'd and ſlow,
Yet ſeem'd its *ſtay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
61 Did with more haſt ſo neer its *Centre* move,
He curſt the ſtops of Form and State, which lay
62 In this laſt *Stage* like *Scandals* in his way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, Crown'd with tall Wood,
Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly ſtood,
63 A *Tent* was pitch'd, of green wrought Damask made,
And ſeem'd but the freſh Foreſts nat'ral ſhade,
Various, and vaſt within, on pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *uſefully adorn.*

Hither

Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feasts does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *idle*, *busie* crowd,
With Shouts and Blessings tell their joy aloud.
Lo, the press breaks, and from their several homes
In decent Pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
With solemn pace, Thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *Moving Galaxy* on Earth;
All Heav'nly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*;
64 All clad in livelier Colours, fresh and fair,
65 As the bright Flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair*,
All in that new-blown Age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire*.
But all this, and all else the *Sun* did e'er,
Or *Fancy* see in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their Dress much fruitless care had spent,
Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,
For all Men's Eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
66 With Thirty comly youths of noblest race,
That march'd before; and Heav'n a round his Head,
The graceful Beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
No *Light* of *Heav'n* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.
The *King* himself, at the Tents crowned gate,
In all his Robes of Ceremony and state,
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the *High-Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due order press.
First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
Avow'd b' a gen'ral murmur of applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dow'r* and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
T' her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
And humble Gesture the *vast Present* took,
69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
To all but to the *wedded*; till at last
The long-wish'd Night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th' *Inestimable hour* was come
To lead his *Conquering prey* in *Triumph* home,
71 T' a *Palace* near, dress't for the Nuptial-Bed
(Part of her Dower) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty Blessings* give.
72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
The Thirty *Youths*, and Thirty *Virgins* wait

73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the Flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-Pomp*, and march before.
The reſt bring home in State the Happy Pair,
To that laſt *Scene* of *Bliſs*, and leave them there
All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* Feaſts the *Glutton Love*.

74 But ſcarce, alas, the firſt ſeven days were paſt,
In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* laſt,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such ſubtile cares his jealous Thoughts torment,
He envy'd the good Work himſelf had done;
Fear'd *David* leſs, his *Servants* than his *Son*.
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He ſeeks to ſtain his own Imperial hand
In his *Sons* Blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* perſue.
Said I but *One*? His thirſty rage extends
To th' Lives of all his *kindred* and his *friends*;
Ev'n *Jonathan* had dyed for being ſo,
Had not juſt *God* put by th' unnat'ral blow.
You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us here;
No ſullen diſcontent, or groundleſs fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home,
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean ſpace to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him*, who drives away.

Notes upon the *Third Book.*

1 A Town not far from *Jeruſalem*, according to S. *Hierom*, in his *Commentary* upon *Iſaiah*, by which it ſeems it was re-edified, after the deſtruction of it by *Saul*, he ſays, that *Jeruſalem* might be ſeen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he ſhould place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulenſis* ſure is in an error, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manaſſes* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Tranſlation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too Unheroical a Name.

2 *Panes Propoſitionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιοι, from the *Hebrew*, in which it ſignifies *Panes Facierum*, becauſe they were always ſtanding before the Face of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the Engliſh word *Shew-Bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they ſhould be eaten by the *Prieſts* alone, but alſo eaten in the *Holy Place*. *For it is moſt holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the Lord by Fire, by a perpetual Statute*, Verſe 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remained was to be Burnt, leſt it ſhould be eaten by any but the Prieſts. How comes it then to paſs, not only that *Abimelech* gave of this bread to *David* and his Company, but that *David* ſays to him, 1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The Bread is in a manner common*? The Latine differently, *Porro via hæc polluta eſt, ſed & ipſa hodie ſanctificabitur in vaſis.* The words are ſomewhat obſcure; the meaning ſure muſt be, that ſeeing here are new Breads to be ſet upon the Table, the publick occaſion (for that he pretended) and preſent neceſſity makes theſe as it were *common*. So, what more ſacred than the *Sabbath*? Yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it ſhould be lawful to Fight againſt their Enemies on that Day. *Seneca* ſays very well, *Neceſſitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit, excuſat.* And we ſee this Act of *David*'s approved of in the Evangeliſts.

3 *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cauſe of *Abimelech*'s Murder and the Deſtruction of the Town.

4 *Sacred*: Made ſo by *David*'s placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophy* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* Dedicated all the ſtuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε, where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which ſhould be left out. *Joſephus* of this word, ἢ δορυφόροις ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium poſtea in Templum poſuit*; i. e. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ*: Where, methinks, *In Templum* ſignifies more than if he had ſaid *in Templo*. The reaſon of this Cuſtom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after ſucceſſes, and called (as *Virgil* ſays)

In prædam partemq; Jovem——

So

So the *Philiſtims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Aſhtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not conſecrated to *God*; for then *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had Sinned; for it is ſaid, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatſoever is devoted is moſt holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only up laid as a *Monument* of a Famous Victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evaſion; for not every thing conſecrated to *God* is unalienable (at leaſt for a time) in caſe of neceſſity, ſince we ſee the very *Veſſels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep: plerumq; Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controverſ.

This particular of *Jagal* and *David*'s going in diſguiſe into the Land of the *Philiſtims* (which ſeems more probable than that he ſhould go immediately and avowed to *Achi*'s *Court* ſo ſoon after the defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the Hiſtory by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmleſs, and which therefore I make bold to uſe upon ſeveral occaſions.

6 Their *Goddeſs Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid Deity*. See on the ſecond Book.

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Judah*, even in *Judah*'s time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joſhua*'s it had a *King*, Joſh. 12. 15. the *Cave* ſtill remains; and was uſed by the *Chriſtians* for their refuge upon ſeveral irruptions of the *Turks*, in the ſame manner as it ſerved *David* now.

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Perſons* who came to aſſiſt *David*, I choſe to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my Opinion too large upon this kind of ſubject, eſpecially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long liſt of *Names* and *Numbers*, juſt as they would ſtand in the *Roll of a Muſter-Maſter*, without any delightful and various deſcriptions of the Perſons; or at leaſt very few ſuch. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciouſly by an exceſs the other way.

9 2 Sam. 2. *And Aſael was as ſwift of foot as a wild Roe.* Joſeph. ſays of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καλασάντα εἰς ἄμιλλαν, which is no ſuch great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expreſſions upon the ſwiftneſs of ſome Perſons. *Virgil.* upon *Niſus Æn.* 5,

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modeſt* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*, Æn. 7.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas.
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my deſcription, *oft o'er the Lawns*, &c. but I durſt not in a Sacred Story be quite ſo bold as he. The walking over the Waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer.* 20. *Iliad.*

Ἆϊ δ' ὅτε μὲ σκιρτῶεν ὑπὲρ ζείδωρον ἀρούρην
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθεικὸν κεφαλὴν ὄρον, ἠδὲ κατίσχον.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε ἡ σκιρτῶεν, ἐπ' ὕρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ὑπὲρ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of Flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have ſatisfied any moderate Man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgil*'s from the encreaſe of the *Miracle*, by making *Camilla*'s flight over a tenderer thing than *Amherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Graminа*, *Volaret*, *Suſpenſa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monſter, that one would believe ſhould rather ſink the *Earth* at every tread, then run over the *Sea* with dry feet.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ μὲν πάντα ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Οἶδμα, νέας δὲ διὰ βαίνων πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄξῃς
Ἰχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερὴ περόωντο κελεύθῳ.

And *Solinus* reports Hiſtorically of *Ladas* (the Man ſo much Celebrated by the *Poets*,) *cap.* 6. That he ran ſo lightly over the duſt, (*ſupra cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ πάχος
The ſwiftneſs of a *God*.

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

10 *Jeſſides*, the Son of *Jeſſe*; a *Patronymick* after the *Greek* Form.

11 *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſt by *Reuben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, ſo *Judah* is not here taken in a preciſe ſenſe for that Tribe only.

12 *Hii*: Becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is called promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13 *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended Eaſt and Weſt between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally deſtroyed by the *Iſraelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 32. *Deut.* 3. *Joſh.* 13. *Judg.* 12.

14 *Edom*, called by the *Greeks Idumæa*; denominated from *Eſau*. *Joſephus* makes two *Idumæa*'s, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the Upper was poſſeſt by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon*: But ſtill the *Edomites* poſſeſt the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *montes Seir*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a miſtake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* include ſometimes all *Paleſtine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa*. Adric. 77.

Petræa autem dicta à vetuſtiſſimo oppido Petra,
Deſerti ipſius Metropoli ſupra mare mortuum
ſita

It is hard to ſet the bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little Ancient Kingdoms in thoſe parts;) for ſometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: But here it is taken in a more Contracted ſignification, for that part of

Arabia which lies near the *Metropolis Petra* and denominates the *whole*. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same Name. *Adric.* is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15 *Cush.* *Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham.* All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red Sea* (for *Jethro*'s Daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, tho' taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*,) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusitæ* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom*, to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon* the Son of *Lot*.

16 Accounted of the race of the *Gyants*, that is, a big, strong, and Warlike sort of People; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, as tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaom*, Gen. 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17 *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who Conquered the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all Westward of *Arnon*, and possest it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his People. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-Sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear*, seated upon it. Or,

18 *Esebon.* A famous and strong City seated upon an Hill, and encompassed with Brick-Walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty Miles distant from *Jordan.* Adric.

19 For *Saul* had made War upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20 I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not, as some imagine, in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomon*'s time, where it is first mentioned, those Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that Voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-Sea*. I therefore, without any scruple, say, *Ophir's rising Morn*, and make it a Country in the *East-Indies*, called by *Josephus* and S. *Hierom.* *The Golden Country.* *Grotius* doubts, whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetch'd from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countries. But that small Similitude of the Name, is not worth the change of a received Opinion.

21 Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversum equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*,

Nec tam aversum fama
Mycænis volvit iter.

22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which, *Balaam* was desired by *Balac* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This place was chose perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe, the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Phegor*, from that particular place of his Worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think, that *Baal-Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the *obscene Idol*, so Famous in Ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that Fashion, to signifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord*, *of Generation*.

23 The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Babylon maxime celebravit, & nomen imposuit.* Plaut. in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica peristromata consumaq; tapetia
Advexit minimum bonæ rei.

He calls the like Hangings in Pseud.

Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata.

Mart. l. 8.

Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbe
Texta Semiramia quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret.* l. 4.

Babylonica magnifico splendore.

24 These kind of Ivory Tables, born up with the Images of Beasts, were much in esteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them, as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

——Putere videntur
Unguenta atq; rosæ latos nisi substinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

26 *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Limon Tree* (though that be in Latin called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnier*,) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: It is very Famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for Banquetting-*Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe fœlices, Atlantica numera, mensas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin.* l. 13. c. 15. The spots and crispness of the Wood was the great Commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Mensæ*. Virg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur lectulus ostro,

Where

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory or a Citron Bed.

26 *Purple* Coverlets were most in use among great persons. *Hom. Il. 9.*

Εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι πορφυρέοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple.* Stat. Theb. 1.

——Pars ostro tenues auroq; sonantes
Emunire toros——

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντίναις καὶ στρώμασι πορφυροβαπτοῖς, &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shellfish*, called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white Vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boiled; and the Blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the Colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* Witnesses to be the *true Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the Colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest Manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the Invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore saw his Dog bite one of these Fishes, and found his Mouth all stained with that excellent Colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this Colour is called in the Greek Ἁλουργὸς, *Aristot. quasi* ἁλὸς ἔργον, the Work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἁλουργὲς to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27 So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the Walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the History of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

Chedor-laomer, who, according to the general Opinion, was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether improbable, that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and join with so many Princes to make a War upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least Shire in *England*, and whose very Names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides, *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninus* or *Zames*, who succeeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewise not doubt, but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninus*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and St. *Hierom* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cœlosyria*, others on the Borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar*, and *Tidal*, were the names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating Miracles) with his own Family only? Perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is, *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is, *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is, *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countries; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm, that is, of *Nations*, Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας, to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of People from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

29 That he might be consumed presently after with his whole People and Kingdom, by Fire from Heaven.

30 For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cause the Apostle, *Jude*, *v.* 7. says, that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the vengeance of Eternal Fire; So our English: the Latin, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder, none have thought of interpreting Δίκλω, *adverbially*; for *instar habentes Ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of Eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So Δίκλω is used *Arist. de Mund.* ᾗ ῥύσει πολλάκις ποταμοῖς δίκλω, nay even Δίκη, the Subst. is sometimes taken in that Sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss.* ξ

Ἡ γὰρ δὴ μάλα δίκη ἔβη.

For this is the *Manner* or *Fashion* of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimstone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath Sulphur in it, which (*Grotius* says) is there called Θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above: Several prophane Authors make mention of the destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Histor. Fulminum ictu arsisse*, &c. and by and by, *Igne cœlesti flagrasse*, &c.

31 The *Blindness* with which these Wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *Sight*, but either such a sudden darkness in the air as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as when Men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Ebloüissement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when Men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For, says S. *Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei. Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have sought for the Door to go into *Lot's* House, but for Guides to Conduct them back again to their own.

32 I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very Act or Moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our English says, she became a *Pillar of Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἁλός. The Latin is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur.* It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the description of it. Likely it is, that it retained her Form. So *Cyprian* in better Verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

——Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,
Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much subtlety, and some probability, understand a *Pillar of Salt*, to signifie only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what matter soever, as *Numb.* 18, 19. A *Covenant* of *Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* which never Melts, and serves for building as well as Stone; of which *Pliny* speaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. Besides, the conversion into *Salt* is very

very proper there. where there is ſuch abundance mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were, *ſowed with Salt*, in token of Eternal barrenneſs, of which this *Statue* was ſet up for a *Mounment*. The *Targum* of *Jeruſalem* is cited, to give this reaſon why ſhe looked back; it ſays, ſhe was a Woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to ſee what became of her *Friends* and *Country*. The Moral of it is very perſpicuous, but very well expreſt by S. *Auguſt. Uxor Loth, in Salem converſa magno admonuit Sacramento, neminem in via liberationis ſuæ præterita deſiderare debere.*

33 *Zippor* The Father of *Balac*, and firſt King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vabeb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more Authentical, and better ſounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always ſome *hereditary Bowl*, with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *Strangers*. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, qua Belus & omnes
A Belo ſoliti———

And preſently ſhe begins to the *Gods*. So Stat. *l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Iaſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Qua Danaus libare Deis, ſenioq; Pboroneus
Aſſueti———

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been ſo proper for me in this place, becauſe of the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyeſt. Poculum infuſo cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feaſts came from the natural Cuſtom of paying the *Firſt Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity*, by whoſe bounty they enjoyed them.

34 This too was an Ancient Cuſtom that never failed at ſolemn Feaſts, to have *Muſick* there (and ſometimes *Dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτός,

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heiſich* interprets, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feaſt*. And as for wiſe and honourable Perſons, there was no time of their Life leſs loſt, than that they ſpent at *Table*; for either they held then ſome profitable and delightful Diſcourſes with Learned Men, or heard ſome remarkable Pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or, if they were Princes, had ſome eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philoſopher* and *Muſician*,) to entertain them with *Muſick* and *Verſes*, not upon ſlight or wanton, but the greateſt and nobleſt ſubjects. So does *Fopas* in *Virg.*

———*Cithara crinitus Fopas*
Perſonat aurata docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam Soliſq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.*

Ἠείδην δ' ὡς γαῖα χυτὴ ὑπεγαίετο πηδὼ θαλάσσης,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρήρεσθαι μορφῇ
Οὐρανῷ ἠδ' ὀλύμπῳ ἀλεύασθαι, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the ſubject, methinks, be not ſo well choſen.

35 See *Athen. L.* 1. *c.* 12. upon this matter, where among other things, he ſpeaks to this ſenſe, The *Poets* were anciently a race of *Wiſe-Men*, both in learning and practice *Philoſophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemneſtra*, as a *Guardian* and *Inſtructor* to her, who, by laying before her the vertues of Women, might give her impreſſions of goodneſs and honour, and, by the delightfulneſs of her Converſation, divert her from worſe pleaſures. So *Ægyſthus* was not able to corrupt her, till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too, who was forced to Sing before *Penelope's Lovers*, though he had them in deteſtation. And general all *Poets* were then had in eſpecial reverence. *Demodocus*, among the *Phæacians*, Sings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous People from ſuch unlawful Appetites, &c. The Old *Scholiaſt* upon *Homer* ſays, 3. *Odyſſ.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδοὶ σοφισταὶ τάξιν ἐτύγχανον.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philoſophers*. See. *Quintil. l.* 1. *c.* 10. *Strab. l.* 1. *Georg.* &c.

By drawing up Vapors from them, with which the Ancients believed, that the *Stars* were nouriſhed.

36 *Virg.*

Polus dum ſidera Paſcit.

37 This was an Ancient Faſhion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in thunder. *Juvenal* ſays of a loud ſcolding Women, that ſhe alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipſe*.

Sola laboranti poterat ſuccurrere Lunæ.

This Superſtition took the Original from an Opinion, that *Witches*, by muttering ſome Charms in Verſe, cauſed the *Eclipſes* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddeſs* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the vertue of thoſe Enchantments; and therefore they made a great noiſe by the beating of Braſs, ſounding of Trumpets, Whooping and Hollowing, and the like, to drown the Witches Murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and ſo to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temeſina labores
Æra tuos minuant.———

Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam deduxere ſenſas,*
Et faceret, ſi non æra repulſa ſonent.

Stat. 6. Theb.———*Auroritis quoties avellitur aſtris*
Solis opaca ſoror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.

Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes ſordidior vultibus obſtitit.
At nos ſollicitæ lumine turbido
Traßam Theſſalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

38 The

38 The World has had this hard Opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *Vulgar*, who never ſtay for a *Cauſe* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no Reaſon for it, though they ſearch it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the Extraction of Vapors from the Earth to generate and feed them; and Droughts more certainly produce Sickneſſes: But his Authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who ſuppoſes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets*, but by making it, as *God* ſpeaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the ſupernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no Authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the Ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cœlo ſpectatum impune Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everſor rubris lethale Cometes.*

39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry ſhut up in a cold and moiſt Cloud, out of which ſtriving to get forth, it kindles it ſelf by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40 *Lambent* Fire is, a thin unctuous exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without conſuming any thing but it ſelf. Called *Lambent* from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *good Omen*. *Virg.* deſcribes the whole Nature of it excellently in three Verſes, *Æn.* 2.

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora paſci.

41 *Fleecy Snow*, Pſal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow*, ingeniouſly for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philoſopher*, The *Foam* of *Clouds*, when they hit one another. *Ariſtotle* defines it truly and ſhortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud Congealed*, and *Hail Congealed Rain*.

42 Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyon whelp; from the Prey, my Son, thou art gone up, he ſtooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who ſhall rouſe him up?*

43 1 Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the Camp of the Philiſtines named Goliah*, &c. wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, δυνατὸς a *Strong Man*: But the Latin *Tranſlation* hath, *Et egreſſus eſt vir ſpurius, a Baſtard.* *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyants* ſo; becauſe being contemners of all Laws they lived without Matrimony, and conſequently their Fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called ſo, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which ſeated themſelves in *Gath,*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44 See *Turnus* his Shield, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his, 8. Æn. with the ſtories engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalſemen Jupiter Olympius.* But I like not in an *Hebrew* ſtory to uſe the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal*, and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at firſt taken for the *Sun*, which raiſing Vapors out of the Earth, out of which the *Thunder* is ingendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, Ζεὺς ὑλιγενέτης. And *Juvans Pater* fits with no God ſo much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter Sol*.

The Fable of the *Giants* fight with the *Gods* was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the Eaſtern People, and aroſe from the true ſtory of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46 This perhaps will be accuſed by ſome ſevere Men for too ſwelling an *Hyperbole*; and I ſhould not have endured it my ſelf, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehenſion of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant Species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many ſayings of this kind, even without an excuſe or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the moſt judicious and divine *Poet* himſelf. He calls tall young Men,

Patriis & montibus æquos,
Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He ſays of *Polyphemus*, ——*Graduſq; per æquor*
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.
That walking in the midſt of the Sea, the Waves do not wet his ſides. of *Orion*.
——*Quam magnus Orion*
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam ſcindens humero ſupereminet undas.
Aut ſummis referens annoſam montibus ornum,
Ingreditur; ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in ſuch manner (ſays he,) *Mezentius* preſented himſelf. He ſays of another, that he flung no ſmall part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the greatneſs, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs, for which *Sen. Suaſor.* makes that defence, which will ſerve better for me,

——*Credas innare revulſas*
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, ſpeaking of great Ships, but yet ſuch as would ſeem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign*; you would think the *Cyclades*, looſned from their Roots, were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, ſed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile eſt, quod excuſatur antequam dicitur.* He does not ſay it *Is*, but *Seems* to be, (for ſo he underſtands *Credas*) and any thing, though never ſo improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excuſed before it be ſpoken. Which will ſerve to Anſwer for ſome other places in this Poem; as,

Th' Egyptian, like an Hill, himſelf did rear.
Like ſome tall Tree upon it ſeem'd his Spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modeſt than *Montibus æquus.*

47 Becauſe *Gold* is more proper for the Ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48 Sen. in Thyeſt. *Jejuna ſylvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriuſq; præda cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morſus, flectit huc rictus ſuos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in maculas, &c.———

Nay *Virgil* attributes the ſame marks of Paſſion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculiſq; trementes
Interfuſa genas.——

49 See the like Conditions of a Publick Duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50 The *Egyptian-Goliah*; *i. e.* The *Egyptian-Giant*, whom he ſlew only with his *ſtaff*, and therefore at the ſight of it might well be aſhamed, that he durſt not now encounter with *Goliah*. This is that ſhame which *Virgil* calls *Conſcia virtus*.

51 They were 33. but *Poetry*, inſtead of the broken Number, chuſes the next entire one, whether it be more or leſs than the truth.

52 It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 Years Old (at leaſt,) when he ſlew *Goliah*; for elſe how can we imagine that the *Armour* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the talleſt Man in all *Iſrael*,) ſhould fit him? Neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accuſtom'd to the uſe of them; beſides, he handled dextrouſly the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after ſaid, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliah* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

53 For the Men who are ſo proud and confident of their own Strength make that a *God* to themſelves, as the human Polititians are ſaid in the Scripture to *ſacrifice* to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit*. Virg. of Mezent. *Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod miſſile libro.*

And *Capaneus* is of the ſame mind in *Statius*;

Illic Augur ago, & mecum quicunq; parati
Inſanire manu———

54 The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to diſperſe the Prayers that were not to ſucceed, or to carry thoſe that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.

Ovid. de Triſt. *Ventibiliſq; Notus jactat mea verba, preceſque*
Ad quos mittuntur non ſinit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures*, &c.

55 *i. e.* To another *Angel*.

56 1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan ſtript himſelf of the Robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his Garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some underſtand this gift *excluſively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing thoſe three to be the proper marks of a Soldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not be parted with. But therefore, I ſay, to be parted with upon this occaſion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* Promiſes to him that ſhould kill *Abſalom*, ten Shekels of Siver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 12. But it was beſides that, a neceſſary part of every Man's Dreſs, when they did any Work, or went abroad, their *under-Robe* being very long and troubleſome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been ſaid, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a looſe Garment not exactly fitted to their Bodies, (for the profeſſion of Taylors was not ſo Ancient, but Clothes were made by the Wives, Mothers and Servants, even of the greateſt Perſons) and ſo might ſerve for any ſize or ſtature.

57 1 *Sam.* 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μιχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαοὺλ τὸν Δαυίδ, Which our Engliſh Tranſlation follows, but the Latine Tranſlations vary; for ſome have, *Dilexit autem Michal filia Saul altera David. Michal Saul's Daughter loved David*, And others *Dilexit autem David Michal filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michal Saul's Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both Love one another.

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Eſpouſed* certain *Gifts*, as Pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abraham*'s Steward in the Name of *Iſaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of Silver, and of Gold, and Raiment. *Gen.* 24. 53. Which Cuſtom the Greeks too uſed, and called the Preſents Ἕδνα, But at the day of the Marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Jointure* or *Dowre*.

59 *Joſephus* ſays, *Saul* demanded ſo many *Heads* of the *Philiſtines*, which word he uſes inſtead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads*, I confeſs, had been a better word for my turn too; but *Foreskins* will ſerve, and ſounds more properly for a *Jewiſh Story*. Beſides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believed, that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the Heads of *Hebrews*, inſtead of *Philiſtines*.

60 If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Soldiers as he pleaſed, and ſo make an inroad into the *Philiſtines* Country, and kill any hundred Men he could meet with, this had been a ſmall *Dowre* for a Princeſs, and would not have expoſed *David* to that hazard, for which *Saul* choſe this manner of *Jointure*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own Hands.

61 As *Heavy Bodies* are ſaid to move the ſwifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which ſome deny, and others give a reaſon for it from the *Medium* through which they paſs, that ſtill preſſes them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive Power of the *Centre* is much received, and is conſonant to many other experiments in Nature.

62 *Scandals* in the ſenſe of the *New Teſtament*, are *Stumbling Blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματος, Stops in a Man's way, at which he may fall, however they retard his courſe.

63 *Janſenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the cuſtom for the *Bridegroom* to go the *Brides* Houſe, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, tho' there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others

Others think that *Nuptials* were Celebrated neither in the *Bride's* nor *Bridegroom's* Houſe, but in publick Houſes in the Country near the City, built on purpoſe for thoſe Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumſtances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 8. 37. *Hoſ.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, &c. Whatever the ordinary Cuſtom was, I am ſure the Ancients in great Solemnities were wont to ſet up Tents on purpoſe in the Fields for Celebration of them. See the deſcription of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l.* 5. *c.* 6. and perhaps *Pſal.* 19. 4. 5. alludes to this, He hath ſet a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64 Habits of divers Colours were much in Faſhion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges* 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10. & 26. 16. Such was *Joſeph's* Coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint χιτῶν ποικίλη; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ, veſtes Polymitæ.*

65 It appears by ſeveral places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great uſe among the *Jews* at their Feaſts, and eſpecially *Nuptials*, *Iſa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wiſ.* 2. 8. *Ezek.* 16. 12. *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccleſ.* 32. 1, &c.

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the ſtory of *Samſon's* Marriage-Feaſt, *Judg.* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were ſent to him, whom I conceive to have been υἱοὶ τῆς νυμφίης *Children of the* Bridegroom, as they are called by St. *Matthew*.

67
Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Luciferi unda,
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cœlo ſacrum, tenebrasq; reſolvit. Virg.

Which Verſes *Scaliger* ſays, are ſweeter than *Ambroſia*, *Homer* led him the way.

Ἀστὴρ ἐπῳείνω ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
Λαμπέσκει πάμφαινοσι λευκώλενοι Ὠκεανοῖο, and
Οἵη δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστέρας νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

68 The *Bride* alſo brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his Daughter *Sara* half his Goods, Servant, Cattel and Money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, &c.

69 The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim*, *Praiſes*, and the Houſe it ſelf *Beth-hillula*, the *Houſe of Praiſe*, Pſal. 78: 63. Their Maidens were not given to Marriage; the Chald. Paraphraſ. reads, Are not Celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ ὑμνήθησαν.

70 See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob. c.* 7. *Eſth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71 The Cuſtom ſeems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his Houſe, 2 *King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 9. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but becauſe *Michal* was a Princeſs, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I choſe rather to bring them to one of the *King's Houſes* aſſigned to them by the *Dowre*.

72 The *Bride* when ſhe was delivered up to her Husband, was wont to cover her ſelf with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her ſubjection, *Gen.* 24. 65, &c.

73 See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, Mat. 25.

74 The time of the *Marriage-Feaſt* appears clearly to have been uſually *ſeven Days*. See *Judg.* 14: 10. and 29. 27. *Fulfil her week*, &c, it was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem die ad convivium, & Septem ad luctum.*

THE CONTENTS.

MOab *carries his* Gueſts *to hunt at* Nebo, *in the way falls into diſcourſe with* David, *and deſires to know of him the reaſons of the* Change *of* Government *in* Iſrael, *how* Saul *came to the* Crown, *and the ſtory of* Him *and* Jonathan. David's *Speech, containing, The ſtate of the* Comonwealth *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the People deſired a* King; *their* Deputies *Speech to* Samuel *upon this Subject, and his Reply. The aſſembling of the* People *at the* Tabernacle *to enquire God's pleaſure. God's Speech. The* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and Election by Lot*; *the defection of his People.. The War of* Nahas King *of* Ammon *againſt* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jonathan's *relieving of the Town.* Jonathan's Character, *his ſingle fight with* Nahas, *whom he ſlays, and defeats his Army. The confirmation of* Saul's Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *and the manner of* Samuel's *quitting his Office of* Judge. *The War with the* Philiſtians *at* Macmas, *their ſtrength, and the weakneſs of* Saul's *Forces, his exerciſing of the* Prieſtly *function, and the judgment denounced by* Samuel *againſt him.* Jonathan's *diſcourſe with his* Eſquire; *their falling alone upon the Enemies out-guards at* Senes, *and after upon the whole Army*; *the wonderful defeat of it*; Saul's *raſh Vow, by which* Jonathan *is to be put to Death, but is ſaved by the* People.

DAVIDEIS.

The Fourth Book.

THough *ſtate* and kind *diſcourſe* thus robb'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'rance* did ſtill vig'rous keep,
And Regal cares had us'd to mod'rate ſleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* aroſe, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe,
And thrice towards *Phegor*, his *Baal*'s holieſt Hill,
(With *good* and pious Prayers *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chaſe his Friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad *Dogs* bark'd, the chearful *Horſes* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The beſt and nobleſt that freſh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and ſprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt Nights *ſtory*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom ſo much he *heard*, did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flouriſhing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the ſport.
Some arm'd with Bows, ſome with ſtrait Javelines ride;
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their ſide.
Midſt the fair Troop *David*'s tall *Brethren* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fancy'd God*,
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With looſe and various talk, that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe *King*
Did *David*'s Tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.
Much, (ſaid the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
'Twas drawn in little, but did Acts expreſs
So great, that largeſt *Hiſtories* are leſs.
I ſee (methinks) the *Gathian Monſter* ſtill,
His ſhape laſt night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul* with envy to perſue
The praiſe of deeds, whence his own ſafety grew!
I've heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his lifes hazard for your Friendſhip run;
His matchleſs *Son*, whoſe worth (if Fame be true)
Lifts him 'bove all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One*; Low *David* bows,
But no Reply *Moab*'s ſwift Tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Gueſt*, whilſt we ride thus (ſays he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* ſtill three Leagues there be,)

The ſtory of your *Royal Friend* relate;
And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
7 Why your great State that nameleſs Fam'ly choſe,
And by what ſteps to *Iſrael*'s *Throne* they roſe.
He ſtaid; and *David* thus; from *Egypts* Land
Yo've heard, Sir, by what *ſtrong*, *unarmed* hand
Our *Father*'s came; *Moſes* their ſacred *Guide*,
But he in ſight of the *Giv'n Country* dy'd, Deut. 34.
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high!
And *Joſhua*'s *Sword* muſt th' *active Rod* ſupply.
It did ſo, and did Wonders-------
8 From ſacred *Jordan* to the *Weſtern Main*, Joſh. 1. 4.
From well-clad *Lib'nus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked Sands, his *Winged Conqueſts* went;
And Thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he ſent. Joſh. 12.
Almoſt four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much freedom paſt, or foreign thrall.
Oft *Strangers*, *Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land,
(Such ſtill are thoſe born by a *Conquering* Hand,)
Oft pit'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raiſe,
Fit for the toilſome buſineſs of their days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace firſt, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
But they whoſe ſtamp of *Power* did chiefly lie
In *Characters* too fine for moſt Men's *Eye*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
With ſtate to awe *dull* minds, and force t' *affright*,
Were ill obey'd whil'ſt *Living*, and at *Death*,
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vaniſh'd with their Breath.
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
Their *Judge* was *App'tite*, and their *Law* was *Power*.
Not want it ſelf could *Luxury* reſtrain,
For what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.
Robbery the *Field*, *Oppreſſion* ſack'd the *Town*;
What the *Swords reaping* ſpar'd, was *glean'd* by th' *Gown*.
At Courts, and Seats of Juſtice to complain,
Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *Luſt* leſs active or leſs bold,
Amidſt this rougher ſearch of *Blood* and *Gold*.
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *ſtrong*;
The Pride of *Old Men* that, and this of *Young*.
Y've heard perhaps, Sir, of lew'd *Gibeah*'s ſhame,
Which *Hebrew* Tongues ſtill tremble when they name, Judg. 19.
Alarum'd all by one fair Stranger's Eyes,
As to a ſudden *War* the *Town* does riſe,
Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin
The ſtrange and wanton *Trag'dy* of their Sin.
All their wild Luſts they force her to ſuſtain,
Till by Shame, Sorrow, Wearineſs, and pain
She midſt their loath'd, and cruel kindneſs dies,
Of monſtrous *Luſt* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create,
(The frequent curſe of our looſe-govern'd *State*)

10 All *Gibea*'s and all *Jabes* blood it coſt;
Near a whole *Tribe* and *future Kings* we loſt.
Judg. 20. and 21. Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
How could *Religion*, its main *Pillar*, ſtand?
Proud and fond *Man* his *Fathers* worſhip hates,
Himſelf, *God's Creature*, his own *God creates*.
Hence in each Houſhold ſev'ral *Deities* grew,
And when no *Old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *New*.
The *only Land* which ſerv'd but *one* before,
Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.
They ſerv'd their *Gods* at firſt, and ſoon their *Kings*;
Their choice of that this later *ſlavery* brings.
Till ſpecial men arm'd with *Gods* Warrant broke
By juſteſt *force* th' *unjuſtly forced* Yoke.
All matchleſs Perſons, and thrice worthy they
1 Sam. 1. Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t' obey.
11 At laſt the *Prieſthood* joyn'd in *Ith'mar's* Son,
12 More weight and luſtre to the *Scepter* won.
But whilſt mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Buſi'd with *age*, and th' *Altars* ſacred care;
1 Sam. 2. 12. To their wild *Sons* they their high charge commit,
Who 'xpoſe to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.
Ely's curſt Houſe th' exemplar vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all ſad *Iſr'els Tears*.
His *Sons* abroad, *Himſelf* at home lies ſlain,
1 Sam. 4. *Iſrael*'s Captiv'd, *Gods Ark* and *Law* are ta'ne.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vext,
1Sam.7.6. They ſuffer *By* them *firſt*, and *For them next*.
Samuel ſucceeds; ſince *Moſes* none before
So much of *God* in his bright boſom bore.
1 Sam. 7. In vain our Arms *Philiſtian Tyrants* ſeis'd;
Heav'ns Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
Ib. v. 10. He *Rains* and *Wind* for *Auxil'aries* brought,
He muſter'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
13 Thus thirty Years with ſtrong and ſteddy hand
1Sam.8.1. He held th' unſhaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
At laſt his *Sons* th' indulgent *Father* choſe
To ſhare that *State* which they were born to loſe.
Their hateful Acts that *Changes birth* did haſt,
14 Which had long growth i' th' *Womb* of *Ages paſt*.
To this (for ſtill were ſome great *Periods* ſet,
Ther's a ſtrong knot of ſev'ral *Cauſes* met,)
The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
A mighty ſtorm long gathering from a far.
For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,
Like *Torrents* ſwoln with Rain prepar'd the land t' invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Sons ill choice
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful Vulgars* voice.
His *Sons* ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the Land
Nor *hop*'d nor *wiſht* a *Victory* from their hand:
Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes, why
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incenſe* ſmell,
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he ſaw the *Canker* dwell.

A mu-

A mut'nous Itch of *Change*; a dull *Deſpair*
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithleſs care
Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart, and ſcorn
Of th' *humble yoak* under low *Judges* born.
They ſaw the ſtate and glittering pomp which bleſt
In vulgar ſenſe the *Scepters* of the *Eaſt*.
They ſaw not *Powers* true *Source*, and ſcorn'd t' obey
Perſons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
They miſt *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous train;
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain. Judg. 4.5.
On an old Bench of *Wood*, her *Seat* of *State*,
Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *wiſe Debora* ſate.
Her *Maids* with comely *dil'gence* round her ſpun,
And *ſhe* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the ſame Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*,
Which took, the Sun before, ſix hundred lives Jud. 3.31.
From his *ſham'd foes*: He midſt his work dealt *Laws*;
And oft was his *Plow* ſtopt to hear a *Cauſe*.
Nor did great *Gid'on* his old *Flail* diſdain, Jud. 6.14.
After won *Fields*, ſackt *Towns*, and *Princes* ſlain.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophra*'s *Threſhing Floor*
The *Seat* and *Emblem* of his *Juſtice* bore.
What ſhould I *Jair*, the happieſt Father, name? Jud. 10.3.
Or mournful *Jephta*, known no leſs to fame
For the moſt wretched? Both at once did keep Ib. 11.34.
The mighty *Flocks* of *Iſra'l* and their *Sheep*.
Oft from the field in haſte they ſummon'd were
Some weighty Foreign *Embaſſy* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
Who all at ſeveral Caves were ſcattered found:
They waſht their Feet, their *only Gown* put on;
And this chief work of *Cer'mony* was done.
Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* ſpread
Through all the *Tribes*, make all deſire a *King*; 1Sam.8.3.
And to their *Judge* ſelected *Dep'ties* bring
This harſh demand; which *Natol* for the reſt
(A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace expreſt.
W' are come, moſt ſacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*
Of much-ow'd Thanks for the bright thirty years
Of your juſt *Reign*; and at your Feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In *unpropartion'd words*, for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who ſeek for *none*.
But when our forepaſt Ills we call to mind,
And ſadly think how *little*'s left behind
Of your important *Life*, whoſe ſuddain date
Would *diſ-inherit* th' unprovided *State*.
When we conſider, how unjuſt 'tis, you,
Who ne'er of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* ſhould have;
Your ſtooping days preſt *doubly* towards the grave.
When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful Age,

And

1 Sam. 8. 5. And all th' united Eaſt our fall conſpir'd,
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we deſir'd
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place,
By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
'Midſt theſe new Fears and Ills, we 're forc'd to fly,
T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, *Remedy*;
Deut. 17. 4. A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
By *Moſes*, and to *Abraham* ſhewn of old.
A *Propheſie* long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming years, and now to *ripeneſs* come.
This *Remedy*'s a *King*; for this we all
With an inſpir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
And in one Sound when all Mens Voices join,
The *Muſick*'s tun'd (no doubt) by Hand Divine.
'Tis *God* alone ſpeaks a whole *Nations* voice;
That is his *Publick Language*; but the Choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown muſt bear
From you, who his *Peculiar Organ* are,
W' expect to hear; the *People* ſhall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great Name what luſtre will it bring
T' have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King!*
1 Sam. 8. 6. He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* ſtraight,
Pawſing a while at this great Queſtion's weight,
With a grave Sigh, and with a thoughtful Eye,
That more of *Care* than *Paſſion* did deſcry,
Calmly replies: You 're ſure the firſt (ſaid he,)
Of *Free-born* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my Friends, with Heav'nly *Manna* fed,
(Our old Forefathers crime) we luſt for *Bread*.
Long ſince by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickiln* here.
1 Sam. 8. 11. 16 Cheat not your ſelves with *words*, for tho' a *King*
Be the mild *Name*, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his Power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to ſpill,
Where e'er his *guidleſs Paſſion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Luſt, or Spleen his Wars will raiſe,
Your *Lives beſt price* his thirſt of *Wealth* or *Praiſe*.
Your ableſt *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by ſuch hands your Yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters*, and *dear Wives*, he'll force away,
His *Lux'ry* ſome, and ſome his *Luſt* t' obey.
His *idle Friends* your *hungry toils* ſhall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all ſigh, but *Sighs* will *Treaſons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themſelves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Robb'd even of *Hopes*, when you theſe Ills ſuſtain,
Your watry Eyes you'll then turn back in vain
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'n my *Sons*, howe'er the' unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,

Witneſs

Witneſs th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought.
Of private ends into this Queſtion brought.
But why this Yoke on your own Necks to draw?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made your *Law*?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here,)
The good old *Seer* 'gainſt *Kings* was too ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *how many*, ſhall their *Maſters* be,
Is the ſole doubt; *Laws guide*, but cannot *Reign*;
And tho' they *bind* not Kings, yet they *reſtrain*.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*,)
That no one *Moabite* would his Speech approve.
But pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet Men whom age and action renders wiſe,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may*, from them arrive.
On Men reſolv'd theſe Threats were ſpent in vain, 1 Sam. 8. 19.
All that his power or eloquence could obtain.
Was to enquire *God*'s Will ere they proceed
To a Work that would ſo much his Bleſſing need.
A ſolemn Day for this great Work it ſet,
18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Iſrael* met.
Expect th' event; * below fair Bullocks fry * Ex. 43. 9. & 30. 26.
In hallowed Flames; † above, there mount on high † Ib. v. 5. 6.
The precious Clouds of Incenſe, and at laſt
The *Sprinkling Prayers*, and all due *Honours* paſt.
19 Lo! we the *ſacred Bells* o' th' ſudden hear, Ex. 39. 25.
20 And in mild Pomp grave *Samuel* does appear. & 28.
21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
22 Th' *Orac'lous Stones* on his rich *Breſt-Plate* ſhone. Ex. 39. 2.
To'ards the *blew Curtains* of *Gods* holieſt place Ib. 8.
23 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his Face.
Thrice bow'd He, thrice the ſolemn *Muſick* plaid,
And at third reſt thus the great *Prophet* pray'd:
Almighty *God*, to whom all Men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none ſo much as *We*;
Who tho' thou fill'ſt the ſpacious World alone,
Thy too ſmall *Court*, haſt made this place thy *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Bleſt *Abraham*'s *Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy juſt Will inſpire;
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they a *King* deſire.
Some gracious Signs of thy good pleaſure ſend;
Which, lo, with *Souls* reſign'd, we humbly here attend.
He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horror* ſeiz'd the Rout.
The whole Tent ſhakes, the Flames on th' Altar by
In thick dull Rolls mount ſlow and heavily.
24 The * ſeven *Lamps* wink; and what does moſt diſmay, * Exod. 25. 37.
The *Orac'lous Gems* ſhut in their natural day.
The *Rubies Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'raud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'ercaſt the *Saphire Sky*.
The *Diamonds Eye* look'd *ſleepy*, and ſwift night
Of all thoſe litle *Suns* Eclips'd the Light.

Sad

Sad ſigns of *God*'s dread anger for our Sin,
But ſtraight a wond'rous brightneſs from within
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *Earthly Cloud*
Could thoſe ſtrong Beams of Heav'nly Glory ſhroud.
The Altars Fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-ſhone.
Beauty th' *Illuſtrious Viſion* did impart
To ev'ry *Face*, and Joy to ev'ry Heart.
In glad effects *God*'s Preſence thus appear'd,
And thus in wond'rous ſounds his *Voice* was heard:
This ſtubborn Land Sin's ſtill, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
(Who have been ſo long their *King*) they ſeek to caſt of thus.
Five hundred rolling Years hath this ſtiff Nation ſtrove
To exhauſt the boundleſs ſtores of our unfathom'd *Love*.
Be't ſo then; yet once more are we reſolv'd to try
T' outweary them through all their *Sins variety*.
Aſſemble ten days hence the num'rous People here;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* ſhall bear.
Diſmiſs them now in Peace; but their next Crime ſhall bring
Ruin without redreſs on *Them*, and on their *King*.
The *Almighty* ſpoke; th' aſtoniſh'd People part
With various Stamps impreſt on every Heart.
Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no Thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.
1 Sam. 9. 1. There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis*, in *Gibeah* Town,
For *Wiſdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
Ib. v. 2. More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
Whom *Nature*, ere the *Lots*, t' a *Throne* did call.
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *whereſoe'er*
His Birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd, and *There*.
Such *Beauty*, as great *Strength* thinks no diſgrace,
Smil'd in the Manly features of his Face.
His large Black Eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful light,
Shot forth ſuch lively and *Illuſtrious Night*,
As the *Sun* Beams, on *Jet* reflecting ſhew,
His *Hair*, as Black, in long Curl'd waves did flow.
His Tall, ſtrait *Body* amidſt thouſands ſtood,
Like ſome fair *Pine* o'erlooking all th' ignobler *Wood*.
Of all our rural ſports he was the Pride;
So Swift, ſo Strong, ſo Dextrous none beſide.
Reſt was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Luſt* and *Game*;
No nat'ral wants could his fierce dil'gence tame,
Not *Thirſt*, nor *Hunger*; he would journeys go
Through raging *Heats*, and take repoſe in *Snow*.
His *Soul* was ne'er unbent from weighty Care;
25 But active as ſome *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
Nor ſtept aſide for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
Yet was He wiſe all Dangers to foreſee;
But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*.
His *Wit* was *Strong*, not *Fine*; and on his Tongue
An *Artleſs Grace* above all *Eloqu'nce* hung.
1 Sam. 9. 21. Ib. 10. v. 22. Theſe *Virtues* too the rich unuſual dreſs
Of *Modeſty* adorn'd and *Humbleneſs*.

Like

Like a rich *Varniſh* o'er fair *Pictures* laid,
More *freſh* and *laſting* they the *Colours* made.
Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No ſtop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no leſs his *Mind*,
Did *Deluge-like*, the nat'ral Forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monſters* in their place.
Forbid it, God, my *Maſters* ſpots ſhould be,
Were they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by me!
But ſuch he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So God diſpos'd) with a ſtrange, low intent.
Great God! he went loſt *Aſſes* to enquire, Ib. v. 8.
And a ſmall *Preſent* his ſmall queſtions hire,
Brought ſimply with him to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ns chief Gifts* he muſt receive,
Strange *Play* of *Fate*! when might'ſt human things
Hang on ſuch ſmall, *Imperceptible Strings!*
26 'Twas *Samuel*'s *Birth-day*, a glad annual Feaſt 1 Sam. 9.
All *Ramah* kept; *Samuel* his wond'ring Gueſt 12.
With ſuch reſpect leads to it, and does grace Ib. v. 22.
27 With the choice Meats o' th' Feaſt, and higheſt place. 22, 24.
Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings, Ib. v. 26.
And Feaſts his raviſht Ears with nobler things.
And tells the mighty *Fate* to him aſſign'd.
And with great rules fill'd his *capacious Mind*. 1 Sam. 10.
28 Then takes the ſacred *Vial*, and does ſhed 1.
A *Crown* of myſtick Drops around his Head.
Drops of that *Royal Moiſture* which does know
No Mixture, and diſdains the place below.
Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and with it brings 1 Sam. 10.
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his Wings. 17.
The People met, the Rites and Pray'rs all paſt,
Behold, the *Heav'n-inſtructed Lot* is caſt,
'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miſs;
Forth *Benjamin*; forth leaps the Houſe of *Cis*.
As glimm'ring *Stars* juſt at the approach of *Day*,
Caſheer'd by *Troops*, at laſt drop all away,
By ſuch Degrees all Men's bright hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Saul*'s *Lot* ſhines all alone.
Ev'n here perhaps the Peoples ſhout was heard,
The loud long ſhout when *God*'s fair choice appear'd.
Above the whole vaſt throng h' appear'd ſo tall,
30 As if by *Nature* made for th' *Head* of all.
So full of Grace and State, that one might know
31 'Twas ſome wiſe *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided ſo.
But blind unguided *Lot*'s have more of choice
And conſtancy than the ſlight *Vulgars voice*.
Ere yet the *Crown* of ſacred *Oyl* is dry,
Whil'ſt *Eccho*'s yet preſerve the joyful cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miſs,
Some envy *Saul*, ſome ſcorn the Houſe of *Cis*.
Some their firſt mut'nous wiſh, *A King*, repent,
As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by *God*'s *conſent*.
Few to this Prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.

Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is conſtant ſtill
To thoſe Eternal grounds, that mov'd his *Will*.
And tho' he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit
That ſtubborn Men at laſt to him ſubmit.

32 As midſt the Main a low ſmall *Iſland* lies,
Aſſaulted round with ſtormy *Seas* and *Skies*.
Whil'ſt the poor Heartleſs *Natives* ev'ry hour
Darkneſs and *Noiſe* ſeem ready to devour:
Such *Iſrael*'s ſtate appear'd, whilſt o'er the Weſt
Philiſtian Clouds hung threatning, and from th' Eaſt
All Nations wrath into one *Tempeſt* joins,
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Light'ning* ſhines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his aſſiſtence ſend,
33 And Waters too ſwoln *Jabot*'s *Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Seba*, *Amalec* add their force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia*'s *Horſe*.
And 'mongſt all theſe none more their hope or pride,
Than thoſe few Troops your Warlike Land ſupply'd.

1 Sam. 11. 1. Around weak *Jabes* this vaſt Hoſt does ly,
Diſdains a dry and *bloody Victory*.
The hopeleſs Town for *Slav'ry* does *intreat*,
But barbarous *Nahas* thinks that Grace too great.
Ib. v. 2. He (his firſt *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
35 And with their *Faces ſhame* diſarms their *Hands*.
Ver. 3. If unreliev'd ſev'n days by *Iſrael*'s aid,
This bargain for *o'er-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Iſrael* be
Quite *blind* it ſelf, e'er this reproach it *ſee*!
By his wanton People the new *King* forſook,
To homely rural Cares himſelf betook.
Ver. 5. In private plenty liv'd without the State,
Luſtre and Noiſe due to a publick fate.
Whilſt he his Slaves and Cattel follows home,
1 Sam. 11. 4. Lo the ſad Meſſengers from *Jabes* come,
Implore his Help, and weep as if they meant
That way at leaſt proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Ver. 7. Mov'd with a Kingly wrath, his ſtrict Command
He iſſues forth t' aſſemble all the Land.
Ver. 8. He threatens high, and diſobedient they
Wak'd by ſuch Princely terrors learnt t' obey.
A mighty Hoſt is rais'd; th' important cauſe
Age from their *Reſt*; *Youth*, from their *Pleaſure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurniſh'd *Haſt* could them provide.
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that ſupply'd.
All Night they march, and are at th' Early dawn
On *Jabes* Heath in three fair Bodies drawn.
2 Sam. 11. 11. *Saul* did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third Command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Saul*'s great Son,
I ſtop with him a while ere I go on.
This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautiful'ſt, and beſt of *Human Race*.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wiſhes can contain.

His

His *Courage* ſuch as it no ſtop can know,
And *Victory* gains by *'ſtoniſhing* the Foe.
With *Light'nings* force his Enemies it confounds,
And melts their *Hearts* ere it the *Boſom* wounds.
Yet he the *Conqu'red* with ſuch *Sweetneſs* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains.*
In *War* the adverſe Troops he does aſſail,
Like an impet'ous *ſtorm* of *Wind* and *Hail.*
In *Peace* like gentleſt *Dew* that does aſſwage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
Kind as the *Suns* bleſt *Influence*, and where e'er
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* ſeems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
To do much *Good* his *ſole Prerogative.*
And yet this gen'ral *Bounty* of his Mind,
That with wide Arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diff'rent meaſures all are ſatisfi'd. Exod. 16. 18.
Juſt as wiſe *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
To all *Relations* their juſt rights he pays,
And worths reward above its claim does raiſe.
The tend'reſt *Husband*, *Maſter*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all thoſe parts by 's *Friendſhip* far outdone.
His *Love* to *Friends* no bounds or rule does know,
What *He* to *Heav'n*, all that to *Him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed as his *Wit*:
His *Judgment*, like beſt *Armour*, ſtrong and fit.
And ſuch an *El'quence* to both theſe does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Uſe* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
As well he knows all *Times* and *Perſons* gone,
As he himſelf to th' *future* ſhall be known,
But his chief ſtudy is *God*'s ſacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'n,
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'n.*
And all theſe *Virtues* were to *Ripeneſs* grown,
E'er yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully *blown.*
All *Autumns* ſtore did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'diſe* he with *Fruit* was *born.*
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as ſome Men tell,
36 *Soul*'s form and build thoſe Manſions where they dwell;
Whoe'er but ſees his *Body* muſt confeſs,
The *Architect* no doubt could be no leſs.
From *Saul* his growth and Manly ſtrength he took,
Chaſtis'd by bright *Ahinoam*'s gentler look.
Not bright *Ahinoam*, Beauties lowdeſt Name, 1 Sam. 14. 50.
Till ſhe t' her *Children* loſt with joy her fame,
Had ſweeter ſtrokes, Colours more freſh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.
Forgive me, that I thus your Patience wrong,
And on this *boundleſs ſubject* ſtay ſo long.

Where too much haſte ever to *end* t' would be,
Did not his *Acts* ſpeak what's untold by *Me*.
Tho' from the time his Hands a Sword could wield,
He ne'er miſt *Fame* and *Danger* in the Field.
Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
Since *Saul*'s bright Crown gave luſtre to his worth.
'Twas the laſt Morning, whoſe unchearful riſe
Sad *Jabes* was to view with both their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* ſlept as in his Court,
And Dreamt, vain Main! Of that Days barb'rous ſport,
Till Noiſe and dreadful Tumults him awoke;
Till into 's *Camp* our violent *Army* broke.
The careleſs *Guards* with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd,
Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confuſion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal Duty does perform,
And marches boldly up t' out-face the ſtorm.
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he perſues
Th' *Arabian Horſe*, and a hot fight renews.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their ſtout *Colonels* fell.
'Twas here our *Victory* ſtopp'd, and gave us cauſe
Much to ſuſpect th' intention of her pauſe.
But when our thund'ring Prince *Nahas* eſpy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke through our Troops, and to'ards him boldly preſt,
A gen'rous Joy leap'd in his youthful Breaſt.
As when a wrathful *Dragon*'s diſmal light
Strikes ſuddenly ſome Warlike *Eagles ſight*.
The *mighty Foe* pleaſes his fearleſs Eyes,
He claps his joyful Wings, and at him flies.
With vain, tho' violent force, their Darts they flung;
In *Ammon*'s plated Belt, *Jonathan*'s hung,
And ſtopt there: *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off bore the proud Creſt from it.
Straight with their Swords to the fierce ſhock they came,
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* ſhot *Flame*.
Blows ſtrong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they dealt;
Which more than they th' engag'd *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* Force, in *Jonathan* Addreſs
(Tho' both were great in both to an exceſs,)
To the well-judging Eye did moſt appear;
Honour, and *Anger*, in both equal were.
Two Wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'd to feel, and ſham'd to ſee,
Did his whole ſtrength into one blow Collect;
And as a Spaniel, when we our Aim direct
To ſhoot ſome *Bird*, impatiently ſtands by
Shaking his Tail, ready with joy to fly,
Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded Prey;
So waited *Death* it ſelf to bear away
The threatned *Life*, did glad and greedy ſtand
At ſight of mighty *Ammon*'s lifted hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending ſav'd the wound,
But *Death* in other Coin his *reck'ning* found:

For

For whil'ſt th' *immod'rate* ſtrokes miſcarrying force
Had almoſt born the ſtriker from his Horſe,
A nimble thruſt, his active En'my made,
'Twixt his right ribs deep peirc'd the furious blade,
And opened wide thoſe *ſecret Veſſels*, where
37 *Life's Light* goes out, when firſt they let in *Air*.
He falls, his Armour Clanks againſt the ground,
From his faint Tongue *imperfect curſes* ſound.
His amaz'd Troops ſtraight caſt their Arms away:
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more ſwift than *they*.
As when two *Kings* of Neigbour *Hives* (whom rage
And thirſt of *Empire* in fierce Wars engage,
Whilſt each lays claim to th' *Garden* as his own,
And ſeeks t' uſurp the bord'ring Flowers alone,)
Their well-arm'd Troops, drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th' Airs wide plain diſpute their doubtful right.
If by ſad chance of battel either *King*
Fall wounded down, ſtrook with ſome fatal ſting,
His Armies hopes and Courage with him die;
They ſheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed flie.
On th' other ſides at once with like ſucceſs
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* preſs,
From *Jon'than*'s part a wild mixt noiſe they hear,
And whatſoe'er it mean long to be there;
At the ſame Inſtant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The haſty Troops march lowd and chearful down.
Some few at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
The reſt is *Slaughter*, and *vaſt Conqueſt* all.
The Fate by which our *Hoſt* thus far had gon,
Our *Hoſt* with noble heat drove farther on.
Victorious arms through *Ammon*'s Land it bore;
Ruin behind, and *Terror* march'd before.
Where ere from *Rabba*'s Towers they caſt their ſight,
Smoak Clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
This bright ſucceſs did *Saul*'s firſt Action bring,
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* leſs *Crown'd* him King.
The *Happy* all Men judge for Empire fit,
And none withſtands where *Fortune* does ſubmit.
Thoſe who before did God's fair choice withſtand, 1 Sam. 11. 12.
Th' *exceſſive Vulgar* now to death demand.
But wiſer *Saul* repeal'd their haſty doom; Ver. 13.
Conqueſt abroad with *Mercy* Crown'd at home.
Nor ſtain'd with civil ſlaughter that days Pride,
Which foreign Blood in *nobler purple* dy'd.
Again the Crown th' aſſembled People give, Ver. 15.
With greater joy than *Saul* could it receive.
Again, th' old *Judge* reſigns his ſacred place, 1 Sam. 12. 1.
God *Glorifi'd* with wonders his diſgrace.
With decent Pride, ſuch as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*,
The long-paſt row of happy Years he ſhew'd,
Which to his Heav'nly Government they ow'd.
How the torn ſtate his juſt and prudent Reign
Reſtor'd to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.

In

In War what Conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral* when they fought.
Whom they *depos'd* with *him*. And that (ſaid he,)
You may ſee *God* concern'd in't more than *Me*,
Behold how Storms his angry Preſence ſhrowd.
Hark how his Wrath in thunder Threats aloud.
'Twas now the ripen'd *Summer*'s higheſt rage,
Which no faint Cloud durſt Mediate to aſſwage.
Th' *Earth* hot with *Thirſt*, and hot with *Luſt* for *Rain*,
Gap'd, and breath'd Feeble vapours up in vain,
Which ſtraight were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th' Sun;
When, Lo, ere ſcarce the *Active Speech* was done,
A vi'lent *Wind* roſe from his *ſecret Cave*,
And Troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilſt with rude haſt the confus'd *Tempeſt* crouds,
Swift dreadful Flames ſhot through th' encountring Clouds,
From whoſe torn Womb th' impriſon'd *Thunder* broke,
And in dire ſounds the *Prophet*'s ſenſe it ſpoke.
Such an impet'ous ſhower it downwards ſent,
As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
Were all let looſe; *Horrour* and fearful Noiſe
Fill'd the Black *Scene*; till the great *Prophet*'s Voice,
Swift as the Wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain*, and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
1 Sam. 12. 20. Fear not (ſaid he,) *God* his fierce Wrath removes,
And tho' this *State* my ſervice diſapproves,
My *Prayers* ſhall ſerve it conſtantly: No more
I hope a Pardon for paſt Sins t' implore,
But juſt rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
On the good deeds of you and of *our King*.
Behold him there! And as you ſee, rejoice
In the kind care of *God*'s impartial choice.
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit!
The *Honour*, Heav'n has Cloath'd him with, ſits *fit*
And comely on him; ſince you needs muſt be
Rul'd by a *King*, you 're happy that 'tis *He*.
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*,
And both for *God*-----
Whoſe gentleſt Yoke if once you caſt away,
In vain ſhall *he* Command, and *you* obey.
To Foreign *Tyrants* both ſhall *Slaves* become,
Ib. v. 25. Inſtead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.
The *Crown* thus ſeveral ways confirm'd to *Saul*,
One way was wanting yet to *Crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *Worth* does gain.
1 Sam. 13. 2. Three thouſand *Guards* of big, bold Men he took;
Tall, Terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look*;
His ſacred Perſon too and Throne defend,
The third on matchleſs *Jonathan* attend.
O'er whoſe full Thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.

On *Geba* firſt, where a *Philiſtian* band, 1 Sam. 13. 2.
Lies and around torments the *fetter'd land*,
He falls, and ſlaughters all; his noble rage
Mixt with *Deſign* his Nation to engage
In that juſt *War*, which from them long in vain
Honour and *Freedom* Voice had ſtrove t' obtain. Ib. v. 5.
Th' accurſt *Philiſtian* rows'd with this bold blow,
All the proud marks of *ſtrung'd Power* does ſhew,
Raiſes a vaſt, well-arm'd, and glittering Hoſt,
If human ſtrength might Authorize a boaſt,
Their threats had reaſon here; for ne'er did we
Ourſelves ſo weak, or Foe ſo potent ſee.
Here we vaſt Bodies of their *Foot* eſpy,
The *Rear* out-reaches far th' *extended Eye*.
Like Fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons ſtand;
As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
Here with ſharp Neighs the Warlike *Horſes* ſound;
38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
39 Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand *Chariots* paſs
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Braſs.
About it Forks, Axes, and Sithes, and Spears.
Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mowes,
And with lop'd panting Limbs the Field beſtrows.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* die; Ib. v. 5;
Neither can *they reſiſt*, nor can *theſe flie*. Ver. 7.
In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;
Saul in much different ſtate at *Gilgal* lay.
His forces ſeem'd no *Army*, but a *Croud*,
Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and loud.
The quick *Contagion Fear* ran ſwift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th' infected fall.
Saul, and his *Son* (for no ſuch faint *Diſeaſe*
Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd *Valour* ſeize,)
In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* ſhew'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'rous words beſtow'd.
Thouſands from thence fly ſcattered ev'ry day;
Thick as the Leaves that ſhake and drop away,
When they th' approach of ſtormy *Winter* find
The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to th' *Wind*.
Some to ſad *Jordan* fly, and ſwim't for haſt,
And from his farther Bank look back at laſt.
Some into Woods and Caves their Cattle drive,
There with their *Beaſts* on *equal* terms they live,
Nor deſerve *better*; ſome in Rocks on high,
The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* lie:
And were they Wing'd like them, ſcarce would they dare
To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafty there.
As th' Hoſt with fear, ſo *Saul* diſturb'd with care, Ib. 8
T' avert theſe ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
And *God*'s bleſt Will t' enquire, for *Samuel* ſends!
Whom he ſix days with troubled haſt attends.
But ere the ſeventh unlucky Day (the laſt
By *Samuel* ſet for this great Work,) was paſt,

Saul

Saul (alarum'd hourly from the Neighb'ring Foe,
Impatient ere God's time God's mind to know,
Sham'd and enrag'd to see his Troops decay,
Jealons of an affront in *Samuel*'s stay,
Scorning that any 's presence should appear
Needful besides, when *He himself* was there;
And with a Pride too natural, thinking Heaven
Had given him *All*, because *much Power* t' had giv'n,)
Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offrings* made,
40 Himself did th' high *selected charge* invade,
Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spake nought;
But *Samuel* straight his dreadful Answer brought.
For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
As was *Saul*'s *sin*, the fatal Message told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to Heav'n he chid,
To pluck that *Fruit*, which was alone *forbid*,
To Kingly Power in all that Plenteous land,
Where all things else submit to his Command.
And as fair *Eden*'s violated *Tree*
T' *Immortal Man* brought in *Mortality*:
So shall that *Crown*, which God Eternal meant,
1 Sam. From thee (said he) and thy great House be rent,
13. 14. Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
And give th' *Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind Heav'n (we hope)
(Whose threats and anger know no other scope
But *Man*'s *Amendment*,) does long since relent,
And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*.
Howere (tho' none more pray for this than we
Whose wrongs and sufferings might some Colour be
To do it *less*, (this Speech we sadly find
Still extant, and still active in his Mind.
But then a worse effect of it appear'd;
Our *Army* which before *modestly* fear'd,
Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
Disbanded now, and fled in Troops away.
Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuse and Colour it can shew.
Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely train)*
1 Sam. Of all his Host with distrest *Saul* remain,
13. 25. Of his whole Host six hundred; and ev'n those
41 (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose,
Nor would, that useless *Multitudes* should share
In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare,)
Arm'd not like *Soldiers* marching in a War,
Ib. v. 19. But Country *Hinds* alarum'd from afar
20, 21. By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known sound
Raises th' affrighted Villages around.
Some Goads, Flails, Plough-shares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for *Lifes* use and better ends before;
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
42 I' th' Fire, the first rude Arts that *Malice* try'd,
E'er Man the Sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.

Such

Such were the *Numbers*, ſuch the *Arms*, which we
Had by Fate left us for a *Victory*
O'er *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Uſeful it ſelf, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas juſt the time, when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moiſt World unvail to human ſight.
The *Prince*, who all that Night the Field had beat
With a ſmall Party, and no En'my met,
(So proud and ſo ſecure the En'my lay,
And drencht in *ſleep* th' exceſſes of the *day*,)
With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
The ſtrength and order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'rous purpoſe knew;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comly Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whoſe love t' his *Maſter* did exceed
What *Natures Law*, or *Paſſions Power* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend,
His humbleſt *Servant*, and his deareſt *Friend*, 1 Sam. 14. 1.
They went, but ſacred fury, as they went,
Chang'd ſwiftly, and *exalted* his Intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth,) I find,
God or ſome powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
From ought but *Heaven* can never ſure be brought
So high, ſo glorious, and ſo vaſt a Thought.
Nor would *ill Fate*, that meant me to ſurpriſe,
Come Cloath'd in ſo unlikely a *Diſguiſe*.
Yon *Hoſt*, which its proud *Fiſhes* ſpreads ſo wide,
O'er the whole Land, like ſome ſwoln *Rivers Tyde*,
Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
Which lies ſo ſtrongly 'ncampt, that one would ſay
The *Hill* might be remov'd as ſoon as *they*,
We two alone muſt *fight* with and *defeat*;
Thou'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a *ſound* ſo great,
Yet we muſt do't; God our weak hands has choſe
T' aſhame the boaſted numbers of our Foes,
Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be,
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternity*.
If when their careleſs *Guards* eſpy us here,
With ſportful ſcorn they call t' us to come neer,
We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
Not *They*, but *Iſrael*'s *Angel* gives the call. 1 Sam. 14. 9.
He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke, a *Light* divine
44 Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* ſhine;
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
Leſs ſeem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.
This ſaw, and heard with joy the brave *Eſquire*,
As he with *God*'s, fill'd with his *Maſters Fire*.
Forbid it Heav'n (ſaid he,) I ſhould decline,
Or wiſh, (Sir,) not to make *your* danger *mine*. 1 Sam. 14. 7.

The great *Example* which I daily see
Of your high Worth is not so lost on me;
If wonder-strook I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breast *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name*.
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.
But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
So high Thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*.
Bright signs through all your Words and Looks are spread,
A rising *Vict'ry* dawns around your Head.
With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
Lo to the fatal place and work they came.
Strongly encampt on a steep *Hill*'s large head,
Ib. v. 4. Like some vast wood the mighty *Host* was spread,
Th' only access on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s side,
An hard and narrow way, which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themselves, and their big *strangness* fam'd,
More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* day;
On both their points *Philistian* out-guards lay:
From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd;
And, Lo! the *Hebrews*! proud *Elcanor* cry'd;
From *Senes* top; Lo, from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here sends them to their Graves,
Come up (aloud he crys to them below,)
Y' *Egyptians Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The Rebel lives long since t' our *Justice* due;
Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *God-like Vertues* high Command.
It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
With *pain* and *labour haste* and *joy* they went.
Elcanor laught to see them climb, and thought
His mighty words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
Did new Affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his sport; for swift as *Thunder* stroke
Rives the frail Trunk of some Heav'n-threatning *Oak*,
The Prince's Sword did his proud Head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either side.
Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,
Which *Abdon* snatcht, and dy'd it in the Blood
Of an *amazed Wretch* that next him stood.
Some close to Earth shaking and groveling lie,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.
Some wonder-strook stand fixt; some fly, some arm
Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alar'm*.
45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *Works* withstood:
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th' opposing hill,
Does all around with noise and ruin fill.

Like

Like some large *Arm* of which another way
Abdon o'erflows; him too no *bank* can stay.
With cries th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
Behind the following *Waters* loudly roar,
Twenty at least slain on this Out-guard lie, 1 Sam.
To th' adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly, 14. 14.
And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into 't bear
Blind terrour, *deaf disorder*, *helpless fear*.
The *Conqu'ror*'s too press boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
Hamgar at first, the Prince of *Ashdod* Town, 1 Sam.
46 Chief 'mongst the *Five* in riches and renown, 6. 4.
And *General* then by course oppos'd their way,
Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathan*'s feet he lay,
And curst the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground;
47 His *Life* for ever spilt *stain'd* all the grass around.
His *Brother* too, who virtuous hast did make
His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls grov'ling o'er his Trunk, on Mother Earth;
Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *Birth*.
Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdon*'s restless Sword
Dispatcht the following Train t' attend their *Lord*.
On still o'er panting Corps great *Jonathan* led;
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thousands fled*.
Prodigious Prince! Which does most wondrous Shew,
Th' *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* Thy *Fate*, or *Thou*!
Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
With purpose not to *Die* but to *Prevail*!
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright
Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.
If Heav'n to Men such mighty Thoughts would give,
What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
The vast *Infusion*? Or what *Soul* but *Thine*
Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine*?
Thou follow'dst Heav'n in the *Design*, and we
Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'n* that follow'd *Thee*.
Thou led'st on *Angels*, and that sacred Band 1 Sam.
(The *De'ties* great *Lieut'nant*,) didst command. 14. 15.
'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,
And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.
48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweets of Death*,)
The Voice of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds* Breath:
The Flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The smoaks that from scorch'd *Feavers Ovens* rise,
The Reddest Fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodom*'s Neighb'ring *Lake* did Spir'ts bestow
Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horrour*, and all mingled shut
Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t' enflame it more,
And make th' enraged *Prisoner* lowder roar.
Th' assembled *Clouds*, burst o'er their Armies head;
Noise, Darkness, dismal Light'nings round them spread.

Another *Spir't* with a more potent Wand
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moſes*'s hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* ſtrook;
The *Mountain* felt it, the vaſt *Mountain* ſhook.
Through the wide Air another *Angel* flew
About their Hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
Diſcord, Deſpair, Confuſion, Fear, Miſtake;
And all th' *Ingredients* that ſwift ruin make.
The fertile Glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.
One would have thought, this diſmal day t' have ſeen,
That *Natures* ſelf in her *Death-pangs* had been,
Such will the face of that great Hour appear;
Such the diſtracted *Sinners* conſcious fear.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard, unheaded, trodden down they lie,
Beneath the wretched feet of Crouds that fly.
O'er their own *Foot* trampled the vi'lent Horſe.
The guidleſs *Chariots* with impet'ous courſe
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horſes, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
Some from the Rocks caſt themſelves down headlong,
The faint weak *Paſſion* grows ſo bold and ſtrong.
To almoſt certain preſent *death* they fly
From a remote and cauſeleſs fear to *dy*.
Much diff'rent Error did ſome Troops poſſeſs;
1 Sam. 14. 20. And *Madneſs* that look'd better, tho' no leſs.
Their fellow Troops for th' enter'd Foe they take;
And *Iſra'l*'s War with mutual ſlaughter make.
Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view,
Ib. v. 16. And hear the thick'ning *Tumult* as it grew
Still great and loud; and tho' he knows not why
They fled, no more than they themſelves that fly;
Yet by the ſtorms and terrors of the air,
Gueſſes ſome vengeful *Sp'rits* working there;
Obeys the loud occaſions ſacred call,
And fiercely on the trembling Hoſt does fall.
At the ſame time their *Slaves* and *Priſoners* riſe;
Ib. 21. Nor does their much-wiſh'd *Liberty* ſuffice
Without *Revenge*; the ſcatter'd Arms they ſeize,
And their proud vengeance with the *memory* pleaſe
Of who ſo lately bore them; All about
Ib. v. 22. From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* iſſue out
At the glad noiſe; joy'd that their Foes had ſhewn
A Fear that drowns the ſcandal of *their own*.
Still did the Prince 'midſt all this ſtorm appear,
Still ſcatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied Swords;
Still ſlaughter new ſupplies to his hand affords.
Where Troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
And till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to *perſue*.
All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
Th' inſatiate *Conqu'ror* was more ſwift to kill

Than

Than they to ſave their Lives. Till, lo! at laſt,
Nature, whoſe Power he had ſo long ſurpaſt,
Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger Foes,
Drought, Faintneſs, and fierce Hunger did oppoſe.
Reeking all o'er in duſt, and blood, and ſweat,
Burnt with the *Sun*'s and *violent Actions* heat,
'Gainſt an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he ſtaid,
For ſome ſhort eaſe; *Fate* in th' old Oak had laid
Proviſions up for his relief; and Lo! 1 Sam. 14.
The hollow Trunk did with bright *Honey* flow. 27.
With timely food his decay'd Sp'rits recruit;
Strong he returns, and freſh to the perſuit,
His ſtrength and Sp'rits the Honey did reſtore;
But, on, the *bitter-ſweet* ſtrange *poiſon* bore!
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous fate*,
That does ſo cloſe on humane glories wait!
Behold the ſtrong, and yet *Fantaſtick Net*
T' enſnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly ſet!
Could it before ſcarce can it ſince,) be thought,
The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought
A *Duel* with an *Hoſt*, had th' *Hoſt* overthrown,
And threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with *One*;
Waſht off his Countrys ſhame, and doubly dy'd
In *Blood* and *Bluſhes* the *Philiſtian* pride,
Had ſav'd and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ring Crown,
And the bright *Gold* new *burniſht* with renown,
Should be e'er night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to Death?
Deſtin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks Himſelf* for his own *Victory*?
Alone with various fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Hoſt*, *Dying*, an *Hecatombe?*
Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe—— 1 Sam. 14
For *Saul*, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might 24
(In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to fight,)
His hungry Men from the perſuit diſſuade;
A raſh, but ſolemn, vow to Heav'n had made.
Curſt be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be,
Who ſhall touch food this buſie day (ſaid he,)
Whilſt the bleſt Sun does with his favo'ring light
Aſſiſt our vengeful Swords againſt their flight.
Be he thrice curſt; and if his Life we ſpare,
On *us* thoſe *Curſes* fall that *he* ſhould bear.
Such was the *Kings* raſh Vow; who little thought
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
To *two-edg'd Oath* wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
Ev'n *Perjury* its leaſt and bluntеſt ſtroke.
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,
His own Victorious *Son* that he devov'd;
On whoſe bright head the baleful *Curſes* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their ſetling there;
49 They with *brute* ſound diſſolv'd into the Air.

Him

Him what *Religion*, or what *Vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, till h' his Life did find
Entangled in't? Whilſt *Wonders* he did do
Muſt he die now for not b'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and ſaid;
He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.
What could his Crime in this Condition be,
Excus'd by *Ign'rance* and *Neceſſity*?
Yet the remorſeleſs *King*, who did diſdain
That Man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
Tho' 'gainſt *himſelf*; or *fate* a way ſhould ſee
By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compaſſion*, female *weakneſs* here,
And *Equity Injuſtice* would appear
In his own *Cauſe*; who falſely fear'd beſide
The ſolemn Curſe on *Jon'than* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangrene* o'er all *Iſra'l* ſtray;
Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *raſh* vow more *raſhly* to *fulfil*.
What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
Which on all *Iſrael* that ſad momet fell?
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their Tears,
Had the *Philiſtian* fate that day been theirs.
Not *Saul*'s proud heart could maſter his ſwoln Eye;
The *Prince* alone ſtood mild and patient by,
So bright his ſufferings, ſo triumphant, ſhew'd,
Leſs to the *beſt* than *worſt* of fates he ow'd.
A victory now he o'er *himſelf* might boaſt;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'ror* of an *Hoſt*.
It charm'd *through Tears* the ſad Spectators ſight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite
And pious rage, with which inſpir'd they now
Oppoſe to *Saul*'s a better publick *Vow*.
They all conſent all *Iſrael* ought to be
Accurſt and kill'd themſelves rather than *He*.
Thus with kind force they the glad King withſtood,
And ſav'd their *wond'rous Saviour*'s ſacred blood.

1 Sam. 14. 45. Thus *David* ſpoke; and much did yet remain
Behind th' attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba*'s War, for what befel
Ib. v. 47. In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
The boundleſs quarrel with curſt *Amalec*'s land;
1 Sam. 15. 3. Where *Heav'n* it ſelf did *Cruelty* command
And practis'd on *Saul*'s *Mercy*, nor did e'er
Ib. 23. More puniſh *Inn'cent Blood*, than *pity* there.
But, Lo! Th' arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
Well-choſen and well furniſh'd for the Chaſe.

Notes

Notes upon the *Fourth Book.*

1 THat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it ſelf* (which Worſhip is moſt notorious to have been uſed all over the Eaſt,) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* ſtanding upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared, that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal-Peor* a ſirname, from a particular place of his Worſhip. To which I meet with the oppoſition of a great Perſon, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal-Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris. Synt.* j. *c.* 5.) building it upon the Authority of the 105. (according to our Engliſh Tranſlation the 106.) Pſal. v. 20. *They joined themſelves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he underſtands to be *Juſta*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in Memory of the *Dead*, *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? It being uſual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen *Gods*, as this very *Baal-Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13. *&c.* that is, *Blindneſs*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World? Or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of Men to him; for *Baal* is the ſame *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had ſometimes, though not ſo conſtantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However theſe Verſes will agree as well with Mr. *Selden*'s interpretation; for then the ſenſe of them will be, that he bow'd firſt to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

2 *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3 *White-Horſes* were moſt in eſteem among the Ancients; ſuch were thoſe Conſecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them Διὸς ἵπποι *Jupiter's-Horſes*, which is the ſame. This was the reaſon, that *Camillus* contracted ſo much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horſes*, as a thing *Inſolent* and *Prophane*, *Maxime conſpectus ipſe eſt, curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus, parumq; id non civile modo ſed humanum etiam viſum, Jovis Soliſq; equis æquiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam trahebant. Liv.* Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am. *Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.*

Vir. 12. *Fungit equos, gaudetq; tuens ante ora frementes*
Qui candore Nives anteirent curſibus aurus.

In which he imitates *Homer*. Λευκότριχε χθονὸς, θοὴν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοίω.

4 *Their ſide*. Scal. l. 5. Poet. ſays, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*, which he collects out of ſome places in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

Illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſq; Deas ſupereminet omnes.

Æn. 4. of Apollo, *Telaſonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetra*——

Yet I am afraid the obſervation is not ſolid; for Æn. 5. ſpeaking of the Troop of *Aſcanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a ſafe word.

5 Θεοείκελ', Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a Beautiful Perſon.

6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*; but not only that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was called ſo too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul anſwered and ſaid, Am not I a Benjamite, of the ſmalleſt of the Tribes of Iſrael; and my family the leaſt of all the families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then ſpeakeſt thou ſo to me?*

8 Joſh. 4. 14. *From the wilderneſs and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, ſhall be your coaſt.* This was fulfill'd all ways but Eaſtward, for their Dominion never reach'd to *Euphrates*; and it was but juſt fulfilled to the Letter, Weſtward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Weſtern Main*. Their own Sins were the cauſe, which made God preſerve for thorns in their ſides thoſe Nations which he had conditionally promis'd to root out. It is true, they went Eaſtward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in accounts (as preſently where I ſay but *Thirty Kings*) may beleſt out. *Jordan* is the moſt noble and notorious *Boundary*.

9 For all the wickedneſſes and diſorders that we read of, during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King*. *And in thoſe days there was no King in Iſrael.*

10 For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almoſt extirpated, from whence *Saul* the the firſt King deſcended. *David* ſays, *Kings*, as ſeeming to ſuppoſe that *Saul*'s *Sons* were to ſucceed him.

11 In *Eli*, who deſcended from *Ithamar*, the youngeſt Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High-Prieſthood had continued in *Eleazar* the Elder Brother's Race. This was the ſucceſſion, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abiſua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger Houſe came in. In which it continued till *Solomon*'s time.

12 The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magiſtrates*, as in the famous Prophecy, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet, till the Shilo come.*

13 There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more ſeveral Opinions than the time of *Saul* and *Samuel*'s Reign. This I will take in the firſt place for granted, that the 40 years aſſigned by St. *Paul* (Act. 13. 20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuel's Judicature*; for elſe there would be found more than 480 Years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomon*'s *Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young Man when he was *elected*; beſides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is ſaid to ſlay *Goliah*. We are therefore to ſeek how to divide thoſe 40 years between

Samuel

Samuel and *Saul*. *Josephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel* and 20 after his death. Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Kiriath-jearim* before *Saul*'s Reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calvisius* 15. *Petavius* 12. some 11. *Bucolcer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have Reigned but two Years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan. Mercator*, *Adricom*, &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cum regnare cœpisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; which others understand to be three years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spatio tenuit imperium*; which Opinion seems to me extremely improbable. 1. Because we cannot well crowd all *Saul*'s actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about 29 years old when he slew *Goliah*; for he began to Reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Kiriath-jearim*. 4. The Text, whereon this is built, doth not import it, for it signifies no more, than that he had Reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guards*. Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two over Israel, he chose him* 3000 *Men*, &c. To determine punctually how long he Reigned, it's impossible; but I shall guess about 10 Years, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old, (a fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years of the Ark's abiding at *Kiriath-jearim* will be handsomly made up, to wit, three years before *Saul*'s anointing, and 10 during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was *King* at *Hebron*. So that of the 40 assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14 For first, The *Israelites* knew they were to be governed at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great disorders and afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this Remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King; and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuse *Abimelech*.

15 See *Moses* his Prophesie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham God* himself says, *Gen.* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

16 It is a vile Opinion of those Men and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right* of *Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this Place. Neither did the People of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the assumption of such a Power, as appears by the story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, than their *Practice* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to Marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the case with the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoyned so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another *particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it.

17 The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such Reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the reason of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, because other Names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no Body knows how to pronounce it,) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* says, *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Josephus* call *this Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα: The *Sacred Letters*; and Πρόσρησιν ἣν ἔξεστι μόνοις θεοῖς φωνεῖν, A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to speak; and again, Τὸ φρικτὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God*. Stat.

Triplicis mundi summum, quem scire Nefastum est.
Whose Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his fellow *Ambassadors* from the *Jews*. You (said *Caligula* to them,) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *me* to be *One*, who am received for such by all the rest of the World: But by the God that you dare not name (ὃν οὐκ ὀνομάζομεν ὑμῖν) and then lifting up his hands to Heaven, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* so much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had something like this Custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; lest the Enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by Charms draw him away. And in their solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deities proper name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18 The *Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou shalt take the Anointing Oyl, and Anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and shalt hallow it, and the Vessels therein; and it shall be holy.*

19 The *Bells* upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exod.* 38. 25.

20 There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain, that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Judge*; as St. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest Error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but only a *Levite*; of the Race of *Isahar*, the Younger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the succession of *Priests*, 1 Chron. 6. It will be therefore ask'd, Why I make him here perform the Office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits*? For the first, it is plain by the story, that he did often do the duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to Celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *Function*; nay I believe, the Function could not be well exercised without the Habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and look'd upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophecy*, and *Miracles*, without which singular Testimonies from God we know that in later times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiphas*.

Well-

21 *Well-cut Diadem: i. e.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holineſs to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

22 This *Breaſt-plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογεῖον τῆς κρίσεως. The *Oracle* of *Judgments*, becauſe whenſoever the *High-Prieſt* conſulted God, he was to have it upon his Breaſt. The Deſcription of it, and the Stones in it, ſee *Exod.* 28. 15. Theſe *Stones* ſo engraven, and diſpoſed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummin* mentioned Verſe 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latine*; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις. *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ ἀπόδειξις, *Truth* and *Demonſtration*; as the *Septuagint*: All which ſignifie no more than *Truth* and *manifeſtation*, or the *Manifeſtation of Truth by thoſe Stones*; which ſome ſay, was by the ſhining of thoſe particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up ſome Words or Word to Anſwer the Queſtion propounded. Others, that when the Stones ſhone very brightly, it implyed an *Affirmative* to the Queſtion; and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various Anſwer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Prieſt*'s underſtanding, making him ſpeak as God's Organ or *Oracle*, (as the *Devil* is believed to have inſpired *Sybils* and *Pythian Prieſts*,) or by an audible Voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which later way I take here, as moſt proper for *Poetry*.

23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 Sam. 19. 2 Sam. 22. 7. Pſalm. 18. 3. *Joſephus* terms it ναὸν μεταφερόμενον, *A Moveable Temple* —— *The Temples bright third Heaven* —— The Tabernacle being Gods ſeat upon Earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens, which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three parts, to ſignifie the ſame diviſion of the Heavens in Scripture-phraſe. The firſt was the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices were ſlain and conſumed by Fire, to repreſent the whole ſpace from the Earth up to the Moon, (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*,) where all things are ſubject to Corruption. The ſecond was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy-Place*, wherein ſtood the Altar of *Incenſe*, to repreſent all that ſpace above, which is poſſeſt by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holieſt Place*, to repreſent the third Heaven, (ſpoken of by St. *Paul*,) which is the Dwelling-place of God, and his *Cherubims* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing, but this ſimilitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

24 In all Times and Countrys it hath been counted a certain ſign of the diſpleaſure of the Deity to whom they ſacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyeſt.*

Et ipſe fumus triſtis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, ſeq; in excelſum levans
Ipſos Penates nube deformi obſidet.

And a little after,

Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25 According to the old ſenſeleſs Opinion, that the Heavens were divided into ſeveral *Orbes* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was aſſigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-Horſe*, as *Scaliger* ſays,) to all Eternity.

26 How came it to paſs, that *Samuel* would make a ſolemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? Which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* Anſwers, firſt, that by reaſon of the ſeveral Removes of the Tabernacles in thoſe times, Men were allowed to Sacrifice in ſeveral places. Secondly, that the Authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not ſaid in the Text, that it was *Samuel*'s *Birth-Day*; but that is an innocent Addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuel*'s uſual Reſidence.

27 A choice part of the Meat, (for we hear nothing of ſeveral *Courſes*,) namely the *Shoulder*. The *left Shoulder*, (*Grotius* obſerves) for the *right* belonged to the *Prieſt*, Levit. 7. 32. This *Joſephus* terms μερὶς βασιλικὴ, The *Princely Portion*. The Men over-ſubtil in *Alluſions* think this part was choſen to ſignifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his ſhoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* ſays, that *Joſeph* ſent a part of the *Breaſt* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *Hearty* affection. Theſe are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not deſpiſe ſometimes as odd *Alluſions*.

In old time, even at Feaſts Men did not eat of Diſhes in common amongſt them, but every one had his *Portion*; which *Plut.* calls, Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerick Feaſts*; becauſe *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat ſo, with whom the better Men had always the moſt Commons. Ajax, νάτοισι μηκεάων γεγάρετο, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more Meat and more Cups of drink ſet before him; of which ſee *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who ſays likewiſe, that δαὶς a Feaſt, comes ἀπὸ δαίσεως, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it ſo often, δαῖτα ἐΐσην.

28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with other liquor ſtill gets upermoſt, is perhaps one of the chiefeſt *Significancies* in the *Ceremony* of *Anointing Prieſts*.

29 *The Kingly-day.* The day for election of a *King*, which cauſes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *from the Beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings*. Almoſt all great Changes in the World are uſed as *Marks* for ſeparation of Times.

30 In many Countrys it was the Cuſtom to chuſe their *Kings* for the Comelineſs and Majeſty of their *Perſons*; as *Ariſtotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was choſen *Emperor* by the Roman Souldiers at firſt ſight of him, for his extraordinary Beauty. *Eurip.* ſays finely, Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a Countenance that deſerved a Kingdome.

31 *Ariſtotle* ſays, *l.* 6. *Pol.* That it was a popular Inſtitution to chuſe Governours by *Lots*. But Lots left purely in the hand of Fortune would be ſure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be ſuppoſed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who uſed this Cuſtom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods. *Prieſts* were likewiſe ſo choſen.

Laocoon ductus Neptuni ſorte ſacerdos.

32 This, *Seneca in Tr.* ſays, was the caſe of *Ithaca*.

Et putat mergi ſua poſſe pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33 *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*.

34 *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Deſert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy*.

35 For ſome conceive, that the reaſon of this extravagant demand of *Nahas* was to diſable them from ſhooting.

36 It was *Themiſtius* his ſaying that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling-place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the Womb to any thing ſo reaſonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Ariſtotle*'s Opinion, for he ſays, *Semen eſt artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer*. And though we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Grecian* time; yet it is to be ſuppoſed, that Wiſe Men, in and before *David*'s Days, had the ſame kind of Opinions and Diſcourſes in all points of *Philoſophy*.

37 In alluſion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out aſſoon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and Air let in. We read not (I think,) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at leaſt ſay ſo in verſe,) that it came from the *Eaſtern-parts*, where there was ſo infinite expence and curioſity beſtowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Nahas* was ſlain in this Battle, I have *Joſephus* his Authority; that *Jonathan* ſlew him, is a *Stroke* of *Poetry*.

38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verſe,

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

39 The Text ſays, *Thirty thouſand Chariots*; which is too many for ſix thouſand *Horſe*. I have not the confidence to ſay, *Thirty thouſand* in *Verſe*. *Grotius* believes it ſhould be read Three Thouſand. Figures were often miſtaken in old *Manuſcripts*, and this may be ſuſpected in ſeveral places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture.

40 I confeſs I incline to believe, that it was not ſo much *Saul*'s invaſion of the *Prieſtly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himſelf (for in ſome caſes (and the caſe here was very extraordinary,) it is probable he might have done that,) as his diſobedience to God's command by *Samuel*, that he ſhould ſtay *ſeven days*, which was the Sin ſo ſeverely puniſh'd in him. Yet I follow here the more common nion, as more proper for my purpoſe.

41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. *So it came to paſs in the day of battle, that there was neither ſword nor ſpear found in the hands of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found*, &c. And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Iſrael.* But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the People could be without Arms, after their late great Victories over the *Philiſtines* and *Ammonites*; but that theſe ſix hundred by God's Appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifeſtation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by ſo ſmall and ſo ill-provided a Party; as in the ſtory of *Gideon*, God ſo diſpoſed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thouſand lapped the Water out of their hands, becauſe (ſays he,) the People are yet to many.

42 At firſt Men had no other Weapons but their *Hands*, &c.

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs, *Stipitibus duris agitur ſudibuſq; præuſtis.*

And at laſt, Iron, *Tum ferri rigor*, &c.

Tum variæ venere artes, &c.

Hic torre armatus aduſto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the Coaſt of which the whole Country of the *Philiſtines* lies, and contains but very few Miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyſſ.

Τὸν δ' Ἀθηναίη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα
Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, κὰδδε κάρηϊ
Οὖλας ἦκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἀμπέδιον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμάρρῳ, ὃς τ' ὄκρη ῥέον ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ γεφύραι ἐεμβάλλαι ἰσχανόωσιν
Οὔτ' ἄρα ἕρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθηλέων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαίφνης ὅτ' ἐπείγεται Διὸς ὄμβρος
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κατήριπε καλ' ἀίζηων.

And in the 13 *Il.* there is an excellent compariſon of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. ſo that it ſeems he pleaſed himſelf much with the ſimilitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cum ſpumeus amnis.
Exiit, &c.

And in ſeveral other places.

46 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philiſtines.*

47 His *Blood*. *Moſes* ſays often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reaſon for the Precept not to eat Blood. Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49 *Brute*. That ſignified nothing. So Thunders, from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognoſtications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute* Beaſts, whoſe ſounds are inarticulate.

DAVI-

DAVIDEIDOS
LIBER PRIMUS.

Authore A. COWLEY.

BElla cano, fatique vices, *Regémque* potentem
Murato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæia* geſſit
Rex olim & *Vates*; *duo maxima munera cœli*;
Multa priùs tulit immotâ diſcrimina mente
Et *Sauli* & *Satanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.
Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna ſuum; nec *pulſa quievit.*
Aſt illam *Virtus* tandem indefeſſa domavit,
Et populos latè fudit, gentéſque rebelles
Nequicquam numeris & magno milite ſævas.
Hi *Bello*, hic ipſo *Bellorum Numine* fretus.
At Tu, *Jeſſæi* qui ſanguinis *Author* & *Hæres*,
Bethlemiæ intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Haſtâ omnipotentibus* armis,
Ipſam (ſic viſum eſt) potuiſti *occidere Mortem*,
Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amiſſos divinæ Lucis honores:
Qui nunc ipſe ſedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sidera* calcas,
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito ſuffuſa rubore
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undiq; fluxit,
Ut pretioſa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*,)
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus ſidere flammæ:
Tu, precor, ô! ſanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jeſſiden Jeſſidæ* carmine magno,
Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Miniſtra*,
Iſacidûm longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite greſſus,
Producátque ſacræ non trita per avia *famæ*.
En ſanctos manibus puris ut ſumeret *Ignes*
Veſtalem ſe *Muſa* facit; benè libera curis,
Libera deliciiſque jociſque & amore profano
Conſecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos
Ecce opus hoc ſolidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
Templum ingens ſtatuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quô te plaudentibus alis
Muſa vocat, ſanctos *Cheruborum* imitata receſſus.
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomonia Templa*,
Regis Idumæi cedent, ſat tempore longo
Quæ finxêre ſibi coluêre *Idola Camanæ*:
Sed, *Tu* me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâſti,
Et novus inſolito percuſſus lumine *Paulus*,

Prodeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,
Et *Phœbum* ferisignotum aperire *Poëtis*.
Ut juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!
Ut vili purgare algâ, cœnoque profundo,
Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontis* inducere *Veri*!
Jam penè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus;
Integra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus
Lassatam magnis frangit successibus iram:
Assuetis supervare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
Et *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,
Et jam penè suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ
Mox lætum cœlo caput ostentare propinquo
Ipso *onere elatam*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras.
Vidit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis,
Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat,
At siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus
Et notum præclūdit iter, mox colligit iras
Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice sylvas,
Tum sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
Longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ:
Cum pecore ac natis montem petit insçius, amens
Pastor, & attonito *decrescunt* arva Colono.
Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *Davidi*;
Dat dextram, testémq; *Deum*, amplexusq; patronos;
Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta;
Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse,
Ac *Dominos* intùs gestavit victus acerbos.
Excipiunt plausu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
Tanta in *Jessiden* pietas indigna ferentem
Multa diu, & sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli
Sidera, *sidereæq*; *animæ*, dulcissima *Pacis*
Nomina *Jessidæq*; illis; at turba *Barathri*
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tumultus*
Progenerat, magnósq; *quies* humana *labores*.
Subter ubi in *matris* secreta cubilia *Terræ*
Descendit *Solis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti*,
Fatalisq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava.
(*Auri* quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris,
Perstringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori,)
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus*.
Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repôsti
Thesauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*,
(*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *Fluminis* instar
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas,)
Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exuscitat aura,
Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ*.
Est *locus* immensum in spatium, immensúmq; profundum
Porrectus, quem nox, gemináq; obruit horror.
Illum indefessum nullo obice meta coercet,
Nec *Loca* se minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ*.

Non

Non illum recreat dulcis tenuiſſima cœli
Rima, nec Eois ſcintilla excuſſa quadrigis
Perſtringit, *ſolidaſve* valet tenebrare tenebras.
Non hic gemmatis ſtillantia ſidera guttis
Impugnant ſævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum
Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta ſuperbus*,
Ipſo, quem patitur, crudelior *Igne Tyrannus*.
Dux quondam æthereæ præfulgentiſſimus aulæ,
Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Heſperas* aureo
Militiam æternam *ſtellarúmq*; *agmina* ducit.
Fulmine ſed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* inſtar
Ipſe ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
Ut primum ſenſit medios abſorptus in ignes.
At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
(Ingens turba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq; aduſtus,
Et densâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.
Ex illo æternæ ſolamina triſtia pœnæ.
Æternæ ſocios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & Carnifices! Hominem tentamine primo
Inſe armant ipſum; magna & *cœlo aqua* voluptas!
Quos cauta et fœlix virtus ſi evaſerit hamos,
Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
Et malè tentatis ſuccedunt *Arma Venenis*.
Hâc vi *Jeſſiden* (neq; enim corrumpere ſperat,)
Oppugnat furvus barathri noctiſq; *Tyrannus*,
Exacuitq; animos *Sauli* invidiamq; potentem,
Viderat egregio generoſam in corpore formam,
Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem
Majeſtatem oris; miracula videret alti
Nobiliora animi, vaſtámq; in pectore mentem;
Viderat auguſtâ perfuſam aſpergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos ſpirantem lucis honores.
Condideráq; alto ſub corde *Oracula* ſacra
Imperium *Judæ* quæ conceſſêre perenne,
Venturúſq; *Shilo* ſtimulos ſubjecerat acres.
Et nimiùm *vigiles Erebi* ſufflaverat ignes.
Scit miſer incaſſum tantis ſe opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere poſſe catenam,
Vincula ſed morſu tentat, dentéſq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen eſſe *rebellis*.
Sed jam converſa in melius violentia *Sauli*
Conſiliùmq; dolóſq; & ſpes turbavit inanes.
Nam multùm *Saulo*, quem longo noverat uſu
Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipſe *Magiſter*.
Quid faciat? quò ſe rerum hoc in cardine verſet?
Ferrati frendet ter concuſſo ordine dentis,
Te quatit irratæ rugoſa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur ſanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem Manéſq*; peruſtos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergo poſſumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipſum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho

Ducet

Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſta*?
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *noſtro*
Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel ſtupeam *Ipſe*, paratis?
Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortiſſima corda?
Perdidi ob hoc *Cælum*?
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non ſuffecerit iræ
Deinde ſedet, vultúmq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furia* juxtà, & ſe lumine circumſpectant,
Dum latè loca vaſta ſilent, *ſæváq; quiete*
Triſtis nativi duplicata horroris imago eſt.
Ipſi flammantes inſano ſulphure rivi
Jam tacitis ſerpunt per littora conſcia lymphis,
Vincula nullo ſonant, non Angues ſibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiſcere *Sontes*.
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdiſſima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem ſerpentibus atrum
It criſpata; cutis multum laxata pependit;
Oſſáq; liquit iners, oſſa aſpera longo luctu.
Dipſas (monſtrum atrox) latitat ſub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum inſaturata *cruorem*,
Et ne tam crebro fontem conſumeret hauſtu
Nocte diéque ſuo compenſat damna *veneno*,
Sanguine deformatam hominum tabóq; fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*.
Immanem lævâ crateræ ſuſtinet orbem
Spumantem felle atque abſinthia tetra vomentem.
Quo bibit aſſiduè, & ſeſe ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, ſe pro medio agmine ſiſtit
Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, niſi cum *ſe punit*, amanda!
Summe *Pater*, clamat ſtygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*,
Se puer imbellis noſtros meruiſſe timores
Jactabit, magnóque *Erubum* miſcere tumultu
His *Colubris*, *Méque* & *Te*, noſtro *Principe*, ſalvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita ſuarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ reſponſa procellæ,
Et timidum horrendo reſonabit fulmine cœlum.
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahet ignes,
Exiliétque diémq; abducet limite noto.
Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, ſupera ardua tangens,
Vicináſq; *undas Flammarum* elementa paveſcent,
Ipſe *Polus* fixam ſedem & loca juſſa relinquet,
Sphærarúmq; hilarum ceſſabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipſe etiam *Deus* illorum.
Námque olim *timuit* certe cum ſumpſimus aram,
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum!*
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria noſtri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipſe licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat

Et

Et pejora iſtis, poſſint ſi talia fingi.
His par concurret *paſtor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid poſſint tortæ ſtridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâque fame ſtimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliah*,
Hunc mea *vox* perdet ſola, & ſub tartara mittet
Multa priùs paſſum, & nequicquam *Numine* fiſum.
Quod ſi *Jeſſiden* tantâ pietate foveret
(Sed ſatis eſt longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóque furore
Ante bis exactos ſuperis ex ordine ſoles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipſa, & vos cari, fidiſſima turba, *Colubri*.
Me ſuadente, nefas, fraterno ſanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omnia læta* ſequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore ſaxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* ſepulti.
Quis potuit riſus (equidem riſi ipſa) tenere
Cum ſua ſic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?
Poſt eadem à tergo ſpirans furiale venenum,
Diviſum pepuli ad marmor *Pharoana* ſuperbum,
Currúſque, clypeóſque, virûm, ardentéſq; caballos,
Me gelidam mortem ſuadente & *frigida fata*,
Hauſerunt avidi peſtis, mentem ipſe manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia ſumpſit,
Cum *Magicum* (cujus *nomen* deteſtor & *Ipſum*)
Deſeruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidiſtis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Deſiluit, vaſtas terrarum exhauſtus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, noſtros deſcendit *vivus in Ignes*.
Me ſuadent, moras quid ceſſo abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *geſta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Jeſſides* (viden') hic *tibi ſibilat anguis!*
Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipſe juvabit
Cui fruſtrà inſervis, *Deus*; ô, ſi, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compoſtus pace ſeneſcat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum naſcantur *inique*,
Ipſa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miſerandáque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, at ſimul ora premunt, & lumina verſant,
Mox fremitus currunt obſcuráq; murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *ſibi laudes invidet ipſi*.
Exilit ardenti ſolio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
Amplexúſque petit; ſubito cùm mota furore
Ter ſubmiſſa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant ſibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vaſta ſilentia ſenſus
Spargebántque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
Ipſum etiam regni molem ſub corde ferentem
Jactantémque graves curas ſopor altus habebat.
Ciſſiden, ſopor *Invidiam* ſed nullus habebat.
Illa per *Iſacidûm* magnas it ſævior urbes,
Utque videt ſtructas ingenti marmore turres,

Atque

Atque ebur, & fulvi diſcrimina clara metalli,
Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
Hæc ego tacta, dabo, & *ſolâ lucentia flammâ*.
Subſtitit in curſu medio, ac ſua frænâ remiſit
Pallida *Luna*, novis ſudavit floridus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipſe *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæſivit utráque
Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiſcit,
Ipſáque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
Hic veneranda ſenis ſeſe convertit in ora
Benjamini, oculóſque graves, vultúmq; ſeverum,
Brachiáque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
Aſſimilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
Qualis ubi ſteterat ſuper atria celſa palati,
(Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus
Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*:
Hàc adſtans *Saulo* notæ ſub imagine formæ,
Formæ verba ſacræ non *reſpondentia* fundit.
Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; ſic nempe ſepultus
Omen alis fati? Somnus tibi *ferreus* inſtat
Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
Si nondum tua ſceptra gerit *Paſtorculus* ille.
Nondum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Saulum*.
Nec tu, magne *Deus*, juſti ſiqua eſt tibi cura,
(Quod dubito, meliúſq; irent mortalia vellem)
Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inultum,
Abramidiſq; tuis, ſacræq; in ſecula genti.
O *Cananæa fames!* quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſiſſem fertile tantum?
Heugenus infœlix nullâq; in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atq; *opprobria Sceptro!*
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* truci, auſpiciiſq; ſiniſtris?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipſum,
Denſatumq; vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſq; invia ſilvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateréſq; requirite veſtros.
Dedecus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno*?
Túne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo*?
Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyræ*? jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, tituliq; & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Judæa* colit, meminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſe eſt)
Cum cantu rediiſſe domum, feſtiſq; choreis?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer*? & vivit tamen ille, tuiſq;
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit;
Quam non illa diù *Tua*? jam diadema capeſſit,
Conſcenditq; tuos thalamos, *Sauliq*; potentis
Jeſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor*.

Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cùm vana *Oracula mendax*
Quæque optat, fingit, *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus?
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmq*; *Baâlus?*
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet?
Quid queritur? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſſo ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipſe* jubere,
Non unquam plus te *Sortíve Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populúſq; Dei tibi debeat, ulli
Haud reor obſcurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
(O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
Divinum tanto cumulâſti *munere munus*,
Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
Te *Puer*, & *Vates furioſus* & *omnia* vorſant,
Contrâ Te *ſanguis tuus* & *Natura* rebellet,
Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
(O furor, ô ſcelus infandum!) *Sceptróq*; *Patriq*;
Cui cauſæ indormis? quæ *Manes* ſuſcitat *ipſos*;
Fixa *ſepulchrorum* atq; *ocalorum* clauſtra reſignat;
Nec *cineres* puer ille ſinit dormire *ſupultus*,
Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
Quid facis; aut talem quid non interficis hoſtem,
Qui turbat *vitámq*; *tuam mortémq*; *tuorum?*
Aude, age nil illo reſtat tibi triſte remoto,
Solus hic objectus (ſeu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra,
Auſa laboranti quæ *ſolem* avertere *Lunæ*)
Ad *te* ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
Occupat, ac ſacri radios *intercipit* ignis,
Defectum poſt hunc ſuperant tibi *candida fata*,
Formoſique dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo,
Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliáq*; *aſtra*
Conſcriptámq notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
Nondum, ô nondúmne ardeſcit tibi pectus honeſto
(Ardeſcit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?
Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor eſto *Tuíq*; *Meíq*;
Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum ſedeſque tuorum,
Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
Dixit, & ora viri flatu percuſſit iniquo;
Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
Olli vane ſcit dubii nubecula ſomni,
Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
Dum ſimulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
Quæ confuta male in vacuo timor aere pingit.
Stant crines, ſudor perfundit frigidus artus,
Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
Incipit; Et verum eſt; oravit vera, fuíque
Iſraëlitis adhuc; pietas me ſtulta fefellit,
Me *Puer*, & *Vates furioſus* & *omnia* vorſant.
Sacrilega, heu facta eſt *patientia* noſtra, ſepultos
Heu *violat cineres*, tumulóſq; recludit avitos.

Octingentorum minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
Annorum, quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno.*
Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
Quem propter placidas voluisti linquere sedes,
Mortalésque ægros, miserumq; revisere mundum.
Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capessam,
Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.
Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, laborem.
Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.
Interea in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,
Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem
Lætus, & effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.
Post lucem hanc nostros iterùm si lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet
Naturæ leges, & ferrea *claustra Sepulchri.*
His dictis nutrit flammam stimulatq; furores.
Jessides securus abest; illum *Sopor* udus,
Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *solidum* accipiat per membra soporem,
Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra donat,
Quis metus est, *vigilante Deo*, *dormire Dævidem?*
Palantes nubes suprà implicitósq; *labores*
Ætheris, atq; *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia sphærarum suprà & modulamina certa
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguis splendet *Gemmis numerumq;* requirit,
Est *Locus* immensâ qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;
Hîc Polus excurrit longè, & *se pone relinquit*,
Nec *proprias* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas.*
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in spatio *immoderata* tenetur.
Non hîc *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt *castúmq;* *Serenum.*
Non hîc *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,
Nec face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*,
Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,
Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris
Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam,
Sed constans, immotumq; æternumq; *sedet Nunc*,
Hæc domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;
Hîc *Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor infiniti*,
Occupat atq; *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli
Contentus nullo; Solus se *continet* Ipse.
Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia*, dixit;
Ille simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,
Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipse* suum, *Turgescere* cœpit
Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet
Tres une!
Hîc te perfrueris *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
Æternùm colis, interea non deseris orbem,
Quem fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta

Exagitas

Exagitas nutu informans *molemq; sequacem.*
Quod si vim tacitam auferres dextrámq; potentem
Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
Ipse die rector, fusis nullo ordine habenis,
Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
Cum sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere *stellis,*
Et sine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
Ipsa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
In *Nihilum* properare suum ; nam *Spiritus* aptum
Tornatúmq; *exercet* opus, seq; addit ubique.
Ni faciat, subito torperent cunctæ, maloque ;
Tota laborarent somno, æternóq; veterno.
Omnia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos) Deus* efficit, orsis
Non dedignatus socium se adjungere nostris,
Stant circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri,*
Atq; *Dei* jussa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
Hinc *Domini* in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes
Immortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.
Unum ex his nutu vocat ipse ; silentia servat
Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiscit.
Ergóne tam subitò excidimus ? (sic infit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* simul ? imperióq; potitus
Ignorat per quem steterat ? creditne procellas
Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba
Injustasq; minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures ?*
Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule,*
Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
Quæ mala *Jessidæ* intentas meliora merenti
Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur.
Diximus : an dictis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet ?
Ah imbelle *lutum* ! non hoc tua Lingua referret,
Injussa in medio subsisteret icta palato,
Si tibi nota dies fieret, quâ tu ipse jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans sanguine campos,
Ipse miser, *natiq; tui,* & capita illa superba
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
Stultorum jocus, & ludibria sæva *Deorum.*
Dextera *Jessidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
Justa aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipsum,
Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
Nequicquám geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,
Dilectóq; nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Solium* fecisti infame, *piabit.*
Ergo age, *Jessidæ* insani fer dicta *Tyranni,*
Ipse nihil ; sed enim timeat, properantior ipsam
Arcessitus eat (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam,
Non ullum metuet, benè si nos noverit, hostem.
Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.
Sic ait, inflectit sese polus ipse decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix ; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina Sphæræ,
Angelicæq; simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ.*
At non qui missus *Jessidæ Nuncius* ibat ;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,

Nubila plus ſolito jam candeſcentia tranat,
Quáq; volat niveus ſignat veſtigia limes,
Aligerum cœli ſic vulnerat aera fulgur,
Plurima ſic primæ currit *ſtrictura* diei,
(Sic aut *tarda* magis) cum vixdùm *Sole relicto*
Ecce ſimul terram ferit, atque reſurgit in altum.
Vix ipſum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
Percipit attonitum, & menſuram non habet ullam
Tam *curtam*, excelſo ſic præpes ab æthere lapſus
Nuncius aſtabat *Jeſſidæ*, ac talia fatur.
Surge, bone, inſanique exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
Aſpera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
Ipſe nihil ſed enim timeas; properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eas (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam.
Tutùm (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.
Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina verſat
Nequicquam; nox undiq; & undiq; funditur aer.
Spéſq; Metúſq; adſunt dubii, vicibúſq; recurſant.
Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
Albeſcunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
Cum *Rex Jeſſiden* arceſſit ſævus, ut ægram
(Incautum ſpecie ſi fallere poſſet honeſtâ)
Soletur fidibus mentem. curáſque ſoporet.
Dic mihi, *Muſa*, ſacri quæ tanta potentia *Verſûs*?
(Nam tibi *ſcire* datum, & *verſu memorare potenti*,
Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
In *regno*, *Regina*, *tuo*) vim *Diva* recluſam
Carminis, & late penetralia ditia pande,
Theſauróſque & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*:
Quæ ſprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur amentq;
Diviſque accedat reverentia juſta *Poetis*.
Ut ſacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
Indigeſta operis ſurgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatìm ſumere *formas*
Incipiat, juſſóque incedant ordine verba,
Ac benè diſpoſitus leni fluat agmine verſus:
Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *naſcentis Imago*,
Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
Prodiit, *artificiſque* informis maſſa ſupremam
Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
Indociles nondùm ſubierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum; bellúmque ſine arte
Geſſerunt diſcurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.
Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèm *Muſica* verbi
Diſcrevitque locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Impoſuit; *Numeróſque* pios, facilemque tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atque *Unda Sonores*
Concentu referunt *muto*; levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapido *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoſo pollice *Chordam*.
Sic *celeres Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam feſtum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longíq*; *Breviſq*;
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto diſcrimine plaudunt,
Ut pecent magnæ veſtigia nulla *Choreæ*.

Hæc

Hæc eſt quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio ſeſe exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; ſuperba *Scientia* cultu,
Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in iſto*
Harmonia eſt ; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facundia ſilenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*.
Hæc Parvi toto ſe miſcet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia eſt ; omnes *Symmetria* cenſus
Congerit hìc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipſe *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & eſt *Deus ipſe Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata eſt *Numerorum* ſancta poteſtas,
Nam ſimul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratréſq*; ſuos, charóſque *Sodales*
Et pariles numeros, & reſpondentia metris
Metra ſuis ; jungunt dextras, reddúntq; ſalutem.
Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; ſubactos,
Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hoſtis*.
Et ſeſe dedunt ſine *Proditione volentes*,
Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
Effuſus *Sanguis* diſtantia vulnera quærit
Ignotum per iter, quàmq; accipit ipſe ſalutem.
Abſenti gaudet *gratus* tranſmittere *Fonti*.
Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa ſuo, hæc *ſolo Naturæ vivida pulſu*.
Sic *Lyra*, *Jeſſidæ* tum dulci callida furtò
Ægra ſubintravit miſeri præcordia *Regis*,
Placavitq; æſtus animi, ſævóſq ; tumultus.

Pſalmus 114.

CUM ſacra ſævis *Iſacidum* manus
Exiret oris, terribilem procul
Audivit, aſpexitq ; gentem,
Et refluum trepidavit æquor.
Ut qui ſequentes antevolans fugâ
Evaſit hoſtes, ſtat procul arduo
De monte reſpectans, & omnes
Aure ſonos bibit inquietâ.
Erexit undas ſic *Mare* turbidum
Vt ſigna vidit prætereuntia,
Fluctúſq; pendentes utrinq!
Ut *Scopuli* ſteterunt acuti.
Chryſtallini non *mœnia limpida*
Munda figurâ plus ſtabili manent
Ex elaborato nitentûm
Marmore conſolidata aquarum.
Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
Fontem raviſit mentis inops ſuum.
Nato latebroſos receſſus
Fons aperit, gremiúmq; *victo*.
Circùm tremiſcunt culmina *Montium*,
Multúſq; *Collis Montibus* adſilit,
Ut matris abſcondunt ſub alis

Se

Se teneri *trepidántq; pulli*
Gaudere viſo fluctivagum *mare*,
Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit
Fugiſſe poſt *Montes fugaces*
Mobilibus pudor ullus *Undis*.
Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium*,
Verſi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis*,
I *Flumen*, î *formidoloſum*,
Et pâvidi procùl ite *Montes*.
Æquare ſummis ima valet *Deus*.
Diſcent in *altum plana* tumeſcere,
Valleſq; turgeſcent, ferémtq;
Attonito capita alta cœlo:
Fontemq; Flumen ſi repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *ſilix* novum;
Nec ſaxa ceſſabunt, nec ipſæ
Flumina ſuppeditare *rupes*.

Sic cecinit ſanctus *Vates*, digitóſq; volantes
Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
Audivêre ſonum, & victi ceſsêre furores.
At non *invidiæ Sauli* de pectore ceſſit
Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihi ille ſalubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
Fingit adhùc morbum, & ſpumas agit ore *Tyrannis*,
Et verum falſo ſcelus excuſare furore
(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúſq; ſalutis!)
Sperat, adhùc miſer, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
Jamq; inopinatam ſuſtollens fervidus *haſtem*
(Quam caram ſibi pro *Sceptro* geſtare ſolebat,)
Dentibus infrendens, oculíſq, immane minatus,
Pectora *Jeſſidæ* crudeli deſtinat ictu,
Dulcia dum ſacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
Nil meritus metuenſve mali; volat illa per auras,
Stridens, oppoſitoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
Námq; polo lapſus *Miles cæleſtis* ab alto
Detorſitq; manu, *juſtoq; errore* fefellit.
O cæcas hominum vires, fruſtráque ſuperbas!
Arma ſui dextram *Domini* mandataque fallunt,
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
Vulneris ille tui jam *fæliciſſimus error*,
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deluderis in arvis!
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fátalia* ſceptra
Jeſſides, manéſq; tuos ea fama (ſub imo
Siquid res hominum merſos *Acheronte* movebunt,)
Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
Hinc *Deus* ipſe tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
Incolumem hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
Inſtaurare opus, & telam producere juſſit.
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapſus ab hoſte
Sentit adhùc; ſed & arma ſequi, ſed & agmina credit
A tergo; creditque haſtam exaudire volantem.
Nec fruſtrá; tantos cauſa urget honeſta timores,

Ipſáque

Ipſáque *Formido* illius *divina futuri* eſt.
Nam ſuper accenſa eſt fato violentia *Regis*,
Et quæ *Jeſſiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
Vulnerat hæc ipſum; ſalvo jam neſcit *honore*
Exuere inſanam mentem, nec judicat eſſe
Regis, inexpletum *crudúmq*; relinquere crimen.
Ergo manum lectam juvenum, quos ipſe furentes
Impulerat monitis, ſcelerúmq; incoxerat uſu,
Vi, ferro, jubet incautum ſuperare *Davidem*,
Errorémque ſuum ſucceſſu abolere *nefaſto*.
Sic animo *Saulus*, contra *Deus* omnia volvit.
Intereà *Michale Jeſſides* multa timenti,
Multáque ploranti *curiſque decentibus* ægræ,
(Námque oculis plus illa ſuis, plus lumine cœli
Dilexit, non *ipſa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
Facta refert, & parva ſui diſcrimina lethi.
Forte ſuper *Michales* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Æthereus mirâ florebat *penſilis* arte,
Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
Quámque dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis
Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stellæ*;
Lenti incedebant manibúſque oculiſque plicatis,
Plurimáque alloquio lenibant triſtia dulci.
Cum *Michale*, (viſus nam pluſquam *aquilinus* amantûm eſt)
Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices; equitum video agmen, equóſq; frementes
Audio, clareſcunt mediis in frondibus arma,
Sæváque per denſam tranſmittunt fulgura ſylvam.
Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,
Ne morere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; adſunt;
Quid nos, quid vinclo junxit pater ipſe jugali,
Voce vocans in ſacra *Deum*, populúmq; libentem?
Bis centum meruiſſe nihil præputia credit?
Ingratus! Sudor, Sanguis, bellique labores
Dos tibi noſter erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
Diſcurrit, vociſq; vicem pia lacryma ſervat.
Mox iterùm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta feneſtræ
Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu quà via cæca,
Arripe iter; fuge mi *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
More meo, *inviſa* eſt tua jam *præſentia* primùm.
Ille refert contrà; O cunctis præſtantior una
Conjugibus!----*Michale* dicturum plurima molli
Occupat amplexu, & raptim multa oſcula turbat,
Dum lacrymas *Luctus* ac gaudia miſcet *Amoris*.
Parce, ait, incaſsùm pretioſa effundere verba,
Aſpice quanta tuæ triſtis *vicinia mortis*.
Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Jeſſidæ Statuam mirâ factam arte reponit;
Jamq; manus juvenum ſeſe in penetralia fundit
Dedignata moram ſceleris, jamq; enſibus ipſum
Illum ipſum expoſcunt, & verba haud mollia jactant.
At *Michale* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives mulieribus armis,
Flet ſcinditq; comas, & luctiſono ululatu

Tecta

Tecta replet; tum ſic bene ficto pectore fatur.
Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere* duri,
Huic ipſam miſero *mortem*, & *ſua fata* negatis?
Quæritis exitium *Jeſſidæ*? parcitè *Vobis*
Nil opus eſt *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
Jamdudum inſervit patri, & vos eſſe nocentes
Non ſinit; ecce illum jamdudum *Lingua Oculiq;*
Deficiunt; tantam fruſtrà quid *perditis* iram?
Nec *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec veſtros ſentiet *Enſes*.
Si vos innocui ſitis urget tanta cruoris;
(Me miſeram!) facite ut lubet, & ſatiate furorem.
Non faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
Reſtabo infelix. Tum lumina juſſa decoro
Imbre madent, miróſq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia diſcit
Credere jamprimùm & *miſereſcere*; linquere mœſtam
Triſtis & ipſa domum properat; Statua ipſa recumbit
Faſciolíſq; voluta caput, ſtratóq; ſepulta
Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
Lugentes famuli circùm tacitiq; miniſtrant,
Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ
Triſte Ornamentum menſæ; dat & arte locata
Horrorem obſcurum non clara lucerna cubili;
Scilicet iſta *favent fraudi*; at ſupra omnia *Numen*
Suffudit ſpectantum oculos caligine *ſacrâ*.
O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine ceſſa
Virtutem imbelli fruſtrà tentare duello,
O *manibus* deceptæ tuis, *oculiſq; tuorum!*
Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?
Illum igitur *bis quinq; virûm qui millia fudit*,
Illum animam ſegni tandèm deponere letho?
Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere ſontem?
Sonſve inſonſve fuat, defendat; ſit precor illi
Talis membrorum modus & concordia juſta
Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus antè
Quam *Scelus*, aut ſceleris *Morbi* digniſſima merces
Robora fregiſſent ſubito nativa veneno;
Noſtrum immane odium eſt, totúmq; explere *Davides*
Integer haud poterit; quid ſe laudem addit in iſtam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil eſt
Partitâ in pœnâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
Quid juvat? exhauſtæ quid *fæcem* emittere vitæ,
Et penè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
Uſq; adeóne humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
Se dabit? Ah meliùs! *ſolennis victima* nobis
Jeſſidæ vita eſt, & non niſi *optima*, litabit.
Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *creſcit* in iram
Pingueſcátq; meam; tunc ipſe libidine quantâ
Singultantem animâ multùm luctantevidebo,
Pugnantémq; diù & *producta* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quònunc vindictam differo ſeram
Cunctator?
Forſitan & pietas ſtulta & clementia ſegnis

Juratúſq;

Juratúſq; meo *Samuel* malus hoſtis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa eſt, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & noſtræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla eſt;
Haſta impunè erret, jam ſæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmq; haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte neceſſe eſt;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore ſenſus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere paſcam.
Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jeſſiden* ſiſtite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & ſuprema gementem.
Jam pulchræ apparent latè veſtigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati juſſa incuſare *Mariti*,
Crudelèſq; minas, & vim prætendere facto.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ ſe ſuſtinet irâ,
Volventéſq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris ſuffectus lumina flammis,
Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia ſilvæ*
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderint, ſiquem incautum procul ire juvencum
Aſpicit, ille jubam quaſſat, dapibúſq; futuris
Accingit ſeſe lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam ſi forte tegunt erroribus eſcam,
Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum
Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
Horrendúmq; fremens ſilvas rimatur opertas.
Nil opus eſt *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
Speluncíſq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipſis.
Mœſtus ubiq; horror nemorúmq; ſilentia vaſta,
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Echo*.
In medio ſilvæ immenſæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illuſtratq*; verendi nominis umbrâ,
Inclita ſanctorum ſita ſunt *Collegia Vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magiſtris*,
Ad ſacros effuſa pedes didicêre ſilentes,
Cordáq; cœleſti ſtiparunt cerea melle.
Succreſcunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
Germinæ, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repaſta,
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minor
Non tam *mole* ſuâ quam *fundatore* ſuperbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor.
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicóſq; & honeſtos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémq; *decorum*.
Nec ſeſe tantum *dextra* tamen illa benignæ
Quam *Linguæ* debere putat, quæ prodiga ſacros
Explicuit cenſus, magniq; æraria cœli.
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctóſq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuêre* alios, quàm quod *didicêre* ſub illo.
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,
Sed *Naturæ* uſus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*.
Intus quadratæ viridis ſtat porticus umbræ,

Et denſæ *Solis* propellunt ſpicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidóſq; ob fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in mediòq; argentea vena ſalubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut triſti plangentis vincla ſuſurro,
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutiſq; lapillis.
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Apta ſitim, aut *ſacros* accedere *pauper* ad uſus.
Hic ſua cuiq; data eſt *cella*, & ſua cuiq; *ſupellex*
(*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum* & *copia dives*)
Sponda brevis, ſcamnum, nec non ex abiete eodem
Menſa tripes; portam clauſiſſent plura volenti
Inferre; antiqui *pomœria juſta Neceſſi*
Servantes, pulchréq; *auſi contemnere Numa*.
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima reddunt,
Sed forma, ac generi bonè reſpondentia vitæ.
Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numeroſa Supellex*
In *parvâ* congeſta *domo*. Pone altera ſurgit
Altior, atq; uſu, cultúq; auguſtior ædes.
Ad latus hîc lævum ſe pandunt *Aulæ*, *Scholaq;*
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precantum
Nunquam muta choro. tat plurima ſigna menſæ
Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidioſa, nec impar
Pellibus inſtratis, quibus eſt circumdata, *Lectis*.
Accumbunt primi capitiſq; comæq; verendæ
Doctores, *Socii* in gremiis jacuêre recepti.
At *Juvenes* infra bene læti rebus egenis
Graminibus ſuper aggeſtis, ulvâq; paluſtri
Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Menſaſq;*, *Dapeſq;* miniſtrat
Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
Non onerata malis; nondum inſatiata libido
Scribendi (peſtis jucunda) invaſerat orbem,
Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
In *morbum* fuerant *ipſæ* ſcabiemq; pudendum
Converſæ, quæ nunc latè contagia ſerpunt.
Scilicet hos importunos excluſit *Amantes*
Virgo Muſa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modeſtum.
Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
Garrula, vana procax, *cultu mendica ſuperbo*
Et *populo* compreſſa (nefas) parit horrida *Monſtra*.
Quis furor hic tanto fruſtrà ſudare *labore*
Deſidiam, miſeróq; inſanæ more *Sibyllæ*
Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
Diverſas illic artéſq; modoſq; videres,
Queis brevis atq; fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
Exuit *aeriam*, & firmum ſibi vendicat ævum.
Teſſerulis quædam leviter commiſta caducis,
Aſt alia in ſolido depoſta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandata labore
Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.
Hîc longa arboreis ſcribuntur carmina *libris*,
Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;

Illic

Illic *Pictoris* ſignata *elementa* videres,
Hîc *Textoris* acu, doctæq; volumina veſtis,
Illic cerataſq; ſtilo perarante tabellas,
Aſt hîc membranas tenues, biblónq; paluſtrem,
Tunc rudia, atq; artis nova tentamenta futuræ;
Nec non & paries perfungitur ipſe *Scholarum*
Munere *librorum*; totus deſcribitur orbis,
Æquoreæq; viæ, ſparſæq; per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæq; Plagæ, palantéſq; æthere *Stellæ*.
Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúſq, verendi,
Hiſtoriæq; breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
At pars *Niliacis* animantum obſcura *figuris*.
Hîc ſociatorum *ſacra Conſtellatio Vatum*
(Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ ſupra, *Tempeſtátéſq*; *Laborum*)
Diſperſit latè radios, tenebráſq; fugavit,
Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmq*; benignum.
Aſtrorum *Nathanus* viréſq; viáſq; latentes,
Aureáq; explicuit ſuperi penetralia mundi.
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera verſu,
Sol ut utróſque *polos* converſâ luce ſalutat
Gaudentes; ſequitúrque volubilis *Annus* euntem.
Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* ſuperné
Procedit, quantáque coercita *lege* vagatur
Ipſe quidem *Vates*, ſed enim nil debuit *Aſtris*;
Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipſo
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* inſectatur amore,
Per gyros, per Mæandros, per cæca viarum
Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
Oráque vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
At ſolidas ſignare notas in *pulverē docto*
Gaddus & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
Necnon & longe *Numeros* ſine fine vagantes
Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
Tentat adire jugum, *punctóque* aſcendit ab *Uno*.
Pyramidem inverſam, & creſcentem ſemper acervum
Defunctis victura ſtruit monumenta *Seraias*,
Condit aromaticâ prohibétque putreſcere laude.
Et quos præteriti vaſtum *Mare Temporis* annos
Abſorpſit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
Quam celer *occaſus*, tardúmque ſit *incrementum*
Imperiis; & quæ fabricat ſolertia *Fatum*
Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum
Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atque ſcientes.
Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celſa futuri,
Implumeſque videt *nidis* cæleſtibus *annos*.
Hæ reliquæque Artes hic excipiuntur amico
Hoſpitio tantùm; poterat ſed ſancta *Poeſis*
Hoc nata atque educta loco, & regnare videri.
Non magis aſſiduo reſonat domus aurea cantu
Angelici cœli; nullo non ſpirat ab ore
Carmen; dulciſonúmq; chorum moderantur *Aſaphus*

Hemanúſque, ambo genio excellente *Poetæ*,
Voce pares liquidâ, digitiſque *loqaacibus* ambo.
Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
Splendebat, *(nam ſunt illic diſpendia frugi,)*
Perſtringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo
Spectantum; ſed quos recreant aulæa viciſſim
Cœruleó *ſacróque* colore; illic prece forti
Térque die ſóliti *vim cælo* inferre *volenti*,
Térque die ſanctum *Moſis* verſare volumen,
Térque piis, totiſque *Deum* reſonantibus *Hymnis*,
Exercent lætam ſtadio *ſeptemplice* vocem.
Talis erat quondam, tam celſo *Muſa* volatu
Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *ſuperba decenter*.
Carmen erat, *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ *voce loquutus*;
Námq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
Immenſúmq; *Nihil*, *Vacuíq*; informis hiatus.
Plenus ubiq; ſúi, propria *ipſe palatia* ſedit
Omnipotens, ſeſe contentus & *Omnia ſolis*.
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,
Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondùm *producta* gerebant
Artificis morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
Antè alia imperio citiùs ſeſe extulit ingens
Immane, indigeſtum *Aliquid*; ſine lumine formæ,
Et ſine honore jacens; *(Monogramma Exordia mundi!)*
Feſtinaſſe illud ſcires, dum ſancta capeſcit
Juſſa libens, rebuſq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* receſſu,
Ditia cunctarum glomerantur ſemina rerum.
Emicat hinc ſubitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,
Aſcenditq; *Polum*, & multo ſeſe implicat orbe;
Olli ſe jungit comitem & veſtigia tentat
Fuſus circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* oneroſa graviſq;
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere ſe dat
Merſa mari; ſed mox denſæ penetralia terræ
Vaſta aperit *Pater*, & magnum deſcendere *Pontum*,
Voce jubet, penitúſq; cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contra non audent hiſcere fluctus,
Inq; uterum terræ ſine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,
Jamq; nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atq; implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo
Lucis inexhauſtæ mundum ſe ſpargit in omnem
Magnum, quo facta eſt, *Numen* ſtudioſa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* maſſam, ſimpléxq; polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compſit.
Surge, ait, & mœſtæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxitq; ſacræ vaga Syrmata lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atq; hinc *ſidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur euntem.
Turget humus fœcunda, & pubeſcentibus herbis.
Miratur riſúmq; ſuum, inſolitóſq; colores.
Jámq; iter aerium radunt impunè volantes.
Exultantque alacres paſſim formidine nullâ,

Nondum

Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata eſt,
Nondum lethalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fradum ; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,
Fluctivagi *Piſces*, *mutum genus* ; illius ipſi
Munus erant, *Montéſque* maris, volventia *Cete*,
Quique ſuas parvo ſuperant vix corpore arenas.
Inde feræ immiſſæ ſylvis, cœleſtia juſſa ;
Quindam ultrà potuit ; *Cæli Terræque catenam*,
Ipſum *Hominem* potuit ; quo miſcuit omnia in uno :
Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi*.
Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
Carmen erat, *raræq*; *iræ*, fulmenque *coactum*,
Impia cum *ſacras* damnaſſent crimina terras,
Unda ruens victrix magno ſonitúq; ruináq;
Omnia veſta dedit ; frondentia tecta volucrum
Implicuêre hilares fruſtrà, *nova retia*, piſces.
Naufragium paſſa eſt *Naturæ* ; os *Phœbus* ab alto
Extulit, & ſolos percuſſit lumine fluctus.
Non tamen hæc homines memori ſub pectore condunt
Inſani, fervétq; iterùm furioſa libido ;
Cum ſubitò ardeſcunt nubes, incendia cœlo
Tetra micant, totúſq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus*.
Mox *Sodomas* tabeſcentes, liquefactáq; tecta
Corripuit rapidus flammanti ſulphure nimbus.
Senſerunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
Qui nunc æternùm miſeros poſt funera torret.
Longè alia implicuit peſtis *Pharaona* ſuperbum :
Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant ; pecus omne profundi
Miratur, *Regúmq*; ſedent in curribus aureis
Regum comporibus ſatiati ; in gurgite toto
Apparent ſemeſi artus, natat unda cruore,
Nec *Mare* jam *vano* cenſetur nomine *Rubrum*.
Plurimus ipſi etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
Cujus *iter* genti manſurum in ſæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moſes*, *Nunniq*; propago
Bellipotens ; quantóſq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membriſq; ſuperbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hohamúmq*; trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
Quos dextrâ *Iſacidum* divina potentia ſtravit.
Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,
Pacatíſq; animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipſum.
Non illos aurum perſtingit fulgure ſacro
Dulce malum, ignotum ſæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*.
Cujus nunc ergo ſudore ad tartara multo
Heu non à miſeris tantùm *effoſſoribus* itur.
Quantum ô ſtultorum turbam ſuperabat avaram
Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis* !
Non illos *Bombyx* pretioſo ſedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deforment corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
Aura illic viſa eſt levis, & ſine pondere nomen.
Accipit ingenuum feſſos durúmp; cubile,

Quódq;

Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminiſſe *ſepulchri.*
In medium facilis per ſilvam quæritur eſca,
Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aera, ventre,
Nec crudo heſternas accuſant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,
Hæc bona *mundities* animi eſt; *rubigine* nullâ
Inficitur vitii, nitidum ſic ſordibus ævum
Deterget miſeris, puróq; incedit amictu.
Hinc Deus intrat agens ſacro præcordia motu,
Nec propriam cœli *præſentior* incolit ædem.
Hinc alacres juſto funguntur munere *Senſus*,
Nec titubant, revocàntve gradum, *Ratione* magiſtrâ.
Hinc ſimulacra animo depingit myſtica *Somnus*
Molliter in victos ſimulac defluxit ocellos.
Tranſilit admiſſo præſentia *Tempora* ſaltu,
Ætatúmq; inter *ſilvas*, & amœna vireta
Ambulat, atq; *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænáq; *mordentes* cernit; micat undiq; fati
Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longíq; receſſus.
O *fortunatos nimium, & bona qui ſua norunt!*
O quàm præcelſo deſpectant culmine mundum!
Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum!*
Hæc domus hoſpitio *Jeſſiden* læta recepit
Solantem curas, & denſa pericula cantu,
At manus hùc juvenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*
Invidiæq; oculus? (*Regiſq;* *ſuoq;* furore
Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
Segnis erit qui non peſtem *juraverat* amens
Jeſſidæ, membrúmq; aliquod *promiſerat* enſi.
Sic *abſens* totum partita eſt *Ira* cadaver.
Jámq; adſunt, ſubitóq; afflantur corda ſereno,
Ignotum inſinuat ſeſe per pectora cœlum.
Laſcivit paulatìm horror, vultúſq; recedit
Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato ſidere vernat.
Venarum caſto gaudentes flumine rivi
Lenè micant; ſignat divinus tempore candor.
Mirà *dies* frontis, ſacro quæ fuſa *pudore*
Prima rubet; ponit belli cœdiſq; cupido,
Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jámq; alios, bis luſus eiſdem
Miſerat exemplis, ipſum jam plena *Tyrannum*
Ire lubet rabis læſámq; ulciſcier iram.
Cum melior ſubitò furor implet mentem animúumq;
Pérq; omnes ſenſus, pérq; intima pertinet oſſa.
Tum chlamidem illuſam gemmis, auróq; rigentem
Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
Ah puduit regni decus atq; inſignia ferre
Turpe jugum vitii, & ſervilia jura ferentem;
Tum primùm *Rex Saulas* erat; *lux una* beatæ
Inſtar habet vitæ, and longum præponderat ævum.
Miratur populus, dictùmq; emanat ubiq;
Ipſum etiam Vatum turbæ ſe adjungere *Saulum.*
Balamus ſic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
Et pretio infælix *fatalia* venderet ora,

Sic

Sic ſecum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu,)
Ipſo *Aſino ſapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magiſtro*.
O magnum *Iſacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima caſtra!
O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!
Non ſic herbarum vario ſubridet amictu
Planities pictæ vallis, montiſve ſupini
Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* verſibus altus.
Non ſic æſtivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondéſq; fructúſq; ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Flumina, mollis ubi viridiſq; ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *Mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem!
Læta ſedet, prædámq; expectat avara futuram.
Plures *Iſacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate;
Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria* conteret uſu,
Cum *Leo* ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvúmq; tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Auribus; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendáq; *Tigris*
Prætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Quæ mala, quis *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur.
Omnia in ipſius caput ingeminata ferentur.

FINIS.

CUTTER
OF
Coleman-ſtreet.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at Their Majeſties
THEATRE-ROYAL.

The SCENE *LONDON*,
In the Year, 1658.

Written by

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

PREFACE.

A Comedy, called the Guardian, and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at Cambridge, and several times after privately during the Troubles, as I am told, with good approbation, as it has been lately too at Dublin. There being many Things in it which I disliked, and finding my self for some days idle, and alone in the Country, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as now it is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this new Name. It met at the first Representation with no favourable Reception, and I think there was something of Faction against it, by the early appearance of some Mens disapprobation before they had seen enough of it to build their dislike upon their Judgment. Afterwards it got some ground, and found Friends as well as Adversaries. In which condition I could willingly leave it to die, if the main imputations upon it which it suffered, had been shot only against my Wit or Art in these matters, and not directed against the tenderest parts of human Reputation, good Nature, good Manners, and Piety it self. The first clamour which some malitious Persons raised, and made a great noise with, was, That it was a piece intended for Abuse and Satire against the King's Party. Good God! Against the King's Party? After having served it twenty Years during all the time of their Misfortunes and Afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent Person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an Edg'd Tool as Comedy. But first, who should call the whole Party (as it was once distinguish'd by that name, which I hope is aboliſh'd now by Universal Loyalty) or any Man of Virtue or Honour in it, believe themselves injured or at all concerned, by the representation of the faults and follies of a few who in the general division of the Nation had crowded in among them? In all mix'd numbers (which is the case of Parties) nay, in the most entire and continued Bodies there are often some degenerated and corrupted parts, which may be cast away from that, and even cut off from this Unity, without any infection of scandal to the remaining Body. The Church of Rome with all her arrogance, and her wide pretences of certainty in all Truths, and exemption from all Errors, does not clap on this enchanted Armour of Infallibility upon all her particular Subjects, nor is offended at the Reproof even of her greatest Doctors. We are not, I hope, become such Puritans our selves as to assume the Name of the Congregation of the Spotless. It is hard for any Party to be so Ill as that no Good, Impossible to be so Good as that no Ill should be found among them. And it has been the perpetual privilege of Satire and Comedy, to pluck their Vices and Follies, though not their Persons, out of the Sanctuary of any Title. A Cowardly ranting Souldier, an Ignorant Charlatanical Doctor, a foolish Cheating Lawyer, a silly Pedantical Scholar, have always been, and still are the Principal Subjects of all Comedies, without any scandal given to those Honourable Professions, or ever taken by their severest Professors. And, if any good Physician or Divine should be offended with me here for enweighing against a Quack, or for finding Deacon Soaker too often in the Butteries, my respect and reverence to their Callings would make me troubled at their displeasure, but I could not abstain from taking them for very Cholorick and Quarrelsome Persons. What does this therefore amount to, if it were true which is objected? But it is far from being so; for the representation of two Sharks about the Town (fellows merry and ingenious enough, and therefore admitted into better Companies than they deserve, yet withal two very Scoundrels, which is no unfrequent Character at London) the representation I say of these as Pretended Officers of the Royal Army, was made for no other purpose but to show the World, that the Vices and Extravagances imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers, were really committed by Aliens who only usurped that Name, and endeavoured to cover the reproach of their Indigency or Infamy of their Actions with so honourable a Title. So that the business was not here to correct or cut off any natural branches, though never so corrupted or luxuriant, but to separate and cast away that vermin which by sticking so close to them had done great and considerable prejudice both to the Beauty and Fertility of the Tree; and this is as plainly said and as often inculcated, as if one should write round about a Sign, This is a Dog, This is a Dog, out of over-much caution lest some might happen to mistake it for a Lyon. Therefore when this Calumny could not hold (for the case is clear, and will take no colour) some others sought out a subtiler hint to traduce me upon the same score, and were angry that the Person whom I made a true Gentleman, and one both of considerable Quality and Sufferings in the Royal Party, should not have a fair and noble Character throughout, but should submit in his great extremeties to wrong his Neice for his own Relief. This is a refined exception, such as I little foresaw, nor should with the dulness of my usual Charity, have found out against another Man in twenty Years. The truth is, I did not intend the Character of a Hero, one of exemplary Virtue, and, as Homer often terms such Men, Unblamable, but an ordinary jovial Gentleman, commonly called a Good Fellow, one not so conscientious as to starve rather than do the least Injury, and yet endowed with so much sense of Honour as to refuse when that necessity was removed,

ved, the gain of five thousand pounds which he might have taken from his Niece by the rigour of a Forfeiture; And let the frankness of this latter generosity so expiate for the former frailty, as may make us not ashamed of his Company, for if his true Metal be but equal to his Allay, it will not indeed render him one of the finest sorts of Men, but it will make him Current, for ought I know, in any Party that ever yet was in the World. If you be to choose parts for a Comedy out of any noble or elevated rank of Persons, the most proper for that work are the worst of that kind. Comedy is humble of her Nature, and has always been bred low, so that she knows not how to behave her self with the great and accomplish'd. She does not pretend to the brisk and bold Qualities of Wine, but to the Stomachal Acidity of Vinegar, and therefore is best placed among that sort of People which the Romans call, The Lees of Romulus. If I had design'd here the celebration of the Virtues of our Friends, I would have made the Scene nobler where I intended to erect their Statues. They should have stood in Odes, and Tragedies, and Epick Poems, (neither have I totally omitted those great Testimonies of my Esteem of them) Sed nunc non erat his Locus, &c. And so much for this little spiny Objection which a Man cannot see without a Magnifying-glass. The next is enough to knock a Man down, and accuses me of no less than Prophaneness. Prophane, to deride the Hypocrisie of those Men whose Skulls are not yet bare upon the Gates since the publick and just Punishment of it? But there is some imitation of Scripture-Phrases; God forbid; There is no Representation of the true Face of Scripture, but only of that Vizard which these Hypocrites (that is, by Interpretation, Actors with a Vizard) draw upon it. Is it profane to speak of Harrison's return to Life again, when some of his Friends really profest their belief of it, and he himself had been said to promise it? A Man may be so imprudently scrupulous as to find Prophaneness in any thing, either said or written, by applying it under some similitude or other to some Expressions in Scripture. This nicety is both vain and endless. But I call God to witness, That rather than one Tittle should remain among all my Writings, which, according to my severest Judgment, should be found guilty of the Crime objected, I would my self burn and extinguish them all together. Nothing is so detestably lewd and wretchless as the derision of things sacred, and would be in me more unpardonable than any Man else, who have endeavoured to root out the ordinary weeds of Poetry, and to plant it almost wholly with Divinity. I am so far from allowing any loose or irreverent Expressions, in Matters of that Religion which I believe, That I am very tender in this Point, even for the grossest Errors of Conscientious Persons; They are the properest Object (methinks) both of our Pity and Charity too; They are the innocent and white Sectaries, in comparison of another kind who engraft Pride upon Ignorance, Tyranny upon Liberty, and upon all their Heresies, Treason and Rebellion. These are Principles so destructive to the Peace and Society of Mankind, that they deserve to be pursued by our serious Hatred, and the putting a Mask of Sanctity upon such Devils, is so Ridiculous, That it ought to be exposed to Contempt and Laughter. They are indeed Prophane, who counterfeit the softness of the voice of Holiness, to disguise the roughness of the hands of Impiety, and not they, who with reverence to the thing which others dissemble, deride nothing but their Dissimulation. If some piece of an admirable Artist should be ill Copied, even to Ridiculousness, by an ignorant hand, and another Painter should undertake to draw that Copy, and make it yet more ridiculous, to shew apparently the difference of the two Works, and deformity of the latter, will not every Man see plainly, That the abuse is intended to the foolish Imitation, and not to the excellent Original? I might say much more to confute and confound this very false and malicious Accusation; but this is enough, I hope, to clear the Matter, and is, I am afraid, too much for a Preface to a Work of so little Consideration. As for all other Objections, which have been, or may be made against the Invention or Elocution, or any thing else which comes under the Critical Jurisdiction, let it stand or fall as it can answer for it self, for I do not lay the great stress of my Reputation upon a Structure of this Nature, much less upon the slight Reparations only of an old and unfashionable Building. There is no Writer but may fail sometimes in point of Wit, and it is no less frequent for the Auditors to fail in point of Judgment I perceive plainly, by daily Experience, That Fortune is Mistress of the Theatre, as Tully says it is of all Popular Assemblies. No Man can tell sometimes from whence the Invisible Winds rise that move them. There are a multitude of People, who are truly and only Spectators at a Play, without any use of their Understanding, and these carry it sometimes by the strength of their Numbers. There are others who use their Understanding too much; who think it a sign of Weakness and Stupidity, to let any thing pass by them unattack'd, and that the Honour of their Judgments (as some Brutals imagine of their Courage) consists in Quarrelling with every thing. We are therefore wonderful wise Men, and have a fine business of it, we who spend our time in Poetry, I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with my self, when I think on it, and if I had a Son inclined by Nature to the same Folly, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest Conjurations of a paternal Blessing. For what can be more ridiculous, than to labour to give Men delight, whilst they labour, on their part more earnestly, to take offence? To expose ones self voluntarily and frankly to all the dangers of that narrow Pas-

sage

PREFACE.

ſage to unprofitable Fame, which is defended by rude multitudes of the Ignorant, and by armed Troops of the Malicious? If we do ill, many diſcover it, and all deſpiſe us; if we do well, but few Men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly. If we commit Errors, there is no Pardon; if we could do Wonders, there would be but little Thanks, and that too extorted from unwilling Givers. But ſome perhaps may ſay, Was it not always thus? Do you expect a particular Privilege, that was never yet enjoyed by any Poet? Were the ancient Græcian, *or noble* Roman *Authors, was* Virgil *himſelf exempt from this Paſſibility,* Qui multis melior quam tu fuit, Improbe, rebus, *Who was, in many things, thy Better far, Thou impudent Pretender? As was ſaid by* Lucretius *to a Perſon, who took it ill that he was to Dye, though he had ſeen ſo many do it before him, who better deſerved Immortality, and this is to repine at the natural Condition of a Living Poet, as he did at that of a Living Mortal. I do not only acknowledge the Præ-eminence of* Virgil *(whoſe Footſteps I adore) but ſubmit to many of his* Roman *Brethren, and I confeſs, That even they, in their own times, were not ſo ſecure from the Aſſaults of Detraction (though* Horace *brags at laſt,* Jam dente minus mordeor invido) *but then the Barkings of a few were drown'd in the Applauſe of all the reſt of the World, and the Poiſon of their Bitings extinguiſh'd by the Antidote of great Rewards, and great Encouragements, which is a way of curing now out of uſe, and I really profeſs, That I neither expect, nor think I deſerve it. Indolency would ſerve my turn inſtead of Pleaſure; But the Caſe is not ſo well; for though I comfort my ſelf with ſome aſſurance of the Favour and Affection of very many candid and good natured (and yet too judicious and even Critical) Perſons, yet this I do affirm, That from all which I have written I never received the leaſt Benefit, or the leaſt Advantage, but, on the contrary, have felt ſometimes the Effects of Malice and Misfortune.*

PROLOGUE.

AS when the Midland Sea is no where clear
From dreadful Fleets of *Tunis* and *Argier*,
Which coaſt about, to all they meet with Foes,
And upon which nought can be got but Blows,
The Merchant-Ships ſo much their Paſſage doubt,
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And Trade decays, and Scarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the timo'rous Wits of late refuſe,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the Stage,
Affrighted by the Criticks of this Age.
It is a Party nume'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which ſails in ſight with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, Thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alaſs, with Wind-guns, charg'd with Air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of *Argier*,
For your own Inte'reſt I'd adviſe ye here
To let this little forlorn Hope go by
Safe and untouch'd. That muſt not be (you'll cry)
If ye be wiſe, it muſt; I'll tell ye why.
There are 7, 8, 9, ----ſtay----there are behind
Ten Plays at leaſt, which wait but for a Wind,
And the glad News that we the Enemy miſs,
And thoſe are all your own if you ſpare This.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite New,
Some by known Shipwrights built, and others too
By that great Author made, who-e'er he be,
That ſtiles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to day,
Will rather till they rot in the Harbour ſtay,
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come,
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe Road, the Tyring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, If you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free, let it ſuffice
That we your Sovereign Power here to avow,
Thus humbly e'er we paſs, ſtrike ſail to You.

Added at Court.

STay, Gentlemen; what I have ſaid, was all
But forc'd Submiſſion, which I now re-call.
Ye're all but Pirats now again; for here
Does the true Sovereign of the Seas appear.
The Sovereign of theſe narrow Seas of Wit;
'Tis his own *Thames*; He knows and governs it.
'Tis his Dominion, and Domain; as He
Pleaſes, 'tis either Shut to us or Free.
Not only if his Paſs-port we obtain,
We fear no little Rovers of the Main:
But if our *Neptune* his calm Viſage ſhow,
No Wave ſhall dare to Riſe, or Wind to Blow.

The PERSONS.

COlonel *Folly*,	A Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was confiſcated in the late Troubles.
Mrs. *Aurelia*,	His Daughter.
Mrs. *Lucia*,	His Neice, left to his Tuition.
Cutter,	A merry, ſharking Fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.
Worm,	His Companion, and ſuch another Fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.
Mr. *Puny*,	A young, rich, brisk Fop, pretending to extraordinary Wit, Suiter to Mrs. *Lucia*.
Mr. *Truman* Senior,	An old, teſty, covetous Gentleman.
Mr. *Truman* Junior,	His Son, in love with Mrs. *Lucia*.
Mrs. *Barebottle*,	A Sope-boyler's Widow, who had bought *Folly*'s Eſtate, a pretended Saint.
Mrs. *Tabitha*,	Her Daughter.
Mrs. *Fare*,	Mrs. *Lucia*'s Maid, a little laughing Fop.
Mr. *Soaker*,	A little fudling Deacon.
Several Servants.	

CUTTER

CUTTER OF Coleman-ſtreet.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Truman Jun. HOW hard, alas, is that young Lover's Fate,
Who has a Father covetous and cholerick!
What has he made me ſwear?—
I dare not think upon the Oath, leſt I ſhould keep it—
Never to ſee my Miſtreſs more, or hear or ſpeak
Without his leave; And farewel then the uſe of Eyes and Ears:—
And all this Wickedneſs I ſubmited to,
For fear of being diſ-inherited;
For fear of loſing Dirt and Droſs, I loſe
My Miſtreſs---There's a Lover! Fitter much
For Hell than thouſand Perjuries could make him.
Fit to be made th' Example which all Women
Should reproach Men with, when themſelves grow falſe;
Yet ſhe, the good and charitable *Lucia*,
With ſuch a Bounty as hath only been
Practis'd by Heav'n, and Kings inſpir'd from thence,
Forgives ſtill, and ſtill loves her perjur'd Rebel.
I'll to my Father ſtraight, and ſwear to him
Ten thouſand Oaths, ne're to obſerve that wicked one
Which he has extorted from me—Here he comes;
And my weak Heart, already us'd to falſhood,
Begins to waver.

SCENE II.

Enter Truman *Senior, and* Truman *Jun.*

Trum. Sen. Well, *Dick*, you know what you ſwore to me yeſterday, and ſolemnly.
I ha' been conſidering, and conſidering all Night, *Dick*, for your good, and methinks, ſuppoſing I were a young Man again, and the caſe my own, (for I love to be juſt in all things) methinks 'tis hard for a young Man, I ſay, who has been a Lover, ſo long as you ha' been, to break off on a ſuddain. Am I in the right or no, *Dick?* Do you mark me?

Trum. Jun. Hard, Sir; 'tis harder much than any Death prolong'd by Tortures.

Trum. Sen. Why ſo I thought; and therefore out o' my care for your eaſe, I have hit upon an Expedient, that I think will ſalve the matter!

Trum. Jun. And I will thank you for it more, Sir,
Than for the Life you gave me.

Trum. ſen. Why! well ſaid, *Dick*, and I am glad with all my Heart, I thought upon't; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick*;
I ha' found out another Miſtreſs for you.

Trum. jun. Another? Heaven forbid, Sir!

Trum. ſen. Ay; Another, Good-man Jack Sawce; marry come up; wo'nt one of my chuſing ſerve your turn, as well as one of your own; ſure I am the older Man, Jack Sawce, and ſhould be the wiſer!

Trum. jun. But Nature, Sir, that's wiſer than all Mankind,
Is Miſtreſs in the choice of our Affections,
Affections are not rais'd from outward Reaſons, but inward Sympathies.

Trum. ſen. Very well, *Dick*, If you be a dutiful Son to me, you ſhall have a good Eſtate, and ſo has ſhe;
There's Sympathy for you now; but I perceive,
You're hank'ring ſtill after Mrs. *Lucy*,
Do, do! forſwear your ſelf; do, damn your ſelf, and be a Beggar too; ſure, I would never undo my ſelf by Perjury; if I had a mind to go to Hell, *Cromwel* ſhould make me a Lord for't! Ay, and one of his Council too; I'd never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham in a Coif. But to be ſhort, The Perſon I deſign for you is Mrs. *Tabith Barebottle*, our Neighbour, the Widow's Daughter. What do you ſtart at, Sirrah? Ay, Sirrah, Jack-an apes, if you ſtart when your Father ſpeaks to you,

Trum. jun. You did not think her, Father once, I'm ſure, a Perſon fit for your Alliance, when he plunder'd your Houſe in *Hartfordſhire*, and took away the very Hop-poles, pretending they were Arms too.

Trum. ſen. He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth on't, as to the buſineſs between man and man; but as to God-ward he was always counted an upright Man, and very devout. But that's all one, I'm ſure he's rais'd a fine Eſtate out of Nothing, by his Induſtry in theſe Times: An' I had not been a Beaſt too——but Heaven's Will be done, I could not have don't with a good Conſcience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her Mother about this Matter, and examine fully what her Eſtate is, for unleſs it prove a good one, I'll tell you true, *Dick*, I'm o' your Opinion, not to marry ſuch a Rogue's Daughter.

Trum. jun. I beſeech you, Sir—*Ex.* Tr. *ſen.*
It is in vain to ſpeak to him——
Though I to ſave this Dung-hill an Eſtate
Have done a Crime like theirs,
Who have abjur'd their King for the ſame Cauſe;
I will not yet, like them, purſue the Guilt,
And in thy place, *Lucia*, my lawful Sovereign,
Set up a low and ſcandalous Uſurper!

Enter Servant.

Serv. 'Tis well the old Man's juſt gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, Sir, deſires to ſpeak one word with you.

Trum. jun. With me? Who is't?

Serv. It ſhould be Mrs. *Lucia* by her voice, Sir, but ſhe's veil'd all over.
Will you pleaſe to ſee her, Sir?

Trum. jun. Will I ſee her? Blockhead? Yes, Go out and kneel to her,
And pray her to come in, [*Ex.* Serv.

SCENE III.

Enter Lucia *veil'd.*

Trum. jun. This is a favour, Madam!
That I as little hop'd, as I am able
To thank you for it——But why all this muffling?
Why a Diſguiſe, deareſt, between us?
Unleſs to encreaſe my deſire firſt, and then my joy to ſee thee,
Thou caſt this ſubtil Night before thy Beauty.
And now like one ſcorch'd with ſome raging Fever,
Upon whoſe flames no dew of ſleep has faln,
I do begin to quarrel with the Darkneſs,
And blame the ſlothful riſing of the Morn;
And with more Joy ſhall welcome it, than they
Whoſe icy Dwellings the cold Bear o'erlooks,
When after half the Year's Winter and Night,
Day and the Spring at once ſalutes their ſight!
Thus it appears, thus like thy matchleſs Beauty, [*Offers to pull off the Veil.*
When this black Cloud is vaniſh'd.
Why d'ye ſhrink back, my deareſt?
I prithee let me look a little upon thee:
'Tis all the Pleaſure Love has yet allow'd me,
And more than Nature does in all things elſe.
At leaſt ſpeak to me; well may I call it Night,
When Silence too thus joins it ſelf with Darkneſs.
Ha! I had quite forgot the curſed Oath I made——
Piſh! what's an Oath forced from a Lover's Tongue?
'Tis not recorded in Heaven's dreadful Book,
But ſcatter'd looſely by the breath that made it:
Away with it; to make it was but a Raſhneſs,
To keep it were a Sin——Dear Madam——
Ha! let's ſee this then firſt!
[*Offers again, but ſhe refuſes, and gives him a Note.*

He Reads.] *You know I have forgiven your unkind Oath to your Father, and ſhall never ſuffer you to be perjur'd. I come only to let you know, That the* Phyſician *and the* 'Pothecary *will do this Morning what we propos'd; be ready at hand, if there ſhou'd be occaſion for your preſence: I dare not ſtay one minute.*
Farewel.

Now

Now thousand Angels wait upon thee,
Lucia.
And thousand Blessings upon all thou dost.
Let me but kiss your Hand, and I'll dismiss you.
Ah cruel Father, when thou mad'st the Oath,
Thou little thought'st that thou had'st left
Such Blessings for me out of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Col. Jolly *in an Indian Gown and Night-Cap, with* Will. *his Man.*

Joll. Give me the Pills; what said the Doctor, *Will?*

Will. He said a great deal, Sir, but I was not Doctor enough to understand half of it.

Joll. A Man may drink, he says, for all these Baubles?

Will. He's ill advised if he give your Worship drinking Pills, for when you were drinking last together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worship told him was a new Disease.

Joll. He was drunk then himself first, and spoke false Latin, which becomes a Doctor worse than a beating. But he does not remember that, I hope, now.

Will. I think he does, Sir, for he says the Pills
Are to purge black Choler!

Joll. Ay, Melancholy; I shall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me shortly; my own Estate was sold for being with the King at *Oxford*. A Curse upon an old Dunce that needs must be going to *Oxford* at my years! My good Neighbour, I thank him, Colonel *Fear-the-Lord-Barebottle*, a Saint and a Sope-boyler, bought it; But he's dead, and boiling now himself, that's the best of't; There's a Cavalier's comfort! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at last; and even that too were as hard a Composition for ones own, as ever was made at *Haberdashers Hall*; but hang her, she'll ha' none o' me, unless I were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly; let her go to her Husband; (so much for that——It does not go down so glib as an Egg in Muskadine). Now when my Nieces Portion too goes out o' my Hands, which I can keep but till a handsom Wench of eighteen pleases to Marry (a pitiful slender Tenure that's the truth on't) I ha' nothing to do but to live by Plots for the King, or at last to be hang'd by 'em. (Sh, go thou too) well, something must be done, unless a Man could get true Gems by drinking, or like a Mouse in a Cheese, make himself a House by eating.

Takes the two other Pills.

Will. Did you send for Colonel *Cutter* and Captain *Worm*, to come and keep me company this Morning that I take Physick? They'll be loth to come to day, there's so little hope o' drinking here.

Will. They said they would be here, Sir, before this time;
Some Morning's draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

Joll. I could Repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to't; and besides if it should draw me to Amendment, 'twould undo me now, till I ha' gotten something. 'Tis a hard case to wrong my pretty Niece; but unless I get this wicked Widow, I and my Daughter must starve else; and that's harder yet; Necessity is, as I take it, Fatality, and that will excuse all things. O! Here they are!

SCENE V.

Enter Col. Jolly, *Col.* Cutter, *Capt.* Worm.

Joll. Welcome! Men o' War, what news abroad in Town?

Cut. Brave news i'faith, it arriv'd but yesterday by an *Irish* Priest, that came over in the habit of a Fish-wife, a cunning Fellow, and a Man o' Business, he's to lie Lieger here for a whole *Irish* College beyond-Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain spoke with him last Night at the Blue-Anchor!

Joll. Well, and what is't?

Worm. Why, Business is a float again; the King has muster'd five and twenty thousand Men in *Flanders*, as tall Fellows as any are in *Christendom*.

Joll. A pox upon you for a couple of gross Cheats!
I wonder from what Fools in what blind corners you get a dinner for this stuff.

Cut. Nay, there's another News that's stranger yet, but for that let the Captain answer.

Wor. I confess I should ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I saw it from a good Hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in Cypher.

Joll. O it can't miss then; what may it be, 'pray?

Wor. Why, that the Emperor of *Muscovy* has promis'd
To land ten thousand Bears in *England* to

Over-

Over-run the Country.

Foll. Oh! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their Brethren here I warrant you.

Cut. Why, Colonel, Things will come about again!
We shall have another Bout for't!

Foll. Why all this to a Friend that knows you; where were thy former Bouts, I pri thee, *Cutter*? Where did'ſt thou ever ſerve the King, or when?

Cut. Why every where; and the laſt time at *Worceſter*.
If I never ſerv'd him ſince, the fault's not mine; an there had been any Action——

Foll. At *Worceſter*, *Cutter*? Prithee how got'ſt thou thither?

Cut. Why as you and all other Gentlemen ſhould ha' done; I carry'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers; moſt of them had been under my Command before!

Foll. I'll be ſworn they were Reformado Tapſters then; but prithee how got'ſt thou off?

Cut. Why as the King himſelf, and all the reſt of the great ones; in a diſguiſe, if you'll needs know't.

Wor. He's very cautious, Colonel, h'as kept it ever ſince.

Foll. That's too long 'ifaith, *Cutter*, prithee take one diſguiſe now more at laſt, and put thy ſelf into the habit of a Gentleman.

Cut. I'll anſwer no more Prithees; Is this the Mornings-draught you ſent for me to?

Foll. No, I ha' better news for ye both, than ever ye had from a good *Iriſh* hand; the truth is I have a Plot for you, which if it take, ye ſhall no more make monſtrous Tales from *Bruges* to revive your ſinking Credits in loyal Ale-houſes, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardleſs Blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oaths like Cannon at every Health; nor upon unlucky failing Afternoons take melancholy turns in the *Temple* Walks, and when you meet acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer ſtays ſo long with a pox to him.

Wor. This Phiſick has ſtirr'd ill Humors in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a Drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

Foll. Nor make headleſs Quarrels about the Reckoning time, and leave the Houſe in confuſion; nor when you go to Bed produce ten ſeveral Snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco!

Cut. Would I had one here now; I ha'n't had my Morning Smoak yet, by this Day!

Foll. Nor change your Names and Lodgings as often as a Whore; for as yet if ye liv'd like Tartars in a Cart (as I fear ye muſt die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To day at *Wapping*, and to morrow you appear again upon *Mill-bank* (like a Duck that dives at this end of the Pond, and riſes unexpectedly at the other) I do not think *Pythagoras* his Soul e'er chang'd ſo many Dwellings as you ha' done within theſe two Years.

Cut. Why, what then, Colonel? Soldiers muſt remove their Tents ſometimes, *Alexander the Great* did it a thouſand times.

Worm. Nine hundred, *Cutter*, you're but a Dunce in Story;
But what's all this to th' matter, Noble Colonel?
You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher;
Where's the uſe of Conſolation that you promiſ'd us?

Foll. Why thou ſhalt have it, little *Worm*, for theſe
Damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible ſick, and are not like to allow of long Digreſſions; Thus briefly then, as befits a Man in my caſe!
When my Brother the Merchant went into *Africk*, to follow his great Trade there——

Wor. How o' Devil could he follow it? why he had quite loſt his memory; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him, for fear leſt he ſhould forget it.

Foll. Oh his Man *John*, you know, did all, yet ſtill he would go about with old *John*, and thought if he did Go, he did his Buſineſs himſelf; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thouſand pounds to my Tuition, and if ſhe married without my conſent, ſhe was to have but a thouſand of it. When he was gone two years he dy'd——

Wor. He did a little forget himſelf methinks, when he left the Eſtate in your hands, Colonel.

Foll. Hold your tongue, Capt. Coxcomb; now the caſe is this; ye ſhall give me a thouſand pounds for my intereſt and favour in this buſineſs, ſettle the reſt upon her, and her children, or me and mine, if ſhe ha' none (d'ee mark me? For I will not have one Penny of the Principal paſs through ſuch glewy Fingers) upon theſe terms I'll marry her to one of you; Always provided tho' that he whom ſhe ſhall chooſe (for ſhe ſhall have as fair a choice as can be between two ſuch Fellows) ſhall give me good aſſurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as befits her Husband, and caſt off the t'other Company!

Cut.

Cut. The Conditions may be admitted of, though if I have her, she'l ha' no ill bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if she should prove a fooliſh fantaſtical Wench, and refuſe to marry either of us?

Foll. Why! then she ſhall never ha' my conſent to marry any body; and she'll be hang'd, I think, firſt in the Friar's Rope, e're she turn Nun.

Wor. I'll be a Carthuſian an she do!

Foll. If 't were not for Chaſtity and Obedience thou mighteſt be ſo; their t'other Vow of never carrying any money about them, thou haſt kept from thy Youth upwards.

Wor. I'll have her; I'm the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'm ſure.

Cut. Thou, Captain *Bobadil?* what with that Ember-week Face o' thine? that Raſor o' thy Noſe? thou look'ſt as if thou had'ſt never been fed ſince thou ſuck'ſt thy Mother's milk. Thy Cheeks begin to fall into thy Mouth, that thou mighteſt eat them. Why thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a Face at top, and a Slit at bottom. I am a man ha' ſerv'd my King and Country, a perſon of Honour, Dog-bolt, and a Colonel.

Wor. Yes, as Prieſts are made now a days, a Colonel made by thine own ſelf. I muſt confeſs thus much o' thy good parts, thou'rt beholding to no body but thy ſelf for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I ſee thee once in a quarrel at Nine-pins behind *Sodom*-Lane diſarm'd with one o' the Pins? Alas, good *Cutter!* There's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart pots, the effuſion of Blood and Claret-wine——

Cut. (What a bragging little Cur's this?)

Wor. The ſmoak of Guns and Tobacco ——nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, becauſe you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; beſides, what parts haſt thou? Haſt thou Scholarſhip enough to make a Brewer's Clerk? Can'ſt thou read the Bible? I'm ſure thou haſt not; canſt thou write more than thine own Name, and that in ſuch vile Characters, that moſt Men take 'em for *Arabian* Pot-hooks! Doſt thou not live, *Cutter*, in the Chymærian darkneſs of Ignorance?

Foll. Cymmerian, Captain, let it be Cymmerian!

Wor. Ay; I know ſome will have it ſo; but by this light I always call't Chymærian!

Cut. O brave Scholar! has the Colonel caught you in falſe Latin, you Dunce you? You'd e'en as good ſtick to your Captainſhip; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the firſt that ever call'd you ſo; and ſaid you had ſerv'd ſtoutly in my Regiment at *Newberry?*

Foll. Thy Regiment?——Well! Leave your quarrelling, Baboons, and try your Fortunes fairly; I begin to be very ſick, I'll leave you, and ſend in my Niece to entertain you: Upon my life, if you quarrel any more, As great Soldiers as you are, I'll ha' you Caſhier'd for ever out o' this Garriſon o' mine, look to't. [*Exit. Col.* Joll.

Wor. Come, *Cutter*, wee'd e'en better play fair play with one another, than loſe all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who ſhall accoſt her firſt when ſhe comes in, and the t'other void the Room for a little while.

Cut. Agreed! you may thank the Colonel for coming off ſo eaſily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at ſuch a time as this!

Wor. The longeſt firſt—— [*Draws Lots.*

Cut. Mine! Od's my life! Here ſhe is already!

SCENE VI.

Enter Lucia, Cutter, Worm.

Luc. Not chooſe amiſs? Indeed I muſt do, Uncle, *To her ſelf at her Entrance.*
If I ſhould chooſe again; eſpecially,
If I ſhould do't out of your Drinking Company,
Though I have ſeen theſe fellows here, I think,
A hundred times, yet I ſo much deſpiſe 'em,
I never ask'd their Names: But I muſt ſpeak to 'em now, My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you preſently again, and ſent me hither to deſire your patience!

Cut. Patience, Madam, will be no Virtue requiſite for us, whilſt you are pleas'd to ſtay here; Ha, ha! *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat 'faith for a beginning. [*Worm goes out.*

Luc. Is your Friend going, Sir?

Cut. Friend, Madam?——(I hope I ſhall be even with him preſently) he's a merry Fellow that your Uncle and I divert our ſelves withal.

Luc. What is he, pray, Sir?

Cut. That's ſomething difficult to tell you, Madam;
But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and ſince a Merchant, but broke the firſt half year; after that he ſerv'd a Juſtice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Sollicitor at *Goldſmiths-hall*; h'as a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Protectreſs's Poet; he writ once a Copy in praiſe of her Beauty, but her Highneſs gave him for it but an old Half-crown piece in Gold, which ſhe had hoorded

up before theſe troubles, and that diſcourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court. Since that, h'as been a little Agitator for the Cavalier party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately; He's a good ingenious Fellow, that's the truth on't, and a pleaſant Droll when h'as got a cup o' Wine in his pate, which your Uncle and I ſupply him with; but for matters that concern the King, neither of us truſt him. Not that I can ſay h'as betraid any body, but he's ſo indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would ſell his Soul to *Oliver* for a Noble. But, Madam, what a pox ſhould we talk any more o' that Mole catcher? Now I'm out again——I am ſo us'd only to ranting Whores, that an honeſt Gentlewoman puts me to a Non-plus!

Luc. Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Perſon of Quality, and of the ſame Condition with your ſelf, only that you had been a Colonel o' Foot, and he a Captain of Horſe in his Majeſty's Service.

Cut. You know your Uncle's Drolling humour, Madam; he thought there was no danger in the Raillery, and that you'd quickly find out what he was: *Enter* Worm. Here he comes again, I'll leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately, (I am at a loſs, and muſt recover my ſelf) Captain, I ha' delt better by you than you deſerv'd, and given you a high Character to her; ſee you do me right too, if there be occaſion——I'll make bold though to hearken whether you do or no. [*Exit.* Cutter, *and ſtands at the door.*

Wor. Madam, my Noble Friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honour me ſo far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the liberty to kiſs your hands.

Luc. You're welcome, Sir, but pray, Sir, give me leave
Before you enter into farther Complement,
To ask one queſtion of you.

Wor. I ſhall reſolve you, Madam, with that truth
Which may, I hope, invite you to believe me
In what I'm to ſay afterwards.

Luc. 'Tis to tell me your Friend's Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, though I've ſeen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I ſuppoſe him to be ſome honourable Perſon, who has eminently ſerv'd the King in the late Wars.

Cut. 'Tis a ſhrewd diſcerning Wench, ſhe has hit me right already. [*at the door.*

Wor. They call him Colonel *Cutter*, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you're a Major-General.

Cut. Ha! Sure I miſtake the Rogue!

Wor. He never ſerv'd his King, not he, no more than he does his Maker; 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any Man, upon other Mens charges, and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was ſoundly beaten one day, and dragg'd about the Room, like old *Hector* o' *Troy* about the Town.

Cut. What does this Dog mean, trow?

Wor. Once indeed he was very low for almoſt a twelve-month, and had neither money enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Sciſſars, and then he wore a Beard (he ſaid) for King *Charles*; he's now in pretty good Cloaths, but would you ſaw the Furniture of his Chamber! Marry half a Chair, an earthen Chamberpot without an Ear, and the bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-ſtick, the reſt is broken foul Tobacco pipes, and a dozen o' Gally pots with Salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever ſuch a curſed Villain!

Wor. H'as been a known Cheat about the Town theſe twenty Years.

Luc. What does my Uncle mean to keep him company, if he be ſuch a one?

Wor. Why he's infatuated, I think! I ha' warn'd him on't a thouſand times; he has ſome Wit (to give the Devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him, but however I'd adviſe your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State matters, for he's ſhrewdly wrong'd if he ben't *Cromwel*'s Agent for all the Taverns between *King's-ſtreet*, and the Devil at *Temple-Bar*, indeed he's a kind o' Reſident in 'em.

Cut. Fleſh and Blood can bear no longer. ——*Worm*, you're a ſtinking, lying, perjur'd, damn'd Villain; and if I do not bring you, Madam, his Noſe and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your Feet here before night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine; 'till then, ſuſpend your Judgment. [*Exit.* Cutter.

Luc. Nay, you're both even; juſt ſuch an excellent Character did he beſtow on you;
Why, thou vile Wretch,
Go to the Stews, the Gaol, and there make love,
Thou'lt find none there but ſuch as will ſcorn thee!

Wor. Why here's brave work i'faith! I ha' carry'd it ſwimmingly, I'll e'en go ſteal away and drink a dozen before I venture to think one thought o' the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Luc. Go curſed Race, which ſtick your loathſome Crimes
Upon the honourable Cauſe and Party;
And to the noble loyal Sufferers,
A worſer ſuffering add of Hate and Infamy.
Go to the Robbers and the Parricides,
And fix your Spots upon their painted Vizards,

Not

Not on the Native face of Innocence,
'Tis you retard that Induſtry by which
Our Country would recover from this ſickneſs;
Which, whilſt it fears th' eruption of ſuch Ulcers,
Keeps a Diſeaſe tormenting it within,
But if kind Heav'n pleaſe to reſtore our Health,
When once the great Phyſician ſhall return,
He quickly will, I hope, reſtore our Beauty.
Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Aurelia.

I See 'tis no ſmall part of Policy
To keep ſome little Spies in an Enemies Quarters:
The Parliament had reaſon——
I would not for 500 Pounds but ha' corrupted my Couſin *Lucia*'s Maid; and yet it coſts me nothing but Sack-poſſets, and Wine, and Sugar when her Miſtreſs is a Bed, and tawd'ry Ribbonds, or fine trimm'd Gloves ſometimes, and once I think a pair of Counterfeit Ruby Pendants
That coſt me half a Crown. The poor Wench loves
Dy'd Glaſs like any *Indian*, for a Diamond Bob I'd have her Maiden-head if I were a Man and ſhe a Maid. If her Miſtreſs did but talk in her ſleep ſometimes, o' my conſcience ſhe'd ſit up all Night and watch her, only to tell me in the morning what ſhe ſaid; 'tis the prettieſt diligent Wretch in her Calling, now ſhe has undertaken't.
Her intelligence juſt now was very good, and
May be o' conſequence; That young *Truman* is
Stoln up the back way into my Couſin's Chamber.
Theſe are your grave Maids that ſtudy Romances, and will be all *Mandana*'s and *Caſſandra*'s, and never ſpit but by the Rules of Honour; Oh, here ſhe comes, I hope, with freſh intelligence from the Foes Rendevouze.

SCENE II.

Enter Aurelia, Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! for the love of goodneſs hold me, or I ſhall fall down with laughing, Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the beſt humour——no——I can't tell it you for laughing——Ha, ha, ha! the prettieſt ſport, Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Why, thou haſt not ſeen him lie with her, haſt thou?
The Wench is mad; prethee what it't?

Jane. Why (hee, hei, ha!) my Miſtreſs ſits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers her from Top to Toe, and ſays not one word to him, becauſe of the Oath you know that the old Man forc'd his Son to take after your Father had forbid him the Houſe, and he talks half an hour, like an Aſs as he is, all alone, and looks upon her hand all the while, and kiſſes it. But that which makes me die with laughing at the conceit (ha, ha, ha!) is, that when he asks her any thing, ſhe goes to the Table, and writes her anſwer: You never ſaw ſuch an innocent Puppet-play!

Aur. Dear *Jane* (kiſs me, *Jane*) how ſhall I do to ſee 'em?

Jane. Why, Madam, I'll go look the Key of my Miſtreſs's Cloſet above, that looks into her Chamber, where you may ſee all, and not be ſeen.

Aur. Why that's as good as the trick o' the Veil; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'twill make us excellent Sport at Night, and we'll fuddle our Noſes together, ſhall we dear *Jane?*

Jane. Ay, dear Madam! I'll go ſeek out the Key.

Aur. 'Tis ſtrange, if this trick o' my Couſin's ſhould beget no trick o' mine, That would be pitiful dull doings.

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, *Mr.* Puny.

Aur. Here comes another of her Servants; a young, rich, fantaſtical Fop, that would be a Wit, and has got a new way of being ſo; he ſcorns to ſpeak any thing that's common, and finds out ſome impertinent ſimilitude for every thing, The Devil I think can't find out one for him. This Coxcomb has ſo little Brains too, as to make me the Confident of his Amours. I'll thank him for his Confidence e're I ha' done with him.

Pun. Who's here? O Madam! is your Father out of his Metaphorical Grave yet? You underſtand my meaning, my dear Confident? You're a Wit!

Aur. Like what, Mr. *Puny?*

Pun. Why——like——me!

Aur. That's right your way, Mr. *Puny*, its an odd ſimilitude.

Pun. But where's your Father, little Queen o' Diamonds? Is he extant? I long like a Woman big with Twins to ſpeak with him!

Aur.

Aur. You can't now poſſibly. There was never any Creature ſo ſick with a Diſeaſe as he is with Phyſick, to day, the Doctor and the Apothecary's with him, and will let no body come in. But, Mr. *Puny*, I have words o' comfort for you!

Pun. What, my dear Queen o' *Sheba!* and I have Ophir for thee if thou haſt.

Aur. Why your Rival is forbid our houſe, and has ſworn to his Father never to ſee or hear your Miſtreſs more.

Pun. I knew that Yeſterday as well as I knew my *Credo*, but I'm the very Jew of *Malta*, if ſhe did not uſe me ſince that, worſe than I'd uſe a rotten Apple.

Aur. Why that can't be, Brother Wit, why that was uncivilly done of her!

Pun. O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to day I think) ſhe cares much for that; No, that *Aſſyrian* Crocodile *Truman* is ſtill ſwimming in her præcordiums, but I'll ſo ferret him out, I'll beat him as a *Bloomsbury* Whore beats Hemp; I'll ſpoil his grave Dominical Poſtures; I'll make him ſneak, and look like a Door off the Hinges.

Aur. That's hard! but he deſerves it truly, if he ſtrive to Annihilate.

Pun. Why well ſaid, Siſter Wit, now thou ſpeak'ſt odly too!

Aur. Well, without wit or foolery, Mr. *Puny*, what will you give me, if this Night, this very improbable Night, I make you marry my Couſin *Lucia?*

Pun. Thou talk'ſt like *Meduſa*'s Head, thou aſtoniſheſt me.

Aur. Well, in plain language as befits a Bargain; there's Pen and Ink in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your hand to pay me five hundred pounds in Gold (upon forfeiture of a thouſand if you fail) within an hour after the buſineſs is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Couſin *Lucia* ſhall be your Wife this Night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if I do not, conſider a little before-hand, whether the Work deſerves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

Pun. There ſhall be no more conſidering than in a Haſty Pudding; I'll write it an' you will, in Short-hand, to diſpatch immediately, and preſently go put five hundred Marigolds in a purſe for you. Come away like an Arrow out of a *Scythian* Bow.

Aur. I'll do your buſineſs for you, I'll warrant you; *Allons Mon-Cher.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cutter, Worm.

Cut. Now I ha' thee at the place, where thou affronted'ſt me, here will I cut thy Throat.

Wor. You'll be hang'd firſt.

Cut. No by this light.

Wor. You'll be hang'd after them.

Cut. Not ſo neither; for I'll hew thee into ſo many morſels, that the Crowner ſhall not be able to give his Verdict, whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beaſt, as thou art. Thou ſhalt be mince-meat, *Worm*, within this hour.

Wor. He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one ſyllable ſince of his Reformation, he ſhall not daunt me.

Cut. Come on; I'll ſend the preſently to *Erebus.* [*Draws.*

Wor. Without either Bail or Main-prize. Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadſt as many lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end of 'em all.

Cut. Come on, Miſcreant.

Wor. Do, do! ſtrike an thou dar'ſt.

Cut. Coward, I'll give thee the advantage of the firſt puſh, Coward.

Wor. I ſcorn to take any thing o' thee Jew.

Cut. If thou dar'ſt not ſtrike firſt, thou ſubmitt'ſt, and I give thee thy life.

Wor. Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous firſt to me, and therefore muſt begin. Come, pox upon't, this Quarrel will coſt us Quarts of Wine a piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

Cut. Here's Company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

SCENE V.

Enter Aurelia, Puny, Cutter *and* Worm.

Aur. Five hundred neat Gentlemen-like twenty ſhilling pieces, though never waſh'd nor barb'd— [*Reading.*
A curſe upon him, can't he write a Bond without theſe Sotteries?

Pun. Why how now Panims? fighting like two Sea-fiſh in the Map? Why how now my little Gallimaufry, my *Oleopodrido* of Arts and Arms; Hold the fierce Gudgings!

Aur. 'Ods my life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the only way to part 'em.

Pun. Do, do! kill one another, and be hang'd like Ropes of Onyons.

Cut. At your command? No, *Puny!* I'll be forc'd by no Man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight

fight for no Man's Pleaſure, but our own.

Wor. Agreed! I won't make ſport with murdering any Man, an' he were a *Turk*.

Pun. Why now ye ſpeak like the Pacifick Sea; we'll to the King's Pole anon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Veſſel there to Redintegration, and that ſo big, that the Tun of *Heydelberg* ſhall ſeem but a Barrel of Pickled Oyſters to it; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good Fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers.

Exit Puny.

Cut. Your Couſin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us moſt irreverently.

Aur. Why what's the matter?

Cut. Your Father recommended us two as Suters to her.

Aur. And ſhe'd ha' none of you? What a fooliſh Girl 'tis, to ſtand in her own light ſo?

Wor. Nay, that's not all, but ſhe us'd us worſe than if we'd been the verieſt Rogues upon the Face of the whole Earth.

Aur. That's a little thought too much, but 'twas ſafer erring o' that hand.

Cut. Ay, we're like to get much, I ſee, by complaining to you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Key o' the Cloſet, go up ſoftly, Madam, Ha, ha, ha! and make no noiſe, dear Madam, I muſt be gone.

Exit.

Aur. Why does this little Foppotee laugh always? 'tis ſuch a Ninny that ſhe betrays her Miſtreſs, and thinks ſhe does no hurt at all, no, not ſhe; well, wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but ſoftly upon your Lives, as you would ſteal to a Miſtreſs through her Mother's Chamber) and I'll ſhew you this ſevere *Penelope*, lock'd up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

Cut. As ſoftly as Snow falls.

Wor. Or Vapours riſe.

Aur. What are you Puniſh too with your Similitudes? Mum——not a word——pull off your Shooes at bottom of the Stairs, and follow me.

SCENE VI.

Enter Truman *Junior*. *And preſently* Aurelia, Cutter, *and* Worm, *appear at a little Window.*

Trum. Why ſhould her cruel Uncle ſeek to' oppoſe
A Love in all reſpects ſo good and equal?
He has ſome wicked end in't, and deſerves
To be deceiv'd!

Cut. Deceiv'd? pray mark that, Madam.

Trum. She is gone in to ſee if things be ripe yet.
To make our laſt attempt upon her Uncle;
If our Plot fail——

Aur. A Plot i'faith, and I ſhall Counterplot ye.

Trum. In ſpight of our worſt Enemies, our Kindred,
And a raſh Oath that cancell'd in the making,
We will purſue our Loves to the laſt point,
And buy that Paradiſe, though 't be with Martyrdom!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucia.

She goes to the Table and Writes whilſt he Speaks, and gives him the Paper.

Trum. She's come, methinks I ſee her through her Veil;
She's naked in my Heart with all her Beauties.

Wor. Thou haſt a bawdy Heart, I'll warrant thee.

Cut. Hold your peace, Coxcomb.

Trum. That has, I think, taken an Oath Quite contrary to mine, never to ſee
Any thing elſe!

He's extream ſick, and thinks he ſhall die; the Doctor and Pothecary have acted very well; I'll be with him preſently, go into my little Oratory, and pray for the ſucceſs——I'll pray with as much zeal as any Sinner, converted juſt upon the point of death, prays his ſhort time out.

Reads a Paper given him by *Lucia*.

A Cry within, Mrs. *Aurelia*.

[*Exeunt* Truman *and* Lucia.

Aur. What can this mean? and the cry within there? Pray let's go down and ſee what's the matter.

[*They cry within.*

Enter Will *and* Ralph *crying*.

Will. Ah, Lord! My poor Maſter! Mrs. *Aurelia*, Mrs. *Aurelia!*

Aur. Here, what's the buſineſs?

Ralph. O Lord! The ſaddeſt Accident.

Aur. For the love of Heaven ſpeak quickly.

Will. I cannot ſpeak for weeping; my poor Maſter's Poiſon'd,

Aur. Poiſon'd? How prethee, and by whom?

Will. Why by the ſtrangeſt Accident, Miſtreſs.
The Doctor preſcrib'd one what dee' call it

with a hard Name, and that careleſs Rogue the 'Pothecary's Man (miſtaking one Glaſs for another that ſtood by it) put in another what de'e call it, that is a mortal Poiſon.

Aur. Oh then 'tis plain, there was the Plot they talk'd of; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they ſaid; pray follow me and bear witneſs. *Exit* Aurelia.

Cut. Undoubtedly they had a hand in't; we ſhall be brought to ſwear againſt them, *Worm.*

Wor. I'll ſwear what I heard, and what I heard not, but I'll hang 'em. I ſee I ſhall be revenged o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

SCENE VIII.

Colonel Jolly *(brought in a Chair)* Aurelia, Cutter, Worm, Will, Ralph, *other Servants.*

Joll. Oh! I ha' vomited out all my Guts, and all my Entrails——

Aur. Oh my dear Father!

Joll. I'm going, Daughter——ha' ye ſent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Pothecary to a Juſtice o' Peace to be examin'd?

Will. Yes, Sir, your Worſhip's Steward and the Conſtable are gone with 'em; does your Worſhip think they did it out o' malice, and not by a miſtake? If I had thought they did, I'd a hang'd 'em preſently, that you might ha' ſeen it done before you dy'd.

Joll. Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, becauſe I beat him t'other day in our drinking! Huh, huh, huh!

Aur. No, Sir, (O my dear Father) no, Sir, you little think who were the Contrivers of your murder, e'en my Couſin *Lucy* and her Gallant——Oh Lord——'tis diſcover'd by a miraculous Providence—they're both together in her Chamber now, and there we overheard 'em as it pleas'd——theſe two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I——

Joll. Can they be ſuch Monſters? Oh! I'm as hot as *Lucifer*——Oh——Oh! What did you hear 'em ſay?——Oh my ſtomach!

Cut. Why that they had a Plot——

Aur. And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

Wor. Ay, and your Niece ask'd if he thought the Poiſon were ſtrong enough.

Aur. There never was ſuch an Impudence!

Will. How murder will out! I always thought, fellow *Ralph*, your Miſtreſs *Lucia* was nought with that young ſmooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Butteries once?

Aur. Here ſhe comes! O Impudence!

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Oh! Oh! Oh!——go all aſide a little, and let me ſpeak with her alone. Come hither, Niece——Oh! Oh! You ſee by what accident't has pleas'd——huh——huh——huh——to take away your loving Uncle, Niece! huh——

Luc. I ſee't, Sir, with that grief which your misfortune and mine in the loſs of you does require.

Cut. There's a Devil for you; but, Captain, did you hear her ſpeak o' Poiſon, and whether it were ſtrong enough? *Joll. and Luc. talk together.*

Wor. No, but I love to ſtrike home when I do a buſineſs, I'm for thorough-ſtitch; I'm through pac'd, what a pox ſhould a Man ſtand mincing?

Luc. I hope, Sir, and have faith, that you'll recover!
But, Sir, becauſe the danger's too apparent,
And who (alas) knows how Heaven may diſpoſe of you? before it grow too late (after your bleſſing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my knees.

Joll. What is't (riſe up Niece) Oh——I can deny you nothing at this time ſure!

Luc. It is (I wo'not riſe, Sir, till you grant it)
That ſince the love 'twixt *Truman* and my ſelf
Has been ſo fixt, and like our Fortunes equal,
Ye would be pleas'd to ſign before your Death,
The confirmation of that Love, our Contract,
And when your Soul ſhall meet above, my Father's,
As ſoon as he had bid you welcome thither,
He'll thank you for this goodneſs to his Daughter;
I do conjure you, Sir, by his memory!
By all your hopes of Happineſs hereafter
In a better World! And all your deareſt wiſhes of Happineſs for thoſe whom ye love moſt, and leave behind ye here!

Joll. You ha' deſerv'd ſo well o' me, Niece, that 'tis impoſſible to deny you any thing; Where's gentle Mr. *Truman?*

Luc. In the next Room, Sir, waiting on your Will
As on the Sentence of his Life and Death too.

Joll. Oh——I'm very ſick——pray bring him in.

Luc. A thouſand Angels guard your Life, Sir!
Or if you die, carry you up to Heaven. [*Exit.*

Wor. Was there ever ſuch a young diſſembling Witch?

Cut. Here's Woman in perfection!

The

The Devil's in their Tails, and in their Tongues!
They're poſſeſt both ways!
Joll. Will, *Ralph*, is *Jeremy* there too? Be ready when I ſpeak to you.

Enter Truman, Lucia (*veil'd.*)

Trum. Our prayers are heard, 'tis as we wiſh'd, dear *Lucia*, Oh this bleſt hour!

Joll. Take him and carry him up to the Green Chamber—Oh my Belly—lock him in ſure there, till you ſee what becomes of me; if I do die, he and his miſtreſs ſhall have but an ill Match of it at *Tyburn*. Oh my Guts—Lock up *Luce* too in her Chamber.

Trum. What do ye mean, Gentlemen? Are you mad?

Will. We mean to lock you up ſafe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are!

Luc. Pray hear me all.

Joll. Away with 'em. *Exeunt all the Servants with* Truman *and* Lucia, *ſeveral ways.*

Aur. How do you, Sir? I hope you may o're-come it, your Nature's ſtrong, Sir.

Joll. No, 'tis impoſſible; and yet I find a little eaſe, but 'tis but a flaſh—*Aurelia*—Oh there it wrings me again—fetch me the Cordial-glaſs in the Cabinet Window, and the little Prayer-book; I would fain repent, but it comes ſo hardly—I am very unfit to die, if it would pleaſe Heaven—ſo, ſet down the Glaſs—there—give me—

Aur. The Prayer-book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I muſt wipe it firſt.

Joll. Lay it down too—ſo—it begins t' aſſwage a little—there lay down the Book; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter Will.

Will. Here's the Widow, Sir, without, and Mrs. *Tabitha* her Daughter, they have heard o' your misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. *Knock-down* to comfort you.

Joll. How? everlaſting *Knock-down!* will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying? Sirrah! Blockhead! Let in *Joſeph Knock-down*, and I'll ſend thee to Heaven before me; I have but an hour or too to live perhaps, and that's not enough for him I'm ſure to Preach in!

Will. Shall Mrs *Barebottle* come in, Sir?

Joll. That's a She *Knock-down* too; well, let her come in—huh! huh! huh! I muſt bear all things patiently now: But Sirrah, Rogue! Take heed of o' *Joſeph Knock-down*, thou ſhalt not live with Ears, if *Joſeph Knock-down* enter.

Enter Widow, Tabitha.

Wid. How do you Neighbour Colonel? How is't? Take comfort.

Joll. Cut off i'th' flower o' my Age, Widow.

Wid. Why, Man's Life is but a Flower, Mr. *Jolly*, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as Mr. *Knock-down* obſerved laſt Sabbath-day at Evening Exerciſe: But, Neighbour, you're paſt the Flower, you're grown old as well as I—

Joll. I' the very Flower; that damn'd Quack-ſalver—

Tab. Me-thoughts he was the ugliеſt fellow, Mother,
And they ſay he's a Papiſh too, forſooth.

Wid. I never liked a Doctor with a Red Noſe; my Husband was wont to ſay—how do you, Mrs. *Aurelia?* Comfort your ſelf, we muſt all die ſooner or later; to day here, to morrow gone.

Joll. Oh the torture of ſuch a Tongue! Would I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

Wid. Alaſs poor Man! his Tongue I warrant ye is as hot as Paſſes; you have a better memory than I, *Tabitha*, tell him what Mr. *Knock-down* ſaid was a Saint's duty in tormenting ſickneſſes; now Poiſon's a great tormentor.

Joll. Oh! Oh! — this additional Poiſon will certainly make an end of me!

Wid. Why ſeek for ſpiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel; I'll tell you what my Husband *Barebottle* was wont to obſerve (and he was a Colonel too) he never ſought for Incomes, but he had ſome Bleſſing followed immediately; once he ſought for 'em in *Hartford-ſhire*, and the next day he took as many Horſes and Arms in the Country, as ſerv'd to raiſe three Troops; another time he ſought for 'em in *Bucklersbury*, and three days after a Friend of his, that he owed five hundred Pounds to, was hang'd for a Malignant, and the debt forgiven him by the Parliament; a third time he ſought for 'em in *Hartford-ſhire*——

Tab. No, Mother, 'twas in *Worceſterſhire*, forſooth.

Wid. Ay Child, it was indeed in *Worceſter-ſhire*; and within two Months after the Dean of *Worceſter*'s Eſtate fell to him.

Joll. He ſought for 'em once out o' my Eſtate too, I thank him; Oh my head!

Wid. Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a Friend's means of the Council hook'd in two thouſands Pounds of his Arrears.

Cut. For ſhame let's relieve him; Colonel, you ſaid you had a mind to ſettle ſome Affairs of your Eſtate with me, and Capt. *Worm* here.

Wid.

Wid. I'll leave you then for a while, pray ſend for me, Neighbour, when you have a mind to't: Heaven ſtrengthen you; come, *Tabitha.*

Joll. Aurelia, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an hour.

[*Exit* Wid. Tab. Aur.

Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial; I begin to hope that my extream violent Fit of Vomiting and Purging has wrought out all the Poiſon, and ſav'd my life——my Pain's almoſt quite gone, but I'm ſo ſore and faint——give me the Glaſs.

Wor. What d' you mean, Colonel? You will not doat, I hope, now you're dying? Drink, I know not what there, made by a Doctor and a 'pothecary? Drink a Cup o' Sack, Man; healing Sack, you'll find your old Antidote beſt.

Cut. He'as reaſon, Colonel, it agrees beſt with your Nature; 'tis good to recover your ſtrength——as for the danger that's paſt, I'm confident, already.

Joll. Doſt thou think ſo, honeſt *Cutter?* Fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that News; I'll drink a little my ſelf, one little Beer-glaſs.

Cut. Poor Creature! He would try all ways to live!

Joll. Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glaſs o' Sack will do me no hurt I hope! I do not intend to die the Whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in Hell——So, give it me; a little fuller,——yet——it warms exceedingly——and is very Cordial——So,——fill to the Gentlemen.

Enter Will, *with a Bottle and great Glaſs.*

Wor. Let's drink, let's drink, whilſt breath we have; [*Sings.*

You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

Cut. A Catch i'faith! Boy, go down, Boy, go down,
And fill us t'other Quart,
That we may drink the Colonel's Health.

Wor. That we may drink the Colonel's Health.

Both. Before that we do part.

Wor. Why doſt thou frown, thou arrant Clown?
Hey Boys——Tope——

Joll. Why this is very cheerly! pray let's ha' the Catch that we made t'other Night againſt the Doctor.

Wor. Away with't, *Cutter*; hum——Come fill us the Glaſs o' Sack.

Cut. What Health do we lack?

Wor. Confuſion to the Quack.

Both. Confound him, Confound him,
Diſeaſes all around him.

Cut. And fill again the Sack,

Wor. That no Man may lack,

Cut. Confuſion to the Quack,

Both. Confuſion to the Quack,
Confound him, Confound him,
Diſeaſes all around him.

Wor. He's a kind of Grave-maker,

Cut. A Urinal Shaker,

Wor. A wretched Groat-taker,

Cut. A ſtinking Cloſe-Stool raker,

Wor. He's a Quack, that's worſe than a Quaker.

Both. He's a Quack, *&c.*

Wor. Hey, Boys——*Gingo*——

Joll. Give me the Glaſs, *Will.* I'll venture once more what e're come on't, here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and ſo *Finis coronat.*

Wor. Come on Boys, *Vivat*; have at you again then.
Now a Pox on the Poll of old Politick *Noll.*

Both. We'll drink till we bring,
In Triumph back the King.

Wor. May he live till he ſee
Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

Wor. And many ſuch as he.

Both. May he live till, *&c.*

Joll. I'm very ſick again; *Will*, help me into my Bed; reſt you merry, Gentlemen.

Cut. Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he ſhall not die this bout.

Wor. It's pity but he ſhould, he does't ſo bravely; come along then, kiſs me, *Cutter*; Is not this better than quarrelling?

Both. May he live till he ſee, *&c.*
Hey for Fidlers now!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly, *and* Aurelia.

Joll. 'Tis true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in; 'twas nothing but a ſimple Plot o' the two Lovers to put me in fear o' death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conſcience, and Quack conſpired with them out o' revenge; 'Twas a curſed Rogue though to give me ſuch an unmerciful Doſe of Scammony! It might ha' prov'd but an ill Jeſt; but however, I will not be a loſer by the buſineſs, e're I ha' done with't.

Aur. Methinks there might be ſomething extracted out of it.

Joll. Why ſo there ſhall; I'll pretend, *Aurelia*, to be ſtill deſperately ſick, and that I was really poiſon'd, no Man will blame me after that, for whatſoever I do with my Niece.

Niece. But that's not all, I will be mightily troubled in Conſcience, ſend for the Widow, and be converted by her, that will win her heart, join'd with the hopes of my ſwallowing *Lucia*'s Portion.

Aur. For that point I'll aſſiſt you, Sir: Aſſure her that my Couſin *Lucia* is married privately this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Foll. I would ſhe were, Wench (for thine and my ſake) her Portion would be forfeited then indeed, and ſhe would ha' no great need of't, for that Fop's very rich.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll bring ſufficient proofs of that, to ſatisfie the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let the ſecret of the buſineſs reſt with me yet a while, to morrow you ſhall know't. But for my own part, Sir, if I were in your place, I'd rather patiently loſe my Eſtate for ever, than take't again with her.

Foll. Oh! hold your ſelf contented, good frank-hearted *Aurelia*; would I were to marry ſuch a one every week theſe two years: ſee how we differ now?

Aur. Bleſs us! What humming and hawing will be i' this houſe! What preaching, and houling, and faſting, and eating among the Saints! Their firſt pious Work will be to baniſh *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnſon* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and Poſies of Holy Honyſuckles, and a Salve-box for a Wounded Conſcience, and a Bundle of Grapes from *Canaan*. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my Siſter *Tabitha*'s heart within a Month one way or other. But, Sir, ſuppoſe the King ſhould come in again, (as I hope he will for all theſe Villains) and you have your own again o' courſe, you'd be very proud of a Soapboilers Widow then in *Hide Park*, Sir.

Foll. Oh! Then the Biſhops will come in too, and ſhe'll away to *New-England*; well, this does not do my buſineſs; I'll about it, and ſend for her. [*Exit.*

Enter Ralph.

Aur. And I'll about mine; *Ralph*, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Puny* to meet me an hour hence at the back-door in the Garden? He muſt not know the eſtate the houſe is in yet.

Ralph, Yes, forſooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails *Barnaby-day*, I know not what he means by't, but he charg'd me to tell you ſo, and he would bring (forſooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a Mad-man, I think.

Aur. Well, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Soaker* to ſtay within too, the little Deacon that uſes to drink with *Will* and you.

Ralph. Yes, forſooth, he's in the Buttery.

Aur. Pray Heaven he don't forget my Inſtructions there! But firſt I have a little trick for my Lovers to begin withal, they ſhall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. The Veil of this miſtake will ſoon be caſt away, I would I could remove *Lucia*'s as eaſily, and ſee her face again, as fair, as ſhortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my angry Father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky Buſineſs though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will, that which can ſatisfie a Lover's Conſcience, will hardly do ſo to an old Man's Paſſion; Ye Heavenly Powers, or take away my Life, or give me quickly that for which I only am content to keep it.

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, *(veil'd).*

Ha! I did but ſpeak juſt now of Heavenly Powers,
And my bleſt Angel enters, ſure they have
Heard me, and promiſe what I prayed for.
My dear *Lucia*, I thought you'd been a kind
of Priſoner too. [*She gives him a Paper, and embraces him.*
She's kinder too than ſhe was wont to be;
My Prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in't.

By my Maids means I have gotten Keys both of my own Chamber and yours; we may eſcape if you pleaſe; but that I fear would ruin you; We lie both now in the ſame Houſe, a good Fortune that is not like to continue; ſince I have the engagement of your faith, I account my ſelf your Wife already, and ſhall put my honour into your hands; about Midnight I ſhall ſteal to you; If I were to ſpeak this I ſhould bluſh, but I know whom I truſt. [Reads.

Yours, *Lucia.*

Trum. Thou doſt not know me, *Lucia*, [*Aſide.*
And haſt forgot thy ſelf: I am amaz'd.
Stay, here's a Poſtſcript.
(Burn this Paper as ſoon as you have read it.)
Burn it? Yes, would I had don't before,
[*Burns it at the Candle.*
May all remembrance of thee periſh with thee,
Unhappy Paper!
Thy very aſhes ſure will not be innocent.
But fly about and hurt ſome Chaſte Man's Eyes,

As they do mine. [*weeps.*
Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all misfortunes
Would never have befall'n me, to ſee thee
Forget the ways of Virtue and of Honour.
I little thought to ſee upon our Love,
That flouriſh'd with ſo ſweet and freſh a Beauty,
The ſlimy traces of that Serpent, Luſt.
What Devil has poiſon'd her? I know not what to ſay to her.
Go, *Lucia*, retire, prithee, to thy Chamber,
And call thy wandring Virtue home again,
It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,
'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy error,
And ſpend this Night in Prayers that Heaven may do ſo. [*Exit* Aur.
Would ſhe have had me been mine own Adulterer?
Before my Marriage?——Oh Luſt——Oh Frailty——
Where in all humane nature ſhall we miſs
The ulcerous Fermentations of thy heat,
When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out
Upon the comli'ſt Viſage of perfection?
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Pray Heaven, I han't made my fooliſh Wit ſtay for me; if he talk with others of the houſe before me, I'm undone. Stay, have I my Paper ready? Oh! that's well! my Hand I'm ſure's as like hers as the Left is to the Right, we were taught by the ſame Maſter, pure *Italian*, there's her *A*'s and her *G*'s I'll ſwear——Oh! are you come? That's well.

Pulls out a Paper.

SCENE V.

Enter Puny.

'Tis almoſt four o' clock, and that's the precious hour.

Pun. My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Præſto!*

Aur. You're always calling me Names, Mr. *Puny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you, as I am

Pun. I ha' made more haſte hither than a Parſon does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty Pounds a year.

Aur. Puny, You're not a Man o' Buſineſs I ſee, that's not the ſtile o' Buſineſs; Well, I ha' done, I think, the work for you, 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

Pun. I like it better, I love odd things.

Aur. Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his Father never to ſee my Couſin more without his leave.

Pun. Piſh, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take Mony in *Michaelmas* Term?

Aur. A pies upon you: Well, my Father has made *Lucy* ſwear too never to ſee *Truman* without his conſent.

Pun. Good, there will be a good Bo-peep Love.

Aur. For all this, they're reſolv'd to Marry this Afternoon (nay, don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gone) and to ſave their Oaths (like cunning Caſuiſts, as all Lovers are) they'll be Married in a dark Room (do you mark me?) the Miniſter, Mr. *Soaker*, is to Marry them without Book; and becauſe they're bound not to ſpeak to one another (for that I forgat to tell you) they're to ſignifie their conſent, when he asks 'em, *Will you ſuch a one*——by reverences, and giving their hands; you never heard of ſuch a Humour, but they're both mad——

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rare, as Fantaſtical as a Whirl-gig—— but how come you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of *Lancaſhire?*

Aur. Why that I'm coming to; her Maid you muſt know is my Penſioner, and betrays all Counſels; And to confirm all this to you, here's her laſt Letter to *Truman* about the Buſineſs, which my Intelligencer has Deliver'd to me inſtead of him, you know her Hand: Read it all over to your ſelf.

Pun. I'll ſwear by her Foot, this is her Hand——hum——*My Uncle's ſick, and no Body will be at this ſide o' the Houſe——the matted Chamber*——hum——*In at the back Door which ſhall be left only put to*——(ha, ha, ha!) *Mr.* Soaker *with you——juſt at four——you muſt not ſtay long with me*——(ha, ha, ha!) *when 'tis done and paſt recovery they'll releaſe us of our Oaths*——hum——*I ſhall not fail——Yours* L. (ha, ha, ha.) [*Reads.*

Aur. Now he knows nothing o' the time, for that he ſhould ha' known by this Letter; and you conceive my Deſign, I hope? you're not a Wit for nothing.

Pun. My dear *Pythagorean*, that I ſhould go in and Marry her inſtead of him?

Aur. Right! Thou'ſt a ſhrewd reach.

Pun. But where's old *Soaker* all this while!

Aur. Why, I ha' told all this to him, only naming you in all things inſtead of *Truman*; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Couſins and your ſake; he's within at a Call, I'll ſend for him; who's there? *Mary?* Call hither Mr. *Soaker*; I ha' given him five Pounds, and for ſo much more he'll Marry you

you to another to Morrow, if you will.

Pun. I adore thee, Queen *Solomon*; I had rather be Marry'd by ſuch a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Preſter John*——I'll make't a thouſand Spankers.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Aur. Oh come, 'tis time, Mr. *Soaker*; as ſoon as you ha' done leave the Marry'd couple together, I'll lock this Door upon you, go out at the t'other, where ſhe'll come in to you.

Pun. 'Tis as dark as the Devil's Conſcience; but the beſt is, the Parſon has a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give ſome light.

Aur. No! There's Light enough to keep you from Stumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a piece of Gold, and give her half, for a proof of the——do you underſtand me?

Pun. 'Tis well thought on; but, *Domine Doctoribus*, can you ſay the Service without Book are you ſure?

Soaker. I warrant you, Sir; can you Lie with her without Book afterwards?

Pun. He's a Wit too by *Juno*; all are Wits that have a Finger in this Veniſon-Paſty.

Aur. She'll come immediately, go in; do not ſtay above half an hour, Mr. *Puny*, my Couſin will be miſt elſe, and all ſpoil'd.

Pun. I'll warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the way. [*They go in, and* Aurelia *locks the door o' the out-ſide.*

Aur. So, all's ſure this way; I'll be with you ſtraight.

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, Cutter.

Joll. So, now the Widow's gone, I may breath a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleaſure, but 'tis a damn'd conſtraint and drudgery methinks, this Diſſimulation of it. I wonder how the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the Work, Day and Night Acting; But great Gain makes every thing ſeem eaſie; And they have, I ſuppoſe, good Luſty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy Thing, as proud as *Lucifer*, with the Imagination of having been the Choſen Inſtrument of my Converſion from *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and *Caveleriſm*, ſhe's gone to brag of't to *Joſeph Knock-down*, and bring him to Confirm me. But, *Cutter*, thine was the beſt Humour that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be Converted in an inſtant, the Inſpiration way, by my Example! It may hap to get thee *Tabitha*.

Cut. Nay, and I hit juſt pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of *Browniſt* (I know not what the Devil ſhe is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fifth Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every *Sunday* a-foot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feak*, when he was Priſoner in *Lambeth-Houſe*, ſhe has had a Viſion too her ſelf of Horns, and ſtrange things.

Joll. Piſh! *Cutter*, for the way that's not material, ſo there be but enough of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſie: But, *Cutter*, you muſt reform your Habit too, a little; Off with that Sword and Buff, and greaſie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'll be back here preſently, do't quickly.

Cut. I'll be chang'd in an inſtant, like a Scene, and then I'll fetch 'em to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Truman *Senior.*

Trum. Sen Ay, there goes one of his Swaggerers; I could ha' ſwagger'd with him once, ——Oh! Colonel, you're finely poiſon'd, are you not? Would I had the poiſoning o' you——Where's my Son *Dick?* What ha' you done with him?

Joll. Mr. *Truman.*

Trum. True me no more than I true you ——Come——Colonel, you're but a Swaggering——I'll ha' the Law to Swagger with you, that I will.

Joll. Firſt leave your Raging; though you ſhould rage like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

Trum. Do you call me Names too? I'll have an Action o' *Scandalum*. Well, Colonel, ſince you provoke me, the *Protector* ſhall know what you are, and what you would have had me done for the King, in the time of the laſt riſing.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, I took you for a Perſon of Honour, and a Friend to his Majeſty; I little thought to hear you ſpeak of betraying a Gentleman to the *Protector*.

Trum. Betraying? No, Sir, I ſcorn it as much as you, but I'll let him know what you are, and ſo forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, if you'll but hear me patiently, I ſhall propoſe a thing that will, I hope, be good and acceptable both to your Son and you.

Trum. Say you ſo, Sir? well, but I wou't be call'd *Tamerlain*.

Joll. My Niece, not only by her wicked deſign to poiſon me, but by Marrying her ſelf without my conſent this day to *Puny*, has (as you know very well, for you were a witneſs, Sir, to my Brother's Will) loſt all the

right

right she had to a plentiful Portion. *Aurelia* shall have that and my Estate (which now within few days I shall recover) after my Death; she's not I think Unhandsome, and all that know her will confess she wants no Wit; with these Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her (for though h'as injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and attribute it only to the Enchantments of my Niece) I do so well approve both of his Birth and Parts, and of that Fortune, which you and I think will please to make him, that I should be extreamly glad of the Alliance.

Trum. s. Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and so were we to you, and had respects for you; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Niece, till you declar'd he should ha' no Portion with her.

Joll. For that I had a particular Reason, Sir; your Son's above in my House, shall I call him, Sir, that we may know his Mind? I would not have him forc'd.

Trum. s. Pray send for him, good Colonel; Forc'd? No, I'll make him do't, I'll warrant you. Boys must not be their own choosers, Colonel, they must not ifaith, they have their Simpathies and Fiddle-come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themselves.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Why how now *Lucia?* How come you from your Chamber?

Luc. I hope you did not mean me a Prisoner, Sir, since now you're satisfy'd sufficiently that you're not poison'd?

Joll. I am not Dead, that's true. But I may thank Heaven, and a strong Constitution for't; you did your weak endeavours; however, for the honour of our Family, and for your Father's sake, I'll speak no more o' that, but I could wish, for the security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Husband, for they say you're Marry'd, Niece, this day without my knowledge. ——Nay,——I'm content——go home to him when you please, you shall ha' your thousand Pounds.

Trum. s. Hark you, Colonel, she should not have a Groat of 'em, not a Groat; she cann't recover't by Law, I know the Will.

Luc. I Marry'd, Sir? 'Tis the first News I've heard of't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Trum. *Jun.*

Lucia *goes to put on her Veil.*

Joll. Nay, leave your pretty Jesuitical Love-tricks to salve an Oath; Mr. *Truman*, you may let your Son see her now.

Trum. s. Ay, *Dick*, you may see her as much as you please; she's marry'd.

Trum. j. Married?

Trum. s. Ay, married, so I say, married this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Luc. What do they mean?

Trum. s. And, *Dick*, I ha' got a Wife too for you, you shall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

Trum. j. *Lucia* married?

Trum. s. Her Father and I are agreed of all things; Hark you, *Dick*, she has a brave Fortune now.

Trum. j. Married to *Puny?*

Trum. s. You shall have her presently.

Trum. j. This afternoon?

Trum. s. Come, *Dick*; there's a Wife for you, *Dick*.

Trum. j. I won't marry, Sir.

Trum. s. What do you say, Sir?

Trum. j. I wo' not marry, Sir.

Trum. s. Get you out o' my sight you Rebel.

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*.

Trum. s. I'll ne'er acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you, Colonel, he's always thus with his wo'nots and his cannots.

SCENE X.

Enter Puny.

Pun. We ha' made short work on't; 'twas a brave quick Parsonides; The little Skittish Philly got away from me, I know not how, like an Eel out of a Basket.

Joll. Give him a little time, Mr. *Truman*, he's troubled yet at my Nieces Marriage, 'twill over quickly.

Trum. s. Give my Son time, Mr. *Jolly?* Marry come up——

SCENE XI.

Enter Aurelia, *(after* Puny.*)*

Aur. What ha' you done already? You're a sweet Husband indeed.

Pun. Oh! My little Pimp of Honour! Here, here's the five hundred Marigolds; hold thy hand, *Dido*——yonders my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil that little *Mephostophilus* got hither before me?

Aur.

Aur. To her *Puny*; never conceal the Myſtery any longer, 'tis too good a Jeſt to be kept cloſe.

Trum. ſ. For your ſake I will then, Colonel; Come prethee, *Dick*, be chearful——

Trum. j. I beſeech you—Sir—

Trum. ſ. Look you there, Colonel, now he ſhould do what I would have him, now he's a beſeeching—— 'tis the proudeſt ſtubborneſt Coxcomb——

Pun. And now, my noble Uncle —nay, never be angry at a Marriage i' the way of wit—— My fair *Egyptain* Queen, come to thine *Anthony*.

To Jolly.

Luc. What would this rude Fellow have?

Trum. j. I am drown'd in wonder!

Pun. 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that marry'd thee e'en now in the dark Room, like an Amorous Cat; you may remember the Damask Bed by a better Token of Two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

Luc. I call Heaven to witneſs,
Which will protect and juſtifie the Innocent,
I underſtand not the leaſt word he utters,
But as I took him always for a Fool,
I now do for a Mad-man.

Aur. She's angry yet to have miſtook her Man. [*To* Jolly.
'Tis true, Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* ſays, I mean for the Marriage, for the reſt, ſhe's beſt able to anſwer for her ſelf.

Luc. True, Couſin, then I ſee 'tis ſome Conſpiracy t' enſnare my Honour and my Innocence.

Aur. The Parſon, Mr. *Soaker*, that marry'd 'em is ſtill within.

Will. He's i'th' Buttery, ſhall I call him, Sir?

Joll. Ay, quickly.

Trum. j. 'Tis the ſight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a ſhame to confeſs any thing; It ſeems that ſudden fit of raging Luſt, that brought her to my Chamber, could not reſt till it was ſatisfi'd, it ſeems I know not what.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Joll. Mr. *Soaker*, Did you marry my Niece this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*, in the Matted-Chamber?

Soak. Yes, Sir, I hope your Worſhip won't be angry, Marriage, your Worſhip knows, is honourable.

Luc. Haſt thou no Conſcience neither?

SCENE XII.

Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter *in a Puritanical Habit.*

Joll. Niece, go in a little, I'll come t'you preſently and examine this matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your Wife for ſhame,

Luc. Villain, come not near me,
I'll ſooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper.
[*Exit.*

Pun. She's as humorous as a Bell rope; ſhe need not be ſo cholerick, I'm ſure I behav'd my ſelf like *Propria quæ maribus.*

Aur. Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you ſhall handle her
Exeunt Aur. Pun.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, pray take your Son home, and ſee how you can work upon him there; ſpeak fairly to him.

Trum. ſ. Speak fairly to my Son? I'll ſee him buried firſt.

Joll. I mean perſwade him——

Trum. ſ. Oh! that's another matter; I will perſwade him, Colonel, but if ever I ſpeak fair to him till he mends his manners —Come along with me, Jack-ſawce, come home.

Trum. ſ. Ay, Sir, any whither. [*Exeunt* Trum. *Sen.* Trum. *Jun.*

Wid. What's the matter, brother Colonel, are there any broils here?

Joll. Why, Siſter, my Niece has married without my conſent, and ſo it pleaſes, it e'en pleaſes Heaven to beſtow her Eſtate upon me.

Wid. Why, Brother, there's a Bleſſing now already;
If you had been a wicked Cavalier ſtill ſhe'd ha' done her duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Eſtate; my Brother *Cutter* here is grown the heavenlieſt Man o'the ſudden, 'tis his work.

Cut. Siſter *Barebottle*, I muſt not be called *Cutter* any more, that is a Name of *Cavalero* darkneſs, the Devil was a *Cutter* from the beginning, my Name is now *Abednego*, I had a Viſion which whiſper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy ſelf *Abednego*.

Tab. The wonderful Vocation of ſome Veſſels!

Cut. It is a Name that ſignifies fiery Furnaces, and Tribulation, and Martyrdom, I know I am to ſuffer for the Truth.

Tab. Not as to death, Brother, if it be his will.

Cut. As to death, Siſter, but I ſhall glorioufly return.

Joll. What, Brother, after death? That were miraculous.

Cut. Why the wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

Joll. But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavaleriſm.

Cut. They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor ſhall they ceaſe till the Monarchy be eſtabliſh'd.

I ſay again, I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromedary, which ſignifies Magiſtracy, with an Axe in my hand that is called Reformation, and I am to ſtrike with that Axe upon the Gate of *Weſtminſter-hall*, and cry, *Down* Babylon, and the Building called *Weſtminſter-hall*, is to run away, and caſt it ſelf into the River, and then Major General *Harriſon* is to come in green Sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, which ſignifies heavenly Inſtruction.

Tab. Oh the Father! He's as full of Myſteries as an Egg is full of meat.

Cut. And he is to have a Trumpet in his mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the ſounding of that Trumpet all the Churches in *London* are to fall down.

Wid. O ſtrange, what Times ſhall we ſee here in poor *England!*

Cut. And then *Venner* ſhall march up to us from the Weſt in the Figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his hand a Ship that ſhall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

Joll. But when muſt this be, Brother *Abednego?*

Cut. Why all theſe things are to be when the Cat of the North has o're-come the Lyon of the South, and when the Mouſe of the Weſt has ſlain the Elephant of the Eaſt. I do hear a ſilent Voice within me, that bids me riſe up preſently and declare theſe things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-ſtreet*, *Tabitha*, *Tabitha*, *Tabitha*, I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha.* [*Exit.*

Tab. There was ſomething of this, as I remember, in my laſt Viſion of Horns the other day. Holy Man! I follow thee; farewel, forſooth, Mother, till anon.

Joll. Come, let's go in too, Siſter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Truman *Junior.*

WHat ſhall I think hence-forth of Woman-kind?
When I know *Lucia* was the beſt of it,
And ſee her what ſhe is? What are they made of?
Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enſlav'd to Paſſion!
Nothing at their Command beſide their Tears,
And we, vain men, whom ſuch Heat-drops deceive!
Hereafter I will ſet my ſelf at Liberty,
And if I ſigh or grieve, it ſhall not be
For Love of One, but pity of all the Sex.

SCENE II.

Enter Lucia.

Ha! ſhe will not let me ſee her ſure;
If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil befitted thee,
'Tis now, that thou may'ſt hide thy guilty Bluſhes.

Luc. If all their malice yet
Have not prevail'd on *Truman*'s Conſtancy,
They'll miſs their wicked end, and I ſhall live ſtill.
I'll go and ſpeak to him.

Trum. Forbear, *Lucia*, for I have made a ſecond Oath, which I ſhall keep, I hope, with leſſer trouble, never to ſee thy Face more.

Luc. You were wont, Sir,
To ſay, you could not live without the ſight of't.

Trum. Ay, 'twas a good one then.

Luc. Has one day ſpoil'd it?

Trum. O yes, more than a hundred years of time, made as much more by ſorrow, and by ſickneſs, cou'd e're a done.

Luc. Pray hear me, *Truman:*
For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am;
Believe what I ſhall ſay to you, and confirm
By all the holieſt Vows that can bind Souls.

Trum. I have believ'd thoſe Female Tricks too long;
I know thou canſt ſpeak winningly, but thy Words
Are not what Nature meant them, thy Minds Picture;
I'll believe now what repreſents it better,
Thine own Hand, and the proof of mine own Eyes.

Luc. I know not what you mean; believe my Tears.

Trum. They're idle empty Bubbles.
Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Paſſions,
And hollow as thy Heart; there is no weight in 'em.
Go thou once, *Lucia*; Farewel,
Thou that wer't dearer to me once, than all
The outward things of all the World beſide,

Or

Or my own Soul within me, farewel for ever;
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than
Thou didſt thy Lover.
I ne'er will ſee thee more, nor ſhall, I fear,
E'er ſee my ſelf again.
Luc. Hear me but once. [*kneels.*
Trum. No, 'tis enough; Heaven hear thee when thou kneel'ſt to it. [*Exit.*
Luc. Will he? He's gone; now all the world has left me, [*riſes.*
And I am deſolately miſerable;
'Tis done unkindly, moſt unkindly, *Truman.*
Had a bleſt Angel come to me and ſaid,
That thou wert falſe, I ſhould have ſworn it ly'd,
And thought that rather fal'n than thee.
Go, dear, falſe Man, go ſeek out a new Miſtreſs;
But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and ſworn
A little while, take heed of uſing her
As you do me; no, may your Love to her
Be ſuch as mine to you, which all thy Injuries
Shall never change, nor Death it ſelf aboliſh.
May ſhe be worthier of your Bed than I,
And when the happy courſe of many years
Shall make you appear old to all but her,
May you in the fair Glaſs of your freſh Iſſue
See your own youth again; but I would have 'em
True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids;
For me it is no matter; when I'm dead,
My buſie Soul ſhall flutter ſtill about him,
'Twill not be elſe in Heaven; it ſhall watch
Over his ſleeps, and drive away all Dreams
That come not with a ſoft and downy wing;
If any dangers threaten, it ſhall becken
And call his Spirit away, till they be paſt,
And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel;
And when juſt Heaven, as I'm aſſur'd it will,
Shall clear my Honour and my Innocence,
He'll ſigh, I know, and pity my misfortunes,
And blame himſelf, and curſe my falſe Accuſers,
And weep upon my Grave
For my wrong'd Virtue, and miſtaken Truth,
And unjuſt Death, I ask no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

'Twas barbarouſly done to leave her ſo;
Kneeling and weeping to me; 'twas inhumane;
I'll back and take my leave more civilly,
So as befits one who was once her Worſhipper. [*Goes over the Stage, and comes back.*
She's gone; why let her go; I feel her ſtill;
I feel the root of her, labouring within
To ſprout afreſh, but I will pluck it up,
Or tear my Heart with it.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jolly, Truman *Senior.*

Joll. He's there, Sir, pray let him now reſolve you politively what he means to do.
Trum. ſ. What he means to do, Colonel? that were fine
I'faith; if he be my Son he ſhall mean nothing;
Boys muſt not have their meanings, Colonel:
Let him mean what I mean with a Wennion.
Trum. j. I ſhall be preſt, I ſee, by 'em, upon the hateful Subject of a Marriage;
And to fill up the meaſure of Affliction,
Now I have loſt that which I lov'd, compell'd
To take that which I hate.
Trum. ſ. I will not be troubled Colonel, with his meanings, if he do not marry her this very Evening (for I'll ha' none of his Flim-flams, and his May-be's) I'll ſend for my Son *Tom* from St. *John*'s College (he's a pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him ſyllogize it with Mr. *Soaker* in Mood and Figure) and ſettle my Eſtate upon him with her; if he have his meanings too, and his ſympathies, I'll diſinherit 'em both, and marry the Maid my ſelf, if ſhe can like me, I have one Tooth yet left, Colonel, and that's a Colt's one.
Trum. j. Did I ſubmit to loſe the ſight of *Lucia*
Only to ſave my unfortunate Inheritance,
And can there be impos'd a harder Article
For me to boggle at?
Would I had been born ſome wretched Peaſant's Son,
And never known what Love or Riches were.
Ho——I'll marry her——Why ſhould I not? if I
Muſt marry ſome body,
And hold my Eſtate by ſuch a ſlaviſh Tenure,
Why not her as well as any elſe?
All Women are alike I ſee by *Lucia*,
'Tis but reſolving to be miſerable,
And that is reſolv'd for me by my Deſtiny.
Joll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir,
And Artificially.

Trum.

Trum. ſ. I warrant you; *Dick*, I'll ha' you marry Mrs. *Aurelia* to Night.

Trum. j. To Night? The warning's ſhort, Sir, and it may be——

Trum. ſ. Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again.

Trum. j. I know not, Sir——

Trum. ſ. Ay, and his Know-nots, you ſhall have him at his Wo'nots preſently; Sirra—I will have you know, Sir——

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*—you know not yet what Anſwer he intends to make you.

Trum. j. Be pleas'd, Sir, to conſider——

Trum. ſ. Look you, Sir, I muſt conſider now, he upbraids his Father with the want of conſideration, like a Varlet as he is.

Trum. j. What ſhall I do? Why ſhould not I do any thing,
Since all things are indifferent?

Joll. I beſeech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little patience——
Your Father, Sir, deſires to know——

Trum. ſ. I do not deſire him, Colonel, nor never will deſire him, I command him upon the duty of a Child——

Joll. Whether you can diſpoſe your ſelf to love and marry my Daughter *Aurelia*; and if you can, for ſeveral reaſons we deſire it may be preſently conſummated.

Trum. j. Out with it, ſtubborn Tongue; I ſhall obey my Father, Sir, in all Things.

Trum. ſ. Ha! what de'e ſay, Sir?

Joll. This old teſty Fool is angry, I think, to have no more occaſion given him of being ſo.

Trum. j. I ſhall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You ſpeak, Sir, like a vertuous Gentleman, the ſame obedience and reſignation, to a Father's Will, I found in my *Aurelia*, and where two ſuch Perſons meet, the iſſue cannot chuſe but be ſucceſsful.

Trum. ſ. Ah *Dick*, my Son *Dick*, he was always the beſt natur'd Boy—he was like his Father in that—he makes me weep with tenderneſs, like an old Fool as I am—Thou ſhalt have all my Eſtate, *Dick*, I'll put my ſelf to a Penſion rather than thou ſhalt want—Go ſpruſe up thy ſelf a little preſently, thou art not merry i'faith, *Dick*, prethee be merry, *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs. *Aurelia* preſently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden, Mr. *Soaker* ſhall be there immediately and wait for you at the Porch: (we'll have it inſtantly, Colonel, done, leſt the young Fool ſhould relapſe) Come, dear *Dick*, let's go cheerily on with the buſineſs.

Trum. j. What have I ſaid? What am I doing? The beſt is, it is no matter what I ſay or do.

Joll. I'll ſee *Aurelia* ſhall be ready, and all things on my part within this half hour.

Trum. ſ. Good, honeſt, noble Colonel, let me ſhake you by the hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we loſe time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *a Boy.*

Cut. And the Viſion told me, Siſter *Tabitha*, that this ſame day, the firſt of the ſeventh Month, in the Year of Grace, 1658. and of Revelation, and Confuſion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Veſſels, ſhould by a holy Man be joyned together in the holy Bond of ſanctify'd Matrimony.

Tab. Ay Brother *Abednego*, but our Friends Conſents——

Cut. Heaven is our Friend, and, Siſter, Heaven puts this into our Thoughts; it is, no doubt, for propagation of the great Myſtery; there ſhall ariſe from our two bodies, a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who ſhall be called the Peſtle of Antichriſt, and his Children ſhall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

Tab. My Mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

Cut. Your Mother will rejoyce, the Viſion ſays ſo, Siſter, the Viſion ſays your Mother will rejoyce; how will it rejoyce her righteous Heart to ſee you, *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the World that you ſhould do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do things without the aforeſaid Command is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom-cake.

Tab. Ay, Ay, that it is, he knows.

Cut. Now to confirm to you the Truth of this Viſion, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoomaker's Habitation hard by here, by the command of a Viſion too, our Brother *Zephaniah Fats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-chappel*, and he is the choſen Veſſel to joyn our hands.

Tab. I would my Mother knew't; but if that holy Man come too by a Viſion, I ſhall have Grace, I hope, not to reſiſt.

Cut. Siſter, let me ſpeak one word of Inſtruction to yonder Babe.

Tab. Oh how my Bowels yern!

Cut. Sirrah, is my little Doctor already ſtaying for me at *Tom Underleather* my Shoomaker's Houſe?

Boy. Yes, Sir, but he's in ſo ſtrange a Habit, that Mr. *Underleather*'s Boy *Frank*, and I were ready to die with Laughing at him.

Cut. Oh ſo much the better; go you little piece of a Rogue, and get every thing ready againſt I come back. [*Exit Boy.*
Siſter, that Babe you ſaw me ſpeaking to is predeſtinated

predeſtinated to Spiritual Mightineſs, and is to be reſtorer of the Myſtical Tribe of *Gad*——

Tab. Oh the Wonderous——but, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening-tide before the Congregation of the Spotleſs in *Coleman-ſtreet*.

Cut. The Will of the latter Viſion is to be fulfilled firſt, as a Preparatory Viſion; let us not make the Meſſenger of Myſtery, who is ſent by a Viſion ſo far as from *Mary White chappel* for our ſakes, to ſtay too long from his lawful Vocation of Basket-making. Come, Siſter *Tabitha*.

Tab. Hei, ho! But I will not reſiſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, Puny, Worm.

Joll. Mr. *Puny*, ſince you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Niece has undone her ſelf by Marrying thee: for though thou haſt a fair Eſtate at preſent, I'm hainouſly miſtaken if thou beeſt not cheated of it all within theſe three years by ſuch Rabbit-ſuckers as theſe, that keep thee company, and like lying Sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing ſo unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Compariſons.

Pun. The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Suburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

Wor. Good, very good i'faith.

Joll. Ay, that was one of 'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thouſand Pounds, but——

Pun. O magnanimous Colonel! What a Portion for a Tooth-pick-maker's Daughter!

Wor. Good, ſhoot him thick with ſimilies like Hail-ſhot.

Joll. But now thou ſhalt not have a Groat with her.

Pun. What not a poor old *Harry*-Groat that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a Crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, ſhe ſhall ha' nothing more from me; no, ſhe ſhall foot Stockings in a Stall for me, or make Childrens Caps in a Garret fifteen Stories high.

Joll. For that matter (for though thou ſpeak'ſt no ſenſe, I gueſs thy brutiſh meaning) the Law will allow her honourable Alimony out o' your Foolſhip's Fortune.

Pun. And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you're not too big to be brought into *Weſtminſter-Hall*; nay, Captain, his Niece uſes me worſe too, ſhe will not let me touch the Nail of her little Finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fiſh-woman with a Face like *Billingſgate*.

Joll. What Fleſh can ſupport ſuch an affected Widgeon, who ha's not a deſign to cheat him of ſomething that that vermin ha's? Well, I ſhall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the company of Fops and Knaves no longer.

Wor. Come, Colonel, let's go in, and diſpute the difference conſcienciouſly over a Bottle o' Sack.

Joll. I keep no Tavern, *Worm*, or if I did, thy whole Eſtate would hardly reach to a Gill.

Wor. Colonel, thou art grown Unkind, and art Drunk this afternoon without me.

Joll. Without thee, Buffoon? Why I tell thee, thou ſhalt never ſhew that Odd, Pimping, Cheating Face o' thine within my Doors agen, I'll turn away any Man o' mine that ſhall diſparage himſelf to drink with ſuch a Fellow as thou art.

Wor. As I? Why what am I? Pray? mighty Colonel!

Joll. Thou art or haſt been every thing that's ill, there is no ſcandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou haſt not ſet up in at one time or other; Fortune ha's Whip'd thee about through all her Streets; Thou'rt one that lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapin; now thou'rt feeding upon that raw young Fellow, and doſt Devour and Kaw him; thou'rt one that if thou ſhould'ſt by chance go to Bed ſober, would'ſt write it down in thy Almanack, for an unlucky Day; ſleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unleſs thou bee'ſt dead drunk; Thou art——I know not what——thou'rt any thing, and ſhalt be to me hereafter nothing.

Pun. This Colonel piſſes Vinegar to day.

Wor. This is uncivil Language, Colonel, to an old Comerade, and one of your own Party.

Joll. My Comerade? O' my Party thou? Or any but the Party of the Pick purſes!

Pun. This bouncing Bear of a Colonel will break the back of my little Whelp of a Captain, unleſs I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firk his Back with two Bum-bailiffs, till he ſpew up every Stiver of her Portion.

Joll. Fare-ye-well, Gentlemen, come not near theſe Doors if you love your own Leather, I'll ha' my Scullions batter you with Bones and Turnips, and the Maids drown you with Piſs-pots, if you do but approach the Windows; theſe are ſawcy Knaves in-

deed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions. [*Exit.*

Wor. Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

Pun. I vex'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

Wor. Ay, Is't e'n ſo? Not come to your Houſe? By *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himſelf by a Trick that I have.

Pun. Piſh! Thou talk'ſt as ravingly as a Coſtermonger in a Fever.

Wor. I'll do't, by *Jove*.

Pun. How, prithee, Captain? What does thy Pericranium mean?

Wor. Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm raviſh'd with the fancy of it; let me ſee——let me ſee——his Brother went ſeven years ago to *Guiney*——

Pun. Ay, but the Merchant's ſay, he's Dead long ſince, and gone to the Blackamores below.

Wor. The more Knaves they; he lives, and I'm the Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Thou talk'ſt like a ſowc'd Hogs face.

Wor. I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, liker than any of your Similitudes, *Puny*; by long Converſation with him, and the Colonel, I know all Paſſages betwixt 'em; and what his Humour and his Eſtate was, much better than he himſelf, when he was Alive; he was a ſtranger thing than any Monſter in *Africk* where he Traded.

Pun. How, Prithee Captain? I love theſe odd fantaſtical Things as an Alderman loves Lobſters.

Wor. Why, you muſt know, he had quite loſt his memory, totally, and yet thought himſelf an able Man for buſineſs, and that he did himſelf all that was done by his Man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a blind Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Sublimely Fantaſtical.

Wor. He carry'd a Scrowl about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughters and his Brothers Names, and where his Houſe ſtood; for as I told you, he remember'd nothing; and where his Scrowl failed, *John* was his Remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembrancer *John*.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rarely exotick; I'll Act that Apple *John*, never was ſuch a *John* as I; not *John* o' *Gant*, or *John* o' *Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding-Ring, ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Well ſaid! But you muſt lay aſide conceits for a while, and remote fancies. I'll teach you his Humour inſtantly; now will I and my Man *John* ſwarthy our Faces over as if that Country's heat had made 'em ſo, (which will Diſguiſe us ſufficiently) and attire our ſelves in ſome ſtrange Habits o' thoſe Parts, (I know not how yet, but we ſhall ſee it in *Speed*'s Maps, and come and take Poſſeſſion of our Houſe and Eſtate.

Pun. Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphoſis.

Wor. 'Twill be diſcover'd perhaps at laſt, but however, for the preſent 'twill break off his match with the Widow (which makes him ſo Proud now) and therefore it muſt be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they ſay he's to marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at leaſt a merry 'bout for an hour, and a Mask to the Wedding.

Pun. Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

Wor. I know where we can ha' Cloaths hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away; but of all things, Man *John*, take heed of being witty.

Pun. Ay, that's the Devil on't; well go, I'll follow you behind like a long Rapier.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. If they would allow me but a little time, I could play ſuch a trick with Mr. *Truman*, as ſhould ſmart ſorely for the reſt of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Couſin for getting of him from me, when I was ſuch a fooliſh Girl three year ago, as to be in Love with him.
But they would have us marry'd inſtantly,
The Parſon ſtays for us at Church. I know not what to do——all muſt out——Ods my Life he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Truman *Junior*.

Trum. j. I muſt go through with it now;
I'll marry her,
And live with her according to the forms,
But I will never touch her as a Woman.
She ſtays for me——Madam——

Aur. Sir.

Trum. j. I cannot out with it——Madam.

Aur. Sir——

Trum. j. Muſt we go marry, Madam?

Aur. Our Friends will have it ſo, it ſeems.

Trum. Why will you marry me? What is there in me
That can deſerve your liking? I ſhall be
The moſt untoward and ill-favour'd Husband
That

That ever took a melting Maid t'his Bed;
The faculties of my Soul are all untuned,
And every Glory of my ſpringing Youth,
Is faln into a ſtrange and ſuddain Winter,
You cannot love me ſure.

Aur. Not to Diſtraction, Sir.

Trum. No, nor I you; why ſhould we marry then?
It were a folly, were it not, *Aurelia?*

Aur. Why they ſay, 'tis the beſt Marriage, when like is join'd to like; now we ſhall make a very even Match, for neither you Love me, nor I Love you, and 'tis to be hop'd we may get Children that will Love neither of us.

Trum. Nay, by my ſoul, I love you, but alas,
Not in that way that Husbands ſhould their Wives;
I cannot Toy, nor Kiſs, nor do I know not what,
And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover——

Aur. Alack a day!

Trum. 'Twas then, (methoughts) the only happineſs
To ſit and talk, and look upon my Miſtreſs,
Or if ſhe was not by, to think upon her;
Then every Morning, next to my Devotion,
Nay often too (forgive me Heaven) before it,
She ſlipt into my fancy, and I took it
As a good Omen for the following day;
It was a pretty fooliſh kind of Life,
An honeſt, harmleſs Vanity; but now
The faireſt Face moves me no more, than Snow
Or Lillies when I ſee 'em, and paſs by;
And I as ſoon ſhould deeply fall in Love
With the freſh Scarlet of an Eaſtern Cloud,
As the Red Lips and Cheeks of any Woman.
I do confeſs, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair,
And very Witty, and (I think) Well natur'd,
But thou'rt a Woman ſtill.

Aur. The ſight of you, Sir,
Makes me not repent at all my being ſo.

Trum. And prithee now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly,
Are any Women conſtant in their Vows?
Can they continue a whole Month, a Week,
And never change their faith? Oh! if they could,
They would be excellent things; nay, ne'er diſſemble;
Are not their Luſts unruly, and to them
Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us?
Are their Tears true, and ſolid when they weep?

Aur. Sure Mr. *Truman* you ha'n't ſlept of late,
If we ſhould be marry'd to Night, what would you do for Sleep?

Trum. Why? Do not marry'd People ſleep o' Nights?

Aur. Yes! yes! Alas, good Innocence.

Trum. They have a ſcurvy Life on't, if they don't;
But we'll not Live as other People do,
We'll find out ſome new handſome way of Love,
Some way of Love that few ſhall imitate,
Yet all admire; for 'tis a ſordid thing,
That Luſt ſhould dare t' inſinuate it ſelf
Into the Marriage bed; we'll get no Children,
The worſt of Men and Women can do that;
Beſides too, if our Iſſue ſhould be Female,
They would all Learn to flatter and diſſemble,
They would deceive with Promiſes and Vows
Some ſimple Men, and then prove Falſe, and Kill 'em,
Would they not do't, *Aurelia?*

Aur. Ay, any thing, Mr. *Truman*; but what ſhall we do, Sir, when we are marry'd, pray?

Trum. Why! we'll live very Lovingly together,
Sometimes we'll ſit and talk of excellent Things,
And laugh at the Nonſenſe of the World,
Sometimes we'll walk together,
Sometimes we'll read, and ſometimes eat, and ſometimes ſleep;
And ſometimes pray, and then at laſt, we'll die,
And go to Heaven together; 'twill be rare!

Aur. We may do all this (methinks) and never marry for the matter.

Trum. 'Tis true, we may ſo!
But ſince our Parents are reſolv'd upon it,
In ſuch a Circumſtance let 'em have their humour.
My Father ſent me in to Complement,
And keep a prating here, and play the Fool;
I cannot do't, what ſhould I ſay, *Aurelia?*
What do they uſe to ſay?

Aur. I believe you knew, Sir, when you Woo'd my Couſin.

Trum. Ay, but thoſe Days are paſt; they're gone for ever,
And nothing elſe, but Nights are to ſucceed 'em;
Gone like the faith and truth of Women-kind,
And never to be ſeen again! O *Lucia!*
Thou waſt a wondrous Angel in thoſe Days of thy bleſt ſtate of Innocence.

There

There was a Cheek! A Fore-head! And an Eye!——
Did you obſerve her Eye, *Aurelia?*

Aur. O yes, Sir! There were pretty Babies in't.

Trum. It was as glorious as the Eye of Heaven;
Like the Soul's Eye it pierc'd through every thing;
And then her Hands——her Hands of Liquid Ivory!
Did ſhe but touch her Lute (the pleaſing'ſt Harmony then upon Earth when ſhe her ſelf was ſilent)
The ſubtil motion of her flying Fingers
Taught Muſick a new Art, to take the Sight, as well as Ear.

Aur. Ay, Sir, ay! you'd beſt go look her out, and marry her, ſhe has but one Huſband yet.

Trum. Nay, prithee, good *Aurelia*, be not angry,
For I will never Love, or See her more.
I do not ſay ſhe was more Fair than thou art,
Yet if I did? No, but I wo'not ſay ſo!
Only allow me this one ſhort laſt remembrance of one I lov'd ſo long. And now I think on't, I'll beg a favour of you, you will Laugh at me I know, when you have heard it, but prethee grant it; 'tis that you would be Veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one day; I would fain Marry thee ſo;
'Tis an odd fooliſh fancy, I confeſs,
But Love and Grief may be allow'd ſometimes
A little innocent Folly.

Aur. Good! This Fool will help me, I ſee, to cheat himſelf;
At a dead lift, a little hint will ſerve me.
I'll do't for him to the Life.

Trum. Will you, *Aurelia?*

Aur. That's but a ſmall Compliance; you'll ha' power anon to Command me greater Things.

Trum. We ſhall be Marry'd very privately;
None but our ſelves; and that's e'en beſt, *Aurelia.*
Why do I ſtick here at a fatal ſtep
That muſt be made? *Aurelia*, are you ready?
The Miniſter ſtays for us.

Aur. I'll but go in and take my Veil, as you Command me, Sir;
Walk but a few turns in the Garden, in leſs than half an hour I'll come to you; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Trum. I go, I am Condemn'd, and muſt Obey;
The Executioner ſtays for me at Church. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Jolly, Will.

Joll. SO, I have her at laſt, and honeſt *Joſeph Knock-down* Married us, methinks, with convenient brevity; I have ſome hold now upon my Eſtate again (tho' ſhe, I confeſs, be a clog upon it worſe than a Mortgage) that, my good Neighbour *Barebottle* left wholly to his Wife; almoſt all the reſt of the Incomes upon his ſeeking, go to his Daughter *Tabitha*, whom *Cutter* has got by this time, and promiſes me to live like an honeſt Gentleman hereafter; now he may do ſo comfortably and merrily. She marry'd me thus ſuddenly, like a good Huſwife, purely to ſave Charges; however tho' we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe; *Will*, is the Cook a doing according to my Directions?

Will. Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his Buſineſs; he's ſwearing and curſing in the Kitchin, that your Worſhip may hear him hither; he'll fright my new old Miſtreſs out of the Houſe.

Joll. 'Tis ſuch an over-roaſted Coxcomb——bid him be ſure to ſeaſon well the Veniſon that came in luckily to day.

Worm. Troth, Sir, I dare not ſpeak to him now, unleſs I ſhould put on your Worſhip's Armour that lies hid in the Barrel below; he'd like to ha' ſpitted me juſt now, like a Gooſe as I was, for telling him he look'd like the Ox that's roaſted whole in St. *James's* Fair. Who's there?

Joll. See who's at door. I ſhall ha' ſome plunder'd Plate, I hope, to entertain my Friends with, when we come to viſit the Trunks with Iron-hoops; Who is't?

Will. Nay, Heaven knows, Sir; two Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for ſwearing. They ha' thruſt in after me.

SCENE II.

Enter Worm *and* Puny *diſguiſed like the Merchant and* John.

Wor. They'll hardly know us at firſt in theſe foreign Habits.

Pun. Ay Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in thoſe hot Countries.

Wor. Why, this is my old Houſe here, *John*; ha, ha! Little thought I to ſee my old Houſe upon *Tower-hill* again. Where's my Brother *Jolly?*

Joll. They call me Colonel *Jolly.*

Wor.

Looks on his Note. *Wor.* Ha! Let me ſee, *A burly Man of a moderate Stature.——A Beard a little greyiſh*——Ha! *A quick Eye, and a Noſe inclining to Red*——

Pun. Nay, 'tis my Maſter's Worſhip, Sir, would we were no more alter'd ſince our Travels.

Wor. It agrees very well——Save you, good Brother, you little thought to ſee me here again, though I dare ſay you wiſh'd it; ſtay, let me ſee, how many years, *John*, is't ſince we went from hence?

Pun. 'Tis now ſeven Years, Sir.

Wor. Seven? Methinks I was here but yeſterday, how the what de-ye-call it runs? How do you call it?

Pun. The Time, Sir.

Wor. Ay, ay, the time, *John*; what was I ſaying? I was telling you, Brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him ſo, *John?*

Foll. Faith we're both quits then; I'll ſwear I ha' forgot you; why you were dead five years ago.

Wor. Was I? I ha' quite forgot it; *John*, was I dead five years ago? My memory fails me very much of late.

Pun. We were worſe than dead, Sir, we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made Slaves; *John*, quoth he? I was poor *John* I'm ſure; they kept us three whole years with nothing but Water and Acorns, till we look'd like Wicker-bottles.

Wor. What Sirrah, did your Maſter look like? I'll teach you to ſay your Maſter look'd like what de-ye-call-'ums.

Foll. Where did they take you Priſoners?

Wor. Nay, ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in——tell him, *John*, where it was.

Pun. In *Guiney*.

Foll. By what Country-men were you taken?

Wor. Why they were called—— I ha' forgot what they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o' Name, but *John* can tell you.

Pun. Who I, Sir? Do you think I can remember all things?

Wor. 'Tis i' my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

Pun. I know the Name, Sir, well enough; but I only try'd my Maſter's memory, 'twas the *Tartarians*.

Wor. Ay, ay, thoſe were the Men.

Foll. How, *John?* Why all the World Man lies betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

Pun. The North?

Foll. Ay, the very North, *John*.

Pun. That's true indeed, but theſe were another Nation of *Tartarians* that liv'd in the South, they came anciently from the others.

Foll. How got you from 'em, *John*, at laſt?

Pun. Why, faith, Sir, by a Ladies means, who, to tell you the truth, fell in love with me; my Maſter has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave Story.

Foll. In what Ship came you back?

Pun. A plague of't, that Queſtion will be our Ruin.

Wor. What Ship? 'Twas call'd a Thing that ſwims, what d'you call it?

Foll. The *Mermaid?*

Wor. No, no, let me ſee.

Foll. The *Triton?*

Wor. No, no, a thing that in the Water does——It ſwims in the Water——

Foll. What is't? The *Dolphin?*

Wor. No, no, I ha' quite forgot the Name on't, but 'tis no matter, it ſwims——

Foll. What ſay you, *John?*

Pun. Ay, Sir, my Maſter knows well enough; you can't conceive the miſery we endur'd, Sir.

Foll. Well, Brother, I'll but ask you one Queſtion more, where did you leave your Will?

Pun. 'S'Life, now he's pos'd again——We ſhall never carry't through.

Wor. I'll tell you preſently, Brother—— let me ſee, *Memorandums about my Will; left to my Brother the whole charge of my Eſtate*—— hum——hum——*five thouſand pounds*——hum——What did you ask me, Brother? Reads in his Scrowl.

Foll. In what place you left your Will?

Wor. Ay that was it indeed,——that was the very thing you ask'd me; what a treacherous memory have I? My memory is ſo ſhort——

Foll. This is no Anſwer to my Queſtion yet.

Wor. 'Tis true indeed; what was your Queſtion, Brother?

Foll. Where you left your Will?

Wor. Good Lord, that I ſhould forget you ask'd me that! I had forgot it, i'faith Law that I had, you'll pardon, I hope, my Infirmity, for I alaſs—alas—I ha' forgot what I was going to ſay to you, but I was ſaying ſomething, that I was.

Foll. Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haſte, walk but a while into the Parlour there, I'll come to you preſently.

Wor. But where's my Daughter——

Pun. *Lucia*, Sir?

Wor. Ay, *Lucia*——Put me in mind to ask for her (a plague o' your *Tartarians.*)

Pun. And o' your What-dee-de-call-'ems.

Wor. 'Life, *Tartarians!*

[*Exeunt* Worm, Puny.

Joll. If theſe be Rogues, (as Rogues they ſeem to be) I will ſo exerciſe my Rogues, the tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar ſhall be nothing to't; what think'ſt thou of 'em, *Will?*

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not——h'as juſt my Maſter's Noſe and Upper-Lip; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'll beat 'em worſe than the *Tartarians* did.

Joll. No, let's try 'em firſt——trick for trick——Thou wert wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roſcius*; did'ſt not thou play once the Clown in *Muſidorus?*

Will. No, but I play'd the Bear, Sir.

Joll. The Bear! why that's as good a Part; thou'rt an Actor then I'll warrant thee, the Bear's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's humour, don't you? They have almoſt hit it.

Will. Ay, Sir, I knew the ſhortneſs of his memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, till he was put in mind of't.

Joll. Well ſaid, I'll dreſs thee within, and all the Servants ſhall ackowledge thee, you conceive the Deſign——be confident, and thou can'ſt not miſs; but who ſhall do truſty *John?*

Will. Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him ſpeak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

Joll. O excellent *Ralph!* Incomparable *Ralph*, againſt the World! Come away, *William*, I'll give you Inſtructions within, it muſt be done in a moment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! This is the beſt Plot o' yours, dear Madam, to Marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil inſtead of your ſelf; I cann't chuſe but laugh at the very conceit of't; 'twill make excellent ſport: My Miſtreſs will be ſo mad when ſhe knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Well, are you ready? Veil your ſelf all over, and never ſpeak one word to him, whatever he ſays, (he'll ha' no mind to talk much) but give him your hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, I take thee——mumble it over that he may'nt diſtinguiſh the voice.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! I cann't ſpeak for Laughing——Dear hony, Madam, let me but go in and put on a couple o' Patches; you cann't imagine how much prettier I look with a Lozenge under the Left Eye, and a Half Moon o' this Cheek; and then I'll but ſlip on the Silver lac'd Shooes that you gave me, and be with him in a trice.

Aur. Don't ſtay, he's a fantaſtical Fellow, if the whimſey take him, he'll be gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucia.

They ſay he's to paſs inſtantly this way
To lead his Bride to Church; ingrateful Man!
I'll ſtand here to upbraid his guilty Conſcience,
And in that black attire in which he ſaw me
When he ſpoke the laſt kind words to me;
'Twill now befit my Sorrows, and the Widow-hood of my Love;
He comes alone, what can that mean?

SCENE V.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. Come, Madam, the Prieſt ſtays for us too long;
I ask your pardon for my dull delay,
And am aſham'd of't.

Luc. What does he mean? I'll go with him what e'er it mean. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, Boy.

Cut. Come to my Bed, my Dear, [*Sings.*
my Dear,
My Dear come to my Bed,
For the pleaſant pain, and the loſs with gain
Is the loſs of a Maidenhead.
For the pleaſant, *&c.*

Tab. Is that a Pſalm, Brother Husband, which you ſing?

Cut. No, Siſter Wife, a ſhort Ejaculation only.

[*Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and Belt, broad Lac'd Band, and Peruke.*

Well ſaid Boy, bring in the Things——

Tab. What do you mean, Brother *Abednego?* You will not turn Cavalier, I hope, again, you will not open before *Sion*, the Dreſſings of *Babylon?*

Cut. What do theſe Cloaths befit Queen *Tabitha*'s Husband upon her day of Nuptials? This Hat, with a high black Chimney for a Crown, and a brim no broader than a Hatband? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple Dromedary, go dreſt like *Revelation Fan* the Basket-maker? Give me the Peruke, Boy;

Boy; ſhall Empreſs *Tabitha*'s Husband go as if his Head were ſcalded? Or wear the Seam of a Shirt here for a Band? Shall I, who am zealous even to ſlaying, walk in the ſtreets without a Sword, and not dare to thruſt Men from the wall, if any ſhall preſume to take't of Empreſs *Tabitha*? Are the Fidlers coming Boy?

Tab. Piſh I cannot abide theſe doings; are you mad? There come no prophane Fidlers here.

Cut. Be peaceable, 'gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I ſay be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Viſion bid me do this; wilt thou reſiſt the Viſion?

Tab. An' theſe be your Viſions! Little did I think I wuſſe— O what ſhall I do? Is this your Converſion? which of all the Prophets wore ſuch a Map without their Ears, or ſuch a Sheet about their Necks? Oh: my Mother! what ſhall I do? I'm undone.

Cut. What ſhalt thou do? why, thou ſhalt Dance, and Sing, and Drink, and be Merry; thou ſhalt go with thy Hair Curl'd, and thy Breaſts open; thou ſhalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; Nay, if thou do'ſt begin to look ruſtily— I'll ha' thee paint thy ſelf, like the Whore of *Babylon*.

Tab. Oh! that ever I was Born to ſee this day —

Cut. What, doſt thou weep, Queen *Dido*? Thou ſhalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows; Bring in the Bottle, Boy, I'll be a Loving Husband, the Viſion muſt be obey'd; Sing *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding day? 'Tis ominous;

Come to my Bed my Dear, *&c.*

Oh, art thou come, Boy? Fill a Brimmer, nay, fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here, Lady Souſe, here's to our ſport at Night.

Tab. Drink it your ſelf, an' you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

Cut. By this hand thou ſhalt pledge me, ſeeing the Viſion ſaid ſo; Drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opera* immediately.

Tab. O Lord, I can't abide it [*Drinks off.*

Cut. Why, this will chear thy Heart; Sack, and a Husband? Both comfortable things; have at you again.

Tab I'll pledge you no more, not I.

Cut. Here take the Glaſs, and take it off —off every drop, or I'll ſwear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

Tab. Well! you're the ſtrangeſt Man— [*Drinks*

Cut. Why, this is right; nay, off with't; ſo— but the Viſion ſaid, that if we left our Drink behind us, we ſhould be Hang'd, as many other Honeſt Men ha' been only by a little negligence in the like caſe; Here's to you, *Tabitha*, once agen, we muſt fulfil the Viſion to a Tittle.

Tab. What muſt I drink again? well! you are ſuch another Brother— Husband.

Cut. Bravely done, *Tabitha!* Now thou obey'ſt the Viſion, thou wilt ha' Revelations preſently.

Tab. Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy— nay, Brother, Husband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glaſs or two in it ſtill.

Cut. O Villanous Boy! Fill out you Baſtard, and ſqueeze out the laſt drop

Tab. I'll drink to you now, my Dear; 'tis not handſome for you to begin always —Come to my Bed, [*Drinks.* my Dear, and how waſt? 'Twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

Cut. O Divine *Tabitha!* Here come the Fidlers too, ſtrike up ye Rogues.

Tab. What muſt we Dance too? Is that the Faſhion? I could ha' Danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

Cut. We'll out-dance the Dancing Diſeaſe; but, *Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left ſtill to be drunk with Muſick.

Tab. Let me begin't; here [*Drinks.* Duck, here's to all that Love us.

Cut. A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, ſound a Health; rarely done, *Tabitha*, what think'ſt thou now o' thy Mother?

Tab. A fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my ſelf ſhortly; Come, Duckling, ſhall we go home?

Cut. Go home? The Bride-groom and his Spouſe go home? No, we'll Dance home; afore us Squeakers, that way, and be Hang'd, you Sempiternal Rakers. O brave! Queen *Tabith!* Excellent Empreſs *Tabitha*, on ye Rogues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Jolly, Worm, Puny.

Wor. But where's my what d' ye call her, Brother?

Joll. What, Sir?

Wor. My Daughter *Lucia*, a [*Reads.* pretty fair Complexioned Girl, with a Black Eye, a Round Chin, a little Dimpled, and a Mole upon— I would fain ſee my Daughter— Brother.

Joll. Why, you ſhall, Sir, preſently, ſhe's very well; what Noiſe is that? How now? What's the matter?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ho! my old Maſter! my old Maſter's come, he's Lighted juſt now at the door with his Man *John*; he's asking for you, he longs to ſee you; my Maſter, my old Maſter.

Foll. This Fellow's mad.

Serv. If you won't believe me, go but in and ſee, Sir; he's not ſo much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was Lighted, pray, go in, Sir.

Foll. Why, this is ſtrange.—There was indeed ſome weeks ſince, a report at the *Exchange*, that he was alive ſtill, which was brought by a Ship that came from *Barbary*; but that he ſhould be ſplit in two after his Death, and Live again in both, is wonderful to me. I'll go ſee what's the matter.

[*Exeunt* Jolly, Servant.

Pun. I begin to ſhake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

Wor. 'Tis a meer Plot o' the Devils to have us beaten, if he ſend him in juſt at this Nick.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ralph *(as* John) *and two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Ah Rogue, art thou come at laſt?

2 *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your old Friends! Give me your Golls, *John.*

Ral. Thank ye all heartily for your Love; thank you with all my Heart; my old Bed Fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do?

3 *Serv.* A murrain take you, you'll ne'er leave your Waggery.

Pun. A murrain take ye all, I ſhall be paid the Portion here with a witneſs.

Ral. And how does *Ralph?* good honeſt *Ralph*; there is not an honeſter Fellow in *Chriſtendom*, tho' I ſay't my ſelf, that ſhould not ſay't.

2 *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha! Why *Ralph*, the Rogue's well ſtill; Come let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be over-joy'd to ſee thee, and give us a Cup o' the beſt Stingo there.

Ral. Well ſaid; Steel to the Back ſtill, *Robin*; that was your word you know; my Maſters coming in! Go, go, I'll follow you.

1 *Serv.* Make haſte, good *John.*

Ralp. Here's a Company of as Honeſt Fellow-ſervants; I'm glad, I'm come among 'em again.

Wor. And would I were got out from 'em, as honeſt as they are; that *Robin* has a thraſhing hand.

Pun. John, with a Pox to him! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Peſcod.

SCENE IX.

Enter Jolly, William.

Foll. Methinks you're not return'd, but born to us anew.

Will. Thank you, good Brother; truly we ha' paſt through many Dangers; my Man *John* ſhall tell you all, I'm Old and Craſie.

Enter Servant.

4 *Serv.* Sir, the Widow (my Miſtreſs I ſhould ſay) is coming in here with Mr. *Knock-down*, and four or five more.

Foll. 'Ods my Life! This Farce is neither of Doctrin, nor Uſe to them! Keep 'em here, *John*, till I come back. [*Exit* Jolly.

Wor. I'm glad the Colonel's gone; now will I ſneak away, as if I had ſtoln a Silver ſpoon.

Will. Who are thoſe, *John?* by your leave, Sir, would you ſpeak with any body here?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir? but I'll take ſome other time to wait upon him, my occaſions call me now.

Will. Pray ſtay, Sir, who did you ſay you would ha' ſpoken with?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but another time will ſerve; he has buſineſs now.

Will. Whom would he ſpeak with, *John?* I forget ſtill.

Ral. The Colonel, Sir.

Will. Colonel! what Colonel?

Wor. Your Brother, I ſuppoſe he is, Sir, but another time——

Will. 'Tis true indeed; I had forgot, i'faith, my Brother was a Colonel; I cry you mercy, Sir, he'll be here preſently. Ye ſeem to be Foreigners by your Habits, Gentlemen.

Wor. No, Sir, we are Engliſh-men.

Will. Engliſh-men? Law you there now! wou'd you ha' ſpoke with me, Sir?

Wor. No, Sir, your Brother; but my buſineſs requires no haſte, and therefore——

Will. You're not in haſte, you ſay; pray, Sir, ſit down then, may I crave your Name, Sir?

VVor. My Name's not worth the knowing, Sir.

VVill. This Gentleman?

VVor. 'Tis my Man, Sir, his Name's *John.*

Pun. I'll be *John* no more, not I, I'll be Jackanapes firſt; No, my Name's *Timothy*, Sir.

VVill.

Will. Mr. *John Timothy*, very well, Sir; ye ſeem to be Travellers.

Wor. We are juſt now as you ſee, arriv'd out of *Africk*, Sir, and therefore have ſome Buſineſs that requires——

Will. Of *Africk?* Law ye there now; what Country, pray?

Wor. Preſter-John's Country; fare you well, Sir, for the preſent, I muſt be excus'd.

Will. Marry God forbid; what come from *Preſter-John*, and we not drink a Cup o' Sack together.

Wor. What ſhall I do? Friend, ſhall I trouble you to ſhew me a private place? I'll wait upon you preſently again, Sir.

Will. You'll ſtay here, Maſter?——

Pun. I'll only make a little Maids Water, Sir, and come back to you immediately.

Rol. The Door's lock'd, Sir, the Colonel has lock'd us in her——Why do you ſhake, Sir?

Pun. Nothing——Only I have extream liſt to make Water.

Here's the Colonel, I'll ſneak behind the Hangings.

SCENE X.

Enter Jolly, Widow.

Joll. We'll leave thoſe Gentlemen within a while upon the point of Reprobation; but Sweet Heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you muſt be acquainted with.

Wild. Marry, Heaven fore-ſhield! not to the Merchant, I hope?

Joll. No, Brethren in Love, only——How dee you, Brother?

Wor. I your Brother; what de'e mean?

Joll. Why, are not you my Brother *Jolly*, that was taken Priſoner by the Southern *Tartars?*

Wor. I Brother, I by *Tartars?*

Joll. What an impudent Slave is this? Sirrah, Monſter, did'ſt thou not come with thy Man *John?*

Wor. I, my Man *John?* Here's no ſuch Perſon here; you ſee you're miſtaken.

Joll. Sirrah, I'll ſtrike thee Dead.

Wor. Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you ask'd me, I had quite forgot it; alas, I'm very Craſie.

Joll. That's not amiſs; but ſince thou art not he, I muſt know who thou art.

Wor. Why, don't you know me? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my Man *John.*

Joll. Where's that Fool, *Puny?* Is he ſlipt away?

Pun. Yes, and no Fool for't neither, for ought I know yet.

Wor. Why, we hit upon this Frolick, Colonel, only for a kind o' Maſk (de' ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials; Mr. *Puny* had a mind to reconcile himſelf with you in a merry way o' Drollery, and ſo had I too, though I hope you were not in earneſt with me.

Joll. Oh! Is that all? Well ſaid *Will*, bravely done *Will*, I'faith; I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have Acted a Bear; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

Wor. How's this? Then I'm an Aſs again; this damn'd *Puny*'s fearfulneſs ſpoil'd all.

Pun. This curſed Coward *Worm!* I thought they were not the right ones.

Joll. Here's ſomething for you to drink; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit.

[*Exit* Will *and* Ralph.

Wid. What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing? in truth, Love, you're too laviſh.

Wor. 'Twas wittily put off o' me however.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *with Fidlers.*

Joll. Here are more Maskers too, I think; this Masking is a Heavenly Entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er ſaw any Shew yet but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive.*

Cut. Stay without, Scrapers.

Tab. Oh Lord, I'm as weary with Dancing as paſſes; Husband, Husband, yonder's my Mother; O Mother what do you think I ha' been doing to day?

Wid. Why what, Child? No hurt, I hope.

Tab. Nay, nothing, I have only been Married a little, and my Husband *Abednego* and I have ſo Danc'd it ſince.

Cut. Brave *Tabitha* ſtill; never be angry, Mother, you know where Marriages are made; your Daughters and your own were made in the ſame place, I warrant you, they're ſo like.

Wid. Well, his will be done——There's——no reſiſting Providence——but how, Son *Abednego*, come you into that roaring habit of Perdition?

Cut. Mother, I was commanded by the Viſion, there is ſome great end for it of Edification, which you ſhall know by the Sequel.

SCENE XII.

Enter Truman *Senior*, Truman *Junior*, Lucia *veil'd*.

Trum. ſ. Come, *Dick*, bring in your Wife to your t'other Father, and ask him Bleſſing handſomely ;
Welcome, dear Daughter; off with your Veil ; [Lucia *unveils.*
Heaven bleſs ye both.

Joll. Ha! what's this ? more Masking ? why how now, Mr. *Truman ?* you ha' not Married my Niece, I hope, inſtead o' my Daughter ?

Trum. j. I only did, Sir, as I was appointed,
And am amaz'd as much as you.

Trum. ſ. Villain, Rebel, Traytor, out o' my ſight you Son of a——

Joll. Nay, hold him; patience, good Mr. *Truman*, let's underſtand the matter a little——

Trum. ſ. I wo' not underſtand, no that I wo'not, I wo'not underſtand a word, whilſt he and his Whore are in my ſight.

Joll. Nay, good Sir——
Why, what Niece ? Two Husbands in one Afternoon ? That's too much o' Conſcience.

Luc. Two, Sir ? I know of none but this,
And how I came by him too, that I know not.

Joll. This is Riddle me, Riddle me—— where's my Daughter ? Ho ! *Aurelia.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Here, Sir, I was juſt coming in.

Joll. Ha' not you Married young Mr. *Truman ?*

Aur. No, Sir.

Joll. Why, who then has he Marry'd ?

Aur. Nay that, Sir, he may anſwer for himſelf,
If he be of Age to Marry.

Joll. But did not you promiſe me you'd Marry him this Afternoon, and go to Church with him preſently to do't ?

Aur. But, Sir, my Husband forbad the Banes.

Joll. They're all mad ; your Husband ?

Aur. Ay Sir, the truth o' the matter, Sir, is this, (for it muſt out I ſee) 'twas I that was married this Afternoon in the matted Chamber to Mr. *Puny*, inſtead o' my Couſin *Lucia.*

Joll. Stranger and ſtranger ! what, and he not know't ?

Aur. No, nor the Parſon, Sir, himſelf.

Joll Hey day !

Aur. 'Twas done in the dark, Sir, and I veil'd like my Couſin ; 'twas a very clandeſtine Marriage, I confeſs, but there are ſufficient proofs of it ; and for one, here's half the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which he'll know when he ſees.

Pun. O rare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o' the change ; 'tis a pretty Sorcereſs by my troth ; *Wit to Wit*, quoth the Devil to the Lawyer ; I'll out among 'em preſently, 't has ſav'd me a beating too, which perhaps is all her Portion.

Joll. You turn my Head, you dizzy me ; but would'ſt thou Marry him without either knowing my mind, or ſo much as his ?

Aur. His, Sir ? He gave me five hundred pieces in Gold to make the Match ; look, they are here ſtill, Sir.

Joll. Thou haſt loſt thy Senſes, Wench, and wilt make me do ſo too.

Aur. Briefly the Truth is this, Sir, he gave me theſe five hundred Pieces to Marry him by a Trick to my Couſin *Lucia*, and by another Trick I took the Mony and married him my ſelf ; the manner, Sir, you ſhall know anon at leiſure, only your pardon, Sir, for the omiſſion of my duty to you, I beg upon my knees.

Joll. Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done ; fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, is no ill Match for the Daughter of a Sequeſtred Cavalier——

Aur. I thought ſo, Sir.

Joll. If we could but cure him of ſome ſottiſh Affectations, but that muſt be thy Task.

Aur. My Life on't, Sir.

Pun. I'll out ; Uncle Father your Bleſſing ——my little *Matchiavil*, I knew well enough 'twas you ; what did you think I knew not Croſs from Pile ?

Aur. Did you i'faith ?

Pun. Ay by this kiſs of Amber-greaſe, or I'm a Cabbage.

Aur. Why then you out-witted me, and I'm content.

Pun. A pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are you there ?

Joll. But ſtay, how come you, Niece, to be married to Mr. *Truman ?*

Luc. I know not, Sir, as I was walking in the Garden.

Trum. j. I thought 't had been——but bleſt be the miſtake,
Whatever prove the Conſequence to all
The leſs important Fortunes of my Life.

Joll. Nay, there's no hurt done here neither——

Trum.

Trum. ſ. No hurt, Colonel? I'll ſee him hang'd at my Door before he ſhall have a beggerly——

Foll. Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, one word aſide (for it is not neceſſary yet my Wife ſhould know ſo much.) *Talk aſide.*

Aur. This fooliſh *Jane* (as I perceive by the Story) haſt loſt a Husband by ſtaying for a black Patch.

Foll. Though I in rigour by my Brother's Will might claim the forfeiture of her Eſtate, yet I aſſure you ſhe ſhall have it all to the utmoſt Farthing; in a day like this, when Heaven beſtows on me, and on my Daughter ſo unexpected, and ſo fair a Fortune, it were an ill return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

Aur. My Father's in the right.
And as he clears her Fortune, ſo will I her Honour. Hark you, Sir.

Trum. ſ. Why you ſpeak, Sir, like a Vertuous Noble Gentleman, and do juſt as I ſhould do my ſelf in the ſame caſe; it is——

Aur. 'Twas I upon my credit in a Veil; [*to* Trum. *Jun.*
I'll tell, if you pleaſe, all that you ſaid, when you had read the Letter. But d'you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now) that I had a deſign to lie with you (if you had conſented to my coming at Mid-night, for upon my Faith, I had not, but did it purely to try upon what Terms your two Romantick Loves ſtood.

Cut. Ha, hā, ha! but your Farce was not right methinks at the end.

Pun. Why how, pray?

Cut. Why there ſhould ha' been a Beating, a luſty Cudgeling to make it come off ſmartly, with a twang at the tail.

Wor. Say you ſo? H'as got a ſet of damnable brawny Serving-men.

Cut. At leaſt *John Pudding* here ſhould ha' been baſted.

Wor. A curſe upon him, he ſav'd himſelf like a Rat behind the Hangings.

Trum. j. O *Lucia*, how ſhall I beg thy Pardon
For my unjuſt ſuſpicions of thy Virtue?
Can you forgive a very Repentant Sinner?
Will a whole Life of Penitence abſolve me?

Trum ſ. 'Tis enough, good Noble Colonel, I'm ſatisfi'd; Come, *Dick*, I ſee 'twas Heavens will, and ſhe's a very worthy vertuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and teſty, but 'tis quickly over; my Bleſſing upon you both.

Cut. Why ſo, all's well of all ſides then; let me ſee, here's a brave Coupling day, only poor *Worm* muſt lead a Monkiſh Life on't.

Aur. I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; I'll undertake for her, I ha' ſet her a-gog to day for a Husband, the firſt comer has her ſure. [*Aſide.*

Wor. Ay, but what Portion has ſhe, Mrs. *Puny*? For we Captains o' the King's ſide ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

Aur. Why Lozenges, and Half-moons, and a pair of Silver-lac'd Shooes; but that Trope's loſt to you; well, we'll ſee among us what may be done for her.

Foll. Come, let's go in to Supper; there never was ſuch a day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at laſt too after his being five years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE, Spoken by *CUTTER.*

METhinks a Viſion bids me ſilence break,
And ſome Words to this Congregation ſpeak; [Without his Peruke.
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's *Court in* Coleman-ſtreet.
But yet I wonder much, not to eſpy a
Brother in all this Court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bleſs me! Where are we? What may this Place be?
For I begin my Viſion now to ſee
That this is a meer Theater; well then,
If't be e'n ſo, I'll Cutter *be again.* [Puts on his Peruke.
Not Cutter *the pretended* Cavalier,
For to confeſs ingenuouſly here
To you, who always of that Party were,

I never

I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very Rake-hell of this Town.
But now my Follies and my Faults are ended,
My Fortune, and my Mind, are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author ſays, He'll mend, that is, He'll write no more.

EPILOGUE, At COURT.

THe Madneſs of your People, and the Rage,
You've ſeen too long upon the Publick Stage,
'Tis time at laſt (Great Sir) 'tis time to ſee
Their Tragick Follies brought to Comedy.
If any blame the Lowneſs of our Scene,
We humbly think ſome Perſons there have been
On the Worlds Theater not long ago,
Much more too High, than here they are too Low.
And well we know, that Comedy of old,
Did her Plebeian Rank with ſo much Honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too Baſe, or Light,
For the Great Scipio's *conquering Hand to Write.*
How e'er, if ſuch mean Perſons ſeem too rude,
When into Royal Preſence they intrude,
Yet we ſhall hope a Pardon to receive
From you, a Prince ſo practis'd to forgive;
A Prince, who with th' Applauſe of Earth and Heaven,
The rudeneſs of the Vulgar has Forgiven.

FINIS.

R. White sculp:

THE

Second and Third Parts

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

The SECOND containing

What was Written and Publiſhed by himſelf in his younger Years: Now Reprinted together.

The Seventh Edition, with Additions.

The THIRD containing

His Six Books of Plants:

Viz.
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To the Memory of the Incomparable.

Mr. COWLEY.

I.

With artleſs Hand, and much diſorder'd Mind
(Pardon illuſtrious Man) I come,
To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find
That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadſt thy due,
Tho courted by the underſtanding few,
And they ſometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty Name,
Than was perform'd by noble *Buckingham*;
He choſe a place thy ſacred Bones to keep
Near that, where Poets, and where Monarchs ſleep:
Well did thy kind *Mecœnas* mean
To thee, and to himſelf, and may that Tomb
Convey your mutual Praiſe to Ages yet to come:
But Monuments may betray their truſt,
And like their Founders crumble into duſt.
Were I to adviſe Poſterity
That ſhould at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, (learn.
Cowley ſhould be the firſt word all their Sons ſhould

II.

That charming Name would every Grace inſpire,
Enflame their Souls with ſupernatural Eire,
And make them nothing, but what's truly good, admire;
Early their tender Minds would be poſſeſs'd
With glorious Images, and every Breaſt
Imbibe an Happineſs not to be expreſs'd:
Of theſe (bleſt Shade!) when thou wert here
An unregarded Sojourner,
Thou hadſt ſo large a part,
That thou doſt hardly more appear
Accompliſh'd where thou art,

But that thy radiant Brow,
Encircled with an everlasting Wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er Disappointments, and o'er Death.
When with Astonishment we cast an eye
On thine amazing Infancy,
We envy Nature's Prodigality
To Thee, and only Thee,
In whom (as in old *Eden*) still were seen
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree.

III.

Herculean Vigor hadst thou when but young,
In riper years more than *Alcides* strong.
Then who shall sing thy wondr'ous Song
For he that worthily would mention Thee
Should be devested of Mortality,
No meaner Offerings should he bring,
Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel sing,
Such as with chearfulness thy self hadst done,
If in thy life-time thou hadst known
So bright a Theme to write upon:
Tho thou hast sung of Heroes, and of Kings
In mighty numbers mighty things.
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)
Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking World shall once more lye
Immerst in her first Chaos of Barbarity.
A Curse now to be dreaded, for with Thee
Dy'd all the lovely Decencies of Poetry.

Tho. Flatman.

To the Memory of the Author.

TO fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the ſame Laws aſſign'd;
Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime,
A Time to bloſſom, and a bearing Time:
An early Bloom to both has fatal been,
Thoſe ſooneſt fade, whoſe Verdure firſt was ſeen.
Alone exempted from the common Fate,
The forward COWLEY held a laſting Date:
For Envy's Blaſt and powerful Time too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſht long.
In whom the double Miracle was ſeen;
Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green:
With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind,
The Feaſt of Wit and Banquet of the Mind;
While the fair Tree tranſplanted to the Skies,
In Verdure with th' *Elyſian* Garden vies;
The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradiſe.
Thus faint our ſtrongeſt Metaphors muſt be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muſe and Thee.
Thoſe Flowers that did in thy rich Garden ſmile,
Wither, tranſplanted to another Soil.
Thus *Orpheus* Harp that did wild Beaſts command
Had loſt its Force in any other Hand.
Saul's Frantick Rage harmonious ſounds obey'd,
His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when *David* play'd.
The Artleſs ſince have touch'd thy ſacred Lyre,
We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire.
Horace and *Virgil* where they brighteſt ſhin'd,
Prov'd but thy Oar and were by thee refin'd:
The Conqueror that from the general Flame,
Sav'd *Pindar's* Roof, deſerv'd a laſting Name,
A greater Thou that didſt preſerve his Fame.
A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray
Diſpers'd the Miſts of Night, and gave him Day.
No Miſts of Time can make thy Verſe leſs bright,
Thou ſhin'ſt like *Phœbus* with unborrowed Light.
Henceforth no *Phœbus* we'll invoke but thee,
Auſpicious to thy poor Survivers be!

Who unrewarded plow the Muſes Soil,
Our Labour all the Harveſt of our Toil;
And in excuſe of Fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only ſay; * *Auguſtus* is expir'd.

* Written juſt when King *Charles* was dead.

On Mr. COWLEY'S *Juvenile* POEMS, *and the Tranſlation of his* Plantarum.

A PINDARIQUE.

I.

WHen young *Alcides* in his Cradle lay,
And graſpt in both his Infant Hands,
Broke from the Nurſes feeble Bands,
The bloody gaſping Prey;
Aloft he thoſe firſt Trophies bore,
And ſqueezes out their pois'nous Gore:
The Women ſhreekt with wild Amaze,
The Men as much affrighted gaze,
But had the wiſe *Tireſias* come
Into the crowded Room,
With deep Prophetick Joy;
H'had heard the Conqueſts of the God-like Boy,
And ſung in ſacred Rage
What ravenous Men and Beaſts engage:
Hence he'd propitious Omens take,
And from the Triumphs of his Infancy
Protend his future Victory
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in *Lerna*'s dreadful Lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, *Pindar* COWLEY ſings,
And while they ſtrike the vocal ſtrings,
To either both new Honour brings.
But who ſhall now the mighty Task ſuſtain?
And now our *Hercules* is there,
What *Atlas* can *Olympus* bear?
What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain?
But 'tis a glorious Fate
To fall with ſuch a Weight:
Tho' with unhallowed Fingers, I
Will touch the Ark, altho' I dye.

Forgive

Forgive me, O thou ſhining Shade,
Forgive a Fault which Love has made.
Thus I my ſawcy kindneſs mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy ſacred Monument
And moiſten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muſe, thy noble Choir,
And aim at ſomething worthy *Pindar*'s Lyre;
Within thy Breaſt excite the kindling Fire,
And fan it with thy Voice!
COWLEY does to JOVE belong,
JOVE and COWLEY claim my Song.
Theſe fair firſt Fruits of Wit young *Cowley* bore,
Which promis'd if the happy Tree
Should ever reach Maturity,
To bleſs the World with better, and with more.
Thus in the Kernel of the largeſt Fruit,
Is all the Tree in little drawn,
The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root;
Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

IV.

Taſſo, a Poet in his Infancy,
Did hardly earlier riſe than thee:
Nor did he ſhoot ſo far, or ſhine ſo bright,
Or in his dawning Beams or noon-day Light.
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy Nurſes Arms,
Fed thee with ſacred Love of Praiſe,
And taught thee all their Charms.
As if *Apollo*'s ſelf had been thy Sire,
They daily rockt thee on his Lyre.
Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt,
Deep as the very Reaſon there,
No Force from thence could Numbers tear,
Even with thy being mixt.
And there they lurk'd, till *Spencer*'s ſacred Flame
Leapt up and kindled thine,
Thy Thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy Soul the ſame,
Like his, to Honor, and to Love inclin'd,
As ſoft thy Soul, as great thy Mind;

V.

V.

Whatever COWLEY writes muſt pleaſe.
Sure, like the Gods he ſpeaks all Languages.
Whatever Theme by COWLEY's Muſe is dreſt,
Whatever he'll Eſſay;
Or in the ſofter, or the nobler way,
He ſtill writes beſt.
If he ever ſtretch his Strings
To mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
So did *Virgil*'s Heroes fight,
Such Glories wore, though not ſo bright.
If he'll paint his noble Fire,
Ah what Thoughts his Songs inſpire.
Vigorous Love and gay Deſire.
Who would not, *Cowley!* ruin'd be?
Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee?
Whether thou in th' old *Roman* doſt delight,
Or *Engliſh*, full as ſtrong, to write.
Thy Maſter-ſtrokes in both are ſhown,
COWLEY in both excells alone,
Virgil of theirs, and *Waller* of our own.

VI.

But why ſhould the ſoft Sex be robb'd of thee?
Why ſhould not *England* know,
How much ſhe does to COWLEY owe?
How much fair *Boſcobel*'s for ever ſacred Tree?
The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods,
The Fields, the Meadows and the Floods,
The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets uſe,
To Court a Mortal or a Muſe?
It ſhall be done. But who? ah who ſhall dare,
So vaſt a Toil to undergo,
And all the Worlds juſt cenſure bear,
Thy Strength, and their own Weakneſs ſhow?
Mrs. *A. Behn.* Soft *Afra* who had led our Shepherds long,
Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide,
Our Envy, her own Sexes Pride,
When all her Force on this great Theme ſhe'd try'd,
She ſtrain'd awhile to reach th' inimitable Song,
She ſtrain'd awhile, and wiſely dy'd.
Thoſe who ſurvive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poeſie,
With Joy they ſacrifice their Fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

The Bookſellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. *Cowley* being much enquir'd after and very ſcarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, tho it hath been five times printed) we thought this ſixth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We preſume one reaſon why they were omitted in the laſt Collection, was, becauſe the Propriety of this Copy belong'd not to the ſame Perſon that publiſh'd thoſe: but the Reception they had found appears by the ſeveral Impreſſions thro' which they had paſs'd. We dare not ſay they are equally perfect with thoſe written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are ſuch as deſerve not to be buried in Obſcurity. We preſume the *Author's Judgment* of them is moſt reaſonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of Modeſty) give them no ſmall Character. His Words are in *Page* 6. of his *Preface* before his former publiſh'd Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewiſe mentioning and reciting part of theſe Poems, *in his ſeveral Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays in Verſe and Proſe, in the* 11*th Diſcourſe treating of himſelf*, pag. 143. Theſe we ſuppoſe a ſufficient Authority for our reviving them; and ſure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the ſmalleſt Remains of Mr. *Cowley* will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his Mind, ſo that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that ſo deſervedly eminent Man from almoſt his *Childhood* to his *Lateſt Years*, the Bud and Bloom of his *Spring*, the Warmth of his *Summer*, the Richneſs and Perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further Curioſity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, publiſhed by himſelf. And to contribute all we can to our Readers Satisfaction, we have endeavoured to make theſe Poems ſomething more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Author's Monument.

Your humble Servants.

TO THE

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God

JOHN

L^d Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Weſtminſter*.

MY LORD,

I Might well fear, leſt theſe my rude and unpoliſht Lines ſhould offend your Honourable Survey; but that I hope your Nobleneſs will rather ſmile at the Faults committed by a Child, *than cenſure them. Howſoever I deſire your* Lordſhip's *Pardon, for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your View, and to accept the Good will of him who in all Duty is bound to be*

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Humble Servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO

To the READER.

READER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not aſſume the honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldneſs, and blam'd in mine, what commends other Fruits, Earlineſs: others, who are either of a weak Faith, or ſtrong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never ſounds but when 'tis blow'd in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum:* to the firſt I anſwer, That 'tis an envious Froſt that nips the Bloſſoms becauſe they appear quickly: to the latter, That he is the worſt Homicide who ſtrives to murther another's Fame: to both, That it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, becauſe the Moon and Sun ſhine brighter. The ſmall Fire I have is rather blown than extinguiſh'd by this Wind. For the Itch of Poeſie by being angred increaſes, by rubbing, ſpreads further; which appears in that I have ventur'd on this Fourth Edition. What tho it be neglected? It is not, I am ſure, the firſt Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been imploy'd by Cooks and Grocers. If in all Mens Judgments it ſuffer Shipwrack, it ſhall ſomething content me, that it hath pleaſed my ſelf and the Bookſeller. In it you ſhall find one Argument (and I hope I ſhall need no more) to confute Unbelievers: which is, That as mine Age, and conſequently Experience, (which is yet but little) hath increaſed, ſo they have not left my Poeſie flagging behind them. I ſhould not be angry to ſee any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my ſelf, but that I hope a Pardon may eaſily be gotten for the Errors of ten years of Age. My *Conſtantia* and *Philetus* confeſſes me two years older when I wrote it. The reſt were made ſince upon ſeveral Occaſions, and perhaps do not bely time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your Hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookſeller repent himſelf of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my Labour in compoſing them. Farewel.

Abraham Cowley.

To the READER.

I.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muſe MELPOMENE,
And told her what ſad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing ſuch a Tragedy,
Tho wont in Mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowful Lines, then know
My Muſe with Tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as ſhe my unabler Quill did guide,
Her briny Tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal Numbers be eſpy'd,
Oh Reader! do not that my Error call,
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muſes Grief, and not my miſſing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

CON-

The CONTENTS.

PART II.

CONstantia *and* Philetus pag. 1, *to* p. 19
Piramus *and* Thisbe p. 25, *to* p. 32
An Elegy on the Death of the Right Honourable Dudley *Lord* Carleton, *Viscount* Dorchester, *late Principal Secretary of State* 35
An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Richard Clark, *late of* Lincolns-Inn, *Gent.* 36
A Dream of Elysium 37
On his Majesty, King Charles I. *his Return out of* Scotland 39
A Song on the same, Hence clouded Looks 41
A Vote, Lest the misjudging World ibid.
A Poetical Revenge 44
To the Duchess of Buckingham 45
To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B. ibid.
An Elegy on the Death of John Littleton *Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir* Tho. Littleton, *who was drown'd, leaping into the Water to save his younger Brother.* 46
A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin, written in Latin *by the Right Worshipful* D. A. 48
ODE I. *On the Praise of Poetry* 49
II. *That a Pleasant Poverty is to be preferr'd before discontented Riches.* 50
III. *To his Mistress* 52
IV. *On the Uncertainty of Fortune, A Translation* 53
V. *In Commendation of the Time we live under the Reign of our Gracious King* Charles II. ibid.
VI. *On the Shortness of Man's Life* 55
VII. *An Answer to an Invitation to* Cambridge ibid.
VIII. *To a Lady who desir'd a Song* 56
Loves Riddle; a Pastoral Comedy. 61
Naufragium Joculare 129

PART III.

BOOK I. *and* II. *Of Herbs,* Englished *by* J. G. p. 1, 33
III. *Of Flowers* *by* G. Cleve 605
IV. *Of Flowers* *by* N. Tate 83
V. *Of Trees* *by the same* 101
VI. *Of Trees* *by Mrs.* A. Behn 131

CONSTANTIA
PHILETUS.

I Sing two constant Lovers various Fate,
The Hopes and Fears that equally attend
Their Loves: their Rivals Envy, Parents Hate,
I sing their woful Life, and tragic End.
Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearse,
This Mournful Tale, and favour every Verse.

In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Sky,
There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the Beauty of all *Italy*.
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form,

And framing her attractive Eyes so bright,
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might
Keep Earth from *Chaos* and eternal Night;
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious Light.
Expect not Beauty then, since she did part,
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

4.

Her Hair was brighter than the Beams which are
A Crown to *Phœbus*, and her Breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend *Arabian* Odours far,
Or ſmelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, Teeth like falling Snow
For white, were placed in a double Row.

5.

Her Wit excelling Praiſe, ev'n all admire,
Her Speech was ſo attractive it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty *Pallas* Ire,
And ſtir up Envy from that Deity.
The Maiden Lillies at her ſight
Wax'd pale with Envy, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high
As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
And to her vertuous Minds Nobility
The Gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs Soul and lovely Face
You might have ſeen each Deity and Grace.

7.

The Scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
Would *Venus* ſtill deſpiſe, yet her Deſire,
Each who but ſaw, was a Competitor
And Rival, ſcorch'd alike with *Cupid*'s Fire.
The glorious Beams of her fair Eyes did move,
And light Beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Among her many Suitors, a young Knight
'Bove others wounded with the Majeſty
Of her fair Preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldom his Deſire can ſatisfie
With that bleſt Object, or her Rareneſs ſee;
For Beauty's Guard is watchful Jealouſie.

9.

Oft times, that he might ſee his *Deareſt Fair*,
Upon his ſtately Jennet he in th' way
Rides by her Houſe, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright *Conſtantia*.
But his poor Maſter, tho he ſee her move
His Joy, dares ſhew no Look betraying Love.

Soon

10.

Soon as the Morning left her roſie Bed,
And all Heaven's ſmaller Lights were driv'n away:
She by her Friends and near Acquaintance led,
Like other Maids, would walk at Break of day:
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a Sight unknown,
To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her Train,
And where they go, that way his Journey feigns.
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;
For with his Love his Buſineſs ſtill remains.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
From her, whoſe Eyes had ſtole away his Heart.

12.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a Race
Of Noble Anceſtors; but greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The Glory which in his great Stock did ſhine;
Small his Eſtate, unfitting her Degree,
But blinded Love could no ſuch Difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit this Heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in *Conſtantia's* Eyes,
Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch Flames within her Heart ſhould riſe.
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Tho he have ſhot him right, her Heart he'll miſs.

14.

Unto *Love's* Altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice;
Intreating *Cupid*, with inducing Prayers,
To look upon and eaſe his Miſeries:
Where having, recovering Breath again,
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain:

15.

Oh mighty Cupid! *whoſe unbounded Sway*
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian *Thunderer,*
Whom all Celeſtial Deities obey,
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear!
Oh force Conſtantia's *Heart to yield to Love,*
Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece 'twill prove.

16.

And let me not Affection vainly ſpend,
But kindle Flames in her like thoſe in me;
Yet if that Gift my Fortune doth tranſcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may ſee.
For ever view thoſe Eyes, whoſe charming Light
More than the World beſides does pleaſe my Sight.

17.

Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred Deity,
Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know,
I faultleſs am, what Honour can it be,
Only to wound your Slave, and ſpare your Foe.
Here Tears and Sighs ſpeak his imperfect Moan,
In Language far more moving than his own.

18.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
Juſt like a Ship while every mounting Wave,
Toſs'd by enraged *Boreas* up and down,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping Grave;
Such did his Caſe, ſuch did his State appear,
Alike diſtracted between Hope and Fear.

19.

Thinking her Love he never ſhall obtain,
One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
And thus fond *Eccho* anſwers him again.
It mov'd *Aurora*, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant Graſs with many a Tear.

The ECCHO.

I.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing Miſeries?
EIES, Eccho *ſaid. What hath detain'd my Eaſe?*
EASE, ſtrait the reaſonable Nymph replies;
That nothing can my troubled Mind appeaſe;
PEACE, Eccho *anſwers. What, is any nigh?*
Philetus *ſaid; She quickly utters, I.*

II. *Is't*

II.

Is't Eccho *answers? tell me then thy Will:*
I WILL, she said. What shall I get (says he)
By loving still? to which she answers, ILL.
Ill? shall I void of wish'd for Pleasures die?
I. Shall not I who toil in ceaseless Pain,
Some Pleasure know? NO, she returns again.

III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyst (said he)
THOU LI'ST, she said. And I deserv'd her Hate,
If I should thee believe. BELIEVE, said she.
For why? thy Words are of no Weight.
WEIGHT, she answers. Therefore I'll depart.
To which, resounding Eccho *answers, PART.*

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded Heart he goes,
Filling with Legions of fresh Thoughts his Mind:
He quarrels with himself, because his Woes
Spring from himself, yet can no Med'cine find:
He weeps to quench those Fires that burn in him,
But Tears do fall to th' Earth, Flames are within.

21.

No Morning banish'd Darkness, nor black Night
By her alternate Course expell'd the Day,
In which *Philetus* by a constant Rite
At *Cupid*'s Altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his Pain,
But Care and Sorrow was his only Gain.

22.

But now at last the pitying God, o'ercome
By constant Votes and Tears, fix'd in her Heart
A golden Shaft, and she is now become
A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart
He'd wound *Philetus*, does with Tears implore
Aid from that Power she so much scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* Heart
In her scorch'd Breast, because, her own she gave
To him. Since either suffers equal Smart,
And a like Measure in their Torments have:
His Soul, his Griefs, his Fires, now hers are grown:
Her Heart, her Mind, her Love is his alone.

24. While

24.

Whilſt Thoughts 'gainſt Thoughts riſe up in Mutiny,
She took a Lute (being far from any Ears)
And tun'd his Song, poſing that Harmony
Which Poets attribute to Heavenly Spheres.
Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear Love was ſlain,
She'd ſurely call'd him back from *Styx* again.

The SONG.

I.

TO whom ſhall I my Sorows ſhow?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus *doth not know*
The inward Torment of my Mind.
And all the ſenſeleſs Walls which are
Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they ſure would weep,
And with my Griefs relent:
Unleſs their willing Tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am ſent.
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My Fate, ſince I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my ſtore,
If the Flood would land thy Love,
My dear PHILETUS *on the ſhore*
Of my Heart; but ſhouldſt thou prove
Afraid of Flames, know the Fires are
But Bonfires for thy coming there.

25.

Then Tears in Envy of her Speech did flow
From her fair Eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning Flame had melted Hills of Snow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a Tear;
Which, *Nilus*-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new Serpent Griefs to grow.

26.

Here ſtay, my *Muſe*, for if I ſhould recite
Her mournful Language, I ſhould make you weep
Like her, a Flood, and ſo not ſee to write
Such Lines as I, and th' Age requires, to keep
Me from ſtern Death, or with victorious Rhime,
Revenge their Maſters Death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, Chance and his own Induſtry
Had help'd *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, ſo that he
Might, by this means, his bright *Conſtantia* view:
And, as time ſerv'd, ſhew her his Miſery:
This was the firſt Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himſelf, ſooth'd by his flattering State,
He ſaid; *How ſhall I thank thee for this Gain,*
O Cupid, *or reward my helping Fate,*
Which ſweetens all my Sorrows, all my Pain?
What Husbandman would any Pains refuſe,
To reap at laſt ſuch Fruit, his Labours uſe?

29.

But when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful State,
Seeing his Griefs link'd, like an endleſs Chain,
To following Woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
Quench his hot Flames, and idle Love diſdain.
But *Cupid*, when his Heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his Wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew ſoon ſo dear,
So true and conſtant in their Amities,
And in that League, ſo ſtrictly joined were;
That Death it ſelf could not their Friendſhip ſever,
But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th' other's ſad;
If one be ſick, the other's ſurely ill;
And if *Philetus* any Sorrow had,
Philocrates was Partner in it ſtill:
Pylades Soul and mad *Oreſtes* was
In theſe, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
Exclaims againſt his Fate, Fate too unkind:
With ſpeaking Tears his Griefs he doth declare,
And with ſad Sighs inſtructs the angry *Wind*,
To ſigh, and did even upon that prevail,
It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful Tale.

33.

The Cryſtal Brooks, which gently run between
The ſhadowing Trees, and as they through them paſs
Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
Giving a Colour to the verdant Graſs:
Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful State,
In ſhew of Grief ran murm'ring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel anſwers him again and ſhews,
In her beſt Language her ſad Hiſtory,
And in a mournful Sweetneſs tells her Woes,
Denying to be pos'd in Miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,
With him both Grief, and Grief's Expreſſion vies.

35.

Philocrates muſt needs his Sadneſs know,
Willing in Ills, as well as Joys to ſhare,
Nor will on them the Name of Friends beſtow,
Who in light Sport, not Sorrow Partners are.
Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms ariſe,
Is guilty both of Sin and Cowardiſe.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to Tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his Malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his Sore,
By Counſel, and recall the pois'nous Dart,
When it, alas, was fixed in his Heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places beſt fit for Care,
He to himſelf did his paſt Griefs recite,
Th' obſequious Friend ſtrait follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad *Philetus* ſight,
Who thus exclaims; for a ſwoln Heart would break,
If it for vent of Sorrow might not ſpeak.

38.

Oh! I am loſt, not in this Deſart Wood,
But in loves pathleſs Labyrinth, there I
My health, each Joy and Pleaſure counted good
Have loſt, and which is more, my liberty,
And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I ſtaid, but yet have no relief,
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
And I have fear'd, to make my ſorrows known.
For why alas, if ſhe ſhould once but dart
Diſdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how ſhould ſhe, ere I impart my Love,
Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire;
Why, he who hath all ſorrows born before,
Needeth not fear to be oppreſt with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and ſighing, Oh! (ſaid he)
My dear Philetus *be thyſelf, and ſwear*
To rule that Paſſion which now maſters thee,
And all thy reaſon; but if it can't be,
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may ſee.

42.

Amazement ſtrikes him dumb, what ſhall he do?
Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove
A hind'rance; and ſhould he deny to ſhow,
It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:
Theſe doubts like *Scylla* and *Charybdis* ſtand,
While *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At laſt reſolv'd; how ſhall I ſeek, ſaid he,
T' excuſe my ſelf, deareſt *Philocrates*;
That I from thee have hid this ſecreſie?
Yet cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
My caſe with words, my grief you ſhould have known
Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

44.

I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Suns which do all light diſcloſe;
Firſt kindling in my breaſt the flame deſire,
But like the rare Arabian *Bird, there roſe*
From my hearts aſhes never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my Soul doth move.

45.

Oh! let not then my Paſſion cauſe your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain.
Your ancient Friendſhip; 'tis, alas, too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No Phyſick *can recure my weak'ned ſtate,*
The wound is grown too great, too deſperate.

46.

But *Counſel*, ſaid his Friend, a remedy
Which never fails the Patient, may at leaſt
If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
Aſſwage your torment and procure ſome reſt.
But there is no Phyſician can apply
A Med'cine ere he know the Malady.

47.

Then hear me, ſaid *Philetus*; but why? Stay,
I will not toil thee with my Hiſtory,
For to remember Sorrows paſt away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
He who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.

48.

But ſaid *Philocrates*, 'tis beſt in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I ſhould miſtruſt your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of *Inconſtancy*.

49.

What ſhall he do? or with what Language frame
Excuſe? He muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as Prologue to his Tragedy,
He ſigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

50.

When years firſt ſtyl'd me twenty, I began
To ſport with catching ſnare that love had ſet,
Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachne's* net:
Even ſo I ſported with her Beauties light,
Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

51.

Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought,
'Twas eaſie to repel it; but as fire,
Tho but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which ſo have ſcorch'd my Love-ſtruck Soul, that I
Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

VVho is it, ſaid *Philocrates*, can move
VVith charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your love;
Two can effect more than your ſelf alone.
My Counſel this thy Error may reclaim,
Or my ſalt tears quench thy deſtructive flame.

53.

Nay, ſaid *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
Like *Nilus*, when it ſcorns th' oppoſed ſhore:
Yet all the watry plenty I beſtow,
Is to my flame an oyl that feeds it more.
So Fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,
That lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

54.

But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keepers name) *Conſtantia*; more
Grief would not let him utter; *Tears the beſt*
Expreſſers of true Sorrow, ſpoke the reſt.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all! VVhat e'er your grief would eaſe
Tho a far greater task, believ't for thee
It ſhould be ſoon done by *Philocrates*;
Think all you wiſh perform'd, but ſee, the day
Tyr'd with its heat is haſtning now away.

56.

Home from the ſilent Woods, night bids them go,
But ſad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why do'ſt thou vex him, Love cou'dſt thou but ſee,
Thou would'ſt thy ſelf *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philocrates pitying his doleful mone,
And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair *Conſtantia*; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitleſs hopes, nipt by her coy diſdain,
Or *by her liking, his wiſht Joys attain.*

58.

Faireſt (ſaid he) *whom the bright Heavens do cover,*
Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears, deſpiſe,
Theſe heaving ſighs of a ſubmiſſive Lover,
Thus ſtruck to th' earth by your all dazling eyes.
And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
Which from your ſelf, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Truſt me, I long have hid my Love, but now
Am forc'd to ſhow't, ſuch is my inward ſmart,
And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
To heal the wound of my conſuming heart.
Then ſince it only in your power doth lie
To kill, or ſave, Oh help! or elſe I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
I for your pain am grieved, and would do
Without impeachment of my Chaſtity
And honor, any thing might pleaſure you.
But if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
I muſt not anſwer (Sir) nor underſtand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my deſire
Is chaſt and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
No flaſh of Luſt, 'tis no diſhoneſt fire
Which goes as ſoon as it was quickly brought:
But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipſed by diſdain, and cruelty.

62.

Oh! How ſhall I reply (ſhe cry'd) thou'ſt won
My ſoul, and therefore take thy Victory:
Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'rcome,
And if ſhould deny thee love, then I
Should be Tyrant to my ſelf; that fire
Which is kept cloſe, burns with the greateſt ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightneſs now,
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
Thy pleaſing Carriage won me long ago,
And pleading beauty did my liking move,
Thy eyes which draw like loadſtones with their might
The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am wrapt above the reach, ſaid he,
Of thought, my Soul already feels the bliſs
Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I loſe all happineſs
Is wiſht for: both your favour here, and dead,
May the juſt gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their Fate)
Conſtantia's Father entred in the room,
When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting Sun:
Or elſe the morn, bluſhing through clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Juſt as the guilty Priſoner fearful ſtands
Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knows.
Such was his ſtate to ſee her Father come,
Nor wiſh'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intruſion in that houſe, nor be
At any time with his lov'd Daughter there
Till he had given him ſuch authority:
But to depart, ſince ſhe her love did ſhew him
Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
He chears his friend, bidding him baniſh fear,
And by ſome Letter his griev'd mind appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her the abſent Lovers will.

The LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Truſt (dear Soul) my abſence cannot move
You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love;
For were there any means to ſee you, I
Would run through Death, and all the miſery
Fate could inflict, that ſo the World might ſay,
In Life and Death I lov'd Conſtantia.
Then let not (deareſt ſweet) our abſence part
Our loves, but each breaſt keep the others heart;
Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
From all our labours, and our induſtries
The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
There's no man whom the Summer pleaſures greet
Before he taſte the Winter, none can ſay,
Ere Night was gone, he ſaw the riſing Day.
So when we once have waſted Sorrows night,
The Sun of Comfort then ſhall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Conſtantia* read, ſhe thought her ſtate
Moſt happy by *Philetus* Conſtancy,
And perfect Love: ſhe thanks her flattering Fate,
Kiſſes the Paper, till with kiſſing ſhe
The welcome Characters doth dull and ſtain,
Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

YOur abſence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I
Neither forget, nor doubt your Conſtancy.
Nor need you fear, that I ſhould yield unto
Another, what to your true Love is due.
My heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
Or angry Friends, ſhall make my Love decline:
But for the harveſt of our hopes I'll ſtay,
Unleſs Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

Conſtantia.

70.

Oh! how this Letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
When he did *Phœbus* flaming Chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come.
Prouder than *Jaſon*, when from *Colchos* he
Returned with the *Fleeces* Victory.

71.

But ere the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
Had paid the ſweating Plowman's greedieſt prayer;
And by the Fall diſrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all thoſe Ornaments it us'd to wear,
Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, ſaid *Philetus*, *ſince the time*
Favours our wiſh, and does afford us leave
T' enjoy our loves, Oh let us not reſign
This long'd for favour, nor our ſelves bereave
Of what we wiſh'd for opportunity,
That may too ſoon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his Cuſtom is,
For pleaſure doth purſue the tim'rous Hare,
If you'll reſort but thither, I'll not miſs
To be in thoſe Woods ready for you, where
We may depart in ſafety, and no more
With dreams of pleaſure only, heal our ſore.

74. To

74.

To this the happy Lovers ſoon agree;
But ere they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
From her inchanting voices melody,
One Song to ſatisfie his longing ear:
She yields; and ſinging, added to deſire;
The liſt'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The SONG.

I.

TIme flie with greater ſpeed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haſte in flying brings
That wiſht for and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then ſhall ſee,
Tho at firſt it darkened be,
With dangers, yet thoſe Clouds but gone
Our Day will put his luſtre on.

III.

Then tho Deaths ſad night appear,
And we in lonely ſilence reſt;
Our raviſh'd Souls no more ſhall fear,
But with laſting day be bleſt.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can diſſever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being ſeen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her conſtant love)
Many a ſoft Kiſs, then they each other leave,
Wrapt up with ſecret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76.

But e'er the Sun through many days had run,
Conſtantia's charming Beauty had o'ercome
Guiſardo's Heart, and ſcorn'd Affection won,
Her Eyes ſoon conquer'd all they ſhone upon,
Shot through his wounded Heart ſuch hot Deſire,
As nothing but her Love could quench the Fire.

77.

In Roofs which Gold and *Parian* Stone adorn
(Proud as the Owners Mind) he did abound,
In Fields ſo fertile for their yearly Corn,
As might contend with ſcorch'd *Calabria*'s Ground;
But in his Soul, that ſhould contain the Store
Of ſureſt Riches, he was baſe and poor.

78.

Him was *Conſtantia* urg'd continually
By her Friends to love, ſometimes they did intreat
With gentle Speeches, and mild Courteſie,
Which when they ſee deſpis'd by her, they threat.
But Love too deep was ſeated in her Heart
To be worn out with Thought of any Smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
To ſeek for Sport, and hunt the ſtarted Game;
Guiſardo and *Philocrates* were there,
With many Friends, too tedious here to name.
With them *Conſtantia* went, but not to find
The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathleſs Woods, while they
Purſue their Game, *Philetus*, who was late
Hid in a Thicket, carries ſtrait away
His Love, and haſtens his own haſty Fate,
That came too ſoon upon him, and his Sun,
Was quite eclips'd before it fully ſhone.

82.

Conſtantia miſs'd, the Hunters in a maze,
Take each a ſeveral Courſe, and by curſt Fate
Guiſardo runs, with a Love-carried Pace
Towards them, who little knew their woful State:
Philetus, like bold *Icarus*, ſoaring high
To Honours, found the depth of Miſery.

82.

For when *Guiſardo* ſees his Rival there,
Swelling with envious Rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who ſuch Fortune did not fear,
And with his Sword a way to's Heart does find.
But e'er his Spirits were poſſeſs'd of Death,
In theſe few Words he ſpent his lateſt Breath

83.

O ſee Conſtantia, *my ſhort Race is run,*
See how my Blood the thirſty Ground doth die,
But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think ſometimes upon me.
More my ſhort time permits me not to tell,
For now Death ſeizeth me, My dear farewel.

84.

As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe Words, Life fled
From his pierc'd Body, whilſt *Conſtantia* ſhe
Kiſſes his Cheeks that loſe their lively red,
And become pale and wan, and now each Eye
Which was ſo bright, is like, when Life was done,
A Star that's faln, or an eclipſed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driv'n by Fate,
And ſaw his Friend lie bloeding on the Earth;
Near his pale Corps his weeping Siſter ſate,
Her Eyes ſhed Tears, her Heart to Sighs gave birth.
Philocrates when he ſaw this did cry,
Friend, I'll revenge or bear thee company.

86.

Juſt Jove *hath ſent me to revenge this Fate,*
Nay, ſtay Guiſardo, *think not Heav'n in jeſt,*
'Tis vain to hope Flight can ſecure thy ſtate;
Then thruſt his Sword into the Villain's Breaſt.
Here, ſaid *Philocrates*, *thy Life I ſend*
A Sacrifice, t' appeaſe my ſlaughter'd Friend.

87.

But as he fell, *Take this Reward*, ſaid he,
For thy new Victory : with that he flung
His darted Rapier at his Enemy,
Which hit his Head, and in his Brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his Eyes,
Farewel Conſtantia, that Word ſaid, he dies.

88.

What ſhall ſhe do? ſhe to her Brother runs,
His cold and lifeleſs Body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans,
And with her Kiſſes warms his clammy Face.
My dear Philocrates, *ſhe weeping cries,*
Speak to thy Siſter; but no Voice replies.

89.

Then running to her Love with many a Tear,
Thus her Minds fervent Paſſion ſhe expreſt,
O ſtay (bleſt Soul) ſtay but a little here,
And take me with you to a laſting Reſt.
Then to *Elyſiums* Manſions both ſhall flie,
Be married there, and never more to die.

90.

But ſeeing 'em both dead; ſhe cry'd, Ah me,
Ah my *Philetus!* for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didſt die:
I'll follow thee, and not thy Loſs deplore,
Theſe Eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

91.

It ſhall not ſure be ſaid that thou didſt die,
And thy *Conſtantia* live when thou waſt ſlain:
No, no, dear Soul, I will not ſtay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued Fame.
Then piercing her ſad Breaſt, *I come*, ſhe cries,
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping Eyes.

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal Reſt,
Her Father comes, and ſeeing this he falls
To th' Earth, with Grief to great to be expreſt:
Whoſe doleful Words my tired Muſe me calls
T' o'erpaſs, which I moſt gladly do, for fear
That I ſhould toil too much the *Readers Ear.*

FINIS.

THE
Tragical Hiſtory
OF
PIRAMUS
AND
THISBE.

The Seventh Edition.

Enlarged by the AUTHOR.

——*Fit Surculus Arbor.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Charles Harper*, at the *Flower-de-luce* over againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, M DCC.

To the Right Worſhipful, my very Loving Maſter

Mr *LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,*

Chief School-Maſter of *Weſtminſter* School.

SIR,

MY childiſh Muſe is in her Spring; and yet
Can only ſhew ſome budding of her Wit.
One Frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like ſome unkinder Storm ſhot from your Brow,
Would turn her Spring *to with'ring* Autumns *time,*
And make her Bloſſoms *periſh e'er their Prime.*
But if you ſmile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auſpicious Alpha *can deſcry:*
How ſoon will they grow Fruit? How freſh appear,
That had ſuch Beams their Infancy to chear:
Which being ſprung to Ripeneſs, expect then
The earlieſt Offering of her grateful Pen.

Your moſt Dutiful Scholar

ABR. COWLEY.

THE

THE Tragical Hiſtory OF PIRAMUS AND THISBE.

1.

WHen *Babylon*'s high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two Houſes join'd.
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Piramus* the Fair
In th'other: Earth ne'r boaſted ſuch a Pair.
The very ſenſeleſs Walls themſelves combin'd,
And grew in one, juſt like their Maſters Mind.

2.

Thisbe all other Women did excell,
The Queen of Love, leſs lovely was than ſhe:
And *Piramus* more ſweet than Tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But *Venus* envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
Bids her Son *Cupid* ſhew his Cruelty.

3.

The all-ſubduing God his Bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his moſt remorſleſs Dart,
Which he unſeen unto their Hearts did ſend,
And ſo was Love the Cauſe of Beauties End.
But could he ſee, he had not wrought their Smart:
For Pity ſure would have o'ercome his Heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in the Net is ta'en,
By ſtruggling more entangles in the Gin;
So they who in Love's Labyrinth remain,
With ſtriving never can a Freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad; but being in,
No Art, no Labour can an *Exit* win.

5.

Theſe Lovers, tho their Parents did reprove
Their Fires, and watch'd their Deed with Jealouſie,
Tho in theſe Storms no Comfort can remove
The various Doubts and Fears that cool hot Love:
Tho he not hers, nor ſhe his Face could ſee,
Yet this cannot aboliſh Love's Decree.

6.

For Age had crack'd the Wall which them did part,
This the unanimate Couple ſoon did ſpy,
And here their inward Sorrows did impart,
Unlading the ſad Burthen of their Heart.
Tho Love be blind, this ſhews he can deſcry
A way to leſſen his own Miſery.

7.

Oft to the friendly Cranny they reſort,
And feed themſelves with the Celeſtial Air
Of odoriferous Breath; no other Sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but ſhort:
And wiſh that it again renewed were,
To ſuck each others Breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaim againſt their Fate,
And ſometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove*;
Sometimes repent their Flames: but all too late;
The Arrow could not be recall'd their State
Was firſt ordain'd by *Jupiter* above,
And *Cupid* had appointed they ſhould love.

9.

They curs'd the Wall that did their Kisses part,
And to the Stones their mournful Words they sent,
As if they saw the Sorrow of their Heart,
And by their Tears could understand their Smart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their Sighs (alas!) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd Wall, O why*
Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true Love
Breaks thorough all thy flinty Cruelty:
For both our Souls so closely joined lie,
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And tho he part them, yet they'll meet above.

11.

Abortive Tears from their fair Eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely Splendor of their Sight,
Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
O'erspreads his Face, and his bright Beams doth shroud.
Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquer'd Light,
And forceth them (tho loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.

But e'er *Aurora*, Usher to the Day,
Began with welcome Lustre to appear,
The Lovers rise, and at the Cranny they
Thus to each other, their Thoughts open lay,
With many a Sigh and many a speaking Tear,
Whose Grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) *how long shall we*
Like faireſt Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime,
Waste precious Youth, and let Advantage flee,
Till we bewail (*at last*) *our Cruelty*
Upon our selves, for Beauty, tho it shine
Like Day, will quickly find an Evening time.

14.

Therefore (*sweet* Thisbe) *let us meet this Night*
At Ninus *Tomb without the City Wall,*
Under the Mulberry-tree, with Berries white
Abounding, there t'njoy our wisht Delight:
For mounting Love stopt in its Course doth fall,
And long'd for, yet untasted, Joy kills all.

15.

What tho our cruel Parents angry be?
What tho our Friends (alas!) are too unkind?
Time that now offers quickly may deny,
And soon hold back fit opportunity.
Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find
Occasion once past by, is bald behind.

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little Wooing needs where both consent;
What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to close those Eyes that make her bright;
Just like the Moon, which seeks t' eclipse the Sun,
Whence all her Splendor, all her Beams do come:
So she, who fetcheth Lustre from their Sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious Light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came;
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
Whilst various Thoughts turmoil her troubled Brain:
And imitating thus the Silver *Swan*,
A little while before her Death she sang.

The SONG.

I.

COme Love, why stayest thou? the Night
Will vanish e'er we taste Delight:
The Moon obscures her self from sight,
Thou absent, whose Eyes give her Light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,
Loves Joy's thine own, as well as mine,
Spend not therefore the Time in vain.

19. Here

19.

Here doubtful Thoughts broke off her pleaſant *Song*,
And for her Lovers ſtay ſent many a Sigh,
Her *Piramus* ſhe thought did tarry long,
And that his Abſence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt Longing Hope and Jealouſie,
She fears, yet's loth to tax his Loyalty.

20.

Sometimes ſhe thinks that he hath her forſaken;
Sometimes that Danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd ſoon doth waken
Numberleſs Thoughts, which on her Heart did fling
Fears, that her future Fate too truly ſing.

21.

While ſhe thus muſing ſat, ran from the Wood
An angry Lion to the cryſtal Springs
Near to that place; who coming from his Food,
His Chaps were all beſmear'd with crimſon Blood:
Swifter than Thought, ſweet *Thisbe* ſtrait begins
To fly from him, Fear gave her Swallows Wings.

22.

As ſhe avoids the Lion, her Deſire
Bids her to ſtay, leſt *Piramus* ſhould come,
And be devour'd by the ſtern Lion's ire,
So ſhe for ever burn in unquencht Fire;
But Fear expels all Reaſons, ſhe doth run
Into a darkſome Cave, ne'r ſeen by Sun.

23.

With haſte ſhe let her looſer Mantle fall:
Which when th' inraged Lion did eſpy,
With bloody Teeth he tore in pieces ſmall,
Whilſt *Thisbe* ran and look'd not back at all.
For could the ſenſleſs Beaſt her Face deſcry,
It had not done her ſuch an Injury.

24.

The Night half waſted *Piramus* did come;
Who ſeeing printed in the yielding Sand
The Lion's Paw, and by the Fountain ſome
Of *Thisbe*'s Garment, Sorrow ſtruck him dumb:
Juſt like a Marble Statue did he ſtand,
Cut by ſome skilful Gravers artful hand.

25. Reco-

25.

Recovering Breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Waſhing with Tears the torn and bloody Weed:
I may, ſaid he, my ſelf for her Death blame,
Therefore my Blood ſhall waſh away that Shame:
Since ſhe is dead, whoſe Beauty doth exceed
All that frail Man can either hear or read.

26.

This ſpoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and ſaid;
Receive my Crimſon Blood, as a due Debt
Unto thy Conſtant Love to which 'tis paid:
I ſtrait will meet thee in the pleaſant Shade
Of cool Elyſium; *where we being met,*
Shall taſte thoſe Joys, that here we could not get.

27.

Then through his Breaſt thruſting his Sword, Life hies
From him, and he makes haſte to ſeek his Fair.
And as upon the colour'd Ground he lies,
His Blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries:*
With which th' unſpotted Berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with red they colour'd are.

28.

At laſt fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
Of diſappointing *Piramus*, ſince ſhe
Was bound by Promiſe for to meet him there:
But when ſhe ſaw the Berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what Delight through the dark Cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the Beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her *Piramus* lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplext did her ſad Soul remain:
She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breaſt,
And every ſign of raging Grief expreſt.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and ſtrives to take
His bleeding Body from the moiſtned Ground.
She kiſſes his pale Face till ſhe doth make
It red with Kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting Soul with mournful Words, his wound
Waſhes with Tears, that her ſweet Speech confound.

31.

But afterwards recovering Breath, ſaid ſhe,
Alas! what Chance hath parted Thee and I?
O tell what Evil hath befaln to thee,
That of thy Death I may a Partner be:
Tell Thisbe *what hath caus'd this Tragedy.*
He hearing *Thisbe*'s Name, lifts up his Eye.

32.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying Head:
Where ſtriving long for Breath, at laſt ſaid he,
O Thisbe, *I am haſting to the Dead,*
And cannot heal that Wound my Fear hath made:
Farewel, ſweet Thisbe, *we muſt parted be,*
For angry Death will force me ſoon from thee.

33.

Life did from him, he from his Miſtreſs part,
Leaving his Love to languiſh here in wo.
What ſhall ſhe do? How ſhall ſhe eaſe her Heart?
Or with what Language ſpeak her inward Smart?
Uſurping Paſſion Reaſon doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her *Piramus* ſhe'll go.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was ſlain,
With *Piramus* his crimſon Blood warm ſtill;
And ſaid, *O ſtay* (*bleſt Soul*) *a while refrain,*
That we may go together, and remain
In endleſs Joys, and never fear the Ill
Of grudging Friends.——Then ſhe her ſelf did kill.

35.

To tell what Grief their Parents did ſuſtain,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For Weeping calls not back the Dead again.
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,
And theſe few Words were writ upon the Tomb.

EPITAPH.

I.

UNderneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two whose Loves Death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

III.

Two whoſe Souls, being too divine
For Earth, in their own Sphere now ſhine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

FINIS.

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

Made upon ſundry Occaſions.

By *A. Cowley.*

LONDON:

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *C. Harper*,
M DCC.

AN ELEGY ON

The DEATH of the Right Honourable *Dudley* Lord *Carleton*, Viſcount Dorcheſter, late Principal Secretary of State.

THE *Infernal Siſters did a Council call*
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean *Monſters, hating light,*
Begot by diſmal Erebus, *and Night;*
Where'er diſpers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, *whoſe greedy mind no Blood can fill,*
And Envy, *never ſatisfi'd with ill.*
Thither blind Boldneſs, *and impatient* Rage,
Reſorted, with Deaths neighbour, envious Age:
Theſe to oppreſs the Earth, the Furies ſent.
The Council thus diſſolv'd, an angry Feaver,
Whoſe quenchleſs thirſt, by Blood was ſated never:
Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatneſs, Love,
And Vertue (Load ſtone, that all theſe did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; *him ſhe took away,*
And like a greedy Vulture ſeiz'd her Prey:
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loſs deſerves his Countries Tears:
The Muſes *loſt a Patron by his Fate,*
Vertue *a Husband, and a Prop the* State;
Sol's *Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herſe*
Calliope *Would ſing a Tragick Verſe.*
And had there been before no Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Hellicon *with tears,*

ABR. COWLEY.

AN ELEGY ON

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin, Mr. *Richard Clarke*, late of *Lincolns-Inn*, Gent.

IT was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtiny,
(The World from Chaos *turn'd) that all ſhould die.*
He who durſt fearleſs paſs black Acheron
And dangers of the Infernal Region,
Leading Hells tripple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himſelf, by Conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's *pleaſing Eloquence,*
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer; his melliſluous breath
Could not at all charm unremorſleſs Death,
Nor Solon, *ſo by* Greece *admir'd, could ſave*
Himſelf with all his Wiſdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro *to his Funeral Flame,*
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning thoſe lofty Lines which now ſhall be
Times Conquerors, and out-laſt Eternity.
Even ſo lov'd Clarke *from Death no ſcape could find,*
Tho arm'd with great Alcides *valiant mind.*
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, *or a ſweeter Tongue.*
And could dead Virgil *hear his lofty ſtrain,*
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His Youth a Solon's *Wiſdom did preſage,*
Had Envious Time *but given him* Solon's *age,*
Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when ſo much Vertue dies?
The God *of* Poets *doth in darkneſs ſhrowd*
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The doleful Muſes *thinking now to write*
Sad Elegies, *their tears confound their ſight:*
But him to Elyſiums *laſting Joys they bring,*
Where winged Angels his ſad Requiems *ſing.*

A. C.

SYL-

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES.

A Dream of Elyſium.

Phœbus expell'd by the approaching Night
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame clos'd in his baſhful light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muſe* whom I adore, enter'd the Room:
Her Hair with looſer curioſity,
Did on her comely back diſhevel'd lie:
Her eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping *Endymion*.
She bid me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe Fields, thoſe Manſions of Felicity,
We Mortals ſo admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegaſus*,
On whom I rid; knowing where ever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a *Tempe* be.
No ſooner was my flying Courſer come
To the beſt dwellings of *Elyſium*:

When

When ſtraight a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
And hemm'd me round: Chaſt loves innocuous ſport.
A thouſand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
Joys, not like ours, ſhort, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my Wand'ring Eye,
And bid my Soul graze there eternally?
Here in full ſtreams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb: here *Joves* broad Tree beſtows
Diſtilling Hony, here doth *Nectar* paſs
With copious current through the verdant Graſs.
Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,
And thou *Narciſſus* loving ſtill the Brooks,
Once lovely boys; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nouriſh'd, with that rarer herb, whoſe power
Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
The ſpotleſs Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe.
And all thoſe divers ornaments abound,
That variouſly may paint the gawdy ground.
No Willow, Sorrows Garland, there hath room,
Nor Cypreſs, ſad attendant of a Tomb
None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
Embracing the ſtout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
On whoſe fair tops ſweet *Philomel* alone,
Unmindful of her former miſery,
Tunes with her voice a raviſhing Harmony.
Whilſt all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
Make up a burthen to her pleaſing Song.
No *Scritch Owl*, ſad companion of the Night,
No hideous Raven with prodigious flight
Preſaging future Ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
Yet ſpotted with young *Itis* Tragedy,
Thoſe Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Under a row of ſtorm-contemning Bay,
I ſaw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him, and admire.
Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compaſs'd round,
All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.
There, baniſh'd *Ovid* had a laſting home,
Better than thou could'ſt give ungrateful *Rome*;
And *Lucan* (ſpight of *Nero*) in each vein
Had every drop of his ſpilt Blood again:
Homer, *Sol's* firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
But ſaw as well in Body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the reſt
Of *Greece's* admir'd Wiſe-men, here poſſeſt
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain
A life, as everlaſting as their Fame.

By theſe the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who ſtern Death and perils did embrace
For *Vertues* cauſe; great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earths ſmall Empire, and did wear
A nobler Crown, than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius*, *Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely ceaſe
From War, and purchaſe an Eternal Peace.
Next them beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves,
And gall-leſs Pigeons build their neſts, all Loves
True faithful Servants with an amorous kiſs,
And ſoft embrace, enjoy their greedieſt wiſh.
Leander with his beauteous *Heroe* plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.
Thisbe her *Piramus* kiſs'd, his *Thisbe* be
Embrac'd, each bleſs'd with t'others company.
And every couple always dancing, ſing
Eternal pleaſures to *Elyſiums* King.
But ſee how ſoon theſe pleaſures fade away,
How near to evening is delights ſhort day?
The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Straight crowd: and all the vaniſht from my ſight.
My very *Muſe* her ſelf forſook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd: What ſhould I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (ſaid I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever ſo.
With that my flying *Muſe* I thought to claſp
Within my arms, but did a ſhadow graſp.
Thus chiefeſt joys glide with the ſwifteſt ſtream,
And all our greateſt pleaſure's but a Dream.

A. C.

On His Majeſties return out of Scotland.

GReat *Charles*: there ſtop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who ſpeaks his Titles, his great Name
Muſt have a breathing time) *Our King*: ſtay there,
Speak by degrees, let the inquiſitive ear
Be held in doubt, and ere you ſay, *Is come*,
Let every heart prepare a ſpatious Room
For ample joys: then *Io* ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud.

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear
From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear.
Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill
With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
Let *Cytherea*'s Birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale-fac'd Lily with the Rose.
Let the self-gotten Phœnix rob his nest,
Spoil his own Funeral pile, and all his best
Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
To strew the way for our returned King.
Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,
Each wall, each Pillar gratulations bear:
And yet let no man invocate a Muse;
The very matter will it self infuse
A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage
A new-made holy-day for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden Temple to propitious fate,
At the return of any Noble-men,
Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then
Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,
Snatch'd from *Bellona*'s hand; him luxury
In Peace debilitates, whose tongue can win
Tully's own Garland, pride to him creeps in.
On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state
(As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those vertues which they all possest
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Creat *Charles*! Let *Cæsar* boast *Parsalia*'s sight,
Honorius praise the *Parthians* unfeigned flight.
Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,
And place his Image near the Thunderer,
Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains
A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A SONG

A Song on the same.

Hence clouded looks, hence briny tears,
Hence eye, that sorrows livery wears.
What tho a while Apollo *please*
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What tho the Spring vanish away,
And with it the Earths Form decay?
Yet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What tho we miss'd our absent King
A while? Great Charles *is come agen,*
And, with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus *Art.*
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus *doth arise.*

A Vote.

1.

Lest the mis-judging World should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in *Jove's* ear,
How much I wish that Funeral,
Or gape at such a great ones fall,
This let all Ages hear,
And future times in my soul picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, tho he
Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be
But half a quarter long,
Tho from his old mechanick trade
By Vision he's a Pastor made,
His Faith was grown so strong.
Nay tho he think to gain salvation,
By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not be a School-maſter, tho he
His Rods no leſs than *Faſces* ſeems to be,
Tho he in many a place,
Turns *Lily* oftner than his gowns,
Till at the laſt he make the Nowns
Fight with the Verbs apace.
Nay tho he can in a Poetick heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Juſtice of Peace, tho he
Can with equality divide the Fee,
And ſtakes with his Clerk draw:
Nay tho he ſit upon the place
Of Judgment with a learned face
Intricate as the Law.
And whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks *Priſcians* head with ſentences ſecurely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, tho he
Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy:
Altho he be a man
In whom the Taylors forming Art,
And nimble Barber claim more part
Than Nature her ſelf can.
Tho, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, tho they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
From Uſurers Conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young Heirs ſo faſt
Without all doubt they'll choak't at laſt)
Make me all Innocence.
Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, O Juſtice keep,
For tho they be not blind they're oft aſleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are
Always at Church juſt like the Crows, 'cauſe there
They build themſelves a neſt.
From too much Poetry, which ſhines
With Gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Powers, my breſt.
And from Aſtronomy within the Skies
Finds Fiſh, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From

8.

From your Court-Madams Beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.
From the grave City brow
(For thought it want an R, it has
The Letter of *Pythagoras*)
Keep me O Fortune now,
And Chines of Beef innumerable ſend me,
Or from the ſtomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me: that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknowers are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the Number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night.
My houſe a Cottage more
Than Palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, no luxury:
My Garden painted o'er,
With Natures hand, not arts, that pleaſures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear, nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams diſplay,
Or in Clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

A Poetical Revenge.

WEſtminſter-Hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (ſome buſineſs 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there; I up did go
To the next Court, for tho I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and hear
(As moſt Spectators do at Theatre)
Things very ſtrange; Fortune did ſeem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But being newly ſettled at the ſport,
A ſemi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yeſterday;
One who is raviſh'd with a Cock-pit Play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Beſides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
Beſides a Sergeant, thruſt me from my ſeat:
At which I' gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
For Barreſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake:
Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;
For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go
Up for falſe Latin: they grew ſtraight to be
Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
An Action of Treſpaſs, till th' young man
Aforeſaid, in the Satin Suit, began
To ſtrike me: doubtleſs there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away,
Without replying; for to ſcold is ill,
Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
And can out-ſound *Homers Gradivus*; ſo
Away got I; but ere I far did go,
I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poetry*)
Theſe two or three ſharp curſes back: May he
Be by his Father in his Study took
At *Shakeſpears* Plays, inſtead of my Lord *Coke*.
May he (though all his writings grow as ſoon
As *Fleckno*'s out of eſtimation)
Get him a Poets name, and ſo ne'er come
Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
May he become ſome poor Phyſicians prey,
Who keeps men in that Conſcience in delay
As he his Client doth, till his health be
As far fetch as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
Nay, for all that, may the Diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long Vacation.
May Neighbours uſe all Quarrels to decide;
But if for Law any to *London* ride,

Of

Of all those Clients may not one be his,
Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
Grant this ye gods that favor *Poetry*,
That all these never ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thread-bare Black; but spare
Them who bare Scholars names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutchess of Buckingham,

IF I should say, that in your face were seen
Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen;
If I should swear under *Minerva*'s Name,
Poets (who Prophets are) foretold your fame,
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the present which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
As you above the rest of Women are.
When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I see,
How do I reverence your Nobility!
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what Woman can
Besides your self (nay I might say what man)
But Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?
Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancy
When mans too much Religion, made the best
Or Deities, or Semi-god at least?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But what's more possible to enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Dart) my *Name*:
I love it more because 'twas given by you;
I love it most; because 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
(But ah me! Fate hath croſt that willing Score)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
And I'm more glad, becauſe it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenced my tongue
Farther than cries) who ſhould my office do;
I thank her more, becauſe ſhe found out you,
In whoſe each look, I may a ſentence ſee;
I whoſe each deed, a teaching Homily.

How ſhall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
Denies me *Indian* Pearl or *Perſian* Plate.
Which tho it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend Apples to *Alcinous*,
And ſell the cunningſt way: No, when I can
In every Leaf, in every Verſe write Man,

When my Quill reliſheth a School no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learnt to ſoar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:
Till future Ages ſay; 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*, Eſquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Littleton*, who was drowned leaping into the Water to ſave his younger Brother.

AND muſt theſe Waters ſmile again? and play
About the Shoar, as they did yeſterday?
Will the Sun court them ſtill? and ſhall they ſhow
No conſcious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirſty Traveller may ſay,
I am accurſt, go turn ſome other way?
It is unjuſt; black flood, thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loſs, than all thy watry ſtore
Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds ſhall be
And Beaſts henceforth afraid to drink with thee.
What have I ſaid! my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts whilſt it accuſeth ſin.

Thou

Thou'rt innocent I know, ſtill clear, and bright,
Fit whence ſo pure a Soul ſhould take its flight.
How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
Muſt quarrel with his Love and Piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh I ſhall ſin
And wiſh anon he had leſs vertuous been.
For when his Brother (tears for him I'd ſpill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could ſhow,
His Charity ſhone moſt; thou ſhalt, ſaid he,
Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;
And ſo he did: Had he been thine O Rome,
Thou wouldſt have call'd his Death a Martyrdom,
And Sainted him; my Conſcience give me leave,
I'll do ſo to: if fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there muſt be
A kind of Reverence to his memory,
After his death: and where more juſt than here,
Where life and end were both ſo ſingular?
He that had only talk'd with him, might find
A little Academy *in his mind;*
Where Wiſdom, Maſter *was, and* Fellows *all*
Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.
Reaſon, *and* Holy Fear *the* Proctors *were,*
To apprehend thoſe words, thoſe thoughts that err.
His learning had outrun the reſt of Heirs,
Stoln beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the Sun, *though in full glory bright,*
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good morow to the Beggar *brings*
With as full Rays as to the mightieſt Kings:
So he, although his worth juſt ſtate might claim,
And give to pride an honourable name,
With courteſie to all, cloath'd vertue ſo,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In's Body too, no Critique *eye could find*
The ſmalleſt blemiſh; to belie his mind;
He was all pureneſs, and his outward part
But repreſents the picture of his heart.
When Waters ſwallowed Mankind, *and did cheat*
The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluckt from the ſhoar by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native ſands;
'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoils, there was not any prey,
Could equal what this Brook hath ſtoln away.
Weep then ſad Flood, and tho thou'rt innocent,
Weep becauſe Fate *made thee her inſtrument.*
And when long grief hath drunk up all thy ſtore,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A Tranſ-

A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin, Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.

Ave Maria.

ONce thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the *Hive* of *Comfort* bears,
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.
You brought the word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you *God save* into the World there came;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

Gratia Plena.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,
From divers Flowers by *Chimick* Bees distill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:
How full the *Moon* is with her Brothers Ray,
When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of Mankind under Deaths extent
The Choir of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wish'd a reparation to see
By him, who Man-hood joyn'd with *Deity*.
How grateful should mans safety then appear
T'himself, whose safety can the *Angels* chear?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and Troops of sad *Diseases* led
To th' earth, by Womans Hand solicited:
Life came so too, and Troops of *Graces* led
To th' earth by Womans *Faith* solicited.
As our lifes spring came from thy blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come.
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored brest;

'Twas

'Twas *Christ*: which *Mary* without carnal thought
From the unfathom'd depth of Goodness brought,
The word of Blessing a just cause affords,
To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

As when soft West Winds fan the Garden-Rose,
A shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose.
The Breath gives sparing Kisses, nor with power
Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.
So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* blow'd,
And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised Womb,
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begat ere Time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
That *She* no *Man*, that *God* no Wife should need.
A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And *God* himself became to her a Shade.
O strange Descent! who is Light's Author, he
Will to his Creature thus a Shadow be.
As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.
When *Moses* sought God in a shade to see,
The Fathers Shade, was *Christ* the *Deity*.
Lets seek for Day, flee Darkness, whilst our Sight
In Light finds Darkness, and in Darkness Light.

ODE I.

On the Praise of POETRY.

'TIS not a *Pyramid* of Marble stone,
Tho high as our Ambition;
'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
Give Life to th' Ashes of a Man,
But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are Men to read or hear,

When Time ſhall make the laſting Braſs decay,
And eat the *Pyramid* away,
Turning that Monument wherein Men truſt
Their Names, to what it keeps, poor Duſt:
Then ſhall the *Epitaph* remain and be
New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquer'd, but the *Wit*
Of *Poets* triumph over it.
What cannot Verſe? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
His Lyre, and gently on it ſtrook,
The learned Stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming Song.
With artificial Pace the Warlike *Pine*,
Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*.
With all the better Trees, which erſt had ſtood
Unmov'd, forſook their native Wood.
The *Laurel* to the Poets hand did bow,
Craving the Honour of his Brow:
And every loving Arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious Leaves a ſhade.
The Beaſts too ſtrove his Auditors to be,
Forgetting their old Tyranny.
The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmleſs *Syrens* of the Air,
And Muſes of the Place, were there.
Who when their little Wind pipes they had found
Unequal to ſo ſtrange a Sound,
O'ercome by Art and Grief they did expire,
And fell upon the conq'ring Lyte.
Happy, O happy they, whoſe Tomb might be,
Mauſolus, envied by thee!

ODE II.

That a Pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before Diſcontented Riches.

WHY, O, doth gaudy *Tagus* raviſh thee,
Tho *Neptune*'s Treaſure-houſe it be?
Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2. Their

2.

Their dull and sleepy Streams are not at all
Like other Floods, *Poetical*,
They have no Dance, no wanton Sport,
No gentle Murmur, the lov'd Shore to court.

3.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
Nor can it feed the neighb'ring Wood,
No Flower or Herb is near it found,
But a perpetual Winter starves the Ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew
An added Beauty, whose clear Brow
May be my Looking-glass, to see
What my Face is, and what my Mind should be.

5.

Here Waves call Waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling Bank:
Here sad *King-fishers* tell their Tales,
And Fish enrich the Brook with silver Scales.

6.

Daisies, the First-born of the teeming Spring,
On each side their Embroidery bring,
Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,
And *Daffadils* to see themselves Delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbour gives her am'rous shade,
Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.
Here I would sit and sing rude Lays,
Such as the *Nymphs*, and *Me my self* would please.

8.

Thus would I waste, thus end my careless Days,
And *Robin-red-breasts*, whom Men praise
For pious Birds, should when I die,
Make both both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

ODE III.

To his MISTRIS.

1.

Trian Dye why do you wear,
You whose Cheeks best Scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure Linen o'er your Skin,
(Your Skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your Neck a golden Chain?
Did Nature make your Hair in vain?
Of Gold most pure and fine,
With Gems why do you shine?
They, Neighbours to your Eyes,
Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistris* Parts
Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,
I would not woo the Dress,
Or one whose Nights give less
Contentment than the Day.
She's *Fair*, whose *Beauty* only makes her *Gay*.

4.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,
Or Pomp, but 'tis the King's Resort:
If *Jupiter* down pour
Himself, and in a shower
Hide such bright *Majesty*,
Less than a *Golden One* it cannot be.

ODE IV.

On the Uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.

LEave off unfit Complaints and clear
From Sighs your Breast, and from black Clouds your Brow,
When the Sun shines not with his wonted Chear,
And Fortune throws an adverse Cast for you.
That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
The merry *West-winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.

The *Sun* to day rides drousily,
To morrow 'twill put on a Look more fair,
Laughter and Groaning do alternately
Return, and Tears Sports neerest Neighbours are.
'Tis by the Gods appointed so
That good Fare should with mingled Dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign,
And on the *Gabii* and the *Cures* lay
The Yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'en.
Whom *Hesperus* saw *poor* and *low*,
The Morning's Eye beholds him *greatest* now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her Play
But Seriousness; he shall again go home
To his old Country Farm of yesterday,
To scoffing People no mean Jest become;
And with the *Crowned Ax*, which he
Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree;
Nay, if he want the Fuel Cold requires,
With his own *Fasces* he shall make him *Fires*.

ODE V.

In Commendation of the Time we live in, under the Reign of our Gracious King Charles II.

CUrst be that Wretch (Death's Factor sure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peaceful World, and taught

Smiths,

Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowſhare, and the Rake;
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Man's Life t' epitomize.

2.

Then Men (fond Men alas!) ride poſt to th' Grave,
And cut thoſe Threads, which yet the Fates would ſave.
Then *Charon* ſweated at his Trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made.
Then, the ſilver Hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begat black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then Limits to each Field were ſtrain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To Men before was found,
Beſides the Sea, no Bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
Wars Story, writ in Blood (ſad Story) ſeen?
This Truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas *Civil Slaughter* dy'd her *Roſe*;
Nay then her *Lilly* too
With Bloods Loſs paler grew.

5.

Such Griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould feel,
Did not juſt CHARLES ſilence the Rage of Steel;
He to our Land bleſt Peace doth bring,
All neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till CHARLES his Reign!

6.

Where, dreaming *Chymicks*, is your Pain and Coſt?
How is your Oil, how is your Labour loſt?
Our CHARLES, beſt *Alchymiſt* (tho ſtrange
Believe it future Times) did change
The *Iron* Age of old,
Into an Age of *Gold*.

ODE

ODE VI.

Upon the Shortneſs of Man's Life.

MArk that ſwift Arrow, how it cuts the Air,
How it out-runs thy following Eye,
Uſe all Perſuaſions now and try
If thou canſt call it back, or ſtay it there,
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No Track is left behind.
Fool, 'tis *thy Life*, and the fond *Archer* thou,
Of all the Time thou'ſt ſhot away
I'll bid the fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a Task to do.
Beſides Repentance what canſt find
That it hath left behind?
Our Life is carry'd with too ſtrong a Tide,
A doubtful *Cloud* our Subſtance bears,
And is the Horſe of all our Years.
Each Day doth on a winged *Whirlwind* ride.
We and our Glaſs run out, and muſt
Both render up our Duſt.
But his paſt Life who without Grief can ſee,
Who never thinks his End too near,
But ſays to *Fame*, Thou art mine *Heir*;
That Man extends Life's *natural* Brevity;
This is, this is the only way
T'out-live *Neſtor* in a Day.

An Anſwer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

NIchols, my better ſelf, forbear,
For if thou tell'ſt what *Cambridge* Pleaſures are,
The *School boys* ſin will light on me,
I ſhall in Mind, at leaſt, a *Truant* be.
Tell me not how you feed your Mind
With Dainties of *Philoſophy*,
In *Ovid's Nut* I ſhall not find
The Taſte once pleaſed me.
O tell me not of *Logick's* diverſe Chear,
I ſhall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2. Tell

2.

Tell me not how the Waves appear
Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
I ſhall contemn the troubled *Thames*,
On her chief *Holiday*, even when her Streams
Are with rich Folly gilded, when
The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
Juſt like the Bravery of the Men,
And graces with freſh Paint that Day.
When th' City ſhines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
And Sattin Doublets ſeen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I ſtay then? I would meet
Thee there, but *Plummets* hang upon my Feet:
'Tis my chief Wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy Company:
Till then we'll ſcorn to let that Toy,
Some forty Miles, divide our Hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy
Friendſhip and *Wit*, thy beter Parts.
Tho envious *Fortune* larger Hind'rance brings,
We'll eaſily ſee each other, *Love hath Wings*.

To

ODE VIII.

To a Lady who desired a Song of Mr. Cowley, *he presented this following.*

COme, *Poetry*, and with you bring along
A rich and painted Throng
Of noblest Words into my Song.
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, soft and pure, and thick as Snow,
And turn thy Numbers still to prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphere above,
And like a Sphere, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.

2.

Little dost thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know,
What thou art destin'd to,
And what the Stars intend to do.
Among a thousand Songs but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee.
Eliza's self shall thee receive,
And a blest Being to thee give,
Thou on her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.

3.

Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
And dance upon that Rosie Way.
No Prince alive that would not envy thee,
And count thee happier far than he.
And how shalt thou thy Author crown,
When fair *Eliza* shall be known
To sing thy Praise, when she but speaks her own.

LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Paſtoral Comedy;

WRITTEN

At the Time of his being Kings Scholar

IN

WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

By A. COWLEY.

LONDON:
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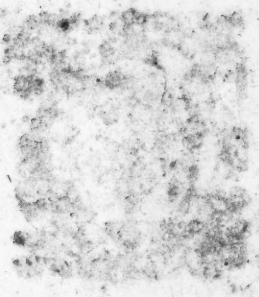

To the truly Worthy and Noble

Sir *KENELM DIGBY*, Kt.

THIS Latter Age, the Lees of Time hath known
Few that have made both Pallas *Arts their own:*
But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are
Victorious in Peace as well as War.
Learning by right of Conqueſt is your own,
And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants ſome Defenders) fled for Help to you
Whom I muſt follow, and let this for me
An earneſt of my future Service be;
Which I ſhould fear to ſend you, did I know
Your Judgment only, not your Candour too.
For 'twas a Work, ſtoln (tho you'll juſtly call
This Play as fond as thoſe) from Cat or Ball.
Had it been written ſince, I ſhould, I fear,
Scarce have abſtain'd from a Philoſopher.
Which by Tradition here is thought to be
A neceſſary Part in Comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each Line of it
Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
And I could wiſh, that I might ſafely ſay,
Reader, this Play was made but th' other day:
Tet 'tis not ſtufft with Names of Gods, hard Words,
Such as the Metamorpoſis affords.
Nor has't a Part for Robinſon, *whom they*
At School account eſſential to a Play.
The Stile is low, ſuch as you'll eaſily take,
For what a Swain might ſay, and a Boy make.
Take it, as early Fruits, which rare appear,
Tho not half ripe, but worſt of all the year.
And if it pleaſe your taſte, my Muſe will ſay,
The Birch which crown'd her then is grown a Bay.

Yours in all Obſervance,

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The ACTORS Name.

Demophil, *Spodaia*, } two old Folks of a noble Family.
Florellus, *Callidora*, } their Children.
Philiſtus, *Aphron*, } two Gentlemen, both in love with *Callidora*.
Clariana, Siſter to *Philiſtus*.
Melarnus, a crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, his Wife.
Hylace, their Daughter.
Ægon, an antient Country-man.
Bellula, his ſuppoſed Daughter.
Palæmon, a young Swain, in love with *Hylace*.
Alupis, a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

Loves Riddle.

Act I. Scen. I.

Enter Callidora *diſguis'd in Man's Apparel.*

MAD Feet, ye have been Traitors to your Maſter:
Where have you led me? ſure my truant Mind
Hath taught my Body thus to wander too;
Faintneſs and Fear ſurprize me: Ye juſt Gods,
If ye have brought me to this place to ſcourge
The Folly of my Love, (I might ſay Madneſs)
Diſpatch me quickly; ſend ſome pitying Man
Or cruel Beaſt to find me; let me be
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
Why are theſe Trees ſo brave? why do they wear
Such green and freſh Apparel? how they ſmile!
How their proud Tops play with the courting Wind!
Can they behold me pine and languiſh here,
And yet not ſympathize at all in mourning?
Do they upbraid my Sorrows? Can it be
That theſe thick Branches, never ſeen before
But by the Sun, ſhould learn ſo much of Man?
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conſcious
Of their Maſters Guilt, Statelineſs and Pride,
Themſelves would pity me; yet theſe——Who's there?

Enter Alupis *Singing.*

I.

Riſe up, thou mournful Swain.
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
And get thee thy Pipe again.

II. *Come*

II.

Come ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilſt I may.

Cal. I marry Sir, this Fellow hath ſome Fire in him,
Methinks a ſad and drowſie Shepherd is
A Prodigy in Nature; for the Woods
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are
From Sorrows Cauſes, Riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driv'n hither by Ignorance of the way, and would
Confeſs my ſelf bound to you for a Courteſie,
If you would pleaſe to help me to ſome Lodging,
Where I may reſt my ſelf.
Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.
Cal. Well; if the reſt be like this Fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a Land of Fools; ſome Colony
Of Elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair Generation.
Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'ſt?
Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.
Cal. Why art thou mad?
Alu. What if I be?
I hope 'tis no diſcredit for me, Sir;
For in this Age who is not? I'll prove it to you:
Your Citizen he's mad to truſt the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to ſpend his time in ſtudying Poſtures,
Cringes and Faſhions, and new Complements.
Your Lawyer he's mad to ſell away
His Tongue for Money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, ſince 'tis of no uſe
But to undo Men and the Latin Tongue.
Your Scholars they are mad to break their Brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than ſhe,
That ſo, when all the Arts call him their Maſter,
He may perhaps get a ſmall Vicarage,
Or be Uſher to a School. But there's
A thing in black call'd a Poet, who is ten
Degrees in Madneſs above all theſe; his Means
Is what the gentle Fates pleaſe to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of ſome mighty Lord,
Which he muſt ſolemnize with a new Song.
Cal. This Fellow's Wit amazeth me: but Friend,
What do you think of Lovers?
Alu. Worſt of all;

Is't

Is't not a pretty Folly to ſtand thus,
And ſigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my *Celia*,
My Soul, my Life, my *Celia*; then to wring
Ones Eſtate for Preſents, and ones Brains for Sonnets?
Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Frenzy.
Cal. What ſo Satyrick, Shepherd? I believe
You did not learn theſe Flaſhes in the Woods;
How is it poſſible that you ſhould get
Such near acquaintance with the City Manners,
And yet live here in ſuch a ſilent Place
Where one would think the very name of City
Could hardly enter.
Alu. Why I'll tell you, Sir;
My Father died, (you forces me to remember
A Grief that deſerves Tears) and left me young,
And (if a Shepherd may be ſaid ſo) rich,
I in an itching Wantonneſs to ſee,
What other Swains ſo wonder'd at, the City,
Strait ſold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth
Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,
Where whilſt my Money laſted I was welcome,
And liv'd in credit; but when that was gone,
And the laſt piece ſigh'd in my empty Pocket,
I was contemn'd: then I began to feel
How dearly I had bought Experience,
And, without any thing beſides Repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all thoſe Follies which I ſaw.

SONG.

The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,
Sport is granted to the Sea.
Birds are Queriſters of th' empty Air,
Sport is never wanting there.
The Ground doth ſmile at the Spring's flowry birth,
Sport is granted to the Earth.
The Fire its Chearing Flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.
If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,
Air and Fire, ſo merry be;
Why is Mans Mirth ſo ſeldom, and ſo ſmall,
Who is compounded of them all.

Cal. You may rejoice; but Sighs befit me better.
Alu. Now on my Conſcience thou haſt loſt a Miſtris:
If it be ſo, thank God, and love no more;
Or elſe perhaps ſhe has burnt your whining Letter,
Or kiſs'd another Gentleman in your ſight,
Or elſe deny'd you her Glove, or laugh'd at you,
Cauſes indeed which deſerve ſpecial Mourning,

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
And all the streams which murmur when they hear
The injuries they suffer; I am sorry
I have been a hinderance to your Meditations.
Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

Alu. 'Faith, I am very chary of my Health,
I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou needst not fear; I have no Disease at all
Besides a troubled Mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
Your Pity the more, you should the rather
Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. The good Gods forbid it; I turn Physician!
My Parents brought me up more piously,
Than that I should play booty with a Sickness,
Turn a Consumption to Mens Purses, and
Purge them worse than their Bodies, and set up
An Apothecaries shop in private Chambers,
Live by Revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,
Defer off sick Mens Health from day to day,
As if they went to law with their Disease.
No, I was born for better ends, than to send away
His Majesty's Subjects to Hell so fast,
As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your Wit errs much:
For as the Soul is nobler than the Body,
So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs or Agues,
And that is, Counsel.

Alu. So then: I should be
Your Souls Physician; why, I could talk out
An Hour or so, but then I want a Cushion
To thump my Precept into; but tell me, 'pray,
What Name bears your Disease?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above
An outward one, that the Vicissitudes
Of that may seem but Warmth and Coolness only;
This is Flame and Frost.

Alu. So; I understand you,
You are a Lover, which is by translation
A Fool or Beast, for I'll define you; you're
Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,
You're fed by th' Air, and live in Fire.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no Softness,
Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun
Which scorcheth me, should cast one beam upon you,
'Twould quickly melt the Ice about your Heart,

And

And lend your Eyes freſh Streams.

Alu. 'Faith I think not;
I have ſeen all your Beauties of the Court,
And yet was never raviſht, never made
A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
Either to warm her Heart, or elſe cool mine,
And no Face yet could ever wound me ſo,
But that I quickly found a Remedy.

Cal. That were an Art worth learning, and you need not
Be niggard of your Knowledge; See the Sun
Tho it hath given this many thouſand years
Light to the World, yet is as big and bright
As e'er it was, and hath not loſt one Beam
Of his firſt Glory; then let Charity
Perſuade you to inſtruct me, I ſhall be
A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I ſhall: for 'tis both eaſily taught and learn'd,
Come ſing away the day, &c.
Mirth is the only Phyſick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much deſired
To cheat my Sorrow with; and for that purpoſe
Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural Sports
Wear my Life's Remnant out; I would forget
All things, my very Name if it were poſſible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it firſt.

Cal. 'Tis *Callidorus*.

Alu. Thank you; if you your ſelf chance to forget it,
Come but to me I'll do you the ſame Courteſie,
In the mean while make me your Servant, Sir,
I will inſtruct you in things neceſſary
For the creation of a Shepherd, and
We two will laugh at all the World ſecurely,
And fling Jeſts 'gainſt the Buſineſſes of State
Without endangering our Ears.

Come, come away,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilſt we may.

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula, Hylace.

Pal. I ſee I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter? By *Pan*; but come, no matter for that; you love my *Hylace*?

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your ſelf; what tho he loves her? you know ſhe will not have him.

Mel. Come no matter for that; I will vex my ſelf, and vex him too, ſhall ſuch an idle fellow as he ſtrive to entice away honeſt Mens Children? let him go feed his Flocks; but alas! he has none to trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting Man,

And one who cannot boaſt of any thing
But that ſhe calls thee Father, tho I cannot
Number ſo large a Flock of Sheep as thou,
Nor ſend ſo many Cheeſes to the City,
Yet in my Mind I am an Emperour
If but compar'd with thee.
Tru. Of what place I pray?
'Tis of ſome new diſcover'd Country, is't not?
Pal. Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,
Keep thy Breath in a little, for it ſmells
Worſe than a Goat; yet you muſt talk,
For thou haſt nothing left thee of a Woman
But Luſt and Tongue.
Hyl. Shepherd, here's none ſo taken with your Wit,
But you might ſpare it; if you be ſo laviſh,
You'll have none left another time to make
The Song of the forſaken Lover with.
Pal. I'm dumb, my Lips are ſeal'd, ſeal'd up for ever;
May my raſh Tongue forget to be Interpreter
And Organ of my Senſes, if you ſay
It hath offended you.
Hyl. Troth if you make
But that Condition, I ſhall agree to't quickly.
Mel. By *Pan* well ſaid Girl; what a Fool was I
To ſuſpect thee of loving him? but come,
'Tis no matter for that; when e'er thou art married
I'll add ten Sheep more to thy Portion
For putting this one Jeſt upon him.
Æg. Nay, now I muſt needs tell you that your Anger
Is grounded with no reaſon to maintain it,
If you intend your Daughter ſhall not marry him,
Say ſo, but play not with his Paſſion,
For 'tis inhumane Wit which jeers the wretched.
Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;
I ſhall not need your Counſel.
Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wiſdom
To govern our own Child; if we want any
'Twill be to little purpoſe, I dare ſay,
To come to borrow ſome of you.
Æg. 'Tis very likely, pretty Miſtris *Maukin*,
You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple
When 'tis ſhrunk up together and half rotten,
I'd ſee you hung up for a thing to ſcare
The Crows away before I'll ſpend my Breath
To teach you any.
Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!
What do you imagine that I ſhould love you for?
Pal. For all my Services, the virtuous Zeal
And Conſtancy with which I ever woo'd you,
Tho I were blacker than a Starleſs Night,

Or Conſciences where Guilt and Horror dwell,
Altho ſplay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts;
And but the Chaos only of a Man;
Yet if I love and honour you, Humanity
Would teach you not to hate or laugh at me.
Hyl. Pray ſpare your fine Perſuaſions, and ſet Speeches,
And rather tell them to thoſe Stones and Trees,
'Twill be to as good purpoſe quite, as when
You ſpend them upon me.
Pal. Give me my final Anſwer, that I may
Be either bleſt for ever, or die quickly;
Delay's a cruel Rack, and kills by piece-meals.
Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an Aſs,
(Take that for your Incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you.
Pal. You're a Woman,
A cruel and fond Woman, and my Paſſion
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead
My angry Ghoſt ſhall vex you worſe than now
Your Pride doth me, farewel.

Enter Aphron *mad, meeting* Palæmon *going out.*

Aph. Nay ſtay Sir, have you found her?
Pal. How now? what's the matter?
Aph. For I will have her out of you, or elſe
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind
Play with the Shreds of thy torn Body. Look her
Or I will do't.
Pal. Whom, or where?
Aph. I'll tell thee honeſt Fellow, thou ſhalt go
From me as an Embaſſador to the Sun,
For Men call him the Eye of Heaven, (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him —do you mark me——tell him
From me——that if he ſend not word where ſhe is gone,
——I will——nay by all the Gods I will,
Æg. Alas poor Gentleman!
Sure he hath loſt ſome Miſtreſs; beauteous Women
Are the chief Plagues to Men.
Tru. Nay, not ſo Shepherd, when did I plague any?
Æg. How far is he beyond the name of Slave,
That makes his Love his Miſtreſs?
Aph. Miſtreſs! who's that? her Ghoſt? 'tis ſhe;
It was her Voice; were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her,
Were all the *Alps* heap'd on each other's Head,
Were *Pelion* join'd to *Oſſa*, and they both
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they ſhould not make
So high a Wall, but I would ſcale't and find her.
Bell. Unhappy Man.
Aph. 'Tis empty Air: I was too rude, too ſaucy

And ſhe hath left me; if ſhe be alive
What Darkneſs ſhall be thick enough to hide her?
If dead, I'll ſeek the place which Poets call *Elyzium*
Where all the Souls of good and virtuous Mortals
Enjoy deſerved Pleaſures after Death.
What ſhould I fear: if there be an *Erynnis*
'Tis in this Breaſt, if a *Tiſiphone*
'Tis here, here in this Brain are all her Serpents;
My Grief and Fury arm me.

Pal. By your leave Sir.

Aph. No by the Gods, that Man that ſtops my journey
Had better have provok'd a hungry Lioneſs
Robb'd of her Whelps, or ſet her naked Breaſt
Againſt the Thunder. [*Exit* Aphron.

Tru. 'Tis well he's gone,
I never could endure to ſee theſe Madmen.

Mel. Come, no matter for that, [*Enter* Alupis *and*
For now he's gone here comes another; Callidorus.
But 'tis no matter for that neither.
How now! who has he brought with him?

Alu. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,
I muſt preſent this Stranger to your knowledge,
When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

Cal. Bleſt Maſters of theſe Woods, hail to you all.
'Tis my deſire to be your Neighbour here,
And feed my Flocks (ſuch as they are) near yours.
This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle Nature
Will be moſt willing to accept my Friendſhip;
Which if you do, may all the Sylvian Deities
Be ſtill propitious to you, may your Flocks
Yearly encreaſe above your Hopes or Wiſhes;
May none of your young Lambs become a Prey
To the rude Wolf, but play about ſecurely;
May Dearths be ever exil'd from theſe Woods.
May your Fruits proſper, and your Mountain Strawberries
Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be
Deſpis'd and pine away their Years of Spring,
But the Youngmen and Maids be ſtrucken both
With equal Sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time; The Gods forbid
Mortals to be ſo happy.

Æg. I thank you; and we wiſh no leſs to you:
You are moſt welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handſome Man,
I'll be acquainted with him; we moſt heartily
Accept your Company.

Mel. Come no matter for that, we have enough
Already, who can bear us company;
But no matter for that neither; we ſhall have
Shortly no room left us to feed our Flocks.

By

By one another.
Alu. What always grumbling?
Your Father and your Mother ſcolded ſure
Whilſt you were getting; well, if I begin
I'll ſo abuſe thee, and that publickly.
Mel. A rot upon you; you muſt ſtill be humour'd,
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.
Alu. What, Beauties, are you ſilent?
Take notice of him, (pray) your ſpeaking is
Worth more than all the reſt.
Bell. You're very welcome. [*Salutes her.*
Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.
Bell. I never ſaw Beauty and Affability
So well conjoin'd before; if I ſtay long
I ſhall be quite undone.
Alu. Nay come, put on too.
Hyl. You are moſt kindly welcome.
Cal. You bleſs me too much;
The honour of your Lip is entertainment
Princes might wiſh for.
Hyl. Bleſs me, how he looks!
And how he talks! his Kiſs was Honey too,
His Lips as red and ſweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins.
Bell. Bleſs me, how I envy her!
Would I had that Kiſs too!
Hyl. How his Eye ſhines! what a bright Flame it ſhoots!
Bel. How red his Cheeks are! ſo our Garden Apples
Look on that ſide where the hot Sun ſalutes them.
Hyl. How well his Hairs become him!
Juſt like that Star which uſhers in the Day.
Bell. How fair he is! fairer than whiteſt Bloſſoms.
Tru. They two have got a Kiſs;
Why ſhould I loſe it for want of ſpeaking?
You're welcome Shepherd.
Alu. Come on: *For 'tis but a Folly*, &c.
Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome.
Alu. Here's another muſt have a Kiſs.
Tru. Go you're a paltry Knave, ay, that you are,
To wrong an honeſt Woman thus.
Alu. Why he ſhall kiſs thee, never fear it;
I did but jeſt, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, becauſe I will be a Patron to thee,
I'll ſpeak to him.
Tru. You're a ſlandering Knave,
And you ſhall know't, that you ſhall.
Alu. Nay, if you ſcold ſo loud
Others ſhall know it too; he muſt ſtop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three hours. *Callidorus*
If you can patiently endure a Stink,

Or

Or have frequented e'er the City Bear-garden,
Prithee ſalute this fourſcore Years, and free me,
She ſays you're welcome too,
Cal. I cry you mercy Shepherdeſs,
By *Pan* I did not ſee you.
Tru. If my Husband and *Alupis* were not here
I'd rather pay him back his Kiſs again
Than be beholden to him.
Alu. What, thou haſt don't!
Well if thou doſt not die upon't, hereafter
Thy Body will agree even with the worſt
And ſtinkingſt Air in *Europe.*
Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherdeſs, you know
He doth but jeſt as 'tis his Cuſtom.
Tru. I know it is his Cuſtom; he was always
Wont to abuſe me, like a Knave as he is,
But I'll endure't no more.
Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus,* if her Breath
Be not too bad, go ſtop her mouth again,
She'll ſcold till night elſe.
Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you Raſcal you,
I'll teach you to lay your Frumps upon me;
You delight in it, do you?
Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
And I will never jeer thee any more,
We two will be ſo peaceable hereafter.
Tru. Well, upon that condition.
Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads?
What have you loſt your Tongues? I'll have them cry'd,
Palæmon, Ægon, Callidorus, what?
Are you all dumb? I pray continue ſo,
And I'll be merry with my ſelf.

SONG.

'Tis better to dance than ſing.
The Cauſe is, if you will know it,
That I to my ſelf ſhall bring
A Poverty
Voluntary
If once I grow but a Poet.

Æg. And yet methinks you ſing.
Alu. O yes, becauſe here's none to dance,
And both are better far than to be ſad.
Æg. Come then, let's have a round.
Alu. A match; *Palæmon* whither go you?
Pal. The Gods forbid that I ſhould mock my ſelf,
Cheat my own Mind; I dance and weep at once?
You may. Farewel. [*Exit.*
Alu. 'Tis ſuch a whining Fool; come, come, *Melarnus.*

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, nomatter for that, rather than break ſquares. ——

Cal. By your leave, Fair one.

Hyl. Wou'd I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylace*, thee and I Wench, I warrant thee,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

Mel. Come no matter for that,
I have not danc'd ſo much this year.

Alu. So farewel, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewel gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Our beſt Wiſhes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Demophil, Spodaia, Philiſtus, Clariana.*

Dem. NAY, She is loſt for ever, and her Name
Which us'd to be ſo comfortable, now
Is Poiſon to our Thoughts, and to augment
Our Miſery paints forth our former Happineſs,
O *Callidora!* O my *Callidora!*
I ſhall ne'er ſee thee more.

Spo. If curſed *Aphron*
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now
In the Deſtruction of our hoary Age
'Twere better ſhe were dead.

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying
Of tedious Life is a worſe Puniſhment
Than loſing of my Daughter; Oh! my Friends,
Why have I liv'd ſo long?

Cla. Good Sir be comforted: Brother ſpeak to them.

Spo. Wou'd I had died, when firſt I brought thee forth,
My Girl, my beſt Girl, then I ſhould have ſlept
In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue,
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be
My own ſad Monument.

Cla. Alas! you do but hurt your ſelves with weeping;
Conſider pray, it may be ſhe'll come back.

Dem. Oh! never, never, 'tis as impoſſible

As

As to call back ſixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
Perſuade my Life's freſh *April* to return,
She's dead, or elſe far worſe, kept up by *Aphron*,
Whom if I could ſee, methinks new Blood
Would creep into my Veins, and my faint Sinews
Renew themſelves, I doubt not but to find
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

Spo. Would I were with thee, Girl, where e'er thou art.

Cla. For ſhame good Brother, ſee if you can comfort them,
Methinks you ſhould ſay ſomething.

Phi. Do you think
My Grief ſo light? Or was the Intereſt
So ſmall which I had in her? I a Comforter!
Alas, ſhe was my Wife, for we were married
In our Affections, in our Vows; and nothing
Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
The thin Partition of ſome Ceremonies.
I loſt my Hopes my Expectations,
My Joys, nay more, I loſt my ſelf with her;
You have a Son yet left behind, whoſe Memory
May ſweeten all this Gall.

Spo. I, we had one,
But Fate's ſo cruel to us, and ſuch Dangers
Attend a travelling Man, that 'twere Preſumption
To ſay we have him; we have ſent for him
To blot out the Remembrance of his Siſter:
But whether we ſhall ever ſee him here,
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Dem. This News, alas!
Will be but a ſad Welcome to him.

Phi. Why do I play thus with my Miſery?
'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
I'll ſeek her where e'er ſhe is; Patience in this
Would be a Vice, and Men might juſtly ſay
My Love was but a Flaſh of winged Lightning,
And not a Veſtal Flame, which always ſhines;
His Wooing is a Complement not a Paſſion,
Who can, if Fortune ſnatch away his Miſtris,
Spend ſome few Tears, then take another choice,
Mine is not ſo; Oh *Callidora*.

Cla. Fie Brother, you're a Man,
And ſhould not be ſhaken with every Wind;
If it were poſſible to call her back
With Mourning, Mourning were a Piety,
But ſince you cannot, you muſt give me leave
To call it Folly.

Phi. So it is;
And I will therefore ſhape ſome other Courſe,
This doleful place ſhall never ſee me more,
Unleſs it ſee her too in my Embraces,

You

You, Sister, may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoining to the Woods,
And my Estate I leave for you to manage;
If I find her, expect me there, if not
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.
Cla. Alas! how can I if you leave me? but
I hope your Resolution will be alter'd.
Phi. Never: farewel good *Demophil*,
Farewel *Spodaia*, temper your Laments;
If I return we shall again be happy.
Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.
The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any)
Attend upon you.
Cla. Will you needs go?
Phi. I knit Delays; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.
Dem. Oh! that Name wounds me; we'll bear you company
A little way, and *Clariana* look
To see us often at your Country Farm,
We'll sigh and grieve together.

Enter Alupis *and* Palæmon.

Alu. Come, come away, &c.
Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare Fancies?
Could the Morning Musick, which you wak'd
Your Mistris with, prevail no more than this?
Why in the City now your very Fidlers
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath she deny'd thee quite?
Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot storming Billows.
Alu. Can no Persuasions move her?
Pal. No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak,
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce Wars
Of all the Winds.
Alu. 'Tis a good Hearing; then
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
Nor Garlands knit with amorous Conceits;
I do perceive some rags of the Court Fashions
Visibly creeping now into the Woods;
The more he shews his Love, the more she slights him,
Yet will take any Gift of him as willingly
As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending Neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this Wench, I would so handle her,
I'd teach her what the Difference were betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City Tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.
Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to Men,
And Tygres oft forget their Cruelty

They ſuck'd from their fierce Mothers; but a Woman!
Ah me! a Woman!——
Alu. Yet if I ſaw ſuch Wonders in her Face
As you do, I ſhould never doubt to win her.
Pal. How 'pray? if Gifts would do it, ſhe hath had
The daintieſt Lambs, the Hope of all my Flock;
I let my Apples hang for her to gather;
The painful Bee did never load my Hives,
With Honey which ſhe taſted not.
Alu. You miſtake me Friend, I mean not ſo.
Pal. How then? if Poetry would do it, what Shade
Hath not been Auditor of my amorous Pipe?
What Banks are not acquainted with her Praiſes?
Which I have ſung in Verſes, and the Shepherds
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,
Altho I am not eaſie to believe them.
Alu. No, no, no; that's not the way.
Pal. Why how?
If ſhew of Grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare ſwear ſhe had been mine
Long before this; what day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the Morning?
Which of the Winds hath not my Sighs increas'd
At ſundry times? how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have anſwered *Hylace*? and every Valley,
As if it were my Rival, ſounded *Hylace.*
Alu. Ay, and you are a moſt rare Fool for doing ſo.
Why 'twas that poiſoned all; had I a Miſtreſs
I'd almoſt beat her, by this Light I would,
For they are much about your Spaniels Nature;
But whilſt you cry dear *Hylace,* O *Hylace!*
Pity the Tortures of my burning Heart,
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the firſt asking; tho her tickled Blood
Leaps at the very mention; therefore now
Leave off your whining Tricks, and take my Counſel,
Firſt then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*
Pal. 'Tis a hard Leſſon for my Mind to learn,
But I would force my ſelf if that would help me.
Alu. Why thou ſhalt ſee it will; next I would have thee
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully;
Study for jeers againſt next time you ſee her,
I'll go along with you, and help to abuſe her,
Till we have made her cry, worſe than e'er you did;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'll be as tame and gentle——
Pal. But alas!
This will provoke her more.
Alu. I'll warrant thee: beſides, what if it ſhould?

She hath refus'd you utterly already
And cannot hurt you worſe; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'll put it ſtrait in Practice.
For 'tis but a folly, &c.
Pal. A match; I'll try all ways; ſhe can but ſcorn me,
There is this Good in depth of Miſery
That Men may attempt any thing,
They know the worſt before-hand. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Callidorus.
How happy is that Man, who in theſe Woods
With ſecure Silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himſelf
Than others; who ſo great a Stranger is
To City Follies, that he knows them not.
He ſits all day upon ſome moſſie Hill
His rural Throne, arm'd with his Crook, his Scepter,
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects,
Which every Year pay him their fleecy Tribute;
Thus in an humble Statelineſs and Majeſty
He tunes his Pipe, the Woods beſt Melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wiſh
To ſpend the reſt of my unprofitable,
And needleſs days in their innocuous Sports;
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recurſe unto my Thoughts and ſtrait pluck down
The Reſolution I had built before;
Love names *Philiſtus* to me, and o'th' ſudden
The Woods ſeem baſe, and all their harmleſs Pleaſures
The Daughters of Neceſſity not Vertue.
Thus with my ſelf I wage a War, and am
To my Reſt a Traitor; I would fain
Go home, but ſtill the Thought of *Aphron* frights me.
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*,
The grumbling Shepherd's Daughter.
Enter Hylace.
Brighteſt of all thoſe Stars that paint the Woods,
And grace theſe ſhady Habitations,
You're welcome; how ſhall I requite the benefit
Which you beſtow upon ſo poor a Stranger
With your fair preſence?
Hyl. If it be any Courteſie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought
A rural Preſent, ſome of our own Apples.
My Father and Mother are ſo hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or elſe they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can pleaſe your taſte,
My Wiſh is crown'd.
Cal. O you're too kind,

And teach that Duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd; I wou'd I could return
The half of your Deserts; but I am poor
In every thing but Thanks.
Hyl. Your Acceptance only is Reward
Too great for me.
Cal. How they blush?
A Man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear so great a shew of Modesty.
Hyl. O you mock my Boldness
To thrust into my Company; but truly
I meant no hurt in't, my Intents were virtuous.
Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a Thought
So wicked; thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no Foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter
(If there be any possibility of it)
Than that clear Skin that cloaths thy dainty Body.
Hyl. Nay my good Will deserves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Country Wench.
Cal. Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour
And love those maiden Virtues which adorn you.
Hyl. I wou'd you did, as well as I do you,
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,
And I must be contented.——I'm undone. [*Enter* Bellula.
Here's *Bellula*, what is she grown my Rival?
Bel. Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace?* some Cloud
Or friendly Mist involve me.
Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.
Cal. Why doth the Day start back? are you so cruel
To shew us first the Light, and having struck
Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight?
If Spring, crown'd with the Glories of the Earth,
Appear upon the heav'nly Ram, and streight
Creep back again into a grey-hair'd Frost,
Men will accuse its Forwardness.
Hyl. Pray Heaven
He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;
He did not make so long a Speech to me
I'm sure of't, tho I brought him Apples.
Bel. I did mistake my way; pray pardon me.
Hyl. I wou'd you had else.
Cal. I must thank Fortune then which led you hither,
But you can stay a little while and bless us?
Bel. Yes; (and Love knows how willingly) alas!
I shall quite spoil my Garland ere I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*, 'pray *Pan*
She hath not stoln his Heart already from him,
And cheated my Intentions.
Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her,

It may be I ſhall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know ſhe loves him,
And hath perhaps a better Tongue than I,
Altho I ſhould be loth to yield to her
In Beauty or Complexion.
Bel. Let me ſpeak
In private with you; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the beſt Flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yeſterday.
Cal. How you oblige me to you!
I thank you Sweeteſt, how they flouriſh ſtill!
Sure they grow better ſince your Hand has nipt them.
Bel. They will do, when your Brow hath honour'd them;
Then they may well grow proud, and ſhine more freſhly.
Cal. What Perfumes dwell in them!
They ow theſe Odors to your Breath.
Hyl. Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kiſſes her,
How long they have been talking! now perhaps
She's woing him; perhaps he forgets me
And will conſent, I'll put him in remembrance.
You have not taſted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.
Cal. I will do preſently, beſt *Hylace*.
Hyl. That's ſomething yet, wou'd he would ſpeak ſo always.
Cal. I would not change them for thoſe glorious Apples
Which give ſuch Fame to the *Heſperian* Gardens.
Bel. She hath out-gone me in her Preſent now,
But I have got a Beechen Cup at home,
Curiouſly graven with the ſpreading Leaves,
And gladſome Burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which *Damon*, the beſt Artiſt of theſe Woods
Made and beſtowed upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.
Hyl. What have you got a Chaplet? Oh!
This is I ſee of *Bellula*'s compoſing.
Bel. Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,
What Flowers 'pray doth it want?
Cal. Poor Souls! I pity them, and the more,
Becauſe I have not been my ſelf a Stranger
To theſe Love Paſſions, but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their Affection;
Truly I would fain ſatisfie them both,
But can do neither; 'tis Fates crime, not mine.
Bel. Whither go you, Shepherd?
Hyl. You will not leave us, will you?
Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have both bought me with your Courteſies,
And ſhould divide me.

Hyl.

Hyl. She came last to you.
Bell. She hath another Love,
And kills *Palæmon* with her Cruelty,
How can she expect Mercy from another?
Into what a Labyrinth doth Love draw Mortals,
And then blindfolds them! what a Mist it throws
Upon their Senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is (his Power could not be so great else)
He knows the Impossibility which Nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle *Cal.* D'ye both love me?
Bell. I do, I'm sure.
Hyl. And I as much as she.
Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful Sand, whose dry'd up Womb
Nature denies to bless with Fruitfulness,
You are both fair, and more than common Graces
Inhabit in you both; *Bellula*'s Eyes
Shine like the Lamp of Heav'n, and so do *Hylace*'s.
Hylace's Cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chast Morning's Blushes, so are *Bellula*'s,
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,
Yet must not enjoy either.
Bell. You speak Riddles.
Cal. Which Times Commentary
Must only explain to you; and till then
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
I thank you both. [*Exit.*
Hyl. Alas! my Hopes are strangled. [*Exit.*
Bell. I will not yet despair: He may grow milder,
He bad me farewel first; and look'd upon me
With a more stedfast Eye, than upon her,
When he departed hence: 'twas a good Sign;
At least I will imagine it to be so,
Hope is the truest Friend, and seldom leaves one [*Exit.*

Enter Truga.

I doubt not but this will move him,
For they are good Apples, but my Teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that tho,
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow
As well as any of them all: ay that I can,
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the Mad-man,

Enter Aphron.

Hercules, *Hercules*, ho *Hercules*, where are you?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha' done,
I'll fling them to thee again: why *Hercules!*
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?
I'll travel then without them, and do Wonders.
Tru. I quake all over, worse than any Fit
Of the Palsie which I have had this forty years,

Could

Could make me do.
Aph. So, I ha' found the Plot out,
Firſt I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* ſhoulders,
And craul into Heaven, and I'm ſure
I cannot chuſe but find her there.
Tru. What would become of me if he ſhould ſee me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would not be ſo 'fraid of him.
Aph. What have I caught thee, faireſt of all Women?
Where haſt thou hid thy ſelf ſo long from *Aphron?*
Aphron, who hath been dead till this bleſt minute?
Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?
Aph. Thy Skin is whiter than the ſnowy Feathers
Of *Leda*'s Swans.
Tru. Law you there now,——
I thought I was not ſo unhandſome as they'd make me.
Aph. Thy Hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Than when ſhe ſpreads her Beams and fills her Orb.
Tru. Beſhrew their Hearts that call this Gentleman mad,
He hath his Senſes I'll warrant him, about him,
As well as any Fellow of them all.
Aph. Thy Teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of pureſt Ivory.
Tru. Ay for thoſe few I have,
I think they're white enough.
Aph. Thou art as freſh as *May* is, and thy Look
Is Picture of the Spring.
Tru. Nay, I am but ſome fourſcore years and ten,
And bear my Age well; yet *Alupis* ſays
I look like *January*, but I'll teach the Knave
Another Tune I'll warrant him.
Aph. Thy Lips are Cherries, let me taſte them Sweet.
Tru. You have beg'd ſo handſomly.
Aph. Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'Tis a Witch, a Hag.
Tru. What am I?
Aph. A Witch, one that did take the ſhape
Of my beſt Miſtris, but thou could'ſt not long
Bely her Pureneſs.
Tru. Now he's ſtark mad again upon the ſudden;
He had ſome Senſe e'n now.
Aph. Thou look'ſt as if thou wert ſome wicked Woman
Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how
Her Eyes do ſink into their ugly Holes,
As if they were afraid to ſee the Light.
Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not,
My Hair was bright e'n now, and my Looks freſh.
Am I ſo quickly chang'd?
Aph. Her Breath infects the Air, and ſows a Peſtilence
Where e'er it comes; what hath ſhe there?
Ha! theſe are Apples made up with the Stings

Of

Of Scorpions, and the Blood of Baſilisks;
Which being ſwallow'd up, a thouſand Pains
Eat on the Heart, and gnaw the Entrails out,
Tru. Thou ly'ſt; ay, thou doſt,
For theſe are honeſt Apples that they are;
I'm ſure I gather'd them my ſelf.
Aph. From the Stygian Tree; give them me quickly, or I will—
Tru. What will you do? 'pray take them.
Aph. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;
Thou art *Tiſiphone.*
Tru. 'Tis falſe; for I know no ſuch Woman.
I am glad I am got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter tho,
I'll have a better Gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.
Aph. The Fiend is vaniſh'd from me,
And hath left theſe behind for me to taſte of,
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'll ſcatter them,
Now I have ſpoil'd her Plot; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The End of the ſecond Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Florellus.

THE Sun five times had gone his yearly Progreſs,
Since laſt I ſaw my Siſter, and returning
Big with Deſire to view my native *Sicily*,
I found my aged Parents ſadly mourning
The Funeral (for to them it ſeems no leſs)
Of their departed Daughter; what a Welcome
This was to me, all in whoſe Hearts a Vein
Of Marble grows not, may eaſily conceive
Without the dumb Perſuaſions of my Tears.
Yet, as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of Happineſs in Miſery,
If't come without an Army to attend it,
As I paſs'd through theſe Woods, I ſaw a Woman
Whom her Attire call'd Shepherdeſs, but her Face
Some diſguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddeſs;
It ſtruck ſuch Adoration (for I durſt not
Harbour the Love of ſo divine a Beauty)
That ever ſince I could not teach my Thoughts
Another Object; in this happy Place,
(Happy her Preſence made it) ſhe appear'd,

And

And breath'd freſh honors on the ſmiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the Musky kiſſes of the Weſt wind.
Ha! ſure 'tis ſhe; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.

Hyl. We did not ſend for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No by this light, not till I ſee you cry;
When you have ſhed ſome penitential tears
For wronging of *Palæmon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is uncivil,
To thruſt into our company; do you think
That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpoſe?
You'd ask how many Shepherds he hath ſtrooken?
Which is the propereſt man? which kiſſes ſweeteſt?
Which brings her the beſt Preſents? and then tell
What a fine man woos you, how red his lips are?
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty ſonnets
He hath compoſed in honour of your Beauty?
And then at laſt, with what rare tricks you fool him?
Theſe are your learn'd diſcourſes; but were all
Men of my temperance, and wiſdom too,
You ſhould woo us, I, and woo hardly too,
Before you got us.

Flo. O prophaneneſs!
Can he ſo rudely ſpeak to that bleſt Virgin,
And not be ſtrucken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,
But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,
I will not ſuffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all theſe ſpacious Woods,
To fling thy wild, and ſaucy laughter at,
But her? whom thy great Deity even *Pan*
Himſelf would honour, do not dare to utter
The ſmalleſt accent if not cloath'd with reverence,
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and ſubmiſſive as thou wouldſt
Upon the brow of Majeſty, when it frowns:
I ſpeak but that which Duty binds us all to.
Thou ſhalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much reſpect and honor to her
As holy men in ſuperſtitious zeal
Give to the Images they worſhip.

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me th' other day.
Alu. Why? have you got a Patent to reſtrain me?
Or do you think your glorious ſute can fright me?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To riſe betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God ſave you Madam;
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you; have you ſhown
Your gay apparel every where in town,
That you can afford us the ſight of't, or
Hath that grand Devil whoſe eclipſed ſergeant,
Frighted you out of the City?
Flo. Your looſe jeſts
When they are ſhot at me, I ſcorn to take
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
For then 'tis raſhneſs only, but as ſoon
As you begin to violate her name,
Nature and Conſcience too bids me be angry,
For then 'tis wickedneſs.
Alu. Well, if it be ſo,
I hope you can forgive the ſin that's paſt
Without the doleful ſight of trickling tears,
For I have eyes of Pumice; I'm content
To let her reſt in quiet, but you have given me
Free leave t'abuſe you, on the condition
You will revenge it only with neglect,
For then 'tis raſhneſs only.
Flo. What are you biting?
Where did you pick theſe fragments up of wit?
Alu. Where I paid dear enough a conſcience for them,
They ſhould be more than fragments by their price,
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
I ſcorn'd to deal with your poor City Pedlers, that ſell
By retail: but let that paſs, *For 'tis but a Folly*, &c.
Flo. Then you have ſeen the City.
Alu. I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm ſure
It ſuckt up in three years the whole eſtate
My Father left, tho he were counted rich:
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
Whom you miſtake for Soldiers, only by
Their ſounding Oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
Some Hiſtories which they have learn'd by roat,
Of Battels fought in *Perſia*, or *Polonia*,
Where they themſelves were of the conquering ſide,
Although God knows one of the City Captains,
Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet breeches,
When he inſtructs the Youth on Holy-days,
And is made ſick with fearful noiſe of Guns,
Would poſe them in the art Military; theſe
Were my firſt Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you ſpent ſo faſt.
Alu. Piſh, theſe were nothing:
I grew to keep your Poets company,
Thoſe are the ſoakers, they refin'd me firſt
Of thoſe groſs humors that are bred by mony,
And made me ſtrait a wit, as now you ſee,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.
Flo. But haſt thou none to fling thy ſalt upon
But theſe bright Virgins?
Alu. Yes, now you are here,
You are as good a Theme as I could wiſh.
Hyl. 'Tis beſt for me to go, while they are talking,
For if I ſteal not from *Alupis* ſight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me. [*Exit.*
Alu. What are you vaniſhing, coy Miſtris *Hylace?*
Nay, I'll be with you ſtrait, but firſt I'll fetch
Palæmon, now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'll have princely ſport,
Well, I may live in time to have the Women
Scratch out my eyes, or elſe ſcold me to death,
I ſhall deſerve it richly: Farewel Sir,
I have employment with the Damſel gone,
And cannot now intend you. [*Exit.*
Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now good Love, and teach my tongue
Th' Inchantments that thou wood'ſt thy *Pſyche* with.
Bell. Farewel Sir.
Flo. Oh! be not ſo cruel,
Let me enjoy my ſelf a little while,
Which without you I cannot.
Bell. Pray let me go,
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miſs me, he'll ſo chide.
Flo. Alas! thou needſt not fear, for th' Wolf himſelf,
Tho hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to ſpare thy pretty Flocks, and be
As careful as the Sheperds dog to guard them,
Nay if he ſhould not, *Pan* would preſent be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in ſafety for thee,
For tho he be a God he would not bluſh
To be thy Servant.
Bell. Oh! You're courtly Sir:
But your fine words will not defend my Sheep,
Or ſtop them if they wander; let me go.
Flo. Are you ſo fearful of your Cattles loſs?
Yet ſo neglectful of my periſhing,
(For without you how can I chooſe but periſh?)
Tho I my ſelf were moſt contemptible,
Yet for this reaſon only, that I love
And honour you, I deſerve more than they do.

Bell. What would you do that thus you urge my ſtay?
Flo. Nothing I ſwear that ſhould offend a Saint,
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood,
To lend thy face a bluſh, nothing which chaſt
And virtuous Siſters can deny their Brothers,
I do confeſs I love you, but the fire
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Miſtris,
Or that by holy men on altars kindled,
Is not ſo pure as mine is; I would only
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
Sometimes with thoſe bright Treſſes, which the wind
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
And ſometimes with thy cheeks, thoſe roſie twins;
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiſs it,
Till thou thy ſelf ſhouldſt check my modeſty,
And yield thy lips, but further, tho thou ſhould'ſt
Like other maids with weak reſiſtance ask it,
(Which I'm ſure thou wilt) I'd not offer
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
A licence unto my deſires.
Bell. Which I
Need not beſtow much language to oppoſe,
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
When they made me a rude and homely wench,
You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)
By ſtate and birth a Gentleman.
Flo. I hope
I am without ſuſpicion of a boaſter
Say that I am ſo, elſe my love were impudence;
For do you think wiſe nature did intend
You for a Shepherdeſs, when ſhe beſtow'd
Such pains in your creation? would ſhe fetch
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?
Or ranſack *Peſtum* of her choiceſt Roſes
T' adorn your cheeks? would ſhe bereave the Rock
Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars
As they were falling, which ſhe form'd your eyes of?
Would ſhe herſelf turn work-woman and ſpin
Threads of the fineſt Gold to be your Treſſes?
Or rob the Great to make one Microcoſm?
And having finiſh'd quite the beauteous wonder,
Hide it from publick view and admiration?
No; ſhe would ſet it on ſome Pyramid,
To be the ſpectacle of many eyes:
And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune.
Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
Not that I am ambitious of ſuch honors
But that through them I might be made more worthy
To enjoy you.
Bell. You are for ought I ſee

Too great already; I will either live
An undefiled Virgin as I am,
Or if I marry, not belye my birth,
But joyn my ſelf to ſome plain vertuous Shepherd
(For *Callidorus* is ſo) and I will be either his or no bodies. [*Aſide.*
Flo. Pray hear me.
Bell. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now
Prepare to anſwer, if this Paſſion
Be love, my Fortune bids me deny you;
If Luſt, my honeſty commands to ſcorn you,
Farewel.
Flo. O ſtay a little! but two words ſhe's gone,
Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being ſet,
Night creeps behind and covers all; ſome way
I muſt ſeek out to win her, or what's eaſier
(And the blind man himſelf without a guide
May find) ſome way to die; would I had been
Born a poor Shepherd in theſe ſhady woods.
Nature is cruel in her benefits,
And when ſhe gives us hony, mingles gall.
She ſaid that if ſhe married, the Woods.
Should find a husband for her. I will woo her
In Silvian habit, then perhaps ſhe'll love me——
But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,
It cannot hurt to try. [*Exit.*

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, *after them* Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, ſhe's juſt behind us, are you ready?
When ſhe ſcolds, be you loudeſt, if ſhe cry
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
Into a good conceit of you.
Pal. I'lll warrant you; you have inſtructed me enough,
She comes.
Hyl. Is't poſſible that *Bellula*——
Pal. Fair creature——
Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who ſent for thee?
Pal. Whom, all the Nymphs (tho Women uſe to be
As you know, envious of anothers Beauty)
Confeſs the pride and glory of theſe Woods.
Hyl. When did you make this ſpeech? 'tis a moſt neat one:
Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle,
You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able
To keep you Sheep.
Alu. Good! ſhe abuſes him.
Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.
Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cauſe they are
Out-ſhone by thee on earth.
Hyl. Pray get you gone,
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatſoever
Thou ſayeſt, I will not hear a ſyllable,
Much leſs anſwer thee.

Pal. No;

Pal. No I'll try that ſtrait,
I have a preſent here—
Which if you'll give me leave, I ſhall preſume
To dedicate to your Service.
Hyl. You're ſo cunning,
And have ſuch pretty ways to entice me with;
Come let me ſee it.
Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an anſwer.
Hyl. How now; what tricks are theſe?
Give it me quickly, or—
Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatſoever thou ſayeſt I will not hear
A ſyllable, much leſs anſwer thee.
Alu. Good boy 'faith: now let me come.
Hyl. This is ſome Plot I ſee, would I were gone,
I had as lieve ſee the Wolf as this *Alupis*.
Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Damſel? ha?
Why, we will ſell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,
Hang them ſcurvy Beaſts, to buy your pretty knacks;
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as our wit reaches,
Bid us begone, and when we have talk'd two hours,
Deny to anſwer us; nay you muſt ſtay [*She offers to be gone.*
And hear a little more.
Hyl. Muſt I? are you
The Maſter of my buſineſs? I will not.
Alu. Faith but you ſhall; hear therefore and be patient.
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'ſt got a chain about thy neck,
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears:
When thou'ſt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might ſcape unknown,
And then beſtow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breaſt hither, thine Arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiouſly laid on;
Thoud'ſt be the fineſt proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'ſt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; *For 'tis but a folly*, &c,
Hyl. Oh! is't your turn to ſpeak again? no doubt
But we ſhall have a good Oration then,
For they call you the learned Sheperd; well!
This is your love I ſee.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What ſhould I love a ſtone? or woo a picture?
Alas! I muſt be gone, for whatſo'er
I ſay, you will not hear a ſyllable,
Much leſs anſwer; go, you think you are
So ſingularly handſom, when alas,

Galla.

Galla, *Menalcha*'s Daughter, *Bellula*,
Or *Amaryllis* overcome you quite.
Hyl. This is a ſcurvy fellow; I'll fit him for't,
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wiſdom
Will trouble me ſo long with your vain ſuit,
Why do you not woo them?
Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'll not tell you, becauſe you'll envy them,
And always be diſpraiſing of their beauties.
Hyl. It ſhall appear I will not, for I'll ſooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, baſe man.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha.
Alupis, do'ſt thou hear her; ſhe'll cry preſently,
Do not deſpair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me ſtill; ſome few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiſs perhaps.
Hyl. I would not kiſs thee for the wealth of *Sicily*,
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.
Pal. *Alupis*, Oh!
We have incens'd her too much! how ſhe looks?
Prithee *Alupis*, help me to intreat,
You know he did but jeſt, dear *Hylace*,
Alupis, prithee ſpeak, beſt, beauteous *Hylace*,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.
Alu. Here's a precious fool.
Hyl. Do'ſt thou ſtill mock me? haſt thou found more ways?
Thou need'ſt not vex my wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars ſhall ſhine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a Diſeaſe to me,
And wound'ſt my eyes. [*Exit.*
Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A puniſhment (but ſure there is not any)
Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too! how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my ſelf
To my own ſelf as a thief?
Alu. I told you this,
That if ſhe ſhould but frown, you muſt needs fall
To your old tricks again.
Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers Curſe upon it; Oh! *Alupis*
Thou haſt done worſe than murthered me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curſt wit hurt all, but moſt its Maſter;
May'ſt thou (for I can wiſh no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.
Thou'ſt all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd ſome other way.

Before

Before I die, which cannot now be long.
Alu. Poor Shepherd! I begin to pity him.
I'll ſee if I can comfort him; *Palæmon*,——
Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, paſſion,
And troubled thoughts are my companions,
Thoſe I had rather entertain than thee,
If you chooſe this way let me go the other,
And in both parts diſtracted error, thee
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me. [*Exit.*
Alu. Well, I ſay *Pan* defend me from a Lover,
Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worſt,
I would not meet with two ſuch creatures more
For any good, they without doubt would put me,
If it be poſſible, into a fit of ſadneſs,
Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.
Well; I muſt find ſome plot yet to ſalve this,
Becauſe I have engaged my wit in the buſineſs,
And 'twould be a greater Scandal to the City,
If I who have ſpent my means there, ſhould not be
Able to cheat theſe Shepherds. How now, how now,
Have we more diſtreſſed Lovers here? [*Enter* Aphron.
Aph. No, I'm a mad-man.
Alu. I gave a ſhrewd gueſs at it at firſt ſight,
I thought thee little better.
Aph. Better, why?
Can there be any better than a mad-man?
I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,
Nay, do not diſſwade me from't, I would be
A very mad-man.
Alu. A good reſolution!
'Tis as genteel a courſe as you can take,
I have known great ones have not been aſham'd of't:
But what cauſe pray drove you into this humor?
Aph. Why a Miſtris,
And ſuch a beauteous one —— doſt thou ſee no body?
She ſits upon a Throne amongſt the Stars
And out-ſhines them, look up and be amazed,
Such was her beauty here,——ſure there do lie
A thouſand vapors in thy ſleepy eyes,
Do'ſt thou not ſee her yet? nor yet? nor yet?
Alu. No in good troth.
Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,
Not skill'd at all in deep Aſtrology.
Let me inſtruct thee,
Alu. Prithee do, for thou
Art in an admirable caſe to teach now.
Aph. I'll ſhew thee firſt all the celeſtial ſigns,
And to begin, look on that horned head,
Alu. Whoſe is't? *Jupiters*?
Aph. No 'tis the Ram;

Next

Next that, the ſpacious Bull fills up the place.
Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did
The Gods might chance to loſe their Beef.
Aph. And then,
Yonder's the ſign of *Gemini*, doſt ſee't?
Alu. Yes, yes, I ſee one of the zealous Siſters
Mingled in friendſhip with a holy Brother
To beget Reformations.
Aph. And there ſits *Capricorn*.
Alu. A Welchman, is't not?
Aph. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his feet were ſleepy, there, d'ye mark it?
Alu. I, I, Aldermanlike awalking after Dinner,
His paunch o'ercharg'd with Capon and with White-broth.
Aph. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadſt thou as many eyes as the black night,
They would be all too little, ſeeſt thou *Virgo*?
Alu. No by my troth, there are ſo few on Earth,
I ſhould be loth to ſwear there's more in Heaven,
Than only one.
Aph. That was my Miſtris once, but is of late
Tranſlated to the height of deſerv'd Glory,
And adds new Ornaments to the wondring Heavens.
Why do I ſtay behind then, a meer nothing
Without her preſence to give life and being?
If there be any hill whoſe loſty top
Nature has made contiguous with Heaven,
Tho it be ſteep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,
Tho arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diſeaſes,
And all the other Soldiers of Miſery,
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.
Alu. I prithee do, for amongſt all the beaſts
That help to make up the Celeſtial Signs,
There's a Calf wanting yet.
Aph. But ſtay——
Alu. Nay, I have learnt enough Aſtrology.
Aph. Hunger and faintneſs have already ſeiz'd me,
'Tis a long journey thither, I ſhall want
Proviſion; canſt thou help me, gentle Shepherd?
And when I am come thither, I will ſnatch
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down
To thee for a reward.
Alu. No doubt you will;
But you ſhall need no victuals, when you have ended
Your toilſom journey, kill the Ram you talk of,
And feed your ſelf with moſt celeſtial Mutton.
Aph. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,

And drown it in thoſe waters it avoids,
And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*
And make them to ſit down in ſpight of nature;
I'll meet with *Charles* his Wain and overturn't,
And break the wheels of't, till *Böotes* ſtart
For fear, and grow more ſlow than e'er he was.
Alu. By this good light he'll ſnuff the Moon anon,
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjurer,
'Tis pity that theſe huge Gigantick ſpeeches
Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,
For none would underſtand them, I could wiſh
Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.
Aph. I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Caſtor*,
When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,
Take his ſting out and fling it to the earth.
Alu. To me good Sir,
It may perhaps raiſe me a great Eſtate
With ſhewing't up and down for Pence apiece.
Aph. Alcides freed the earth from ſavage Monſters,
And I will free the Heavens, and be call'd
Don Hercules Alcido de ſecundo.
Alu. A brave Caſtilian name,
Aph. 'Tis a hard task,
But if that fellow did ſo much by ſtrength,
I may well do't arm'd both with Love and Fury.
Alu. Of which thou haſt enough.
Aph. Farewel thou rat.
The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.
Alu. Farewel
Don Hercules Alcides de ſecundo.
If thou ſcar'ſt any, 'twill be by that name.
This is a wonderful rare fellow, and
I like his humour mightily——who's here?
Enter Truga.
The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!
How many Crows has ſhe out-liv'd? ſure death
Has quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*
I muſt invent ſome trick to help *Palæmon.*
Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,
But I have got a better preſent now,
My own Ring made of good Ebony,
Which a young handſom Shepherd beſtowed on me
Some fourſcore years ago, then they all lov'd me,
I was a handſome Laſs, I was in thoſe days.
Alu. I, ſo thou wert, I'll warrant; here's good ſign of't,
Now I'll begin the Work, Reverend *Truga*,
Whoſe very Autumn ſhows how glorious
The ſpring time of your Youth was——
Tru. Are you come

To

To put your mocks upon me?
Alu. I do confeſs indeed my former ſpeeches
Have been too rude and ſaucy; I have flung
Mad jeſts too wildly at you; but conſidering
The reverence which is due to age and vertue,
I have repented, will you ſee my tears?
And believe them: Oh for an Onion now!
Or I ſhall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha! [*Aſide.*
Tru. Alas good ſoul! I do forgive you truly;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at laſt.
Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and vertue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former ſcorn
Into a wiſer reverence, pardon me
If I ſay love.
Tru. I, I, with all my heart,
But do you ſpeak ſincerely?
Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you ſhould doubt it, what I ſpake before
Were Lyes, the off-ſpring of a fooliſh raſhneſs,
I ſee ſome ſparks ſtill of your former beauty,
Which in ſpight of time ſtill flouriſh.
Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourſcore years. Am I a *January* now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day,
I know you did but jeſt.
Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I ſee it takes) [*Aſide.*
How you belye your age—for—let me ſee—
A man would take you—let me ſee—for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred) [*Aſide.*
Not a jot more I ſwear.
Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look ſomething freſh indeed this morning.
I ſhould pleaſe *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'll not go perhaps; this fellow is
As handſom quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I proteſt I will not [*Aſide.*
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I ſhould ſcorn him.
Alu. I have ſomething here
Which I wou'd fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your Licence.
Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.
Alu. The comely Gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you ſtill ſeem lovely, hath ſo ſtrucken me——
Tru. Alas good ſoul! I muſt ſeem coy at firſt,
But not too long, for fear I ſhou'd quite loſe him.

Alu. That I ſhall periſh utterly, unleſs
Your gentle nature help me.
Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am paſt thoſe vanities of Love.
Alu. Oh no!
Wiſe nature which preſerv'd your life till now
Doth it becauſe you ſhou'd enjoy theſe pleaſures
Which do belong to life, if you deny me,
I am undone.
Tru. Well you ſhou'd not win me
But that I am loth to be held the cauſe
Of any young mans ruin, do not think it
My want of chaſtity, but my good-nature
Which wou'd ſee no one hurt.
Alu. Ah pretty ſoul! [*Aſide.*
How ſupple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuſe but kiſs her, there's the plague of't,
Let's then joyn our hearts, and ſeal them with a kiſs.
Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere Incivility to be your Debtor,
I'll give you back again your kiſs, Sweet-heart,
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll ſee you;
My Husband will be gone to ſell ſome Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep, till then:
Farewel good Duck. [*Offers to go.*
But do you hear, becauſe you ſhall remember [*Turns back.*
To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, leſt my Husband chance
To ſee't; Farewel Duck.
Alu. Leſt her Husband chance
To ſee't: ſhe can't deny this, here's enough;
My Scene of Love is done then; is ſhe gone?
I'll call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:
Tru. Why do you call me, Duck?
Alu. Only to ask one fooliſh queſtion of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?
Tru. Yes, you know I have.
Alu. And do you love him?
Tru. Why d'ye ask? I do.
Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold.
Tru. Rather than ſee you periſh in your flames.
Alu. Why, art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet haſt no more diſcretion but to think
That I cou'd love thee? ha, ha, ha, wert mine,
I'd ſell thee to ſome Gardner, thou wou'dſt ſerve
To ſcare away the Thieves as well as Crows.
Tru. Oh, you're diſpoſed to jeſt I ſee, Farewel.
Alu. Nay, I'm in very earneſt; I love you!
Why thy face is a vizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave off theſe tricks, I ſhall be angry elſe,
And take away the favours I beſtow'd.
Alu. 'Tis known that thou haſt eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy noſe out,
And that's almoſt a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of ſuch a Colour are, that they themſelves
Scare one another, and do ſtand at diſtance;
Thy Skin hangs looſe as if it fear'd the bones,
(For fleſh thou haſt not) and is grown ſo black,
That a wild Centaur wou'd not meddle with thee:
To conclude, Nature made thee when ſhe was
Only diſpos'd to jeſt, and length of time
Has made thee more ridiculous.
Tru. Baſe Villain, is this your Love?
Give me my Ring again.
Alu. No, no; ſoft there:
I intend to beſtow it on your Husband;
He'll keep it better far than you have done.
Tru. What ſhall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.
Alu. No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon,
Your Husband will be ſelling of ſome Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the ſheep.
Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but ſilent of this, good *Alupis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.
Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be ſilent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then ſhew the Ring, and tell the paſſages
'Twixt you and me.
Tru. Alas! I am undone.
Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had ſport enough,
Since I behold your penitential tears;
I'll propoſe this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palæmon*
This day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To morrow I'll reſtore your Ring, and ſwear
Never to mention what has paſt betwixt us,
If not——you know what follows——take your Choice.
Tru. I'll do my beſt endeavour.
Alu. Go make haſt then,
You know your time's but ſhort, then uſe it well: [*Exit* Truga.
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit.
I'll go and thruſt it forward, if it take,

I'll ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy,
Let's live here whilſt we may.

The End of the third Act.

ACT

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter *Callidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

Cal. PRay follow me no more, methinks that modesty
Which is so lively painted in your face,
Shou'd prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bell. I shou'd love those fears,
And call them hopes, cou'd I perswade my self
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;
Prithee leave me; If thou dost hope success [*To Florellus.*
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Flo. If Love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because Love forces me without resistance
To do the same to you?

Bell. Love shou'd not grow
So subtil as to play with arguments.

Flo. Love shou'd not be an enemy to Reason.

Cal. To Love is of itself a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness,

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

Flo. Not to love is of itself a kind of hardness,
But not to love him who has always woo'd you
With chast desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Flo. Why do you flie from him that follows you?

Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you.

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

Bell. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow
Of the least Wrinkle which sat there before;
So when the waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror scatter'd,
Drop down again in tears.

Bell. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him all my passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow

Of any Cloud which cover'd it before;
So when the raviſhing Nightingale has tun'd
Her mournful notes, and ſilenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in diſdain
With a rude Whiſtle leaves her.
Cla. We're all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud example
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodneſs,
Let us not call upon our ſelves thoſe miſeries
Which Love has not, and thoſe it has, bear bravely,
Our deſires yet are like ſome hidden text,
Where one word ſeems to contradict another,
They are Loves Nonſence, wrapt up in thick clouds,
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtleſs 'twill; till then let us endure,
And ſound a Parlee to our Paſſions.
Bell. We may joyn hands tho, may we not?
Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not?
Bell. We may, come let's ſit down and talk.
Cal. And look upon each other.
Flo. Then kiſs again.
Bell. Then look.
Cal. Then talk again.
What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our ſmile.
Flo. We are the *Trigon* in Loves Hemiſphere,
Bell. We are three ſtrings on *Venus* dainti'ſt Lute,
Where all three hinder one anothers Muſick,
Yet all three joyn and make one Harmony.
Cal. We are three flow'rs of *Venus* dainty Garden,
Where all three hinder one anothers Odor,
Yet all three joyn, and make one Noſegay up.
Flo. Come let us kiſs again.
Bell. And look.
Cal. And talk.
Flo. Nay rather ſing, your Lips are Natures Organs,
And made for nought leſs ſweet than harmony.
Cal. Pray do.
Bell. Tho I forfeit
My little skill in ſinging to your wit,
Yet I will do't ſince you command.

SONG.

It is a puniſhment to love,
And not to love a puniſhment doth prove;
But of all pains there's no ſuch pain,
As 'tis to love and not be lov'd again.

Till ſixteen, Parents we obey,
After ſixteen, Men ſteal our hearts away:
How wretched are we women grown,
Whoſe wills, whoſe minds, whoſe hearts are ne'er our own!

Cal. Thank you.
Flo. For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* ſilent,
Had the ſame age ſeen thee, that very Poet,
Who drew all to him by his harmony,
Thou wouldſt have drawn to thee.
Cal. Come, ſhall we riſe?
Bell. If it pleaſe you, I will.
Cal. I cannot chuſe
But pity theſe two Lovers, and am taken
Much with the ſerious trifles of their paſſion.
Let's go and ſee, if we can break this net
In which we all are caught; if any man
Ask who we are, we'll ſay we are *Loves Riddle.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Ægon, Palæmon, Alupis.*

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honeſt *Ægon,*
Alu. And what am I?
Pal. My ſelf, my ſoul, my friend,
Let me hug thee *Alupis,* and thee *Ægon,*
Thee for inventing't, thee for putting it
In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?
Alu. Hold! why I'll warrant thee it ſhall hold,
Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock faſt,
Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you,
If't will; if that will not neither, I can tell you
What will I'm ſure, a Halter.
Then ſing, &c.——
Æg. Come, ſhall we knock?
Alu. I, do; *For 'tis,* &c.——
Æg. Ho *Truga*; who's within there?
Alu. You, *Winter,* Ho, you that the grave expected
Some hundred years ago, you that intend
To live till you turn Skeleton, and make
All men weary of you but Phyſicians,
Pox on you, will you come?

Enter Truga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there?
Alu. Oh, in good time,
Are you crawl'd here at laſt? what are you ready
To give your Daughter up? the time makes haſte,
Look here, do you know this Ring?
Tru. Hark aſide, I pray,
You have not told theſe, have you?
Alu. No, good Duck,
I only told them that your mind was altered,
And that you lik'd *Palæmon*; ſo we three

Came

Came here to plot the means.
Tru. So, ſo, you're welcom,
Will you go in and talk about it? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hylace.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother ſhou'd invite
Alupis and *Palæmon* into th' Houſe:
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
Which ſhe herſelf was of but yeſterday,
Beſides, as ſoon as they came in, ſhe bid me
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
By your good favour Mother, I muſt be
For this time diſobedient; here I'll hearken.

Enter *Truga, Palæmon, Ægon, Alupis.*

Æg. Come I'll tell you,
You know your Husband has refuſed *Palæmon*,
Becauſe his means were not unequal only
To his deſires, but to your Daughters Portion;
To ſalve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,
I'll promiſe that *Palæmon* ſhall be made
My Heir.
Tru. Alas, he knows you have a Daughter.
Æg. It is reported ſhe is faln in Love
With the new Shepherd, for which cauſe I'll ſeem
To be incens'd moſt ſharply, and forſwear
E'er to acknowledg her for child of mine,
Tru. 'Tis very well;
It grieves me truly that *Palæmon* ſhou'd——
Alu. Periſh in his own flames; is't not ſo *Truga*?
I know you're gentle; and your peeviſh Daughter
Had not her Cruelty from you, good ſoul.
Pal. Why do we ſtay? each minute that we loſe to you is only
A minute, but to me a day at leaſt,
Why are we not now ſeeking of *Melarnus*?
Why is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,
Methinks he ſhould have given conſent ere this,
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*
Married together?
Hyl. Soft good haſty Lover,
I ſhall quite break the neck of your large hopes,
Or I'm miſtaken much.
Æg. Come let's be gone
Truga, Farewel. Be ſilent and aſſiſtant.
Alu. Or elſe you know what I have; go, no more.
Tru. I'll warrant you I am not to be taught
At this age, I thank *Pan*, in ſuch a buſineſs.
Farewel all. [*Exeunt.*
Alu. Come ſing, &c.
Hyl. I know not whether grief or elſe amazement
Seizeth me moſt, to ſee my aged Mother
Grow ſo unnatural; I fain would weep,

But when I think with what an unfear'd Blow
I ſhall quite daſh their cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in Laughter, Fate helps the Innocent,
Altho my Mother's falſe, the Gods are true. [*Exit.*

Enter Clariana *and her Maid.*

Cla. Did you command the Servants to withdraw?
Ma. I did forſooth.
Cla. And have you ſhut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.
Cla. Is there none can over-hear our talk?
Ma. Your curious inquiry much amazeth me,
And I cou'd wiſh you wou'd excuſe my boldneſs
If I ſhou'd ask the Reaſon.
Cla. Thou knowſt well
That thou haſt found me always liker to
Thy Kinſwoman than Miſtris, that thy Breaſt
Has been the Cabinet of all my ſecrets,
This I tell thee, not as an exprobation,
But becauſe I muſt require thy Faith
And counſel here. And therefore prithee ſwear——
Ma. Swear, to do what?
Cla. To be more ſilent than the dead of night,
And to thy power to help me.
Ma. Wou'd my power
To aſſiſt you were as ready as my will,
And for my Tongue, that Miſtris I'll condemn
Unto perpetual ſilence, ere it ſhall
Betray the ſmalleſt word that you commit to't.
By all——
Cla. Nay do not ſwear. I will not wrong thy vertue
To bind it with an Oath, I'll tell thee all;
Doth not my face ſeem paler than 'twas wont?
Doth not my eye look as it borrow'd flame
From my fond heart? cou'd not my frequent weepings,
My ſudden ſighs, and abrupt ſpeeches tell thee
What I am grown?
Ma. You are the ſame you were,
Or elſe my eyes are lyars.
Cla. No, I'm a wretched Lover; couldſt thou not
Read that out of my bluſhes? fie upon thee;
Thou art a novice in Loves School I ſee;
Truſt me I envy at thy Ignorance,
Thou canſt not find out *Cupids* Characters
In a loſt Maid, ſure thou didſt never know him.
Ma. Wou'd you durſt truſt me with his name,
Sure he had Charms about him that might tempt
Chaſt Votaries, or move a *Scythian* Rock
When he ſhot fire into your chaſter Breaſt.
Cla. I am aſham'd to tell thee, prithee gueſs him.
Ma. Why 'tis impoſſible.
Cla. Thou ſaw'ſt the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought

Brought in to be my gueſt.
Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is.
Cla. Thou ſhalt know all ;
The freſhneſs of the morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had loſt my Brother, that one thought
Like circles in the Water begat many,
Thoſe and the pleaſant verdure of the Fields
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either fear or modeſty
Elſe would have ſuffered me, beneath an Oak
Which ſpread a flouriſhing Canopy round about,
And was itſelf alone almoſt a Wood,
I found a Gentleman diſtracted ſtrangely,
Crying aloud for either food or ſleep,
And knocking his white hand againſt the ground,
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,
Pity, and fear, both proper to us Women,
Drave my feet back far ſwifter than they went.
When I came home, I took two Servants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,
And with ſuch chear as then the Houſe afforded,
Repleniſh'd him, he was much mended ſuddenly,
Is now a ſleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his ſenſes perfect.
Ma. You did ſhew
In this, what never was a ſtranger to you,
Much piety ; but wander from your ſubject :
You have not yet diſcover'd, who it is
Deſerves your Love.
Cla. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou doſt not uſe in other things to be ſo ;
Why I love him ; his name I cannot tell thee ;
For 'tis my great unhappineſs to be
Still ignorant of that my ſelf. He comes,
Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canſt chooſe.
Ma. You need not fear't forſooth. [*Enter* Aphron.
Cla. Leave me alone with him ; withdraw.
Ma. I do. [*Exit Maid.*
Aph. Where am I now ? under the Northern Pole ?
Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground
And glazeth up the floods ? or where the Sun
With neighbouring rays breaks the divided earth,
And drinks the Rivers up ? or do I ſleep ?
Is't not ſome fooliſh dream deludes my fancy ?
Who am I ? I begin to queſtion that.
Was not my Country *Sicily* ? my name
Call'd *Apron*, wretched *Aphron* ?
Cla. Ye good Gods
Forbid ; is this that man who was the cauſe

Of all the grief for *Callidora*'s loſs ?
Is this the man that I ſo oft have curſt ?
Now I could almoſt hate him, and methinks
He is not quite ſo handſom as he was ;
And yet alas he is, tho by his means
My Brother is gone from me, and Heav'n knows
If I ſhall ſee him more, Fool as I am,
I cannot chuſe but love him.
Aph. Cheat me not good eyes,
What Woman, or what Angel do I ſee ?
Oh ſtay, and let me worſhip ere thou goeſt ;
Whether thou beeſt a Goddeſs which thy beauty
Commands me to believe, or elſe ſome mortal
Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
Becauſe I know the Gods all hate me ſo,
They would not look upon me.
Cla. Spare theſe titles,
I am a wretched Woman, who for pity
(Alas that I ſhould pity ! t'had been better [*Aſide.*
That I had been remorſleſs) brought you hither,
Where with ſome food and reſt, thanks to the Gods
Your ſenſes are recover'd.
Aph. My good Angel !
I do remember now that I was mad
For want of meat and ſleep, thrice did the Sun
Chear all the World but me, thrice did the night
With ſilent and bewitching darkneſs give
A reſting time to every thing but *Aphron.*
The Fiſh, the Beaſts, the Birds, the ſmalleſt creatures
And the moſt deſpicable ſnor'd ſecurely.
The aguiſh head of every tree by *Æolus*
Was rock'd aſleep, and ſhook as if it nodded.
The crooked Mountains ſeem'd to bow and ſlumber,
The very Rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon and I,
Paler than ſhe ; grief wedded to this toil,
What elſe could it beget but franticknes ?
But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
Swims not as it was wont ; Oh brighteſt Virgin
Shew me ſome way by which I may be grateful,
And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy,
Immediately ſeize on me.
Cla. Alas ! 'twas only
My love, and if you will reward me for't,
Pay that I lent you, I'll require no intereſt,
The Principal's enough.
Aph. You ſpeak in miſts.
Cla. You're loth perhaps to underſtand.
Aph. If you intend that I ſhould love and honour you,
I do by all the Gods.

Cla. But

Cla. But I am covetous in my demands,
I am not ſatisfied with wind-like promiſes
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which ſo I gave to you.
Aph. Ha! you amaze me,
Oh! You have ſpoken ſomething worſe than Lightning,
That blaſts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have thoſe Paſſions
Fighting within me, which I muſt obey.
Whilſt *Callidora* lives, although ſhe be
As cruel, as thy breaſt is ſoft and gentle;
'Tis ſin for me to think of any other.
Cla. You cannot love me then?
Aph. I do, I ſwear,
Above my ſelf I do: my ſelf! what ſaid I?
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora.*
Cla. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora.* [*Exit.*
Aph. When I do not, may I forget my ſelf,
Would I were mad again; then I might rave
With privilege, I ſhould not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To loſe the Senſes, Than be tortur'd by them:
Where is ſhe gone? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman!
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods
Is't not enough that I my ſelf am miſerable?
Muſt I make others ſo too? I'll go in
And comfort her; alas! how can I tho?
I'll grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort. [*Exit.*

Enter *Alupis, Melarnus, Truga, Palæmon, Ægon.*

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but ſince good Fate,
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I ſee not with what countenance you can
Coin any ſecond argument againſt me.
Mel. Come no matter for that:
Yes, I could wiſh you were left eloquent,
You have a vice called Poeſie which much
Diſpleaſeth me, but no matter for that neither.
Alu. Alas! he'll leave that ſtreight
When he has got but money; he that ſwims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon.*

Beſides,

Beſides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom ſhould he woo, to praiſe her comely Feature,
Her skin like falling Snow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roſes (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praiſes) Oh! thoſe Vanities,
Things quite as light, and fooliſh as a Miſtris,
Are by a Miſtris firſt begot, and left
When they leave her.
Pal. Why do you think that Poeſie
An art which even the Gods——
Alu. Pox on your arts,
Let him think what he will; what's that to us?
Æg. Well I would gladly have an anſwer of you,
Since I have made *Palæmon* here my ſon,
If you conceive your daughter is ſo good,
We will not preſs you, but ſeek out ſome other
Who may perhaps pleaſe me and him as well.
Pal. Which is impoſſible—
Alu. Rot on your poſſibles——
Thy mouth like a crackt Fiddle never ſounds
But out of Tune; come, *Truga* put in, *Truga*,
You'll never ſpeak unleſs I ſhew the Ring.
Tru. Yes, yes, I do; do you hear ſweet-heart?
Are you mad to fling away a Fortune
That's thruſt upon you, you know *Ægon*'s rich.
Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thruſt upon me! I would fain ſee any man
Thruſt ought upon me; But's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intended to do.
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thruſt upon me!
Pal. Come, what ſay you *Melarnus*?
Mel. What ſay I? 'tis no matter what I ſay,
I'll ſpeak to *Ægon*, if I ſpeak to any,
And not to you; but no matter for that;
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palæmon*?
Tru. I Duck, he ſays he will.
Mel. Piſh, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him ſay ſo.
Æg. I will, and here do openly proteſt,
That ſince my *Bellula* (mine that was once)
Thinks her ſelf wiſer than her father is,
And will be governed rather by her Paſſions
Than by the Square that I preſcribe to her,
That I will never count her as my Daughter.
Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, ſee but What 'tis
To have me for a Tutor in theſe Rogueries.
Mel. But tell me now, good neighbour, what eſtate
Do you intend to give him?
Æg. That eſtate
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,

The

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.
Mel. And not the Oxen too?
Æg. Yes, every thing.
Mel. The Horſes too?
Æg. I tell you, every thing.
Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promiſe him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Bean-ſtraw:
You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harneſs for the Horſes, will you not?
Mel. I, I, what elſe? but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palæmon*'s an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.
Æg. Well, ſince we are both agreed, why do we ſtay here?
I know *Palæmon* longs t'embrace his *Hylace*.
Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you ſo,
Farewel my Son-in-law that ſhall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:
Come *Truga*. [*Exeunt* Melarnus *and* Truga.
Æg. Come on then, let's not ſtay too long in trifling,
Palæmon go, and prepare your ſelf againſt the time.
I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Leſt this unwelcom news ſhou'd too much grieve her,
Before ſhe know my meaning.
Alu. Do, do; and I'll go ſtudy
Some new-found way to vex the fool *Melarnus*.
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholy, &c.
Enter Florellus.
Whilſt *Callidorus* lives I cannot love thee.
Theſe were her parting words; I'll kill him then;
Why do I doubt it fool? ſuch wounds as theſe
Require no gentler med'cine; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and ſays I am too dull,
Too ſlow in his command; and yet I will not,
Theſe hands are Virgins yet, unſtain'd with Villany,
Shall I begin to teach them? —methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and ſays, I am too weak
Againſt my Paſſions. Piety! ——
'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*
I durſt be wicked, tho I ſaw *Joves* hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,
(If thou beeſt any thing, and not a ſhadow
To fright Boys and Old-women) farewel Conſcience,
Go and be ſtrong in other petty things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers make uſe of thee,
Not elſe: and yet,—what ſhall I do or ſay?
I ſee the better way, and know 'tis better,
Yet ſtill this devious error draws me backward.

So

So when contrary winds ruſh out and meet,
And wreſtle on the Sea with equal fury,
The waves ſwell into Mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have ſuch excellent ſport,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes ſport of every thing,
See one mans fate how it excels another,
He can ſit, and paſs away the day in jollity,
My muſick is my ſighs, whilſt tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a moſt rare poſture!
How the good ſoul folds in his arms! he dreams
Sure that he hugs his Miſtriſs now, for that
Is his diſeaſe without all doubt; ſo, good!
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat
Over his Eyes; ſo, ſo, good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
Is careful, and intends to water his ſheep
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Doſt thou ſee any thing that deſerves thy laughter,
Fond Swain?

Alu. I ſee nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jeer thoſe who are Fates May-game
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both ſin,
And folly too; our life is ſo uncertain
Thou canſt not promiſe that thy mirth ſhall laſt
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou mayſt act that part, to day thou laughſt at.

Alu. I act a part? it muſt be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; beſides, I never
Practis'd this Poſture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my Muſick is my ſighs
Whilſt tears keep time.

Flo. You take to great a Licence to your wit;
Wit, did I ſay? I mean, that which you think ſo:
And it deſerves my pity more than anger.
Elſe you ſhou'd find that Blows are heavier far
Than the moſt ſtudied jeſts you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but Labour loſt to beat me,
All will not teach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull Rogue, and ſo
Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
To talk thus ſaucily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever ſaw before, be gone,
And leave me as you found me, my worſt thoughts
Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's

Here's no body deſires to rob you of them.
I would have left your company without bidding,
'Tis not ſo pleaſant, I remember well,
When I had ſpent all my money, I ſtood thus,
And therefore hate the poſture ever ſince.
D'ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard-hearted Miſtris with you too,
Perhaps I may perſwade her, and tell her
Your Muſick's ſighs, and that your tears keep time.
Will you not go? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.
Now have at thee *Melarnus*; *For 'tis but a Folly*, &c. [*Exit.*

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard
As Rock which ſuffer the continual ſiege
Of Sea and Wind againſt them; but I will
Win her, or loſe (which I ſhould gladly do)
My ſelf: my ſelf? why ſo I have already:
Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is loſt,
Loſt to himſelf, and to his Parents likewiſe,
(Who having miſs'd me, do by this time ſearch
Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,
Thou muſt be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Phyſick, harder the Diſeaſe.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. THE gods convert theſe *Omens* into good,
And mock my fears; thrice in the very threſhold,
Without its Maſters leave my foot ſtill,
Thrice in the way it ſtumbled.

Alu. Thrice, and thrice
You were a fool then for obſerving it.
Why theſe are follies that the young years of *Truga*
Did hardly know; are they not vaniſh'd yet?

Pal. Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid*'s uſher always;
Tho *Hylace* were now in my embraces,
I ſhould half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to ſtumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his madneſs, the ſame liberty
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
I ſhould not be diſmay'd becauſe the threſhold —

Pal. Alas! That was not all, as I came by

The Oak to *Faunus* ſacred, where the Shepherds
Exerciſe rural ſports on Feſtivals,
On that Trees top an inauſpicious Crow
Foretold ſome ill to happen.
Æg. And becauſe Crows
Foretel wet weather, you interpret it
The rain of your own eyes; but leave theſe tricks
And let me adviſe you.
Melarnus *ſpeaking to* Hylace *within his door.*
Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe thee, girl,
And would they have ſuch ſport with vexing me!
But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,
I know your fiery Lover will be here ſtrait,
But I ſhall cool him; but come, no matter for that:
Go get you in, for I do ſee them coming.
Æg. Here comes *Melarnus.*
Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well.
Æg. Melarnus, opportunely: we are acoming
Juſt now unto you?
Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have ſpoken with me?
Æg. Spoken with you?
Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promiſe?
Mel. My promiſe? oh! 'tis true, I ſaid indeed
I would go with you to day to ſell ſome Kine;
Stay but a little, I'll be ready ſtraight.
Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Ægon* ſpeak to him.
Alu. By this good light,
I ſee no likelihood of any marriage,
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;
A rot upon your Beaſts; is *Hylace* ready?
Mel. It's no matter for that; who's there? *Alupis?*
Give me thy hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry fellow,
I have not ſeen thee here theſe many days,
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.
Alu. Thy memory's fled away ſure with thy wit.
Was not I here leſs than an hour ago
With *Ægon*, when you made the match?
Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us,
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.
Alu. I ſhall, if you thus make a fool of me.
Mel. Oh no! you'll make you ſport with vexing me.
But mum; no matter for that neither: there
I bob'd him privately, I think. [*Aſide.*
Æg. Come, what's the buſineſs?
Alu. The buſineſs? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the Herbs that grow in *Anticyra.*
Æg. You ſee we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come.
Mel. Your Son! good lack!
I thought, I ſwear, you had no other child

Beſides

Beſides your Daughter *Bellula.*
Æg. Nay, then
I ſee you are diſpos'd to make us fools, ——
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Son and Heir?
Alu. Did not you examine
Whether he would leave him all, leſt that he ſhould
Adopt ſome other heir to the Cheeſe-preſſes,
The milking pails, the Cream-bowls? did you not?
Mel. In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula*?
Æg. Nay, prithee leave theſe tricks, and tell me
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?
Mel. Ready? what elſe? ſhe's to be married preſently
To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.
Pal. That's I, hence fears;
Attend upon the infancy of Love,
She's now mine own.
Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this?
Mel. Hylace, Hylace, come forth,
Here are ſome come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome.
Pal. The light appears, juſt like the riſing Sun,
When o'er yon hill it peeps, and with a draught
Of morning dew ſalutes the day, how faſt
The night of all my ſorrows flies any,
Quite baniſh'd with her ſight!
Hyl. Did you call for me?
Mel. Is *Damætas* come? fie, how ſlow he is
At ſuch a time? but it's no matter for that;
Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.
Pal. Will you be gone ſo quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,
That bleſſed hour by me ſo often begg'd,
By you ſo oft deny'd, is now approaching.
Mel. What, how now? what do you kiſs her [*Exit Hyl.*
If *Damætas* were here, he would grow jealous,
But 'tis a parting kiſs, and ſo in manners
She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.
Alu. How!
Mel. What do you wonder at?
Why do you think, as ſoon as they are married,
Damætas ſuch a fool, to let his Wife
Be kiſs'd by every body?
Pal. How now *Damætas*?
Why what hath he to do with her?
Mel. Ha, ha!
What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife?
Good: 'tis no matter for that tho; he knows what.
Æg. You mean *Palæmon* ſure, ha, do you not?
Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.
Well, reſt ye merry Gentlemen, I muſt in

And ſee my Daughters Wedding, if you pleaſe,
To dance with us; *Damætas* ſure will thank ye;
Pray bring your Son and heir *Palæmon* with you,
Bellula's caſt away, ha, ha, ha, ha!
And the poor fool *Melarnus* muſt be cheated,
But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
I thought you would have had moſt excellent ſport
With abuſing poor *Melarus*, that ſame coxcomb,
For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,
Ægon hath cheated him, *Palæmon* is
Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
Doth nothing elſe but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
But it's no matter for that; farewel genteels,
Or if ye'll come and dance, ye ſhall be welcome,
Will you *Palæmon*? 'tis your Miſtris Wedding,
I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every ſide,
No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Æg. How now? what are you both dumb? both thunder-ſtruck?
This was your plot *Alupis.*

Alu. I'll begin.
May his Sheep rot, and he for want of food
Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
Abuſe him, and yet he not have the wit
To abuſe any man, may he never ſpeak
More ſenſe than he did now; and may he never
Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son
In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun ſhall loſe his courſe
And brightneſs too, ere *Hylace* her Chaſtity.
Oh no! ye Gods, may ſhe be happy always,
Happy in the embraces of *Damætas*;
And that ſhall be ſome comfort to my ghoſt
When I am dead; and dead I ſhall be ſhortly.

Alu. May a diſeaſe ſeize upon all his Cattle,
And a far worſe on him, till he at laſt
Be carried to ſome Hoſpital i'th' City,
And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for experience.
And when he's gone, I'll wiſh this good thing for him,
May the earth lye gentle on him—that the dogs
May tear him up the eaſier.

Æg. A curſe upon thee!
And upon me for truſting thy fond counſels!
Was this your cunning trick? why thou haſt wounded
My Conſcience, and my Reputation too:
With what face can I look on the other Swains?
Or who will ever truſt me, who have broke
My Faith thus openly?

Pal. A curſe upon thee,

This

This is the ſecond time that thy perſuaſions
Made me not only fool, but wicked too;
I ſhould have died in quiet elſe, and known
No other wound, but that of her denial;
Go now, and brag how thou haſt us'd *Palæmon*;
But yet methinks you might have choſe ſome other
For Subject of your mirth, not me.

Æg. Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had proſpered (as I wonder
Who it ſhould be, betray'd us, ſince we three
And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if ſhe
Betray'd us, I —) if this, I ſay, had proſpered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it in Act; fooliſh men
That do not mark the thing but the event!
Your judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reaſon.

Æg. Do'ſt thou upbraid us too?

Pal. Firſt make us wretched,
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alupis*,
Thou ſhalt not long have cauſe to boaſt thy Villany.

Alu. My Villany? do what ye can: you're fools,
And there's an end; I'll talk with you no more,
I had as good ſpeak reaſon to the wind
As you, that can but hiſs at it.

Æg. We will do more; *Palæmon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both ſhall ſatisfie.

Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod,
Your two wiſe brains will invent certainly
Politick gins to catch me in. [*Exeunt.*
And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find
That thou art guilty; mum ——I have a Ring——
Palæmon, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*.
Are all againſt me? no great matter: hang care,
For 'tis but a folly, &c. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellula.

This way my *Callidorus* went, what change
Hath ſnatch'd him from my ſight? how ſhall I find him?
How ſhall I find my ſelf, now I have loſt him?
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
The ſmalleſt truce, till ye have ſought him out. [*Exit.*

Enter Callidorus *and* Florellus,

Cal. Come, now your buſineſs.

Flo. 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almoſt as much ſhame me to ſpeak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me! it muſt be then ſome wickedneſs,
I am accuſtom'd ſo to miſery,
That cannot do't.

Flo. Oh! 'tis a ſin, young man,
A ſin which every one ſhall wonder at,

None

None not condemn, if ever it be known:
Methinks my blood ſhrinks back into my veins,
And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to briſtles.
Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;
As if they ſeem'd to wiſh for thicker darkneſs,
Than either night or death to cover them?
Doth not my face look black and horrid too?
As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.
Cal. I am a novice in all villanies,
If your intent be ſuch, diſmiſs me, pray,
My nature is more eaſie to diſcover
Than help you; ſo farewel.
Flo. Yet ſtay a little longer; you muſt ſtay;
You are an actor in this Tragedy.
Cal. What would you do?
Flo. Alas! I would do nothing; but I muſt ——
Cal. What muſt you do?
Flo. I muſt — Love thou haſt got the Victory——
Kill thee.
Cal. Who me? you do but jeſt,
I ſhould believe you, if I could tell how
To frame a cauſe, or think on any injury
Worth ſuch a large revenge, which I have done you.
Flo. Oh no! there's all the wickedneſs, they may ſeem
To find excuſe for their abhorred fact;
That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them;
Becauſe thou art ſo good, ſo affable,
So full of graces, both of mind and body,
Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,
Becauſe whilſt thou art living *Bellula*
Proteſted ſhe would never be anothers,
Therefore I kill thee.
Cal. Had I been your Rival
You might have had ſome cauſe; cauſe did I ſay?
You might have had pretence for ſuch a villany:
He who unjuſtly kills is twice a Murtherer.
Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a murtherer.
Cal Call not that Love that's ill; 'tis only fury.
Flo. Fury in ills is half excuſable:
Therefore prepare thy ſelf; if any ſin
(Tho I believe thy hot and flouriſhing youth
As innocent as other mens nativities)
Hath flung a ſpot upon thy purer Conſcience,
Waſh it in ſome few tears.
Cal. Are you reſolved to be ſo cruel?
Flo. I muſt, or be as cruel to my ſelf.
Cal. As ſick men do their beds, ſo have I yet
Enjoy'd my ſelf, with little reſt, much trouble:
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
And am almoſt worn out with often playing;

And therefore I would entertain my death
As ſome good friend whoſe coming I expected;
Where it not that my Parents ——
Flo. Here; ſee, I do not come [*Draws two Swords*
Like a ſoul Murtherer to entrap you falſly, *from under his*
Take your own choice, and then defend your ſelf. *garment and offers one to* Cal.
Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and ſince it muſt be ſo,
Altho my ſtrength and courage call me Woman,
I will not die like Sheep without reſiſtance;
If Innocence be guard ſufficient,
I'm ſure he cannot hurt me.
Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon ſpreading tree
Hath ſounded out your dying knell already.
Cal. I am.
Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wiſh thy hand
Were ſtrong enough; 'tis thou deſerv'ſt the Victory,
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven
In all my thoughts, I would my ſelf play booty
Againſt my ſelf; but *Bellula* —— come on. [*Fight.*
Enter Philiſtus.
This is the Wood adjoyning to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Siſter, to remain till my return;
Here 'tis in vain to ſeek her, yet who knows?
Tho it be in vain I'll ſeek; to him that doth
Propoſe no Journeys end, no path's amiſs.
Why how now? what do you mean? for ſhame part, Shepherds,
I thought you honeſt Shepherds, had not had [*Sees them*
So much of Court and City Follies in you. *fighting.*
Flo. 'Tis *Philiſtus*; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to ſee how black and horrid
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*:
Thanks to the juſter Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the ſin.
Phil. 'Twould be a wrong to charity to diſmiſs ye
Before I ſee you friends, give me your weapons.
Cal. 'Tis he: why do I doubt? moſt willingly,
And my ſelf too, beſt man; now kill me Shepherd — [*Swoons.*
Phil. What do you mean;
Riſe, prithee riſe; ſure you have wounded him,
Enter Bellula.
Deceive me not good eyes; what do I ſee?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impoſſible!
Who is it that lies ſlain there? are you dumb?
Who is't I pray?
Flo. Fair Miſtris ——
Bell. Piſh, Fair Miſtris, ——
I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus* ——
Phil. Was his name *Callidorus*? it is ſtrange,
Bell. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain,

Wake

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*;
Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for ſhame,
Have you no charity? Oh my *Callidorus*;
Speak but one word———
Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,
Why do yo envy me this little reſt?
Bell. No; I will follow thee. [*Swoons*
Flo. O help, help quickly,
What do you mean; your *Callidorus* lives.
Bell. Callidorus!
Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,
Look up a little: wretched as I am,
I am the cauſe of all this ill.
Phil. What ſhall we do? I have a Siſter dwells
Cloſe by this place, let's haſt to bring them thither,
But let's be ſudden.
Flo. As wing'd lightning is.
Come *Bellula* in ſpight of Fortune now
I do imbrace thee.
Phil. I did proteſt without my *Callidora*
Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'ercome.
Bell. Where am I?
Flo. Where I could always wiſh thee: in thoſe arms
Which would infold thee with more ſubtle knots,
Than amorous Ivy, whilſt it hugs the Oak.
Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philiſtus* well?
Phil. How ſhould he know my name, 'tis to me a riddle,
Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in,
Make haſt now with your Burthen. [*Exeunt.*
Flo. With what eaſe ſhould I go always were I burthened thus?

Enter *Aphron.*

She told me ſhe was Siſter to *Philiſtus*,
Who having miſs'd the Beauteous *Callidora*,
Hath undertook a long and hopeleſs Journey
To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,
Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows
When ſhe'll return, or if ſhe do, what then?
Lambs will make Peace, and joyn themſelves with Wolves
Ere ſhe with me, worſe than a Wolf to her:
Beſides, how durſt I undertake to court her?
How dare I look upon her after this?
Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
And *Clariana* ſhall henceforth——— but yet
How fair ſhe was! what then! ſo's *Clariana*;
What graces did ſhe dart on all beholders!
She did; but ſo do's *Clariana* too,
She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,
What then? ſhe was as hard too; *Clariana*
Is pure and white as *Ericina*'s Doves,

And

And is as ſoft, as galleſs too as they
Her pity ſav'd my life, and did reſtore
My wandring Senſes, if I ſhould not love her,
I were far madder now, than when ſhe found me,
I will go in and render up my ſelf,
For her moſt faithful ſervant.
Wonderful! [*Exit. Enter again.*
She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Priſoner:
In theſe two Chambers; what can ſhe intend?
No matter, ſhe intends no hurt I'm ſure,
I'll patiently expect her coming to me. [*Exit.*

Enter *Demophil, Spodaia, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora, Bellula, Philiſtus.*

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!
Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.
My Daughter and my Son meet here together!
Philiſtus with them too! that we ſhould come
To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.
Nay, when we thought we'd loſt *Florellus* too,
To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.
Spo. I thought I never ſhould have ſeen thee more
My *Callidora*; come wench; now let's hear
The ſtory of your flight and life in th' Woods.
Phi. Do happy Miſtris, for the recordation
Of fore-paſt ills, makes us the ſweetlier reliſh
Our preſent good.
Cal. Of *Aphron*'s love to me, and my antipathy
Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too
How guarded with his love, or rather fury,
And ſome few men, he broke into our Houſe
With reſolution to make me the prey
Of his wild luſt.
Spo. I, there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here.
Cla. Oh! ſay not ſo:
The crimes which Lovers for their Miſtris act,
Bear both the weight and ſtamp Piety.
Dem. Come girl; go on, go on. His wild luſt —
Cla. What ſudden fear ſhook me, you may imagine;
What ſhould I do? you both were out of Town,
And moſt of th' ſervants at that time gone with you.
I on the ſudden found a Corner out,
And hid my ſelf, till they, wearied with ſearching,
Quitted the Houſe, but fearing leſt they ſhould
Attempt the ſame again ere you return,
I took with me money and other neceſſaries;
And in a Sute my Brother left behind
Diſguis'd my ſelf: thus to the Woods I went,
Where meeting with an honeſt merry Swain,
I by his help was furniſh'd, and made Shepherd.
Spo. Nay, I muſt needs ſay for her, ſhe was always

A witty wench.
Dem. Piſh, piſh : and made a Shepherd ———
Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdeſs
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deſerv'd ſo much) began to love me.
Phi. Why ſo did all beſides I'll warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, tho they were my Rivals.
Cal. Another Shepherd with as much deſire
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,
Who ſeeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilſt I enjoy'd this life, t' enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that name ſhe's known) ſought to take me
Out of the way as a partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilſt in the fields
We two were ſtrugling, (him his ſtrength defending
And me my innocence.
Flo. I am aſham'd to look upon their faces.
What ſhall I ſay? my guilt's above excuſe.
Cal. Philiſtus; as if the Gods had all agreed
To make him mine, juſt at the nick came in
And parted us; with ſudden joy I ſwooned,
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then
She came to ſeek me) ſudden grief did force
The ſame effect from her, which joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,
Where being ſtraight recovered to our ſelves,
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.
Spo. The Gods be thank'd.
Dem. Go on.
Cal. Nay, you have all, Sir.
Dem. Where's that Shepherd?
Flo. Here.
Dem. Here, where?
Flo. Here, your unhappy Son's the man; for her
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her ſake
I would have ſtain'd my innocent hands in blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a ſin of malice,
'Twas not begot by Luſt, but ſacred Love;
The cauſe muſt be the excuſe for the effect.
Dem. You ſhould have uſed ſome other means, *Florellus.*
Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods Will Sir, without that
I had been undiſcovered yet; *Philiſtus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,
You groaning for our loſs, upon this wheel
All our felicity is turn'd.
Spo. Alas you have forgot the power of love, ſweet-heart.
Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your deſire,
You ſhall not want a Wife that will perhaps
'leaſe you as well, I'm ſure befit you better.
Flo. They marry not, but ſell themſelves t'a Wife,

Whom the large dowry tempt, and take more pleaſure
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.
Let them whom nature beſtows nothing on,
Seek to patch up their wants by Parents plenty;
The beautiful, the chaſt, the virtuous.
Her ſelf alone is portion to her ſelf.

Enter Ægon.

By your leave; I come to ſeek a Daughter.
Oh! are you there? 'tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,
I do conjure you Father, by the love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The match betwixt us now, or if you will not
Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me,
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
Or elſe not know my miſery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what ill may happen, Husband,
Come, let him have her, you have means enough
For him, the wench is fair, and if her face
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,
Altho not ſtock.

Æg. I do not like this ſtragling, come along,
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold intruſion.

Cla. You're very welcome.
What are you going *Bellula*? pray ſtay,
Tho nature contradicts our love, I hope
That I may have your Friendſhip.

Flo. Bellula!

Bell. My Father calls; farewel; your name, and memory
In ſpite of Fate, I'll love, farewel.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not beſtow one word
Upon your faithful ſervant? do not all
My griefs and troubles for your ſake ſuſtain'd,
Deſerve, farewel *Florellus*?

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unleſs you ſtay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd ere while
To ſay you honour'd me with the next place
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now
I ſhould be firſt: do you repent your ſentence?
Or can that tongue ſound leſs than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion ſtill,
But muſt obey my Father.

Æg. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her ſelf; if conſtancy
And love be meritorious, I deſerve her.
Why Father, Mother, Siſter, Gentlemen,
Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since it muſt be ſo, I'll bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you ſee how much our Son is taken
With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
Him fitting for her Husband ſpeak, and let it
Be made a match immediately, we ſhall
Expect no other dowry than her Vertue.
Æg. Which only I can promiſe; for her Fortune
Is beneath you ſo far, that I could almoſt
Suſpect your words, but that you ſeem more noble.
How now, what ſay you girl?
Bell. I only do depend upon your Will.
Æg. And I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune.
Take her Sir, and the Gods bleſs you.
Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.
Alu. The Gods bleſs you.
Flo. They have don't already.
Æg. Leſt you ſhould think when time, and oft enjoying
Hath dull'd the point, and Edge of your affection,
That you have wrong'd your ſelf and Family,
By marring one whoſe very name, a Shepherdeſs,
Might fling ſome ſpot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
She is not mine, nor born in theſe rude Woods.
Flo. How! you ſpeak miſtick wonders.
Æg. I ſpeak truths Sir,
Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
I found a Nurſe wounded, and groaning out
Her lateſt ſpirit, and by her a fair Child,
And, which her very dreſſing might declare,
Of wealthy Parents; as ſoon as I came to them,
I asked her who had uſed her ſo inhumanely:
She anſwered me, *Turkiſh* Pyrates; and withal
Deſired me to look unto the Child,
For 'tis, ſaid ſhe, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,
His name ſhe would have ſpoke, but death permitted not.
Her as I could, I cauſed to be buried,
But brought home the little girl with me,
Where by my Wives perſwaſions we agreed,
Becauſe the Gods had bleſs'd us with no iſſue,
To nouriſh as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
Whom now you ſee, your Wife, your Daughter.
Spo. Is't poſſible?
Flo. Her manners ſhew'd her noble.
Æg. I call the Gods to witneſs, this is true.
And for the farther teſtimony of it,
I have yet kept at home the furniture,
And the rich Mantle which ſhe then was wrapt in,
Which now perhaps may ſerve for ſome good uſe
Thereby to know her Parents.
Dem. Sure this is *Aphron's* Siſter then, for juſt
About the time he mentions, I remember,
The Governour of *Pachinus*, then his Father,

Told

Told me that certain Pyrates of *Argier*
Had broke into his houſe, and ſtoln from thence
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurſe,
Who being after taken, and executed,
Their laſt confeſſion was, that they indeed
Wounded the Nurſe, but ſhe fled with the Child,
Whilſt they were buſie ſearching for more prey;
Whom ſince, her Father neither ſaw nor heard of.
Cla. Then now I'm ſure Sir, you would gladly pardon
The raſh attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter;
Since Fortune hath joyn'd both of you by Kindred.
Dem. Moſt willingly.
Spo. I, I, alas! 'twas Love.
Flo. Where ſhould we find him out?
Cla. 'Ill ſave that labour. [*Exit* Clariana.
Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the reſt
Of my good Sylvan friends? methings I would
Fain take my leave of them.
Æg. I'll fetch them hither.
They're not far off, and if you pleaſe to help
The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palæmon*,
'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them. [*Exit.*

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me *Clariana*?
Some ſteepy Mountain bury me alive,
Or Rock intomb me in its ſtony entrails:
Whom do I ſee?
Cla. Why do you ſtare, my *Aphron*?
They have forgiven all.
Dem. Come *Aphron*, welcome,
We have forgot the Wrong you did my Daughter,
The name of Love hath cover'd all; this is
A joyful day, and ſacred to great *Hymen*.
'Twere ſin not to be friends with all men now.
Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the Raſcal. [*Aſide.*
Aph. I know not what to ſay; do you all pardon me?
I have done wrong to you all, yea, to all thoſe
That have a ſhare in Virtue Can ye pardon me?
All. Moſt willingly.
Aph. Do you ſay ſo, fair Virgin?
You I have injur'd moſt: with love,
With ſaucy love, which I henceforth recall,
And will look on you with an adoration,
Not with deſire hereafter; tell me, pray,
Doth any man yet call you his?
Cal. Yes; *Philiſtus*.
Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.
The Gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am,
You are at the height already of felicity,
To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity; you ſhall not find me
Your Rival any more, though I confeſs
I honor her, and will for ever do ſo.
Clariana, I am ſo much unworthy
Of thy Love. That —
Cla. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I ſhould ſay ſo
Of my own ſelf,
Phil. How Siſter? are you two ſo near upon a match?
Aph. In our hearts Sir,
We are already joyn'd; it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,
Stile you his Brother?
Phi. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it ſhall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a day indeed; ſure *Hymen* now
Means to ſpend all his Torches.
Dem. 'Tis my Son, Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.
Aph. I underſtand not.
Dem. Had you not a Siſter?
Aph. I had Sir; but where now ſhe is none knows,
Beſides the Gods.
Dem. Is't not about ſome fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurſe ſcap'd with her from the hands.
Of Turkiſh Pyrates that beſet the Houſe?
Aph. It is Sir.
Dem. Your Siſter lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus*; this is ſhe, you ſhall be
Informed of all the circumſtances anon.
Aph. 'Tis impoſſible.
I ſhall be made too happy on the ſudden.
My Siſter found, and *Clariana* mine!
Come not too thick, good joys, you will oppreſs me.
Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Palæmon*.
Cal. Shepherds, you're welcome all; tho I have loſt
Your good Society, I hope I ſhall not
Your Friendſhip and beſt wiſhes.
Æg. Nay, here's wonders;
Now *Callidorus* is found out, a Woman,
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earneſt what before I jeſted,
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Heir.
Mel. Ha, ha, ha!
Come it's no matter for that; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks?
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha!
Alas! She's married to *Damætas*.
Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

Hyl. Hence-

Hy. Henceforth I muſt not love, but honour you—to *Callidora.*
Æg. By all the Gods I will.
Tru. He will, he will; Duck.
Mel. Of every thing?
Æg. Of every thing; I call
Theſe Gentlemen to witneſs here that ſince
I have no child to take care for; I will make
Palæmon heir to thoſe ſmall means the Gods
Have bleſs'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace*:
Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I ſcarce believe you.
Dem. We'll be his Sureties.
Mel. *Hylace*,
What think you of *Palæmon*? can you love him?
H'as our conſents, but it's no matter for that,
If he do pleaſe you, ſpeak, or now, or never.
Hy. Why do I doubt fond Girl? ſhe's now a woman.
Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.
Hy. My duty binds me not to be averſe
To what likes you.——
Mel. Why take her then *Palæmon*, ſhe's yours for ever.
Pal. With far more joy
Than I would do the wealth of both the *Indies*:
Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon.*
W' are freed from miſery with ſenſe of joy,
We are not born ſo; oh! my *Hylace*,
It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,
And cruel till this day, delights are ſweeteſt
When poiſoned with the trouble to atttain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to ſeek a Woman,
That hath out-liv'd the memory of her youth,
With skin as black as her teeth, if ſhe have any,
With a face would fright the Conſtable and his Watch
Out of their wits (and that's eaſily done you'll ſay) if they ſhould
Meet her at midnight.
Oh! are you there? I thought I ſmelt you ſomewhere;
Come hither, my ſhe *Neſtor*, pretty *Truga*,
Come hither, my ſweet Duck.
Tru. Why? are you not aſhamed to abuſe me thus,
Before this company?
Alu. I have ſomething more;
I come to ſhew the Ring before them all;
How durſt you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?
Tru. 'Tis falſe, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;
She told me ſo; but they are married now.
Alu. What do you think to flam me? why ho! here's news.
Pal. *Alupis*, art thou there? forgive my anger,
I am the happieſt man alive, *Alupis*,
Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too.

Thou

Thou ſhalt know all anon.
Tru. *Alupis*, give me —
Alu. Well rather than be troubled——
Æg. *Alupis* welcome, now w' are friends I hope;
Give me your hand.
Mel. And me.
Alu. With all my heart,
I'm glad to ſee ye have learn'd more wit at laſt.
Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whoſe care
I owe for many favours in the Woods.
You're welcome heartily; here's every body
Pair'd of a ſudden; when ſhall's ſee you married?
Alu. Me? when there are no ropes to hang my ſelf,
No rocks to break my neck down; I abhor
To live in a perpetual Belfery;
I never could abide to have a Maſter
Much leſs a Miſtris, and I will not marry,
Becauſe, *I'll ſing away the day,*
For 'tis but a folly to be melancholy,
I'll be merry whilſt I may.
Phi. You're welcome all, and I deſire you all
To be my Gueſts to day; a Wedding Dinner,
Such as the ſudden can afford, we'll have.
Come will ye walk in, Gentlemen?
Dem. Yes, yes.
What croſſes have ye born before ye joyn'd!
What Seas paſs'd through before ye touch'd the Port!
Thus Lovers do, ere they are Crown'd by Fates
With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.

FINIS.

Scena *Dunkerka.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

GNomicus.	Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Gelaſimus.	Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Morion.	Suppoſititius filius Polypori.
Bombardomachides.	Miles.
Eucomiſſa.	Filia Bombardom.
Ægle.	Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis ſoror.
Pſecas.	Ancilla Eucomiſſæ.
Æmylio.	Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.
Calliphanes, P.	Senex.
Calliphanes, F.	Ejus filius, Ægles amaſius.
Polyporus.	Mercator Anglus.
Academicus 1.	
Academicus 2.	
Mulier.	
Bajuli 2.	
Perſonæ mutæ.	
Lorarii 2.	
Bajulus.	
Exorciſta.	

PRO-

PROLOGUS.

EXi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc Spectaculo
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
Illius ergò causâ, finite exorator fiem
Ut nequis Poëtæ vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
Nisi fari inceperit, nemo est futurus eloquens.
Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem poscite; non est, Spectatores optimi,
Adulta res, sed puerilis, Ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favete & huic Flori, Ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentinò occidat.

ACTUS

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *ALUPIS.*

THE Author bid me tell you--'faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very ſlave,
If I know what to ſay; but only this,
Be merry; That my Counſel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his Brow, and ſay
'Tis fooliſh: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play;
Nor any yet of thoſe that ſit behind,
Becauſe he goes in Pluſh, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his ſpent Money grieve,
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe.
Or if you will not I'll go in, and ſee,
If I can turn the Author's mind with me
To ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be Melancholy,
Since that can't mend the Play.

Naufragium Joculare:

COMOEDIA.

Publicè coram ACADEMICIS Acta,

IN

Collegio SS. & Individuæ Trinitatis,

4° Nonas *Feb.* Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

Mart. — — *Non diſplicuiſſe meretur*
Feſtinat, Lector, qui placuiſſe tibi.

LONDINI:

Typis *M. Clark*; veneunt apud *C. Harper.* MDCC.

Doctiſſimo, Graviſſimoque Viro

Domino D. *COMBER*,

Decano *Carleolenſi* colendiſſimo, & Collegii SS. & Individuæ *Trinitatis* Magiſtro Vigilantiſſimo.

SIſte gradum : quónam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimiùm facta ſuperba togâ?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.
I, pete, ſolicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,
Et Logicæ pugno carmina ſcripta tenent.
Poſt Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in fin.
Deſtruit E dictum, deſtruit Ique modum.
Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore ſonabis;
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iſte ſibi?
I, pete Cauſſidicos: poteris ſic culta videri,
Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.
Fallor: poſt ignoramum gens cautior ille eſt;
Et didicit Muſas, Granta, timere tuas.
I, pete Lectorem nullum; ſic ſalva latebis;
Et poteris Criticas ſpernere tuta manus.
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
Diſſimile hic Domini nil decet eſſe ſuo.
Ille ſacri calamo referat myſteria verbi,
Non alia illius ſancta lucerna videt.
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pænè timenda,
Et Flavum attollit ſic veneranda caput.
At ſcio, quid dices: Noſtros Academia luſus
Spectavit; nugæ tùm placuere meæ.
Pagina ſtulta nimis! Granta eſt Hic altera ſolus;
Vel Grantæ ipſius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
Sed ſi authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)
Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ
Triſtis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub veſtro auſpicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auſpicium quod ſibi vellet idem.
Non peto ut iſta probes; tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum ſed ſatis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui noſtri dedit iſta Scholaris,
Si Socius tandem ſit, meliora dabit.

Veſtri Favoris Studioſiſſimus,

ABR. COWLEY.

Ad Lectorem.

NON *sum nescius quanto cum periculo emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sim; tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comœdiæ, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maximè placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola, ita ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantùm regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) pænè ab infantia nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusus meos; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ventum est ut hornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ ætate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admisi? Quod si crimen quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum causâ tam insolens fierem.*

Vale.

Nau-

Naufragium Joculare:

COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon. [*Celeuſma intus.*]

SIquidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum Sequimini: Ego vobis proſpiciam; nimium hi nautæ attrectant picem manibus: Mirum herclè eſt quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus Qui ſuum quotidie fatum quaſi accuratè complicant. Ut clamarunt modò! Suſurrare præ his *Tempeſtatem* diceres. Gratias habeo quod abs ſeſe, & his ſuis nos amiſit mare. Utrumq; eſt æque turbulentum, & ad adſpectum utriuſq; vomeres. Itaq; incolumem hic te videre, ſenio lætor, *Dinon: Polyporus* huc me miſit *Herus*, cum Filio ſimul Ejuſq; ſodali, ut euntibus ſervirem peregrè Quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrà quæritat, Alter & induſtriam addidit, uti inſaniret ſtrenuè. Hos ducit quaſi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo, Qui rectè ſi ſaperent ſtultos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina, atq; ſententias loquitur carnifex: Vix ſoleas, niſi ex *Virgilio* poſcet, ita poetâ abutitur. Hem *Dinon*, vin' tu homini ſtulto auſcultare mihi? Succentuti jam nunc gnaviter in corde Sycophantias: Nam ſi bolus iſte tantus eripiatur ex faucibus, Nunquam iterum occaſio dabitur, fortunatus ut ſies. Ignota regio, heri ſtolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dinon*. Plenus fallaciæ ſervus, & pecuniæ indigens Næ Oves commiſit lupo, hos mihi qui concredidit. Atq; eccos ipſos de navi; eccum autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnificè infert ſeſe! gradiri *Jambum* crederes, Concedam iſtuc: hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis ſuper ſarcinas?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus, Morion, Gelaſimus, Dinon.

Gno. Quod felix fauſtúmq; ſit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egreſſi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à Virgilio noſtro poetarum omnium facile principe, Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, tranſverſum digitum, aut unguem latum excedamus, ut pulchrè in proverbio.

Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

Gno. Dixiſſes potius tuum, Nam hoc eſſet more Aulico.

Mor. Imò utrumque, mi Tutor *Gnomice*, [*Dinon, Bajuli.*] Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; ſed quænam eſt hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota eſt de facie, quam ſi eſſet Terra incognita.

Din Adſunt *Bajuli* cum ſarcinulis.

Ba. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diverſoriam, ego oſtendam locum.

Gno Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Simo ſenex in Comœdiâ, Vos iſtæc intrò auferte; abite; *Dinon*, ſequere. Non, paucis te volo.

Mor. Dinon, ſt! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

Din. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi potius eſt, quam in hac re animo tuo obſequi.

Mor. St! *Bajuli!* quin dico, ſiſtite vos mihi *Bajuli.*

Baj. Quid eſt quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de ſarcinulis, Ne quaſſæ ſint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

Baj. Númnam inſunt vitra?

Mor. Non, non, non, ſed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læſæ Majeſtatis reus fiam; ſat ſapio mihi, diis gratias.

[*Exeunt Dinon Bajuli.*

Gno. Piſh, verbum ſapienti ſat eſt: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiam nautarum! ferit aurea ſydera clamor.

[*Celeuſma intus.*

Mor. O muſicos homines! utinam ego eſſem navita: Vix me abſtineo quin clamem. [*Clamat.* *Gelaſime*, quid tu triſtis es?

Gno. Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelaſime?*

Gel. Egon' triſtis? non; Meditabar tantùm de naturâ maris. Cui Dii Deæq; malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo poſteà. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum eſt ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis.* At antequam conſcendi navim ſolebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, ſatis, ſatis, ſatis, ſatis eſt.

Gno. Gelaſime, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

Gel. Amara res eſt oh! benè eſt, quod meipſum colligo: Hic primus jocus eſt quem dixi in his regionibus, Et eſt tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè ſoleo. Adeſte æquo animo, & meliores audietis poſtea.

Mor. Hei, ho! ohime!

Gno. Quid eſt *Morion?* cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mor. Totus contremiſco cum de rebellante meo ſtomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô ſumen! hæc omnia infelix perdidi. Obſonavi piſcibus largiter.

Gno. Quis talia fando Marmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyſſi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet à lacrymis? video certè rectè dici à veteribus.

Πέντε, ὕδωρ, γυνὴ, τεῖα κακά.

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum tranſtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mor. Prætereà, Tutor, aliquid aliud certè, me nimis malè habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul proſpeximus: Continuò ut nos propiùs acceſſimus, illa aufugit longulè! Idque ita ego obſervavi ipſe.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod Poſt nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non guſtavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimáq; alia commodè à veteribus dicta ſunt in hanc ſententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempeſtatem reminiſci.

Mor. Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cœlum irem ingratiis.

Gno. Jam-jam tacturos ſidera ſumma putes, ſed eho tu, adeon' vero metuis ἀποθανεῖν?

Mor. Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: ἀποθανεῖν?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui ſanguinis, Præ timore, ne ſub Ponti Marmore ſepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum eſt: ludo in πῷ Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? ſtabo promiſſis meis ſi attenditis.

Mor. Dii te perdant adeò in omni ſermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' verò? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

Mor. Quidni? quæſo annon ad hæreditatem nati ſumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium *Gelaſime*, vitium eſt.

Gno. Quid eſt adoleſcentes? revocate animos, mœſtumq; timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado ſumus, cum Proverbio.

Mor. Obſecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi arridet hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur Ut ſuſtineas animum ſi nunquam patrem ſis viſurus denuo?

Mor. Hercle vero ſatin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoria? Perquam moleſta res eſt Pater, ſed ni fallor non ſemper vivunt ſenes.

Gel. Video me fruſtra eſſe. neceſſe eſt ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle eſt, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atq; adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

Gel. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum eſt jam nunc: petimuſne diverſorium? Ibiq; omnem hanc ex animo eximimus laſſitudinem?

Mor. Imo illic bibamus ſtrenue.

Gel. Rectè, & poſt illa faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Facieſne adoleſcens carmina; At non conſtabunt tibi Pedes poſteaquam ſtrenuè biberis, intellextin' *Gelaſime*, quod velim per pedes annon?

Gel. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob iſtuc tè dictum amo plurimum. At niſi eripuiſſes ex ore mihi, equidem prævortiſſem te, Et certè magnus jocus eſt: donabo hunc pugillaribus, Carmina— tibi pedes— biberis— Ha, ha, ha, he: [*ſcribit.*]

Mor. Næ iſtos omnes jocos Dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuiſſem, niſi quod diem malè amiſimus.

Gno. Eamus igitur; nam ſcriptum in Poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipſe Pater nunquam

niſi

niſi potus ad arma proſiluit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphoricè & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

Gel. Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere poſſent, nunquam vel pitiſſarem poſtea. Poetam! vah! ſumne ego Filius *Polipori* natu maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos inſtituam optimis ſecundum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atq; edicam Formulas. Perſuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æquè ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præſtabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguiſque ferinæ.

Mor. Longè hercle melius. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Æmilio.

Æm. Enimvero ego jam nunc incèdo vir ornatiſſimus, Meque ipſe dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis ſuſpenſorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Ne illi veſtitu ſplent eſſe ac iſtam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam ſi eveniat, hoc volupe' eſt mihi Quod hiſce ego veſtibus commodare non poſſim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me diteſcat: ſed intereà temporis Dii voſtram fidem! quid mihi faciendum eſt miſero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis eſt) Philoſophus denuo? Qui poſſim, niſi fortè Cynicus, adeò oblatrat ſtomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum herclè omen eſt auſpicari id ſtudium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es. adjunge animum Poeticæ: Quamobrem vero? adeone parùm inops ſum, ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via'ſt ad egeſtatem: præterea fruſtra hoc ſperat animus Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, ſat ſcio, Unam de me ipſo niſi ſi Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere inſtituam? nam agendum eſſe aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præſtat manu meâ, quàm Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid eſt, opera quod conficiat mea? Niſi ſi ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præſtare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidoloſiſſimo. At non eſt, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam velim nolim, ſat citò ad Corvos eundum eſt mihi. Lubet mehercule ſuſcipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquî intendenda eſt in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Sed quis hic homo eſt, qui ſermonem noſtrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Morion* cum Tutore *Gnomico*, Ejuſdem farinæ homine & *Gelaſimo* æquali ſuo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optimè, Hos ego niſi emungam aliquî pecuniâ, Sumne ipſe ſtultus iſtorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives eſt, Neſcit quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam ſcio.

Æm. Ædepol ſervum graphicum! ex amuſſim ſententiam meam Locutus eſt adeò: hunc mihi notum eſſe oportuit, Nam idem ſentimus ambo, quod eſt in propinquâ parte amicitiæ.

Din. Age *Dinon.*

Æm. Oh, idne tibi nomen eſt?

Din. Nunc ſpecimen ſpecitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, Niſi aliquam fabricam facias, non cauſam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore predicent ſervum minimi pretii.

Æm. A me non impetro herclè, ut abſtineam diutiùs, Ita hominem amo perditè. *Dinon*, ſalve, gaudeo ſanè, quandoquidem huc ſalvus veneris, Valuiſtin' uſque?

Din. Quænam hæc larva eſt? Quantum de veſte conjecto hic ſtipem petit; Oh! ſcio quid dicturus: Miles ſum, potitus hoſtium, Occiſus jam bis in bello, confoſſus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Æm. Quaſi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon.* Ubi eſt Herus tuus? pulchrè os ſublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum noſti meum?

Æm. Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita ſentio.

Æm. Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, ſtipitem, aſinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodie uſque ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id eſt) ſuo appellat nomine. Jurares noviſſe hominem, ità depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut ſciam, Quod nomen tibi ſit amico atq; neceſſario meo.

Æm. Quaſi verò obliviſci potis ſis, facetus es, *Dinon.* [*amplectitur.*]

Din. Non non, quæſo move te abs me longius, nam licet tè amem, Memini me ſemper odiſſe ſevulos tuos, nihili beſtias.

Æm. Quos ſervulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Din. Nempe à tergo ſunt, funguntur officio ſuo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

Æm. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuiſti prius. A puero te novi, ſemper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' mordebam verò? id ſervuli faciunt tui.

Æm. Non eſt ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me feſtas meas veſtes non induiſſe hodie. Cogitabam domi me manſurum, ſed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non eſt uti laborem de veſtitu.

Din Falſum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas deceat. Sed ſi tenebris fortè ſurgeres, diligentiâ opus eſt. Ne induas ſubligacula in diploidis loco, Adeò difficile eſt utrumque in te diſtinguere.

Æm. Æſtivè tectus ſum de induſtria: ſudor me enecat.

Din. Conſilium dabo, amice, ſi me audias, perbonum, In rem tuam eſſe arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forſitan ad ſepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non feciſti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Æm. Nolo obſonare vermes.

Din. Quam pediculos ſatius eſt. Obſecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & ſubucula? Ne tantillum quidem uſquequaq; gerit lintei Quod digitum tegat, ſi eum caſu vulneret.

Æm. Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Din. Iſte galerus jam cribrum eſt. Revereri me neceſſe eſt; operire non potes caput.

Æm. Admitti ſolem volo: quæſo an id invides?

Din. Nunquam anteà oculis vidi meis ambulare ſterquilinium.

Æm. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si ſeriò faceres——

Din. Quid tum?

Æm. Acciperem joco.

Din. Ædepol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotioſum me decet eſſe aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui ſis, revortar tibi.

Æm. Obſecro, num amicum deſeris? quid faciam? *Din.* Teipſum penſilem.

Æm. Da igitur drachmam, non placet ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid eſt quod te velim. In Morionum herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxiſti, ne nega; induxti, ſcio, Hanc ſi devolvas mihimet Provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam conſutis dolis, Ut reverà me dicas poſteà neceſſarium tuum. Miles hanc domum noſtræ commiſit fidei ſervandam in reditum ſuum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunus iſtic locus eſt, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modeſtiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; præhendero, ut oppidò ſe tactos credant modo ſi conſperim.

Din Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunſa ſit, mihi valdè cautio eſt. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Æm. Idem à te caveo, *Dinon*, Nam propè adſtitiſti: ſalva res, nihil nactus es.

Din. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auſpicio liquido. Nam cum iſthoc comite vel ipſi Mercurio verba darem, Ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam eſſe? *Æm. Æmylioni.*

Din. Tum bene *Æmylio* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò jusjurandum te fidelem fore?

Æm. Do deos teſtes: quæſo cui mortalium Præſtanda eſt, fidem ſi inter noſmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui ſint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quaſi ætatem noſſem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

Din. In via tibi dicam omnia: ſed cum iſtoccine Ornatu, mi *Æmylio*?

Æm. Piſh, potin' ut quieſcas? Annon veſtitus tibi videor ſatis baſilicè?

Din. Ut voles, eſto: ſatin' ex improviſo tandem amicitia tanta icta eſt?

Æm. Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem!

Æm. Meus Pilades!

Din. Oreſtes meus!

Æm. Meus—— θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς!

Din. Mitte tricas, I præ, ſequar.

Æm. Quaſi eſſem tam malè moratus, mi Pilades? Peregrino ſemper——

Din. Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere, tibi herclè locum cedo, tu major nebulo es.

Æm. Eamus ergo ſimul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas eamus. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelaſimus, Morion, Puer.

Gn. Uti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ ſecundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hun:

hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, ἀπὸ τῶν πλαστῶν dictus! ſic Horatius Diem condere, & ὁ ποιητὴς Latii per excellentiam, Jamq; diem clauſo componit veſper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua eſt? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam dies mortua'ſt Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur ſanè, aut ſuſpendat ſe, ſi volt. *Puer*, cedo vinum. Hum—nullumne magi' vetus?

Pu. Illicò, Illicò. [*bibit.*]
Nullus eſt in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, Si ejus frater eſſes.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non ſum ego Polyporo unicus? ſed periculum faciam, [*bibit.*]

Pu. Et ſcintillulat, quaſi——

Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortaſſis hoc præſtat——certè ſcintillat probé. [*bibit.*]
Quid (malum) an capras pedes meos?

Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus ſum melius—da Tutori, *Puer*. [*bibit.*]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non poſſum eſſe hic & illic ſimul.

Gel. Obſtupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi ſis

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adeſdum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Ge. Ita nimiò exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocius in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuſcum loquor ſemper macto infortunio. Hominem tetigi jocis quarto Nonas Februarii ſub ſigno Roſæ. [*ſcribit.*]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelaſime*. Ingenui vultus puer eſt, ingenuiq; pudoris. Adi ſis propiùs: quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput, Neſcis derivari ἄνθρωπον ἀπὸ τοῦ ἄνω ὁρᾶν; Pronaq; cum ſpectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri Juſſit, & erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit reſpondere; ita joco interfeci modo. Euge *Gelaſime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocius vinum: quid horas bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? ſit Coum, Maſſicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cæcubum, atque audin'? ne ſit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namq; hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocius in Roſam.

Mo. Puer revertere ſis: Fac poculum teipſo majus uti ſimul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

Scena Sexta.

Æmylio iiſdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fidicinem: Abi cum cantiunculis novis.

Æm. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ quæritis: vinum non bibunt, Niſi fortè in Principis natali cum ex canalibus ſunditur.

Æm. Quin abi in malam rem furcifer-rule.——

Pu. Illico; illico. [*Exit.*]

Æm. Salvere vos plurimùm jubet amicus voſter vetus: Et vivos valenteſque huc adveniſſe id volupe eſt mihi. Facit hoc fortaſſe veſtis inſolentia Ut fugiat vos memoria qui ſim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigiſti, nam ſic melius dictum reor.

Æm. At veſtrum ego & memini & ſemper faciam ut meminero. Nam *Morionis* patri *Polyporo* jam olim ſummus fui, Poſtquam peregrè advenientem hoſpitio me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonâ memoriâ es: didiciſſe artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) inveniſſe dicitur *Simonides*.

Æm. *Gelaſime* ſalve (Dii faciant ne falſus ſim) ſalve *Morion*.

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed ſi vis, ſalve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid veſtes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ) abierunt peregrè?

Æm. Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi adveniſſe properavi viſere.

Gel. Ædepol veſtes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An oſtenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

Æm. Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod ſignificaras mihi, Nam illic jocus eſt, *Gelaſime*, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iſte proculdubiò, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An oſtenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, poſt ſcribam tamen.

Æm. Hanc mihi quam videtis, ſtragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos Pyrii pulveris objectu eſt naribus?

Gel. O

Gel. O bellum quaſi minimè bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam ceſſabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios pluſquam cide vilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoriâ? Pudet obliviſci familiaris tam malè, Ne ſuperbum dicat, aſſimulabo quaſi ſciam. Incertus ſum quis fiet, ſed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

Æm. Ut valet uxor *Polypori*? ut ſeneautem fert?

Gel. Quaſi injuriam Malè; Si centum peregrini adſint Nunquam tamen omittam iſtoc ſcribere. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ohe! jam ſatis eſt, nunc ſalve, amice optime, Diſſimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quaſi non poſſem prius.

Gel. Noſtin' verò, Tutor, ſeriò? dic nomen obſecro.

Gno. Nomen? quaſi— vorſatur mihi in labris primoribus.

Æm. Perii: nomen amiſi: oh! *Peripolemarchus* eſt.

Gno. Dii boni! ita eſt profectò: ſæpè obliviſcimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetiſſimè, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoque cum animo cogitem, quaſi per nebulam memini Me vidiſſe illam faciem.

Mor. Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! *Periplo—Periplome*— Non multum refert, noſti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni ſervanda eſt Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelaſime.*

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ità diriſi modò.

Gno. Heus puer, aſcende ad culmina tecti.

Puer. [*Subt.*] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquuntur aſparagi, En, age ſegnes Rumpe moras.

Æm. Prædam habeo: Salvus ſum: tres hoſce Aſinos Duæ res ſtatim peſſundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter ſiccamus cyathos, Jube cythariſtria intus nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumfer tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A ſummo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchrè admones. Juvat inſanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis ſum ſanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibriſſat! [*cantio.*]

Gno. Hem, *Morion*, clauduntur lumina ſomno?

Mor. Non, non, non. Sine me eſſe nihili.

Gel. Madet pol *Morion.*

Mor. Madeon' *Gelaſime?* An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium *Peripomarchides.*

Gel. Videon' ego circumfuſam illic turbam hominum? Planè ebrius es *Gelaſime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus — hic illius arma Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnufex Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi ſuperum, ſævæ memorem— porrige mihi poculum. Amicè, benè me, benè te, benè noſter Virgilius. Arma virumq; cano — [*bibit.*]

Mor. Benè habet: ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium.

Din. Horunce hic ego facta & ſermones legam. Quam ſtrenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, ſi vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, ſi Baccho placet, in hunc modum: hilarem Sumemus diem, atq; amœnum: Ebrietatem ſitio.

Æm. Niſi diſſimulem quaſi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

Mor. Ego non ebrius *Gelaſime.*

Gel. Neque ego.

Mor. Neque ego.

Gel. Benè igitur; ſalutem tibi.

Mor. Enimverò ego ſum ingenioſiſſimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mor. Tun' magis?

Gel. Inquam magis.

Mor. Benè, ſum tamen ingenioſiſſimus hem! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abſtineo equidem, ità te amo *Morion.*

Mor. O *Gelaſime*!

Gel. O *Morion*!

Gno. Move manus ocyus; [*Exit Puer*] [*Dinon intùs ſonitum facit & celeuſma.*] Quid ſtas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mor. Dii voſtram fidem! tempeſtatem magnam! eamus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempeſtatem verò! certo certius turbo exortus eſt, Ità vehementer conquaſſat navim, ut vix queam ſtare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, ſtridorq; rudentum! Satin' in navi nos eſſe oblitus fui? hem! curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forſitan in Scopulum, Tempeſtas increbreſcit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos! Periimus, navis periit, ad extrema ſe paret quiſque. Neſciunt jam vocem meam; ego, pulchrè deluſos dabo.

Æm. Dinonis illa vox eſt; Eugepæ! factum eſt optimè.

Gno. Apparent adhuc ſidera: hìc Pollux, illic Caſtor eſt. [*ad lucernas*]

Æm.

Æm. Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

Din. Vix horæ dimidium; periimus!

Mor. Heu quid faciam miſer? Præ timore iterùm vomam; ſi jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo poſteà.

Æm. Adeſdum, adeſdum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Poſterior nono eſt, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O ſi quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non poſſum non jocari hoc ipſo in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mor. Non poſſum pati me mori. [*genu flectit.*]
O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit*] Madui quoties! [*bibit*] Quoties ſcortatus ſum! [*bibit*] Nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam poſt hæc bibam, [*bibit*] abi ſis uter miſer. [*frangit.*]
Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

Gno. Maximè:
O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis.
Contigit oppetere.

Pu. Ecquid nos vocaſtis?

Æm. Dii te perdant, ita inopportunè huc te conjicis. Abi ſis furcifer. [*extrudit.*

Gno. Quod fit?

Æm. Rogas? Vidiſtin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adſtitit?

Gel. Non, erat piſcis magnus.

Æm. Piſcis?

Gel. Piſcis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piſcis, ex voce id ſatis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti ſunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera eſt. Actum de nobis Socii.

Mor. O mortem — quid faciam? Obſecro atque oro vos piſces mihi parcite. Ego filius ſum *Polypori* natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Periimus, ho! ſocii, periimus, abſorbet nos mare, [*dejecit.*
Jam, jam abſorbet, periimus.

Gn. O nos miſeros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipſa non poterit Salus, Ut peſſime Comicus. O Peripolemarche, quæſo duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obſecro. [*Detrudit in cellam Bombard.*

Mor. Valete; ego jam moriar. [*cadit.*

Din. Ha, ha, ha! Dii voſtram fidem rem venuſtam & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit iſthæc fabrica.

Æm. St! ſt! *Dinon*, ſt! deſcende, altum dormiunt; [*Dinon deſcendit.*
Næ ego multum fallor, niſi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Puer ingreditur.

Pu. Non, non, non; repreſentabam prius Pecuniam oportet eſſe pro his quos fecerunt ſumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis loculos ſpoliat, & dat Puero pecuniam.*

Æm. Pecuniam? lubentiſſimè, lubentiſſimè accipe ſis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc aſinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*

Æm. O Jovem, cæteroſque cœlites! [*Tollunt Morionem.*
Neceſſe eſt riſu ſpectatores emorier,
Si rem transferret iſtam in Comœdiam quiſpiam. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon, Æmylio habitu *Morionis.*

Din. *Æmylio*, ecquid ſtas animo? quin iterum inquam *Æmylio:* Hæredis illæ veſtes ſunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

Æm. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator poſteà, Quamquam inſolens fecero, ſi ſermonem feram cum ſervulo, Fortunas haſce meas ſublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præſtitiſti, hem manum ad oſcula.

Din. Faxo pol oſculeris meam, ſiquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Æm. Siquidem herclè ingeras, faxo mihi os eſſe ſenſeris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi ſemper ſervulos tuos, nihili beſtias, Scio quid dicturus, miles ſum, potitus hoſtium, Occiſus bis in bello, confoſſus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Din. Quaſi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Æmylio.*

Æm. Ego Comes *Æmylio* vocor, ne nomen neſcias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Æmylio*, reſpondeas velim.

Æm. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, audacter loquere.

Din.

Din. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo: Nunc te, ſcripſiſtin' literas ad *Polyporum?*

Æm. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis majoribus impediti, ſæpe non advertimus quæ dicta ſunt.

Din. Exemplar literarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, Jamne audis?

Æm. Hum! Literarum? poteſt fieri ut oſtendam tibi.

Din. Poteſt fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, niſi mittas has tricas.

Æm. Obloqueris mihi ſic ornato? lege has inquam, ocyus.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & ſeorſim, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monſtra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duoſque amicos; ſervo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me ſuperbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi ſi cupis, tantum eſt, Vale. *Dux Bombardomachides.* Obſecro an in hunc modum ſcribit *Bombardomachides?*

Æm. Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Din. Avi ſiniſtrâ hæc res procedit, atq; ex ſententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Æm. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem.* Tu cuſtodem; barbam induas, atq; ornamenta cætera. [*Induit.*

Hem iſtuc ocyùs: jam Cuſtos purus putus es. Abi, atq; educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti ſint vi & armis: hic vos operibor, abi. [*Exit Dinon.*

Poteram ego nunc univerſos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipſum pene metuo: ne perſonatus *Bombardomachides* Verum *Æmylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorſa es, *Chlamis?* Efficiam ut rectius ſedeas: Hei! iſthæc tiara'ſt, *Pyramis* Exædificabo cum hac caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim geſto, Hem. Ego ſum *Bombardomachidiſſimus.* [*ornat ſe.*

Gno. Una ſalus victis nullam ſperare ſalutem. [*Intus.*

Gel Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnabam quemadmodum, Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Din. Strenuiſſimè omnium.

Gel. Certè: niſi multum me fallit memoria.

Mor. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur ſæpè fortiſſimi; Tutor, bono animo es.

Gno. Maximè: nam dictum eſt veriſſimè. In re malâ animo ſi bono utare, juvat.

Din. Sequimini, [*Exit.*

Æm. Adſunt; ego nondum comparebo.

Scena Secunda.

Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelaſimus, Morion (habitu Æmylionis.)

Mor. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non ſum *Morion.*

Gno. Quid ais?

Mor. Per Deos Immortales non ſum, ego novi *Morionem* ſat benè.

Gno. De cœlo deſcendit γνῶθι σαυτὸν, Noſcis teipſum.

Mor. Non, non, non novi meherculè.

Gno. Quis igitur es?

Mor. Quomodo ego ſcire poſſim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mor. Sûmne? benè habet: ſed unde hæ veſtes, *Gelaſime?*

Gel. Sane neſcio.

Mor. Neſcis *Gelaſime?* an hoc ſufficit! quid ego reſpondeam patri? Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

Gno. Non equidem invideo, miror magis——

Mor. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per iſthæc foramina.

Gel. Quaſi feneſtras habet.

Mor. Feneſtras! imò fores: habet fores *Gelaſime,* hei mihi!

Gel. Omnes ingenioſi ſunt infelices propemodùm. Utinam caviſſem iſthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, ſed ego morem geſſi, & tamen veſtes perdidi.

Gno. Ego idem te admonui, ſeu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ità comptè loquor in miſeriis? Jam licet tibi verè dicere *Gelaſime.* Ingenio perii Naſo Poeta meo.

Din. Niſi aliter vobis viſum eſt accerſam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

Gno. Imò; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poeta reſpondere docuit, Coram, quem, quæritis, adſum, Trojus Æneas.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his veſtimentis? dic, qui ſim, Tutor.

Din. Expectant te; cave ſis titubes; atq; audin' etiam? Fac riſum teneas, nam periculum id eſt.

Æm. Piſh: vultum in manu habeo. *Æmylio.*

Gel. Baſilicè ſe infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui ſpectatorum omnium oculos fertur perſtringere.

Gno. Ora humeroſq; Deo ſimilis!

Mor. Totus horreo tremoq;; ego ſtatim vomam.

Æm.

Æm. Tonitru cum hoſtes vicimus feros bellico, Vincere & noſmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens noſtra frangi neſcit, at flecti poteſt.

Gno. O quem te memorem, Miles, namq; haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat, O Dea certé!

Æm. Eripere poſſumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur poteſtas Jovis, Medio ſic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis poſſim, eſtis vos experti ſatis, Dabimus alterna, ſic viſum eſt Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in poſteriora decidit, Anima exire noſtra per poſticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

Æm. Ob hoc *Polyporo* celerem miſi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos ſalvos ducat.

Gno. Mecænas Atavis edite Regibus, O & præſidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterùm reviviſcam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.

Gel. Ut jam miteſcit ferox! haud multùm aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in fœminam migrat, Boni ingenii eſt ſimilitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparationem aliquando jocis præfero.

Æm. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longùm file.

Mor. Ego? ſervus tuus ——

Æm. Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

Mor. Favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus.

Æm. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

Æm. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam eſſet dignum quod exaudias.

Æm. Fruſtrà ſum: tuum?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelaſimi*.

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi aſſentari poſſum magis. [*Scribit*] Inſinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto nonas *Feb.*

Æm. Tuum.

Gno. Sed ſi tantus amor nomen cognoſcere noſtrum Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, luctuq; refugit Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (ſi tibi viſum fuerit) ſeu *Gnomico* nomen eſt mihi.

Æm. Fac ſerve officium: rurſum revortar intrò. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captu'ſt.

Mor. Non reſpondebam illi ruſticè *Gelaſime*. Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licet indigeam veſtium.

Din. Placetne hinc vos? *Gel.* Quo? *Din.* Unde educti.

Gel. In cellam illam anguſtam ac tenebricoſam obſecro? Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

Din. Scilicet; donec vos *Polyporus*.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam ſi diutiùs hos pannos conſpiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gno. Plautus Comœdiam ſcripſit, cui Captivi titulus. Vates ô Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum'ſt. Nos jam Captivi. Διὸς δ' ἐπελήθετο βυλή.

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revortere ſis ocyùs Tutor.

Gno. Quid eſt?

Mor. Nihil jam; ſed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus ſodes.

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Abſumptus ſum planiſſimè: *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ.
Neque unquam ex illius ſententiis habeo, quâ me conſoler miſerum.
Nempe hoc in more poſitum eſt, Generoſus factus continuo ut vapulet.
Incertum eſt quid agam, ita iſthæc res ſubitaria'ſt.
Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; in quam *Dinon.*

Intrat Dinon.

Din. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Æm. Qui poſſim? modò in viâ——

Din. Bombardomachidem?

Æm. Dixti. Nullus ſum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obſecro?

Æm. Quid adeſt: vix punctum temporis ad conſilium datur.
Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Din Imò piſtrinum, fuſtes, vincula: iſthæc ne loquatur plus metuo.
Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Æm Hum! nimium hoc calidum eſt: imò ſi erit——.
Dinon, ita facito.

Din. Quid?

Æm. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Æm. Ad ſummam domum aſcendas ocyùs, & continuo ubi ille in ædes ſe penetrâ it, fac ſonitum horrendum facias. Quaſi (intellextin'?) quaſi eſſes Dæmon aliquis.

Din. Quamobrem ?

Æm. Piſh, id mora eſt dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo : ſed vidiſtin' ipſe Militem ?

Æm. Duobus his inquam oculis : moleſtus es.

Din. Abeo : verum dices Dæmonem. [*Exit*]

Æm. Ecce autem adeſt ! morari certum eſt aliquî hominem.

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Æmylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga ?
Ubi ſum ? ſub ortu Soliſ, an ſub cardine
Glacialis urſæ ? numquid Heſperii maris
Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum !
O ſalve Domus, voſque Penates Dei.
Videon' te Patria ? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax, non ludit : video ſatis.

Æm. Non opus eſt ; manedum, & ego te ludam ſatis. Hum— plenum id pericli eſt—hanc prius inſiſtam viam.

Bom. Fores pulſabo noſtras, pulſabo pede,
Anticipat quis me ? mortem quis quærit ſibi ? [*Æm. pulſat.*]
Verumne cerno corpus ? an fallor malâ
Deceptus umbrâ ? verum eſt ? quid velit ſciam.

Æm. Expergiſcere enſis : teque ad officium para : Nam fartum ex milite faciam, & comedam poſteâ.

Bom. O Scelus ! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,
Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo,
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,
Gannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos ?
Abibo, atque iſti cedam furori locum,
Pati nam mortem poſſum, at exedi pudet,
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia eſt.

Æm. Quis iſtic ? hem ! revortere, ſi malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, ſed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non ſum, credo, falleris.

Æm. Proh deos, deaſque omnes ! men' falli dicis.

Bom Non dico ; at magni ſæpè falluntur viri. Iratus ne ſis ; ira nam res eſt mala.

Æm. Tun' noſti ubi ſit gentium *Bombardomachides* ?

Bom. Non novi.

Æm. At niſi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cœlum, & cœli faces non notum eſt mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injuratam gero.

Æm. Sed noſti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo.
Imò fortè novi, & non novi forſitan,
Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

Æm. Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum ?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi ? non eſt vir bonus.

Æm. Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.
Si has in ædes intrà menſem ſe conjiciat,
Ita inornatum dabo ſecundum virtutes ſuas,
Ut iſtum perpetuo locum pejus angue, oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar : periclum ſapiens fugit.

Æm. Ha, ha, ha, ha, veſtis commutata quid facit ?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit ? — faciem vidi prius —
Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquando bonum eſt.
Ipſus eſt ; dominum ſervus deludis tuum ?
Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,
Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
Eripiat oculis ?

Æm. Occiſa res eſt, perii.
Adveniſſe ſalvum gaudeo ; valuiſtin' uſq; athleticè ?
Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas ? timendum eſt ; aliquis hic erat dolus.

Æm. Nunc homini ſubpalpabor : experiri volui, Utrum iſtoc ſub ornatu ſatis deliteſcerem, Tu noſti uſque in initio quanquam diſſimulaſti ſedulò, Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus eſt.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum Jovem, Sed in jocantes rurſus jocari placet.

Æm. Scio, ſed ubi eſt *Eucomiſſa*, & ſoror mea ?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines ?

Æm. Quid hic ſermones cædimus : ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Æm. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium ? *Bom.* Domi.

Æm. Quid ? annon menſis eſt cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Deſine : jocari nolo.

Æm. Hem ! nondum hoc dixi tibi ? Satin' oblitus fui ; adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus eſt ? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum iſthæc habitatio eſt. Quotidiè colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diverſos ſonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, ſi, quæ monſtra hic fiunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem mirum : nulla quam credet

credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

Æm. Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram,
Tantum hæc mihi res de improviso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuistin'? non oportuit servum meum Metuisse quicquam?

Æm. Rectè, si esset similis tui.
Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus istoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Æm. Vellem meherculè te testem hujus rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atq; huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est. Abeas—*Æmylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

Æm. Id scio: obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

Æm. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna pernicies adest. Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, Sed rapior: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phœbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque ruptum merseris cœlo Diem.

Dim. [*Supra.*] Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Tùq; O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, Eucomissa, Ægle, Pfecas, Bombard. Servus.

Æm. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio leges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' ego?

Æg. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Ægle*, dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. *Pfecas*, quin *Pfecas*, inquam, surda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Quâ facie erant *Pfecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac—— & clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Æg. O mirum! tota trepido

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo——perge *Pfecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illicò fugere.

Eu. Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

Eu. O, jam intelligo *Pfecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio videre istos Cacodæmones.

Pf. Imò si magis noveris *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Pfecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit——

Eu. Quid? Eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem——Nos omnes admirari illicò.

Æg. Profectò hic ipse'st Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Pfecas*?

Pf. Imò sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumq; etiam animalium, Imò novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atq; inde evenire solet tot quod infamiant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis, Demerguntque se aliquando in ganeum, Atq; illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cœnam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere spectra.

Æg. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphanes Pater, *Calliphanes* Filius. *Æmylio, Eucomissa, &c.*

Æg. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Pfecas* Tam viri similem.

Æg. At ego ne Jovem prætero in se ferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihil est.

Cal. p. Bombardomachides salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias: ſed multus animo occurſat dolor, En alta muri decora, & congeſtas trabes, Ut omnis latè ſplendet infelix domus! Quicunque regno fidit, & magnâ potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit Deos Me videat & te Domus.

Cal. p. Quid ait *Æmylio?*

Æm. Nempe quia ſpectrorum plena eſt, id dolet.

Cal. p. Spectrorum? ubi ſunt? [*utitur ſpec.* Nulla hic video *Æmylio.*

Æm. At intus potes ſine quatuor oculis.

Cal. f. Si ita eſt Pater, utantur noſtrâ domo: ſupereſt illic locus.

Cal. p. Nunquam vidi melius conſilium dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides?* Potes ibi opportunè filiam tuam huic noſtro nuptum dare.

Bom. Conſilium bonum eſt, animoque arridet meo.

Cal. f. Sed ubi eſt Virgo? reliquiſtin' ruri?

Bom. Sæpe reſpicias; ſæpe, quod quæras, adeſt.

Cal. f. Latere miror poſſe tam diu ſidera. [*Oſculatur.* Rediiſſe ſalvas gaudeo, & meum ſimul Hunc eſſe reditum credo, nam vobiſcum abfui: Condonate Amore cæco, vos ſi conſpexi minus.

Eu. Si nunquam conſpicias poſteà lubenter tamen condonabimus, Miſericordes omnes ſumus naturâ mulieres.

Æg. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes?* imò oculis nimium vales, Quod nec eſt, nec futurum eſt vides, cum nos appelles ſidera.

Cal. f. Imò *Ægle* verum dixi! nam ſi cœli facibus Formoſum nondum nomen imponeretur ſiderum, Propter ſimilitudinem quandam veſtrum id jam nanciſci poterant.

Pſ. O Diana! toto corde amo has confabulatiunculas.

Bom. Calliphanes, oculis nil tale objectum eſt meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculcavi loca Aſiæq$_{n}$, Europæq$_{n}$, Americæ atq$_{n}$ Africæ, Aliaſque terræ partes quas taceo ſciens.

Cal. p. Memini idem accidere olim cum eſſem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Grammaticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum! quinquageſimo ſecundo—hum? non convenit numerus, O—quinquageſimo tertio—is profectò annus eſt.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut voles.

Eu. Aperi ſis oſtium *Æmylio.*

Æm. Perii in perpetuum modum, Nimiò nimis metuo ut ſint iſti probi Cacodæmones. Sane' es? credin' illos aſpectui tuo objici perperam?

Eu. Num loquuntur?

Æm. Satis id quidem: ſed horrendum in modum, Cave ſis ne animam agas.

Eu. Diſputabit cum illis *Pſecas.*

Pſ. Parata ſum ſatis *Æmylio*, ante hoc temporis diſputavi cum Dæmone.

Æm. Scio te bonâ eſſe voce: proculdubio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas, tubas & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pſ. Itane me accipis indignis modis? nunquid criſtas erigis De illis veſtimentis? amabo, unde habes, mi *Æmylio.*

Æm. Piſh, dicam tibi cum ſit otium. Quid ais *Calliphanes?*

Cal. f. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi ſis.

Cal p. Quid ſtas lapis? quin aperis?

Æm. Dii te ſilicernium—Unum pedem in Charontis cymbâ habet (ſecum) Et altero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios?

Bom. Ha!

Cal f. Nihil eſt: crepuerunt fores.

Æg. Crepuerunt? O ſordidas fores.

Dm. Oho, oho, oho, Urite, fundite, tundite, vertite domum. [*Suprà.*

Bom. Oho, oh—valete: & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non ſuſtineo tot timidos ſimul. [*Exit Bomb.*

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox eſt, *Pſecas.*

Æg. Abeamus obſecro, *Calliphanes.*

Gno. Flectere ſi nequeam ſuperos, Acheronta movebo. [*ſubt.*

Cal. f. O Poeticum Dæmon!

Æg. Eſt furioſiſſimus omnium proculdubio.

Cal. p. Mira ſunt: nunquam vidi tale quid, niſi anno abhinc quinquageſimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto ſum in Barathro. [*ſubter.*

Eu. O *Pſecas*, quid faciam?

Pſ. Quid? faciam periculum in diſputatione. Quodnam eſt tibi nomen Dæmon?

Æm. Itane ineptè ſtulta es? cave ne te rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pſ. Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos effodiam Carnifici.

Gno. Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἴδιδεν μεδέων, κύδιστε, μέγιστε, Καὶ πόταμοι, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ νέρθε καμόντες, Τίμης μάρτυροί ἐστε.

Pſ. Immo etſi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego bene intelligo.

Æm. Abi ſis ſtulta: Græcum & hoc tibi.

Dm. Oho meretrix!

Pſ.

Pſ. O ſcelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Æm. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon eſt.

Æg. O Venus! nihilne vides *Eucomiſſa?*

Eu. Maxime: ubi eſt?

Æg. Ingentem, nigrum Urſum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum caudâ Igneâ.

Cal.f. Ubi eſt? ego nihil planè.

Æm. Nihil? circumſpice: ut ſcintillant oculi! *Pſecas* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Pſ. Oh!

Cal.p. Quid aiunt *Æmylio?*

Æm. Ingentem belluam illic—— vide modo.

Cal.p. Ubi ſunt ſpecularia mea? Oh niſi fallor Leopardus eſt. Quid hoc monſtri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illicò. [*Sonitus ſup.*

Eu. O *Ægle!* cedo manum & fugiamus [*Exeunt.*

[*Infra ſonant Catenæ.*]

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ, deſcende ut te exoſculer bone Cacoodæmon. [*Exit.*

Din. Venio: urite, fundite, fundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [*Deſcendit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. AGE, incipe *Dinon.*

Din Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

I.

Æm. *Purgate cerebrum, Medici O inſani,*
Nec ſitis amplius Mortis Publicani,
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum miſſi, poſteà morbi.
Doctrina cœpit ægrotare,
Et Seſe voluit expurgare:
Tum veſtrum quidam vomitu per ora
Exiſtis, quidam per Poſteriora:
Sic natos, via eſt inventa,
Ut vos nutrirent Excrementa.
Nos melius homines evacuamus,
Et loculis Clyſtërium damus.
Am. *O ſacram rem! ſcientia talis*
Dicenda eſt ſola Liberalis.

II.

Din. *Sartores legum, ſtentorumque natio,*
Jam vobis longa facta eſt Vacatio.
Veſtri parentes litigarunt
Tunc cum voſmet generarunt,
O vos miſeros ſi uxores
Similis veſtri eſſent oris!
At ſuos multæ Clientes habuerunt
Tunc veſtras cauſas alii egerunt.
Rectè nam nulli velint haberi
Cauſidicorum filii veri,
Jam vobis fallere Lege ne ſit curæ,
Sed fallite nobiſcum Jure.
Am. *O ſacram rem! &c.*

III.

Æm. *Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymiſta,*
Argentum, niſi vivum, non habet iſta,
Cum qui ſunt & qui fuerunt
Omnes Philoſophi eguerunt.
Quem fore reris divitem
Per Philoſophicum lapidem?
Huc adſis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:
Quid aliud ſtultus, niſi Philoſophi lapis?
Hunc ſapiens coquet, diſtillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex ſyderibus quæris curſum Fati?
Prudentium gratia ſtulti nati.
Am. *O ſacram rem! &c.*

IV.

Din. *Præteritorum, Mathematici, Vates,*
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.
Queis cœlum creditur magis notum,
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum
Qui illud tam ſe putant ſcire
Illuc ut recuſent ire.
Vos, à ſecretis ſyderum ——

Æm. Aufer te ocyùs mathematicè, nam adeſt *Bombard*

Din. Opportunè; nam hærere cœpit carmen— *Scientia talis*
Dicenda eſt ſola Liberalis. [*Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Bombardomachides.

Bom. *Æmylio.*

Æm. Hem!

Bom. Quis ſomnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? *Æmylio*, rurſus voce non parcâ tono.

Æm. Et ego rurſus tono. Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca
Nigri profundo Tartari emiſſus ſpecu,
Incertus utras oderit ſedes magis.

Æm. Quam longum eſt iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herclè viatico uſus eſt.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Noſtros cruentus occupat ſerpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

Æm. Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut ſciam, qui primus id locutus tibi ſum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares,
Hic fulminantes ſtringere jambos decet.
Quis O Cothurnis mille ſat clarum boet?

Æm. Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam inſtar habuiſti pulchrè.

Bom. Eſt intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)
Quique evocavit nubibus ſiccis aquas,
Egitque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves
Interius undas æſtibus victis dedit.
Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris
Et Solem & Aſtra vidit.

Æm. Orationem compendiface; ſcio quid ſequitur,
Et vetitum mare tetigiſtis urſæ, Temporum flexæ vices, &c.
Nempe hic poſt tot ambages tandem exorciſta eſt.

Bom. Hic monſtra tanta voce terrebit ſuâ.

Æm. Prohibeſſint Superi, cave ne committas tandem,
Ut malè dictitetur tibi in ſermone publico,
Si cum iſtarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Æm. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par eſt facere: Ubi is eſt?

Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum eſt; Adeſt:
Parum eſt & hoc, quin, Adfuit — Claves mihi.

Æm. Quamobrem?

Bom. Illis ictu noſter hic cardo ſtrepet;
Ædeſq; viſet—Verba compeſcas miſer,
Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.

Æm. O quantum eſt deorum, quid me jam fiet denique!
Itáne tantum facinus tam inſigniter in te admittere?
Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius
Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax
Conſtet æſtus unda, & Ionio ſeges
Matura pelago ſurget, uti modò pulcherrimè
Dixiſti: I præ, ſequor, ſubſequor te.

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo conſilium placet.

Æm. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina
Quam nequiter expetivit!

Scena Tertia.

Dinon.

O *Dinon* audiſtin' nos nullos eſſe?

Din. Auſcultavi ab oſtio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.
Hoc eſt ſcilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere.
Perdidiſti nos planiſſimè. *O ſacram rem! Scientia talis*
Dicenda eſt ſolâ Liberalis. Quando aderit ille
Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeò Cacodæmones?

Æm. Modo.

Din. Modo?

Æm. Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratiis meis.

Din. Sed enim quid de Captivis?

Æm. Manta modò: iſthuc ibam.
Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mihi in mentem fuit.
Abi ſanè, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem?

Æm. Illic (noſtin'!) ſcholam aliquam aperiant.
Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimu'ſt.
Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæſtum tam ingentem facient,
Ut brevi ſe captos redimant præſenti pecuniâ.
Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & uſitatum minus.

Din. Quid ſi literas?

Æm. Pol iſtud nunc dierum inuſitatum ſatis.
Sed quis eas gratis diſcet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abeſt?

Din.

Din. Cheiromantiam, Phyſiognomoniam aut aliquid ejuſmodi?
Æm. Omnes jam illas technas deſpicatas habent ac nihili
Niſi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquiſitum eat,
Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta ſit futura.
Din. Quid tandem?
Æm. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt
Façeti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant viam;
Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum malunt,
Ita riſum, captant, & habent quod volunt, nam mehercle ſunt ridiculi;
Eâdem hâc ſcabie laborat *Gelaſimus*, ut qui maxime.
Din. Vis Itaque illos profiteri Jocandi Artem?
Æm. Tenes.
Din. At enim commovere riſum nequeunt, niſi deridendos ſe propinent.
Æm. Recte: hoc eſt jocari nunc dierum, præterea quis eſt qui nequit
In cognatione verborum, & ſimpathiâ quâdam ludere?
Quot vocabula ad ſutorem pertinent, quaſi deſtinata hujuſmodi ſalibus?
Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philoſophum?
Ars Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis ſcala,
Converſio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæſare.
Celarent, Ferio, Feſtino, ſic tollo, Dictum ſimpliciter,
Secundum quid, Diſputo ad Hominem, Reduplicavè, &c.
Nam ad Concluſionem venio, Terminorum hic uſus optimus eſt.
Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non eſſe ſcriptos ſerió.
Commoda ſunt & Authorum quorundam nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,
Toſtatus, Suareſius, Naſo, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.
Bom. Æmylio. [*intus.*]
Æm. Me vocat, illicó. Quid dixi? oh! eſt aliud genus ſalis.
Deridere omnes mortales: parata ſint (nam vacua pudet eſſe pugillaria)
Scommata in omne genus hominum; ſed hi joci conſiſtunt plurimum
In ridendo clare, in contrahendo naſum, & induendo jocularem faciem.
Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis eſt, ſi attrectant benè,
Aliquando etiam jurent ornamenti gratiâ, ſed Dii boni!
(Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos
Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant petitum foras,
Ex Conviviis, Diſputationibus, Comœdiis, Concionibus.
Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales habere debent
Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generoſos jocos.
Hæc & ſimilia doce illos, abi ſis; fac officium; ſed audin'?
Adeſto illis ſemper, ne liberati in pedes ſe conjiciant. Quo ego jam faciam.
Din. Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem? ha, ha, ha! *O miram rem! Scientia talis Dicenda eſt ſola Liberalis.* [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphanes Pater, *Calliphanes* Filius.

Cal. p. Itane obſtinatè operam das facere me advorſum omnia?
Ego iſtuc ætatis obſequens obedienſq; eram imperio Patris.
In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam lucro.
Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere,
Cui, tantum dotis dictum eſt?
Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?
Cal. p Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodie Pater?
Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infauſtâ hâc luce adornari nuptias.
Cal. p. Periit, religioſus eſt; jamne patriſſas *Calliphanes*.
Pudet tui, pigetque.
Cal. f. At ægrotus ſum, non valeo, pater.
Cal. p. Imò non ægrotus jam, ſed malè habes *Calliphanes*.
Si animus ibi eſſet— & quidni ſit?
Cal. f. Præterea ——
Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?
Cal f. Nihil eſt parati; ſolitudo in ædibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?
Cal. p. Nempe id de induſtriâ: volumus iſthoc ſine tumultu peragi.
Ut ne tanti fiant ſumptus, tamq; in nullam rem utibiles.
Quid ſibi volunt Hymæneum & cantiunculæ? quaſi tu nequeas
Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis ſine auxilio fidicinis.
Proin tu & illa hanc rem quaſi injuſſu noſtro, tacitè agite.

Niſi

Niſi fortè *Æmylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.
Cal. f. *Ægle?* maxime.
Cal. p. Abi modò, atq; morem mihi gere.
Cal. f. Quid ſi nonvult pater?
Cal. p. Nequicquam nonvult; ita illam intùs admonuit pater.
Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego iſthuc ætatis——
Sequere me ſis intrò; Audin'? niſi quod imperavi facias
Patrem me eſſe ſenties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes.*
Dii boni, quanta eſt prudentia, moderari poſſe filio in hunc modum! [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, Pſecas.

Pſ. Quid ais *Æmylio?* amabò audiſtin' adhuc
De novâ Scholâ? Dii veſtram fidem! rem lepidam:
Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periclum facere
Quid in jocis poſſint, ſentient quæ mulier ſiem.
Non metuo ſanè, ut poſteriores feram.
Audiſtin' quam fortiter diſputabam modo cum Dæmone.
Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo reſponderet mihi.
Æm. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit,
Aut Concionatoris ruſtici, qui illum Leonem vocat.
Nunquam tuam audebit auferre ſecum animam
(Licet ſuam eſſe noverit) quia potentia
Tantùm loquendi illic manere dicitur.
Pſ. Meritiſſimo tuo te eximium habeo, ita lepidè loqueris.
Derideri me facilè patiar, ſi iſthoc fiat modo?
Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi oſculum feras.
Æm. Si me neceſſe eſt hercle hoc pacto remunerarier,
Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus;
Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?
Pſ. Equidem cupio; etſi infelix non ſum, Diis gratias.
Æm. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis ſplendeas,
Et filiam te eſſe ſimules *Bombardomachidis.*
Pſ. Cupio id mecaſtor; ſed erro quam inſiſtas viam.
Æm. Gelaſimus hic in proximo vendit jocos
Hæres ditiſſimus, atque uti eſſe tales ſolent,
Merus ſtipes, huncce hominem admutilari pervelim.
Itaque hodie inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.
Pſ. Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ! mecaſtor facinus lepidum!
Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,
Multoque tum liberius amare licet quempiam
Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,
Aut ignorabit prorsùs, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.
Pſ. Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroina nobilis
Æquum eſt oblectare memet illo more Aulico.
Æmylio, Tum me viſes aliquando, tui immemor
Non committam ego ut ſiem.
Æm. Sed properato opu' eſt.
Para te ocyùs; ego te producam illuc.
Pſecas, inſiſte hoc negotium ſapienter & cautè.
Nam niſi ſedulò fingas, quaſi animum illi adjeceris,
Nihil agis.
Pſ. Piſh! potin' ut moleſtus ne ſies?
An docenda ſum hoc ætatis ineſcare homines?
Ego vel te *Æmylio,* captare poteram: abi.
Ne ſis in expectatione mihi, cum parata ſim.
Quieſcas cætera.
Æm. Imò non metuo, ut ſis ſatis mala,
Te magiſtram queram mihi, unquam ſi defecero.
Pſ. Docebo equidem libenter; quod poſſum: Abi modò [*Exit Æm.*]
Nubam ſanè non gravate, ſed nunquam filio.
Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius
Illius ſungetur vice; ne natus ex me ſiet,
Mihi qui fit dedecori, atque ingenio meo.
[*Exit.*]

Scena Sexta.

Gnomicus, Gelaſimus, Morion.
(Schola aperitur.)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium
Coryphæus (Quo verbo ipſe uſus't) De Orat. ſecundo libro,
Quem oculis mei plus amo; Artem negavit eſſe Salis.
Erravit;

Erravit; Ciceronem ſemper ego exiſtimavi hominem.
Gel. Piſh! Cicero ſalem non habuit; quiſquamne de tot vocabulis
Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam faceret jocum?
Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc quod eſt diei——
Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum: & lepores herclè hujuſmodi
Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos habemus plurimos.
O Dii boni! jocum pulcherimum exſcripſimus in Tullium
Qui nudius quartus in Sholis publicis dictus eſt proximæ Academiæ.
Legam vobis—— [*aſcendit in cathed.*]
Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne ſis in Ciceronem noſtrum,
Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.
Gel. Quid hoc? oh—Jocus magnus in Prætoris oppidani cornua—novi—— [*querit paginam.*]
Jocus in militem malè veſtitum——An oſtenderunt terga?——oh——
Hic exemptus'ſt ex meis pugillaribus—& certè magnus eſt—hum!
Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis nono die Novembris unus jocus,
Sex demi-joci & tres egregiæ ſententiæ.
Oh! memini——Joci ſacri
Et pia Hilaria—nunquam hæc vendemus—
Oh——jam inveni——Jocus magnus in Ciceronem.
Gn. Lege; arrectiſque auribus aſto.
Gel. (*legit.*) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
Abeat nunc in Tullianũ, & poteſt converti
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum——
Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus eſt.
Mor. Tutor hoc tuum eſt verbum.
Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.
Gn. Optimè! nam eſt locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.
Mor. Ha! ha, hæ!
Gel. Quid rides?
Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum? ha, ha.
Gel. Hoc dictum in utramque partem accipi poteſt, eſt jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego
Obiter facetus ſum; audin' Tutor? *Morion* ſcribe iſthoc.
Mor. Maxime.
Gn. Hem! ſuntne in mundo omnia?
Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.
Mor. Joc: jo—jocus——Eſtne *Gelaſime* cum, *g*, *o*, vel cum *i*, *o*?
Gel. cum *i*, *o*: Scripſiſtin'?
Mor. Ita credo.
Gel. Repete: *Mor.* Dexter eſt
Ambo—— joci. *Gel.* O ſcelus! eſt jocus ambidexter, cedo calamum.
Mor. Maximè: in idem redit. Scripſi valdè benè Tutor.
Gn. Immò: inſanum bene, ut Comicè loquar: Ibi ego *Gelaſime*——
Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gravitate meâ detrahat.
Non, non, ipſi Doctores jocantur in his regionibus.
In condemnatos ſalſi ſunt ipſi Judices,
Dormiant, capite annuunt & ille Judicialis jocus eſt.
Generoſi jocis ſolvunt Creditoribus.
Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.
Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divinam joco.
Pænè dixi, vivunt joco: tantũ jocantur ſerio.
Gn. Atque ego ita faciam: ſi canimus ſylvas, ſylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ.
Gel. Morion, vidi ecqui licitatores propè ſint: an proſpectus eſt ſterilis?
Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?
Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò? hic dies ſceleſtus eſt
(Ut utar Comici phraſe) divendendis jocis.
Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita ſupercilium ſalit.
Non ſum ob nihilum tam ingenioſus hodiè,
Nunquid ceſſavi hoc mane lucri facere?
Vendidi modò mulieri, neſcio cui, duos jocos.
In Papam *Johannam*, quos miſſuram aiebat ſeſe
Ad electum fratrem ſuum fidelem paſtorem in Angliâ,
Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Coronâ triplici.
Gno. Quanti emit?
Gel. Unis drachmis in jocos ſingulos.
Sed corollarii loco voluit ſibi unum dari.
Demi——jocum in *Bellarminum*: itaque dedi, Mentiris *Bellarmine.*
Gno. Benè habet: Capram cæleſtem orientem conſpeximus
Id eſt, Beati ſumus. Teſte Eraſmo Roterdamo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?
Gel. Præſtinavit etiam Juſticiarius quidam quatuor jocos,
In honorem Legis; & ſex ingenioſas ſententias.
Quas in cœnâ dicturu'ſt, cum vicinos quotannis accipit
Clientum alitibus. Venit poſt illa Jeſuita aliquis.
(Quantum conjecturam capio, nàm ornatus erat baſilicum in modum)

Et pecuniam in anteceſſum dedit, ut ſibi facerem
Salſum & ingenioſum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Diabolum.
Omitto reliquos——
Mor Pax? ſt! adeſt emptor: quid vis tibi Domine
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

Scena Septima.

Juvenis Academicus.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archidìdaſcalum hujus ſcholæ.
Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, ſi vis emere tibi.
Ac. Quis eſt Archididaſcalus?
Mor. Ego ſum *Morion.*
Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.
Mor. Non me cupis?
Ego poſſum jocari aliquando.
Gel. Morion, exſcribe ſis
Hanc paginam.
Mor. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.
Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præſto tibi. Coram, quem quæritis, adſum
Trojus Æneas.
Ac. Si Æneas tibi nomen ſit, alium volo.
Gno. Non: ſed loquor cum Poetâ: is ſum, quid veniſti loquere.
Ac. Muneris noſtri eſt moderari inter diſputantes in ſcholis publicis.
Gno. O? Agonotheta es, ἀπὸ τῦ ἀγῶν & τίθημι· nam ſic docti vocant.
Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo
Mercedem, quantam alii ſolent, eodem qui officio functi ſunt.
Gel. Rectè: nam ſi argumenta non potes, ſolvenda eſt pecunia.
Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* ſcribe hoc ſis ocyùs.
Mor. Dii te perdant,
Credo te jocari ſolitum fuiſſe in utero Matris,
Atque ita ſemper facis, mihi ut faceſſas in ſcribendo negotium.
Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo ſis loco.
Ingenioſus eſſe non des nimis.
Nullúmne adhuc habes in parato joculum?
Ac. Nullum equidem præter, ſatisfeciſti officio tuo.
Mor. A——r——ar——a——rgui——O jam habeo——
Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philoſophicorum ſalium?
Gel. Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de jocis Philoſophicis.
Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus eſt?
Mor. Quæ hæc mulier eſt? quid vis?
Mu. Tune es Magiſter Scholæ?
Mor. Ego ſum: Ego: quid tua? Magiſter? maximè.
Mu. Recede quæſo; eſt tibi quod in aurem dicam. Nupta ſum, ſi placet,
Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro,
Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.
Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.
Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viro, [*clara voce.*]
Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem dicis mihi?
Non, non: quid ſi dolus hìc latet?
Gno. Mulier, adi ſis propiùs.
Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abſtineo quin plaudam—— accipe ſis pecuniam.
[*plaudit manib.*]
Ob iſthoc credo dictum me ſuſtollent humeris.
Gn. Cujus generis facetias vis?
Mul. Omnium, ſi placet, generum.
Gn. Morion, cedò Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus aliter.
Mul. Non multa, ſi placet, pia.
Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Dio Dominico.
Vin' etiam jocos generoſos?
Mu. Quoſcunque tibi viſum'ſt.
Gn. At aliqui laſcivi ſunt.
Mul. Non refert, ſi ſint tantum aliqui.
Indica, fac pretium:
Gn. Non cari ſunt ſex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior eſt virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,
Sex ſolidis feres.
Mu. Accipe; Dii vos ſoſpitent.
Mor. Nunquam ſic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis. [*oſculatur*] *Exit.*
Ac. Profectò, ſi unquam te in Academiâ uſpiam viderim,
Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cerviſiâ primariâ.
Sed neceſſe eſt, ut confutationem Orationis componas mihi.
Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facilè effluit.
Morion, adeſdum, ſcribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?
Ac. Sed ità componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hâc, Reſpondeam aliis Orationibus.

Gel.

Gel. Omnibus, ſi vis.
Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi reſpondendum eſt, habuiſti itaque in veſtibulo Orationis tuæ ——
Mor. Quid? veſt —— veſtibulum — delectaris credo vocabulis
Quæ ſunt ſcriptu difficilia.
Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed profectò ingenuè fateor me
Non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus.
Dixiſti porrò ——
Dixiſti porro, alliquid de Mari Philoſophico ——
Ac. Quid ſi non dicit?
Gel. Piſh, ne time: nunquam quiſquam omittet Mare Philoſophicum ——
Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres—ha! Quid ais Juvenis?
Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.
Gel. Dixiſti etiam quod—& tum interponas illius verba.
Ac. Quæſo tu id facias; non poſſum quicquam interponere.
Gel. Benè habet: non eſt opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapſa ſunt, itaque ſic —— & tum Accingas te ad diſputandum, ſcripſiſtin' *Morion*?
Mor. Ferè; Dilapſa ſunt, itaque ſic —— & tum te accingas ad diſputandum. [*legit.*]
Gel. Piſh; non oportuit ſcriptum —— & tum te accingas.
Mor. Non? ſignificatum hoc oportuit mihi — ſed delebo tamen.
Ac. Nihil ſupià: O ſi repetere poſſim cum ingenioſo tono.
Gel. Id facillimum eſt; audies Morionem, *Morion*, procede in medium.
Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.
Mor. Tun' me docuiſti? non; ego naturâ ſic loquor.
Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi
Reſpondendum eſt, habuiſti itaque in veſt —— veſtibulo Orationis.
Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed profectò ego ingenuè fateor,
Me non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus, dixiſti porrò aliquid
De mari Philoſophico, piſh ne time, nunquam quiſquam.
Gel. Quid? ſcripſiſtin' id? dele, inquam ocyùs.
Mor. Quid? non eſt jocus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? benè, ſi vis —— [*delet.*]
Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena ——
Gel. Quid? venena?
Mor. Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?
Gel. Piſh! Veneres.
Mor. Veneres? benè in idem redit? —— Cætera ex memoriâ dilapſa ſunt,
Itaque ſic ——
Ac. Legit pol facetiſſimè: qui datur, tanti indica.
Gel. Non cara'ſt auro contrà; ſed ſolido tibi deſtino.
Mor. Non, non: ponam ego precium illi, quià repetebam benè.
Viden' has veſtes, joculares nimiò nimis?
Dabis mihi ſubligacula.
Ac. Hem tibi ſolidum —— adeſt peregrinus ——
Valete; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuſcum loquor. [*Exit.*]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides.

Gno. Adeſt alius:
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?
Bom. Heus! ecquid iſtâ venditis jocos ſcholâ?
Effare & iſtud pande, quodcunque eſt mihi.
Guo. Dicis vera quidem, veri ſed graviora fide.
Ut Ovidius in Tribus, quem librum compoſuit
Poſtquam in exilium miſſus eſt ab *Auguſto*.
Sed ſine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic nomen.
Bom. Meumne neſcis nomen? O ingens ſcelus!
Dum terra cœlum media libratum feret,
Nitiduſque certas mundus evolvet vices,
Numeruſque arenis deerit, haud nomen meum
Latebit ullos.
Gno. Hic homo (quantùm video) nondum Virgilium legit.
Nam eandem rem cum poeta quantò dixiſſet melius.
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt, convexa polus dum ſydera paſcet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.
Mor. Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem me præſtabo.
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emiſne novos jocos?
Bom. Ain' carnufex?
Mor. Nihil, profectò nihil.

Mecum ipſe loqui ſoleo; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hoſtium turmas jocos Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Minaſque quiſquis numerat, inveniet duas. [*oſtendit pecun.*]

Mor. Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hoſtibus reſponde. Abite in Tuullianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti poteſt, ſi dicas modò

Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

Gel. Ecquid peſtis te tenet in Ciceronem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, ſed aliis applicari facilè poteſt; annon

Locus eſt in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Poſſum ego jocari ſatis in loco, diis gratias.

Cel. Hem tibi ſales militares!

Gno. Alexander, ſeu Pellæus juvenis

Nunquam eſt locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ

Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipſe dedit,

Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam?

Reſpondes facetiſſimè, Tergum vel Pœnas dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,

Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Ædipol næ commodè proceſſimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingenioſi omnes ſumus.

Gno. Sævis inter ſe convenit urſis, ut Vir omni literarum genere cultiſſimus.

Gel. Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua eſtis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha! ha! redite poſt prandium,

Vos qui eſtis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus quæſo ad prandium.

Gno. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta,

Ludit permiſtis ſobria Muſa jocis.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Calliphanes Filius, Eucomiſſa.

Cal. F. O Me hominem invenuſtum!

Eu. O infortunatam me puellulam!

Cal. F. Amare res liberrima eſt, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odiſſe res eſt liberrima, Odiſſe tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur ſuperi, quam amemus eligunt, quâcum vivamus Patres?

Eu. Cur Patres in corpora poteſtatem habent, in animos ſuperi?

Cal. Adeſt *Eucomiſſa*, aliquid ei dicerem, ſed quid dicam neſcio.

Eucomiſſa——

Eu. Quid?

Cal. Ne valeam, ſi verbum de nuptiis

O *Eucomiſſa*——

Eu. Quid? fac me ut ſciam, ſiquid vis.

Cal. Egon'? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocaſti autem?

Cal. Immo tantum eſt, Salva ſis!

Et—aliud certè volo ſi ad audiendum adeſt benignitas.

Eu. Adeſt, ſed in pauca conferas.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego——

Eu. Exordia *Calliphanes*? quaſi docilis reddenda ſim & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Valè. [*Exit.*]

Eu. Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adeſt benignitas. Vale

Næ ego infelix puella, tam ſuavem quæ amaſium nacta ſum!

Intemperiæ hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magis,

Qui huic me hodiè nuptum territo daret. O *Æmylio*, [*Calliph. redit.*]

Tecum vivendum eſt ſolo, ſi vivendum eſt mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepiſti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

Cal. Eucomiſſa, ſalve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin' moleſtus tandem? quæſo te ut ſanus ſies.

Cal. Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & ſimul ſapere,

Ne

Ne deos quidem penes eſt, ſed Eucomiſſa; hodié?
Eu. Ajunt.
Cal. Quid pater?
Eu. Jubet, inſtat, urget.
Cal. ſi hodiè nuptura es mihi, cras me efferes.
Eu. Falſus es; nam ſi nubam hodiè, hodiè moriar.
Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco.
Eu. Genialis mihi lectus ſepulchri fungetur vice.
Cal. Ob lepidum iſthoc dictum nunc demum places mihi.
Nunc illud eſt, cum te libentèr penè in uxorem acciperem.
Quam vox ſonabit blandum cum promittat tua,
Quæ tum, cum negat, ſuavis eſt!
Eu. Mecaſtor ego
Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,
Cum te amari nolis ità amanter facis.
Cal. O amore omni dulcior contentio!
Eu. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!
Cal. Sic ſuâ Turtures molliores Venere,
Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem.
Sed queſtus inter, gemitum, & murmur, amant.
Eu. Sic gratum noſtris furtum cum fiat auribus,
Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantes agitur,
Concordant ſimul, ſimul & litigant ſoni.
Cal. Per Venerem, Eucomiſſa, liberalis es; ſi daretur optio,
Uxorem à Diis ipſis non peterem aliam.
At cætera, ſponte facimus, amamus fato.
Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri mos eſt.
Cal. Ne valeam, cum contemplar faciem, ſi quicquam ſupra eſt,
Tam lubrica frons eſt, oculorum ut effundat aciem.
Cincinni vinciendis animis nati tibi.
Modeſtus genarum color, & qualem aliæ
A verecundiâ mutuantur, genaſque æmulantur labia,
Abeamus, nam ſi te cenſpexero diutius,
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas ſerpunt, Vin'te Eucomiſſa mihi in Uxorem dari?
Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomiſſa, loquere.
Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.
Niſi dura, & difficilis maneas, me interficis.
Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum dedi,
Uxorem, niſi *Æglen* ——
Eu. *Æglen*, *Calliphanes*?
Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliàm volui dicere.
Eu Afficiam te hodiè *Calliphanes*, nuncio lætabili, Si *Æglen* deperis, mutuum tecum facit.
Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in ſpem fluxam me conjicere. Men' *Ægle*?
Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, ſuis.
Cal. Deus ſum, ſi iſthoc verum eſt, O *Eucomiſſa*,
Cedo ſis manum mihi, ut ſupplex eam exoſculer,
Ne vivam, niſi ſemper te feci meritò maximam.
Eu. Accerſas *Æglen*, rem tibi Authorem dabo.
Conſilium unà capiemus, intereà temporis, Vale.
Cal. Nunc illud eſt cum me ——
Eu. Piſh, ſuperſede iſtis verbis, abi.
Cal. Abeo — ſed *Eucomiſſa* — benè: abeo. [*Exit*]

Scena Secunda.

Æmylio, *Eucomiſſa*.

Æm. Ædipol næ hæc machina ſucceſſio lepidè ſub manus.
Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia.
Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ præ manu
Unde utantur, & nunc, credo aperuerunt Scholam.
Eu. Ha! adeſt, amorem meum non eſt uti celem amplius. *Æmylio*, adeſdum, paucis te volo.
Æm *Eucomiſſa*, ſalvè.
Eu *Æmylio*, hodiè nuptura ſum.
Æm. Dii vortant benè.
Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptiis prodat dies.
Eſtne hoc miſerum?
Em. Enimverò nihil prolixius.
Nam eo citius virginem exues.
Eu. Sed fac *Æmylio*,
Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeò faceres?
De improviſo duceres?
Æm. Utinan faceres periculum.
Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.
Eu. Mecaſtor, pone ita eſſe.
Ego amo te, ſed adverſum nos affirmat Pater,
Quid enim ageres?
Æm. Quid? ſi eſſet centies pater,
Glacomam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne quod videt, videat.
Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodiè mihi nubere?

Eu.

Eu. Volo.
Æm. Lepidè partes tuas agis: ſed da mihi firmatam fidem.
Eu. Do teſtem Venerem.
Æm. Et Martem ego tibi
Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus ſuavio,
O feſtivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi ſeriò uxor es.
De ſuavium alterum.
Eu Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!
Æm. Oſculandi pauſam faciam, ſi os non placet,
Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.
Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi joco
Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?
Mecaſtor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluſeris.
Unde iſthæc confidentia'ſt? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?
Servitutem ſervire te memineris captum manu.
Æm. At enim liber natus ſum, ac forti familiâ.
Eu. Linguam comprime,
Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjicis.
Æm Iſte herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.
Vale igitur, ſi vis, ad novam ſcholam me conferam,
Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.
Eu. Quam ineptè ſtulta ſum! timeo, ut ſevera fuerim.
Quid ſi revocem? *Æmylio* redi, quid præter morem ità
Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali conſulis
Quæ jucundè dicta ſunt? credin' me locutam ſerió?
Æm. Non, non, ſerio? neque poſſe fœminam arbitror.
Eu. Cape ſis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.
Si memoriâ nos excidimus hic facito ut ſubveniat tibi.
Æm. Annulum? maxime, ſed jámne locuta es ſerió?
En. O *Æmylio*, ſi noſceres—& quidni noſcas tamen?
Æm. Quidni? quià non ſum Oedipus: præter annulum nil intelligo.
Eu. Adeóne tardus es? facis haud conſuetudine.
Quin, vultum legas, legas & ſuſpiria,
Hanc ipſum legas annulum; ſat loquor tacita.
Æm. Legam herclè lubentiſſimus — ob — cum annulo
Quid eſt? *Eucomiſſa*, verbum non vult legi.
Oh efficiam ut velit - Cum annulo animus.
Eu. Ineptus es; res alias ſi ſic agis, Vale.
Quid dixi? immo Vale, ſed ne abeas tamen.
Æm. Hum! ſic eſt profectò: nam ſi memini benè
Concinnâ facie ſum; ſtaturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.
Experiar quid ſit: *Eucomiſſa*, advorte animum.
O *Eucomiſſa*, diu te amavi perdite.
Eu. Ha!
Æm. Uſque adhuc auſus nihil, niſi oculos paſcere.
Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum
Perſpicere animum, ut ſeſe habeat velim,
In ſpe atque in timore attentus ſum. *Eucomiſſa*, loquere.
Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam miſera?
Mene? ſimultatem non revereris Patris?
Sed mitto Patrem —
Æm. Miſſam hanc facito modeſtiam.
Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.
Eu. Maritum? ha? quid ſi id cupiam maxime?
Cupiâ? non, nolo *Æmylio*: habes breviſſimè.
Quid reſpondes?
Æm. Me eſſe infelicem: Vale.
Eu. Non, non, manta ſis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.
O *Æmylio*, tua ſum, tuæ me commendo fidei.
Æm. Et ego *Eucomiſſa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dii ament,
Apud me non ſum; ſed mittamus iſthæc, adſunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphanes, Ægle, Eucomiſſa, Æmylio.

Cal. Beaſti me; hoc dicto reddidiſti animum.
Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æſtimo.
Eucomiſſa—*Æmylio*,—Divorum vitam adepti ſumus.
Æm. Quid ſoror? tunc *Calliphanem* amas?
Æg. Meipſam minus.
Eu Fruſtrà adhuc ſumus; quid Patri reſpondebimus?
Cal. Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam ſubitò decidi? Nullamne facere poſſumus in nuptis fallaciam *Æmylio*?
Æm. Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere deſine.
Eu. At ſiquid potes *Æmylio*.

Æm

Æm. An hodiè te uxorem commiſſurus eſt *Calliphani?*
Eu. Ità.
Æm. Dic te velle.
Eu Ah *Æmylio*, tam ſubito animum
A nobis ſegregas?
Æm. Dii avortant omen.
Nemo te unquam niſi mors eripiet mihi.
Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus eſt dies.
Veras eſſe credat Pater, at ne ſint tamen.
Nam *Ægle* tuam vicem, cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.
Diurna ejus uxor ſis ipſa in aliquod tempus
Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud ſe nobis offeret
Amolimini hinc vos properè, ſi conſilium placet.
Eu. Nullum vidi melius.
Cal. Abeamus *Ægle.* [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quarta.

Gnomicus, Gelaſimus, Morion, Academicus ſecundus.

Gno. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyús, nam adeſt peregrinus,
Titubatque pede pes, denſuſque Viro Vir.
Aca. Tune es Magiſter Scholæ?
Mor. Hei! Magiſter! nemo homo
Me quærit uſpiam; his veſtibus nimium lateo.
Aca. Profeſſor jocorum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturu'ſt publicé.
Itaque huc me miſit ſalutem ut vobis dicerem,
Opemque in hâc re expetiſſit, & conſilium veſtrum.
Ideóque hoc munus æqui bonique ut conſulatis obſecrat.
Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius: meus frater eſt.
Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit ſuos.
Gno. Quanquam te Jocator Frater annum jam ſales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academiâ, abundare oportet præceptis inſtitutiſque hujus artis propter ſummum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos, (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in tranſitu; ſæpiuſculè excurro Oratorié.
Gel. Præ re iſthâc rem prævortam nullam, Sed ecquos ipſe fecit ſales?
Aca. Collegit aliquos;
Sed fecit ipſe adhuc, quod ſciam ego, pauciſſimos.
Fortè an duos treſve demi—jocos.
Gel. Morion, porrige ſchedulam
Illam mihi jocorum Tripodalium; nam in Angliâ patria noſtrâ,
Jocorum Profeſſori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!
Aca. An iſti concinnè, in quæſtionem ejus cadent?
Gel. Æquè herclè concinnè, in quæſtionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.
Hoc habeat probè in exordii loco, dein Qeæſtio autem
Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit ſuos ipſe Terminos,
Atque ſi recuſent ingredi, invitos trahat ſecum atque ingratiis,
Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque eſt ſalutatio
Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet
Medicinæ, Legiſque Profeſſores & Doctores omnes præcipuè,
Abſque hoc nunquam quiſquam plauſum ſibi repperit.
Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nulláne hìc Comœdia
Agitur circiter hoc temporis.
Acad. Immò verò hodié.
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,
Nam quiſquis is eſt, facetiis meis proximâ Hebdomade jugulabitur.
Accipe ſis hanc ſchedulam; ſcriptum hic inveniet,
Quod ſufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes poſthac Comœdias.
Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.
Gel. St! audin' etiam?
Tribus verbis te volo; iſtam Fabulam Ludos faciet.
Fabula (intellextin'?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [*Exit Aca.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio (alio ornatu) Pſecas, Gnom. Gel. Mor.

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?
Ædipol virgo fortis eſt, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.
Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non poſſum diutius,
Ita lauta eſt; nimiò nimi' modeſtus ſum his veſtibus.
Æm. Jam para te *Pſecas*; ſi pectus ſapit, duras illis dabis.

Pſ.

Pſ. Piſh, aliud cura, magnificè tracta-
bo iſthunc Aſinum;
O Venus! hæccine eſt illa ſchola? lepidus
mecaſtor locus eſt.
Semper ego facetias amavi multum, &
nutrix mihi
Dicere ſolita eſt: Abi, abi, ut vitalis ſis
metuo,
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingenioſa es ni-
mium.
Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa,
Dii boni!
Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!
Æm. Piſh, perge ad rem.
Pſ. Quam ſæpe res nihili otiosè hæreat
in memoriâ?
O *Diana*! quam mihi tunc dierum pro ci-
bo fuit jocarier?
Sæpè ad focum domi obſedimus; ego nar-
rare fabulas,
Feſtivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos
ſolvere,
Nulla (licet ipſa dicam) primarum arti-
um magi' princeps extitit.
Sed ubi eſt Magiſter? videre vellem ni-
miò,
Nam communicabimus inter noſmet face-
tias invicem,
Opem meam (ſatis ſcio) non habebit
deſpicatui.
Ubi eſt?
Gn. Coram, quem quæritis, adſum
Trojus *Æneas*, neceſſe habeo novam de
hâc re ſententiam quærere.
Pſ. O Muſas! ſtuduiſti arti Muſicæ:
illud ex Virgilio
Accepiſti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi.
Sic ſum, non tantum verbis dici poteſt
Quantum re ipſa verſus amo, & feci ſanè
Mediocres
Gn. Mediocribus eſſe poetis.
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere
Columnæ.
Gel. Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis:
quod ego
Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum
concinnare adeo joculum.
Hum! ſiccin'? Oh! tandem ad meipſum
redeo.
O cujus genis roſæ invident, & pudore ru-
beſcunt ſolo,
Et tum——
Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherimè! ſi or-
natus eſſem ex meis virtutibus.
Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret iſtam
faciem.
Æm. Tun' ſolus hic regnum poſſides?
ubi, ſi placet, cæteri?
Gn. St! *Gelaſime.*
Gel. Maximè——Pallet Luna, & ſe vi-
ctum confitetur——
Statim vobis adero——nec ſidera——
hum! iſthoc non placet.
Ceciderunt plane ſidera, Ceciderunt; ha,
ha, ut neſcienti mihi
Effluxit iſtic jocus?
Gn. Hem *Morion*, ubi es?
Mor. St! ego non adſum.
Æm. Ha, ha, ha, an ſe præſens præ-
ſentem negat?
Niſi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.
Mor. Per Deos non adſum,
Ut catè deluſi homines! illi hic me eſſe
neſciunt, ha, ha, ha!
Gn. An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu'ſt? id
eſt, an delirat?
Ceſſon' illum educere ex inſidiis, ut lepidè
loquar?
Morion, adeſto. [*Educit.*]
Æm. Ha, ha! ut ſtat! reclamante Phi-
loſophiâ
Negarem hunc eſſe rationalem, niſi quia
riſibilem video.
Gn. Humanum eſt errare: erras pro-
fectò hoſpes,
Nam omnis homo eſt rationalis, ut acu-
tiſſime obſervat Simplicius.
Pſ. Nolite, obſecro, deridere, per pol
quam modeſtus eſt!
Mor. Me laudat.
Gel. Euge! jam habeo.
Mor. Herclè audacter alloquar.
Salve tu, O cujus genis roſæ invident, &
pudore rubeſcunt ſolo.
Gel. O maſtigiam! quæ mea eſt Ora-
tio, occupat præloqui,
Ut perdidit mihi ſex jocos, & tres amato-
rias ſententias!
Gno. Perge *Morion*.
Mor. Perge tu, ſi vis, ego dixi ſatis.
Gno. Adeſdum *Gelaſime*. Hic eſt joca-
tor ille, Cui meliori luto finxit præ-
cordia Titan.
Pſ. Mecaſtor liberalis eſt: ſalve mul-
tùm, te unum ex omnibus
Feſtivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te
huc venimus viſere.
Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etſi hanc
mihi Laudem non arrogem.
Gel. Sideri equidem cujus ſub auſpicio
natu' ſum, minorem gratiam habeo,
Quam oculorum tuorum ſyderibus, quæ me
perſpexerunt modò.
Ha, ha! optimè loquor ſemper de impro-
viſo,
Quod ſignum eſt boni ingenii, proculdubiò
hæc mea'ſt,
Obſecro, quænam eſt hæc virgo?

Æm.

Æm. Factione ſummâ, & divitiis pollens.

Bombardomachidis filia'ſt ſtrenuiſſimi ducis.

Gel. Nimiò nimi' novi ego iſtum *Bombardomachidem.*

(Hic illum derideo) ſed tamen tantò meliu'ſt.

Æm. Ecquis homo tantum ſtultiæ in ſe poſſedit uſpiam?

Quid ſi oblectem me cum iſtis? placet, heus! auditiſn'?

Quoniam voſmet magnificatis ità de iſtis artibus,

Dabo equidem ſponſionem, me vos unum ſingulos

Redacturum modò jocis meis ad ſilentium.

Agite ſultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus poſſiet.

Pſ. Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus parte ſtabo.

Gel. A meâ? neſcio unde hoc ſit, multò ſum beatior

Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem audiunt,

Continuò me amant perditè. O Superi! gratias ago,

Multum de me meruiſtis; Heus, audacule,

Quoniam ità vis vitâ interfici, aſcende hanc ſellulam.

Opponam ego primus; ſed miſeret me tui.

Mor. Benè herclè facis; ego obſecundabo tibi in loco,

Abi audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Æm. Eſto tu moderator.

Gno. Agonotheta ero, ἀπὸ τῦ ἀγὼν & τίθημι· nam ſic docti vocant. Tu oppones *Morion*

Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecum.

Gen. Antequam illam noſti?

Mor. Noſti? nemo non poteſt

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero ſingularis ego.

Pſ. Diſcrucior animi, quod mos non patitur,

Diſputare fœminas publicè: vellem hos Opponentes mihi.

Gn. Aſcendat Jocator.

Proditum eſt memoriæ antiquos Philoſophos poſt multos labores ſeſe recreare ſolitos fuiſſe. Agite igitur, hilarem hunc ſumamus diem, nam arcus nimiũ intentus citò frangitur; habent ſua Ludicra Muſæ; & Apollo Muſarum Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando patet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam plus modeſtia tua, quam ingenium appareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium non ferent, & obſerva ſemper cum Poetâ, Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis.

Æm. Orationem tuam ——

Gn. Nolo pati iſtam impudentiam, conferas te ad provinciam tuam.

Æm. Sapienter quidem facis, quod orationem tuam non vis repeti.

Gn. Authoritate mihi ab Apolline commiſſâ, jubeo te acquieſcere.

Pſ. Ha, ha, hæ! utinam iſta mihi authoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Æm. Non datur ars jocandi — Incipiam à poſtremo

Termino Jocandi, qui eſt Terminus Hillarii. Artem omitto, quia mos eſt ita facere.

Datur eſt verbum; nam nunc dierum Res talis non eſt, quædam dicuntur dari propriè & ſimpliciter, ſed hinc ſenſus verbi jam antiquatus eſt: alii verò improprie & ſecundum quid, ut Gradus in Academiâ, & in Collegiis ——

Gn. Omitte illud verbum; ſcimus quid velis.

Æm. Sed, ne erretis in hâc re, dicam vobis, quid dandum ſit, quid non, primum omnium dabitis mihi —— ſi placeo —— Manus veſtras — ſin minus —— Veniam. Dabitis Aulico nova juramenta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad Cœlum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quia audit paucos illic eſſe tonſores & ſutores veſtiarios, itaque nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum aliquando dixit Deo, ſe ejus ſervum eſſe ter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus eſt, eóque ſimilior illius Creditorũ Civium. Secundò dabitis Puritanis verba; jam enim illis ſilentiũ indicitur, ſiquando autem privatim prædicent, dabitis aures veſtras; nam ſuas amiſerunt. Dabitis Academiis ——

Gn. Nolo iſtud dici: ne quos ridere hic oportuit.

Erubeſcant aliqui: ſatisfeciſti officio tuo.

Reſpondere tibi vellem, ſed neminem in loco meo

Extrà unum novi, qui reſpondit nugis hujuſce modi.

Aſcendat Opponens primus; Diſputationem in alium

Differamus diem, nunc jam reſpondeas tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

Gel. Faciam, ſed numera jocos meos, dum reſpondeam.
Gno. Pauperis eſt numerare pecus. Numera hoc *Gelaſime*,
Obſecro, auditores ut in advorſam partem ne rapiatis,
Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocor.
Æm. Si in eam partem peccas, facilè te profectò condonabimus.
Sed mihi crede, Doctiſſime Moderator, adhuc ab hâc culpâ liber es.
Gn. Doctiſſimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.
Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dediſti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,
Eſt magnus jocus.
Æm. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.
Gel. Piſh! annon ludo in reduplicatione ñ Dare?
Gn. Eſt certè dimidia pars joci.
Æm. Oh! ille, fortaſſè credidit,
Dimidium plus toto eſſe.
Gel. Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi,
Peſſimis me exemplis perduint, niſi dicturus id eram
Numera *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.
Æm. Rectam herclè inſtas viam, ingenioſus ut fias,
Si furaris, ego quæ dico.
Pſ. Summi eſt ingenî,
Si facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.
Ibi ego etiam: pudet ſanè me mutam ſtare
Inter tot jocantes.
Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo:
Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus* ——
Æm. Quin pergis?
Gel. Quià jam te oportet dicere,
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?
Æm. Quid ſi nolim dicere?
Tun' me coges?
Gel. Non, ſed niſi detur Anſa, quis poteſt jocarier?
Æm. Benè, ſi me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hâc fœminâ nobili
Ignominiosè taceas.
Gel. Et ego ſic reſpondeo:
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.
Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc ——
Dixiſti Artem jocandi non dari. Falſum! nam ars jocandi eſt
Res ingenioſa, ſed res ingenioſa datur; nam
Crede mihi res eſt ingenioſa Dare.
Æm. Caru'ſt hic jocus, nam tribus abhinc petitur milliaribus.
Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit,
(Ut ſæpè ſit) per tot circulos illũ quæreret.
Walli in hunc planè modum ad ſuam ſcandunt originem.
Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap
Crede mihi res eſt ingenioſa dare.
Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; ſed nimium ruſticè,
Iterùm *Gnomice*; ob ruſticitatem illum derideo,
Eſt & elegans quædam antitheſis inter Aulicos & ruſticè.
Quæ addidiſti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,
Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,
Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire juſſi, cætera
Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.
Pſ. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.
Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.
Gn. Satisfeciſti officio tuo: aſcendat *Morion*.
Mor. Ità facio; quæſo ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.
Æm. Hei! cum iſtis veſtibus diſputaturus venis?
Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla eſt Conſequentia
Inter earum partes.
Mor. An veſtes meæ tibi nocent?
Æm. Ità ſane me terrebant modò, cum hic aſcenderas.
Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui ſim.
Qui cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio:
In principio orationis tuæ habuiſti aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed
Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus.
Æm. Egon' de tuis laudibus?
Meritò pol me confutare poſſis, ſi habuiſſem tale quid.
Mor. Piſh! ego hoc ſuppono —— itaque nunc pergo, numera, *Gnomice*.
Dixiſti porrò aliquid de mari Philoſophico.
Æm. Quid? de mari Philoſophico?
At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.
Sed ſi animum induxiſti deridere Mare Philoſophicum.
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.
Mor. Non? tum hæc tua culpa'ſt *Gelaſime*.

Annon

Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quiſquam omittet Mare Philoſophicum?
Æm. Ha, ha, hæ!
Mor. Ecquid me rident?
Gno. Perge *Morion.*
Mor. Pergat qui vult, ſi ridetis: ego ſatisfeci officio meo.
Cætera ex memoriâ dilapſa ſunt: Et ſic deſino.
Gno. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus,
Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, & reſpondere parati.
Pſ. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes proceſſiſtis hodie,
Ego vobiſcum ipſa diſputabo vice proximâ.
Doctiſſime Moderator vale, Dii tibi dent quæ expetis.
Gno. Et longum formoſa vale, vale inquit Iola.
Pſ. Tu *Gelaſime*, ſequere me ſis domum, nam de arte iſthac eſt tibi
Quod ſola ſoli dicam.
Gel. Beatus ſum! libenter ſequor.
Quantum Diis magis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint!
Pſ. *Æmylio*, i præ, piſh, omitte iſtas ceremonias.
Mor. Ego illos comitabor, ſatis ſum jocatus hodie.
Gno. At ego intùs me recipiam, bene hodie fecimus. [*Exeunt.*
Ite domum ſaturæ, venit Heſperus, ite Capellæ. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. PRO certon' habes adveniſſe *Polyporum?*
Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum'ſt.
Niſi fallant oculi.
Æm. Mirum eſt ni fallant aliquando ſi ſint tui,
Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil niſi aſtutia es.
Sed ut placet, ubi vidiſti? ecquid idoneus viſus'r,
Ex quo argentum cudimus? ha! numquid eſt tractabilis?
Utinam accepiſſet literas.
Din. Accepit jam in portu.
Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.
Æm. Qui iſtud noſti?
Din. Ut vidi, ſuſpenſo gradu ibam, adſtabam, comprimebam animam,
Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, ſermonem hoc captavi modo.
Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut accipiamus hominem,
Hic eſto; cum rogitabit, ubi habet *Bombardomachides*?
Huc per poſticum introducam illum tibi.
Æm. At militi claves reddidi.
Din. Piſh! ſexcentæ ſunt cauſæ quam obrem illas poſſis repetere.
Abi modo: ſed enim captivis quid faciemus? abſunt perincommodé.
Æm. Oh! dicam *Poliporo* tempus nunc non eſſe ut illos videat,
Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita ſunt hæc conſilia?
O fors fortuna quam ſecundis rebus hanc mihi oneraſti diem!
Abeamus mi chariſſime *Dinon.*
Din. O, mi ſuaviſſime *Æmylio* abeamus. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Gelaſimus, Pſecas, Morion.

Pſ. Viden' ergo quam poſthabui omnes res ingenio tuo?
Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes,
Quos demiſi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes,
Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, niſi minu' gaudeam
De pollentia tua (nam & ipſe in mea patria
Sat dives & factioſus ſum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ
Magno futuræ ſint totius orbis commodo.
Namque ex te noſtro quiſquis ſuſcipitur ſemine
Suis ſe dictis immortali afficiet gloria,
Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maximus.
Pſ. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.
Gel. Meâ fide paries.
Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco

Heliconis aquam ſuxi, tum autem in Parnaſſo bicipiti
Sæpiculè ſomniavi. ſed, ut verum fatear
Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ fluunt,
Quam Epigrammata aut Satyri, nam feſtiviſſimè
(Ut noſti) deridere homines ſoleo.
Pſ. O Muſas omnes!
Quam undiquaq, ſententiis tuis intermiſces facetias!
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertiſtin'? at peperci ego dicere,
De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos intelligeres.
Pſ. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias caperem
Tui causâ, niſi intelligerem probè ingenium tuum.
Mor. Colloquuntur familiariter, metuo ne præripiat mihi
Illius animum, namq, amo illam plus vino & ſaccaro.
Et niſi me amet mutuò, abeat ſane in locum
In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.
Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,
Ut à ſacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonium.
Morion, abi tu domum.
Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;
Tam ego diſputabam hodie, quam tu, publicitús.
Et confutavi hominem.
Pſ. Exemplis peſſimis
Ludificator iſtum fruticem niſi hinc properè avolet.
Oh ſuperas! occidi, mortua ſum! Pater huc venit, nos quæritans,
Et ſtricto gladio necem hìc minatur omnibus.
Mor. Oh, oh, non poſſum aſpicere *Bombardomachidem.*
Nimiò nimis ferox eſt, jocari mecum noluit modò.
Gel. Tam mortui herclè ſumus, quam mare eſt mortuum.
Ibi iterùm, velim, nolim, non reprimo me, quin jocer.
Nullumne hìc latibulum eſt?
Mor. Oh! quæſo oſtendas aliquod,
In ipſo foramine Acus nunc jam jacere poteram,
Ecquem hic habes caſeum? nam muris inſtar optimè
In illo delitescerem.
Gel. Non, non, falſus es, *Morion*,
Nam tunc excedere latebras tuas. Ut illum derideo.
Hoc tanto in periculo!
Pſ. Hei mihi! eſt intus dolium——
Ut contollit gradium! ut oculi virent iracundiâ!——
Illic ſi vis temet occultare.
Mor. Dolium? cedò ſis, bona fœmina:
Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum ſumere.
Utinam eſſet plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citiſſimé.
Pſ. Sequere me, tibi mox proſpiciam *Gelaſime.* [*Ex. Pſ. & Mor.*
Mor. Ità, cum ego in tuto ſim; dolium? magnifica pol domus eſt.
Gel. Oh! oh! audire viſu' ſum ſtrepitum militis,
Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus.
Oh! jam venit, ſcio; jacebo hìc, quaſi eſſem mortuus;
Nolo ſaltem cernere fatum meum. [*recumb. Pſecas intrat.*
Pſ. Ha, ha, he!
Gel. Oh! adeſt!
Pſ. Gelaſime, ſurge, ne metuas malum.
Gel. Profectò, *Bombardomachides*, non duxi tuam filiam,
Neque unquam volui.
Pſ. Quid?
Gel. Non: quæſo, ne me jugules,
Memineris obſecro, jocorum Militarium, quos feci tibi,
Quin effeci inſuper, Iambi ut incedant pede.
Pſ. O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adſpice ad me *Gelaſime*, Pater non adeſt.
Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi eſt pater tuus? obſecro an venit?
Pſ. Neque venturus eſt, ex compoſito hoc feci adeo.
Ut nobis fine *Morione* arbitro fierent nuptiæ.
Gel. Ha! ſcio hoc equidem, & ego etiam per induſtriam [*ſurgit.*
Diſſimulavi quaſi eſſem timidus —— ſed, numnam in vado ſumus?——
Annon diſſimulabam lepidè?—— certè aliquid audio——
Non venit ſpero.
Pſ. Ne time; ſed feſtinato opus'ſt,
Ne tandem fortaſſe ſeriò nos pater opprimat.
Gel. Vera dicis; properemus mea Muſa, mea Urania.
Ut te amo, mea Polyhymnie, mea Melpomene! [*Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Æm. Intromittatur ſino; fac pateat janua.
Pol. Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam inſignis duellicâ?
Æm. Periphraſim veram nominis dicis mei.
Pol. Si is es, filium cepiſti meum.
Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo,
Pol. Huc itaque eâ gratiâ veni tibi,
Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim,
Oro igitur me abſolvas quam primum poteris,
Nec mora in te ſit ſita, quin pretium auferas.
Cupio videre ipſos; & complecti miſeros,
Tam Pater capto ſum, quam dudum fui libero.
Æm. Nunc aliqui me expectent reges: cras redeas licet.
Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti annus eſt.
Bom. Oculiſne claves obviam ſiunt tuis? [*Intus.*
Cal. p. Niſi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [*Intus.*
Ne mora Exorciſtæ objecta ſit, cum huc advenerit.
Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis.
Poſthæc ut iſtum timeant, efficiam, pedem.
Bombard. frangit fores.
Æm. Oceiſiſſimi ſumus *Dinon*; Heus! quis eſt ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. *Æmylio, Dinon, Poliporus, Bombard. Servi.*

Bom. Oh! ſpectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax? non poſſum pergere Iambicé,
Ita validè timeo.
Cal. p. Ha! quid eſt? quid tremis adeò?
Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.
Æm. Dinon, in te ſpes omnis vertitur, ſis Dæmon iterum,
Repreſentari ſalus noſtra non aliter poteſt.
Din Ne deſponde animum, pulchrè homines vorſabimus.
Cal. p. Nihil adhuc video—hum—Leopardus, rediit, ipſus eſt Leopardus quem conſpexi priùs.
Din. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.
Pol. Quænam hæc deliramenta? ſuntne atrâ bile perciti?
Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄναστα κάτασσε, πέρυτά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.
Æm. Φεῦτε δ' ἑρκεσπόλων ἐδάιζετο φῦλα χιόντων.
Pol. Quicquid ſit, aut hi homines inſaniunt validè,
Aut aliquid noſtri ſubeſt, quâ fugere inſiſtam viâ?
Bom. Oh! quæſo bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò, oh!
Pol. Men' quæris? obſecro,
Recedas, tecum nihil negotî eſt mihi. Oh! quæſo,
Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄναστα κάτασσε,
Æm. πέρυτά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.
Cal. p. Oh! metuo malè ne me perſequantur Dæmones,
Quia ad nuptias injuſtitiâ meâ coegi filium.
Bom Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic ſtare loci.
Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam eſſem jam nunc mortuus,
Sed mori non poſſum.
Pol. Proculdubiò iſtud ſomnium eſt.
Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis ſim, aut ubi, neſciam.
Bom. Claudam herclè oculos, videre non ſuſtineo.
Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illico.
Bom. Immò non timeo, video profectò nihil.
Cal. p. Nihil? cæcus eſt *Bombardomachides*? accipe lis ſpecularia.
[*Bombard. manus extendens fortè tiaram Æmylionis dejicit*
Æm. Πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλάσσης.
Bom Oh!
Æm. O *Dinon*, acta res eſt: emergere hinc non poteſt.
Bom. Servuſne noſter? facinus indignum & grave!
Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona:
Jaculare flammas, lumen ereptum polo
Fulminibus exple—— jam poſſum iterum Iambicé.
Cal p. Proh Deos! ſiccin' te ſervus pro delectamento uſu'ſt?
Arripiant aliqui ſublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun'

Tun' (ſcelus) pro arbitrio nos terres ſenes?
Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.
Cal. p. Non ſum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.
Itane iſtud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.
Bom. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.
Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens
Hos verſor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos
Imago cædis errat.
Din. O! dii te perdant *Æmylio.*
Æm. Quin, quod ferendum eſt feramus æquo animo,
Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.
Pol. Fruſtrationes ego iſtas mirari ſatis nequeo.
Heus; eſtne miles hic *Bombardomachides*?
Bom. Men' ergo neſcis? Ipſe *Bombardomachides* ſum (in verſu ſequenti.)
Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?
Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, ſed nullum habeo.
Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Literas tuas
Quas in portu accepi modò.
Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombaodomachides*?
Æmylio ſcripſit iſtud: O ingens ſcelus!
Incertus, atrox, mente non ſanâ feror
Partes in omnes; unde me ulciſci queam?
[*Verbera Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*
Din. Oh! obſecro te.
Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? *Dinonem* ſervum?
Hem! *Dinon!* quid hic agis? ubi filius meu'ſt?
Din. Æmylio, quid faciam in his anguſtiis? confitebor omnia.
Æm. Suſpende te, ſi vis: Dii iratis natu' ſum.
Cal. p. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fabricam.
Articulatim te concîdit hic ſervus tuus.
Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,
Heus *Lorarii!* quis intus eſt? *Lorarii* inquam!
Pol. Immò depoſitâ veſte ſe verberibus impleant invicem.
Donec omnia exquiſivimus, ut lubitum'ſt nobis.
Bom Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.
Adeſte ſervi, Dominus hoc veſter jubet.
[*Ingred. Lorarii.*
Æm. Strenuum me præbebo hominem; ſcapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia eſt. *Dinon*, bono animo es.
Din. Quin Stoicus, inquam ſum, dolorem nunquam ſentio.
Moriemur, ſat ſcio; ſi præter ſpem quid evenit
In lucro deputabo eſſe.
Bom. Audin' ſerve?
Flagella fac ſint nobis in promptu duo.
[*Exit ſervus & redit cum flagellis.*
Cal. p. Interea quod eſt temporis, tu deme illis diploides.
Ha! ſtatuæ verbereæ, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio? [*ponunt diploid.*
Æm. Aliud cura, Carnufex; non poſſum ego hoc exuere! [*ad lorarium.*
Vapulare herclè nolo in generoſis meis veſtibus,
Scio ego, quid ſit vapulare.
Din. O miram rem! Scientia talis,
Dicenda eſt ſola liberalis.
Satin' *Æmylio* fortiter?
Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.
Cal. p. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyùs.
Niſi pœnas de ſe ſtrenuè ſumant invicem.
Quaſi incudem cædas illos: ac pugnis oneres.
Din. Video neceſſe eſſe, ut exerceamus noſmet.
Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.
Æm. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.
Din. Tu nebulo major es. tibi herclè locum cedò.
Cal. p. Ludunt herclè; heus *Lorarii*, facite ut pugni in malis hæreant.
Ad mortem vos ambos darem, ſi eſſetis mei
Æm. Quin abi in malam rem; nil operâ opus tuâ eſt. [*ad Lorarium.*
Annon *Dinon* ſatis idoneus viſu'ſt, qui me verberet?
Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!
Æm. Meus bonus Genius!
[*Se vicibus flagellant.*
Din. Meus Pilades!
Æm. Oreſtes meus!
Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi ſat methodus placet,
Tam ſimilis eſt bello.
Cal. p. Feciſtis probè.
Ceſſate paululum, exquire nunc jum, quid vis.
Pol. Quid filio factum eſt meo, cum Tutore ejus & *Gelaſimo*?
Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argumentum effecimus.

Æm.

Æm. Et veſtes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?
Me multò decent magis.
Pol. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia; animum advorti te nam fabula lepidiſſima'ſt,
Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Æm. Dem veſtes Morionis panis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quaſi captivos, in vinclis hìc habuimus.
Din. Dein Scripſimus Epiſtolam, te ut vorſaremus inſuper.
Din. Dein ſpectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.
Bom. Egone vana ut ſpectra timerem ſcelus!
Adeſſe vel jam dæmonum turbam velim.
Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Æm. Ha, ha! homo ſuavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?
Cum bardum genuiſti, ſapientum id feciſti gratiâ.
Stultus eſt Commune Bonum.
Cal. P. Obſtupeſco! ita hæc res mira'ſt.
Din. Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Æmylio*,
Ex iſtis technis tibi melius ſit, quam mihi.
Eucomiſſa ——
Æm. Dinon! ô ſceleſtum caput!
[*flagellat.*]
Bom. Muttiren' audes? piſce ſis mutus magis.
Din. Æmylioni nupſit hodiè, & Dii vortant feliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit aurem: ferte me inſanæ procul,
Illo procellæ ferte, quo ferter dies
Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam oſtendet mihi,
Longinqua, clauſa, abſtruſa, diverſa, invia
Emetiemur, nullus obſtabit locus.
[*Exit Bombard.*]
Æm. Nunc demum perii ſolidé, hoc durum in corde eſt mihi,
Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomiſſæ* pejus erit,
Præterquam, quod carendum eſt illa, nil adhuc doleo.
Cal. P. Si eſſet mea, omnem de illâ animum
Ejicerem Patris, & alienarum miſeram à familiâ
Si filius meus ad hunc modum——ſed nonvult, aut ſi cuperet maximè,
Captare conſilii nil poſſet, quin olfacerem prius.
Din. Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus'ſt.
Nihil in ſe culpæ unquam commiſit, Tantum,
Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam juſſiſti ſeduló,
Æglen hodie duxit.
Cal. P. Æglen? non poteſt fieri.
Non, non, non audet: quicquid ſit, videbo tamen.
Si verum eſt, ſtatim cum uxore quatietur forás. [*Exit.*]
Æm. Quicunque ſis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
Orare ut ſies, nam adverſus iſthæc obfirmavi mala,
Sed ut pacem *Eucomiſſæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre
Id oro, atque obſecro: age, etſi parum de te meruerim,
Popularis tuus ſum.
Pol. Meus?
Æm. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.
Pol. Quî iſtud factum eſt, hic ut ſervitutem ſervias?
Æm. Fortunæ ædipol, vitio, nam prognatus patre
Mercatore ſum ditiſſimo, ſed ſic fors tulit
Cum ſorore ſimul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.
Pol. Hei mihi!
Æm. Quid lacrymas obſecro? iſtud me decet magis.
Pol. Quia miſerias mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
Nam filiolam ego etiam cum fratre unà perdidi.
Ubi capti eſtis?
Æm. In navi, cum in Hiſpaniam tranſmiſit Pater.
Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei ſtudens.
Pol. Quodnam erat navi ſignum?
Æm. Caſtor & Pollux.
Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus pluſque convenit.
Si eſt, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,
Omnium, qui ſunt in terrâ, ſum beatiſſimus.
Quot annis abhinc?
Æm. Menſe proximo erunt octodecim.
Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ ſervatum volunt.
Si iſthæc vera ſunt, non dubito quin ſis meus.
Cæterum adeſt Miles, ille me certiorem faciet.

Scena Quintà.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomiſſa, Ægle.

Cal. P. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,
Faxo, ſi vita mihi ſuperet, iſtius obſaturabere.

Æg.

Æg. Obſecro prolixe ſenex, uti quod
te habet malè,
In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in
gratiam redeas.
Mea omnis culpa eſt; Ille abs te innoxius,
Per Deos mea eſt.
Cal. F. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,
Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquiu'ſt.
Blanditiis iſtam meis conjeci invitam in
nuptias.
Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum
aures tuas,
Niſi ſit moleſtum.
Bom. Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet je-
cur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis ta-
men.
Eu. O *Æmylio*! huncce in modum ce-
lebrantur nuptiæ?
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta
ſum.
Æm. Habe modo bonum animum, mea
Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.
Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos
teſtor,
Si unà hâc nocte cubuiſſem in complexu
tuo.
Cras illud eſſet, cum me vellem interfici,
Nè ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret il-
lud gaudium.
Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, ſpes ſita
eſt mea.
Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam
dediſti pulchre.
Inſeparate Fili, ſalve,
Cum hic te conſpicor; quam ſuperat mihi
Atque abundat lætitiâ pectus ubi ſoror tua
eſt?
Æm. Eccam ipſam, mi pater chariſſi-
me! amœnitates quantas
Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo
mea es.
Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, h! lacry-
mo gaudio.
Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me feli-
cior?
Age miles, face te lubentem filiæ nuptiis.
Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo
ſenex,
Quoniámque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.
Æm. Audin' *Eucomiſſa*? iterum mihi
natus videor.
Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Æmylio*.
Cal. p. Quam ſuo mihi hic ſermone ar-
rexit aures!
Fili, quoniam iſtam virginem tam miſerè
deperis,
Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore
habeas.
Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ip-
ſis proximus.
Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapu-
landum eſt mihi.
Æmylio, volo te de communi re appel-
lare mea, & tuâ.
Meminiſtin' quo ornatu te primum inve-
nerim,
Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evene-
runt tibi.
Æm. Fœneratò hanc mihi operam lo-
caſti, *Dinon*,
Nam mecum ſemper vives, ſuppeditabo
ego tibi ſumptibus.
Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus
Genius!
Æm. Meruiſti herculè;
Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam
me verberâſti ſtrenue!
Din. Meruiſti herculè. Ego vel iterum,
mi *Æmylio*,
Voluptatis tuæ cauſâ, defeſſus verberando
fierem.
Æm. Sed obſecro, mi Pater, an *Morion*,
meus frater eſt?
Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum voſmet in-
fortunatus perdidi;
Ne prorsùs viderer ortus, recens natum
ſervi mei puerum
Pro meo ſuſtuli; is hic eſt, quem vidiſtis,
Morion.

Scena Sexta.

Gelaſimus, Pſecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelaſimum*, amicum
Morionis mei?
Gelaſime ſalve.
Gel. O *Polypore* ſalve: neſcis quam be-
atus ego ſum!
Ubi eſt *Bombardomachides*?
Pſ. illic; non vides?
Gel. Hic non eſt ille *Bombardomachides*,
ad quem me inſinuavi callidé.
Pſ. Piſh, credin' me ignorare patrem
meum, quis ſiet?
Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelaſimus*,
hic flexo poplite
Ut ſibi benedicas, obſecrat, atque ut nup-
tiis ſuis.
Bom. Ex ore quid vedit tuo? Tun' fili-
us meus?
Gel. Fortaſſis hoc me credis per jocum
dicere,
Quia jocari ſemper ſoleo; ſed profectò lo-
quor ſerió.
Detrahe velum, mea Muſa: hem! noſtin'
filiam tuam?

Om.

Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Ps. Immò ne admiremini,
Ego nupsi ille Asino, sed præceptis meis,
Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene.
Emissa salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis,
Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiamus consilium,
Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si nolint duræ.
Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse?
Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.
Æsm. Gelasime, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis.
Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non. Feb.
Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ sit, satis novi.
Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?
Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.
Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.
Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam. quæso bona fœmina. [*intus*]
Æsm. Ha! quid hoc?
Ps. Inter tot nuptias
Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio. [*Exit.*]
Cal. p. Fruſtrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res.
Nullâ me vidisse unquam in Comœdiâ memini.
Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scena Septima.

Psecas, Morion in dolio.

Ps. Hem! vobis vinum meum!
Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum. [*in dol.*] *Exit.*
Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam. [*ingred. iterum.*]
Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Morion*, ut ego te derideo!
Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô, pater, tun' hic aderas?
Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.
Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthac ne me Patrem vocites.
Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli.
Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in his vestibus.
Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelasimum*.
Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non jam estis liberi.
Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem tuum,
Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmisimus.

Scena Octava.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò evenerunt hodiè,
Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Morion*,
Mundum omnem jocularem colligite, nam in Angliam mecum redibitis,
Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam.
Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi.
Mor. Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius mihi.
Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori* natu Maximus.
Gn. Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos homines quasi pilas habent.
Cal. p. Intereà ad me omnes introite ad prandium,
Frugaliter vos accipiam.
Gn. Consilium placet.
Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adsient
Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valete, & plaudite.
Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt,
Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

EPILOGUS.

Habet; peracta est fabula; nil restat denique:
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuò
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,
Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

Inter Muſas Cantabrigienſes *extant Carmina ſequentia ab Auctore* A. Cowley *conſcripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere viſum eſt.*

De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ.

Dum more antiquo jejunia feſta coluntur,
Et populum paſcit relligioſa fames;
Quinta beat noſtram ſoboles formoſa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus luſum Bacchúſque Ceréſque miniſtrant,
Et riſum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos ſine lætitiæ ſtrepitu, ſine murmure læti:
Ipſa dies novit vix ſibi verba dari.
Cùm corda arcanâ ſaltant feſtiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente ſonet?
Quídve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, ſalutem?
Sint mea pro tanto ſobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non ſunt, non ſunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera ſuâ.

Viciſti tandem, viciſti, caſta Maria;
Cedit de ſexu Carolus ipſe ſuo.
A te ſic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hoſtes tanti vel ſuperâſſe fuit.
Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, & in methodo te peperiſſe juvat.
O bona conjugii concors diſcordia veſtri!
O ſancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
Non Caroli puro reſpirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (& notum eſt quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd ſimus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd ſatiare nequis.
Cúmque (ſed ô noſtris fiat lux ſerior annis)
In currum aſcendas læta per aſtra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva & mollis imago
Non minùs in terris, quàm tua ſculpta, regat.

Ob pacíferum Serenissimi Regis CAROLI *è* Scotia *reditum.*

ERgò redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæq; ingens laurea pacis adest.
Vicerunt alii bellis & Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
Te sequitur volucri mitis Victoria penna,
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Nascentem, & Delo plus licuisse dolent.
Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat.
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,
Horrentésque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Calisto in vetitum potiùs descenderet æquor,
Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.
Conveniisse feris inter se noverat Ursis,
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine & Angli
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.
Sic gladios solvit vaginis Fulgur in ipsis;
Effectúque potest vix priùs ire suo.
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert subitam, quà volat ipse, diem.
Nil illi prodest stellarum Exercitus ingens;
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

FINIS.

The Third Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr Abraham Cowley,
BEING
His Six Books of Plants,
Never before Printed in Engliſh

Viz.
- The *Firſt* and *Second* of HERBS.
- The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
- The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Now made Engliſh *by ſeveral Hands.*

With a Neceſſary INDEX.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for CHARLES HARPER, at the *Flower-de-luce* over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet.* MDCC.

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To his GRACE

CHARLES Duke of SOMERSET.

My LORD,

I *Dare appeal to that Learned Univerſity, that at preſent enjoys the Honour of being under Your Grace's Patronage, to juſtifie me in preſenting theſe Remains of their ever Celebrated* COWLEY *to Your Grace's Protection. I have long had the Ambition of Addreſſing ſome part of my Endeavours to Your Grace, that might come recommended to a following Age, by being devoted to a Patron that was the Glory and Ornament of his* own. *But while I deſpair'd of performing what could merit Encouragement from a*

Perſon of Your Grace's Worth and Honor, I was obliged to Fortune for this Opportunity of gratifying my Wiſhes in a way that renders my Application a juſt Homage and Duty, that otherwiſe had been Preſumption. The beſt Products of my Invention muſt have prov'd too mean an Offering for your Grace's Acceptance: But coming embarqu'd in COWLEY'S *rich Bottom, laden with the Treaſures of his Divine Fancy, I can with the more Aſſurance approach Your Altar. The Author ſufficiently obliged the World with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approv'd the Tranſlation here attempted, I muſt leave others to determine; but am certain, that if he had lik'd the Undertaking, he would conſequently have allow'd me in aſcribing this Verſion to the Illuſtrious Duke of* SOMERSET. *I dare not attempt your Grace's Character, which would have been a proportion'd Task for the mighty Genius of* COWLEY *himſelf; I will only preſume to ſay (and have all Mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accompliſh'd with all thoſe noble Qualifications which his elevated Muſe would have choſen to celebrate. Virtue and Honor were the Themes he delighted in, and would have been tranſported to have ſeen in his own Age and Climate an Example that might compare with the moſt Noble of the Ancient* Romans. *Beſides the Advantages of Birth and Quality, Your Grace is endow'd with ſuch Greatneſs of Soul, ſuch Piety of Mind, ſuch Generoſity of Temper, with all thoſe Charms of condeſcending Goodneſs and Courteſie,*

teſie, as have even in Your blooming Years procur'd You an univerſal Love and Admiration. It is upon theſe Accounts that the Muſes claim a ſhare in Your Favour. It has in all times been the Province of the moſt worthy to patronize Wit and Learning.

Carmen amat quiſquis carmine dignus.

It is from thence I am encouraged (at leaſt, in behalf of my Fellow-Undertakers) to entitle Your Grace to the Verſion of this Latin Volume, which we hope is not ſo much diſpirited by the Transfuſion, but that a modeſt Cenſure may in a manner allow it to be COWLEY'S *ſtill. Could we have done him that Right which he perform'd to the beſt of the* Latin *Poets, it might confidently take Sanctuary under Your Grace's Name. However I may conclude my ſelf ſafer in this Tranſlation than in any Original which I was capable of deſigning. I propoſed, in ſetting forward this Work, that every Engliſh Man, as far as was poſſible, ſhould be Maſter of their beloved* COWLEY *entire; and hope Your Grace will approve my Zeal, if not the Performance: At leaſt, I will have Recourſe to that Indulgence You never fail of extending to Your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of ſubſcribing my ſelf with all ſincerity,*

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

TO THE READER.

BEing obliged before we ſpeak of this Tranſlation, to give ſome prefatory account of the Original; it will be neceſſary to reſume what has been deliver'd on that Subject by the incomparable Dr. *Spratt*, the preſent Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, in the Account he has given us of the Life and Wtitings of Mr. COWLEY. Concerning theſe Six Books of Plants, he has thus expreſs'd his Sentiments with that ſtrength of Judgment and freedom of Ingenuity which was requiſite.

"The occaſion (ſays he) of his chuſing the Subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this: When he returned into *England*, he was adviſed to diſſemble the main Intention of his coming over, under the Diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſettled Profeſſion. And that of Phyſick was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſections, he proceeded to the Conſideration of Simples, and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful Part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants of which he had read. Thus he ſpeedily maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he preſently digeſted it into that Form which we behold.

The two firſt Books treat of Herbs, in a Style reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the Sweetneſs and Freedom of the Verſe; but excelling them in the Strength of the Fancy, and Vigour of the Sence. The third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers in all the Variety of *Catullus*

and *Horace*'s Numbers; for the laſt of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the ſtately and numerous Pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar Eaſineſs of his *Epiſtles* and *Speeches*. The two laſt ſpeak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*: Of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *Britiſh* Oak to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Foreſt Trees, upon that occaſion he enlarges on the Hiſtory of our late Troubles, the King's Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* Wars; and manages all in a Style, that (to ſay all in a word) is equal to the Valour and Greatneſs of the *Engliſh* Nation.— — —

This was as much as could be expected in a tranſient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Eſſay. As the Nature of the Subject has ſometimes furniſh'd our Author with great and beautiful occaſions of Wit and Poetry, ſo it muſt be confeſs'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He muſt ſo frequently deſcend to ſuch minute Deſcriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which adminiſter ſo feeble occaſions for Thought, and unfurniſhed of Variety, that ſince the Enumerations are no where tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it muſt be wholly aſcribed to the Faculty of the Artiſt, with a *Materiem ſuperavit opus.*

This wonderful Performance put me on a conſideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could poſſibly effect it: I was ſenſible that the ſmalleſt Subjects were capable of ſome Ornament in the hands of a good Poet,

In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria, ſiquem
Numina læva ſinant auditque vocatus Apollo.

This was actually hinted by *Virgil*, when he came to his Deſcription of Bees, to raiſe the Credit of his own Performance; whereas thoſe Manners, Politicks, and Battels with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the moſt part true in fact, and the reſt lay obvious to Invention;

Invention; but our Author was obliged to animate his ſilent Tribe of Plants, to inſpire them with Motion and Diſcourſe, in order to lighten his Deſcriptions with Story: But where he is confined to the deſcriptive part it ſelf, where he is to regiſter them ſtanding mute in their Beds, diveſted of that imaginary Life which might beautifie the Work, *Hic labor, hoc opus*, it is there it ſeems worth our while to obſerve the ſagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Inſtances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat of in his own naked Nature, and ſimply conſider'd, could afford but ſlender Matter; yet that many things were greater in their Circumſtances than they are in themſelves, accordingly he has moſt nicely faſten'd upon each minute Circumſtance of the Places where his Plants and Herbs delight to ſpring, the Seaſons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or ſhort Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring; all which he has manag'd with ſuch Dexterity of Fancy and unexhauſted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dreſs'd and ſet them out) appears with a different Aſpect and peculiar Beauty: The very Agreeableneſs or Diſagreeableneſs of their Names to thoſe Diſpoſitions wherewith Nature has indu'd them, are frequently the ſurprizing and diverting occaſion of his Wit.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, Judgment, that is to ſay, a juſt regard to his Subject every where conſpicuous, being never carried too remote by the Heat of his Imagination and Quickneſs of his Apprehenſion. His Invention exerts its utmoſt Faculties, but ſo conſtantly over-rul'd by the Dictates of Senſe, that even thoſe Conceits which are ſo unexpectedly ſtarted, and had lain undiſcover'd by a leſs piercing Wit, are no ſooner brought to light, but they appear the Reſult of a genuine Thought, and naturally ariſing from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furniſhing him with diverting Fables relating to ſeveral Plants, which he never ſuffers to eſcape his hands, of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter, but delivers them with ſo new a Grace, ſuch an ingenious Connexion and Application

plication to his Deſign, that in every one, inſtead of a ſtale Tradition, we have the Pleaſure of a Story firſt told.

Having mention'd our Author's Deſign in this Work, we muſt ſpeak ſomething of the Oeconomy thereof, the moſt important part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial Caſt and Drift, it can never be able to ſupport it ſelf, the boldeſt Efforts of Wit and Fancy being otherwiſe but extravagant Excurſions. This it is that has compleated the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, where each Book is concluded with a ſurpriſing and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall ſhort of him in Contrivance and artificial Periods. For having in his Firſt and Second of theſe Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the Firſt is a promiſcuous Account (not without Poetical Starts upon all occaſions.) The Second is an Aſſembly of ſuch chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are ſerviceable in Generation or Birth: The Scene which he has choſen for calling this Council is the Phyſick Garden at *Oxford*, which having adjuſted matters for the benefit of the teeming Sex, they are not at laſt tumultuouſly diſſolved, but artifically broke up by the Approach of the Gardener, whom our Author fancies to have enter'd that Morning more early than uſual, to gather ſuch Herbs as he knew would be of aſſiſtance to his Wife who was fallen in Labour. The third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the third he ranges thoſe that appear in the Spring, in the Fourth he muſters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are aſſembled before *Flora*, to offer their reſpective Claims for the Precedency; the Goddeſs at laſt being doubtful how to determin amongſt ſuch noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Deciſion, ſhe puts them in mind of the Inſolence of *Tarquin*, the dangerous Conſequences of a ſingle and arbitrary Principality; that ſhe was a *Roman* Deity, and they themſelves were Flowers of a *Roman* Breed; ſhe therefore adviſes them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and reſolve themſelves into a Commonwealth of Plants, where the Preferments or Offices being annual and ſucceſſive, there would be room left to gratifie their ſeveral Merits. Here we ſee

the

the utmoſt Force of Judgment and Invention in moſt happy Conjunction, what more beautiful Caſt or Turn could the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where can we ſee the Drama it ſelf wind up with a more artificial cloſe. In his Fifth book, the Competition is between the Trees of the *American* World and ours. *Pomona* ſeated in one of the *Fortunate Iſlands* between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is aſſembled before; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Indian* Plants, yet unwilling to determine for the Salvage Climate, prevents the deciſion by a Quarrel between *Omelichilus* the *Indian Bacchus*, and the *European*: The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage; when *Apollo* diſarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Muſick: which is ſo beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have reſted ſatisfied with the Diſcovery. Our Author purſues his Advantage, and beſides the Conqueſt of his Harp, puts a Song into *Apollo*'s Mouth, and faſtens upon the moſt noble as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford, of *Columbus* his Diſcovery of *America*. The Drift of this laſt Book, which yet ſeems to top upon the reſt, is deſcribed to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judg if *Virgil* himſelf has better deſigned for the Glory of *Rome* and *Auguſtus*, than *Cowley* for his Country and the Monarch of his Time.

As for the Tranſlation we have here preſented, I fear I ſhall be thought too much a Party to ſpeak with any great Freedom: I will only preſume to ſay, that if the Reader conſiders the Difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Verſion altogether unworthy of the Original: He that takes the pains to compare them, will at leaſt find a Juſtneſs to the Author's Senſe, and I hope that the Performance of the reſt that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only ſupport their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Defects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diverſion I propoſed, it is all that is expected by

Your Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

THE

Author's Preface

To his Two first Books of

PLANTS,

Publiſhed before the reſt.

CONſidering the Incredible Veneration which the beſt Poets always had for Gardens, Fields, and Woods, inſomuch that in all other Subjects they ſeem'd to be baniſhed from the Muſes Territories, I wonder'd what evil Planet was ſo malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inſpired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful Return of Fruit; where each Particular, beſides its pleaſant Hiſtory (the Extent whereof every body, or to ſpeak more truly, no body, can ſufficiently underſtand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Phyſick: From whence I am induc'd to believe, that thoſe great Men did not ſo much think them improper Subjects of Poetry, as diſcouraged by the Greatneſs and almoſt inexplicable Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a Work which they deſpair'd of finiſhing. I therefore who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and ſcarce ſufficient to expreſs the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt that Work which thoſe Giants declin'd: Yet wherefore ſhould I not attempt? Foraſmuch as they diſdained to take up with leſs than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering ſome part. I ſhall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of ſome Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inſcribed upon a few Flowers. You muſt not therefore expect to find ſo many Herbs collected for this Fardle, as ſometimes go to the compounding of one ſingle Medicine. Theſe two little Books are therefore offer'd as ſmall Pills made up of ſundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain Brightneſs of Stile; In the Choice whereof I have not much

labour'd, but took them as they came to hand, there being none amongſt them which contain'd not plenty of Juice, if it were drawn out according to Art, none ſo inſipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extracted. The Method which I judg'd moſt genuine and Proper for this Work, was not to preſs out their Liquor crude, in a ſimple enumeration, but as it were in a Lymbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to diſtil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I choſen to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a Diſguſt for want of Variety; I rather connected thoſe of the moſt different Qualities, that their contrary Colours, being mixt, might the better ſet off each other.

I have added ſhort Notes, not for Oſtentation of Learning (whereof there is no occaſion here offer'd; for what is more eaſie than to turn over one or two Herbaliſts?) but becauſe that beſide Phyſicians (whom I pretend not to inſtruct, but divert) there are few ſo well vers'd in the Hiſtory of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philoſophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to ſuch Perſons I was to ſupply the place of a Lexicon. But for the ſake of the very Plants themſelves, leſt the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that ſhould ſeem not to attribute to them thoſe Faculties wherewith Nature has endued them, (who ſtudies what is beſt to be done, not what is moſt capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feigned thoſe Qualities which would afford the greateſt Matter for Pomp and empty Pleaſure. For, becauſe Poets are ſometimes allow'd to make Fictions, and ſome have too exceſſively abus'd that Liberty, Truſt is ſo wholly denied to us, that we may not without heſitation be believed when we ſay,

O Laertiade quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.
Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper Witneſſes, that is, ſuch as writ in looſe and free Proſe compared with Verſe, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my ſelf with Two of thoſe, (which is the Number required by Law) Pliny *and* Fernelius *I have chiefly made choice of, the firſt being an Author of unqueſtion'd Latin, and the latter amongſt the Moderns of the trueſt Sentiments, and no ill Maſter of Expreſſion. If any except againſt the former, as too credulous of the Greekiſh idle Tales, that he may not ſafely be credited, he will find nothing in this Subject mentioned by him, which is not repreſented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, becauſe I have made my Plants to diſcourſe, forthwith (as if he were in* Dodona's *Grove) to expect Oracles, which, I fear, my Verſes will only reſemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old deliver'd from their Temples to thoſe who conſulted them.*

Having given you this Account, if any ſhall light upon this Book who have read my former, publiſhed not long ſince by me in Engliſh, I fear they may take occaſion from thence, of reprehending

ſome

ſome things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my ſelf before I proceed. In the firſt place, I foreſee that I ſhall be accuſed by ſome of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great Subjects, and after a day or two's Journey, I have ſtopt, through Lazineſs and Deſpondency of reaching home, or poſſeſt with ſome new Frenzy, have ſtartled into ſome other Road, inſomuch that not only the half (as they ſay) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole Performance: Away (they cry) with this Deſultory Writer. Let with what Spirit, what Voice threatning mighty Matters, he begins

Of War and Turns of Fate I ſing.

Thou ſing of Wars, thou Daſtard, who throweſt away thy Arms ſo ſoon, or betakeſt thy ſelf to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the firſt Charge is ſounded? or if at any time thou adventureſt to engage, it is like the Ancient Gauls, *making the Onſet with more than the Courage of a Man, and preſently retreating with more than that of the Coward: Whereas, he that has once apply'd himſelf to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, ſhould ſtick to it for better for worſe, whether the Matter be grateful and eaſie, or harſh and almoſt intractable, ought neither to quit it for Tireſomneſs, nor be diverted by new Loves, nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquiſh, till he has brought it to a Concluſion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and ſince I cannot deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.*

In the firſt place therefore, that which is moſt truly aſſerted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is beſt never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die: And if my Eſſays ſhould be carried on to their Omega, *(to which the Works of* Homer *by a peculiar Felicity were continu'd vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable, is, that they give off ſeaſonably, that is, ſuddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tired behind him. Theſe Conſiderations, if I write ill will excuſe my Brevity, tho not ſo eaſily excuſe the Undertaking; nor ſhall my Inconſtancy in not finiſhing what I have begun, be ſo much blamed, as my Conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begin, and being like* Fortune, *conſtant in Levity. But if Reader (as it is my Deſire) we have furniſhed you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have uſed ſuch Moderation, as neither to ſend you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much Satiety: To this you muſt add, that our Attempts, ſuch as they are, may excite the Induſtry of others who are enabled by a greater Genius and Strength to undertake the very ſame or more noble Subjects. As* Ageſilaus *of old, who thought he had made no great Progreſs into* Aſia, *yet, being the firſt in that Adventure, he opened the way to* Alexander *for a glorious and entire Conqueſt. Laſtly, (to confeſs*

to thee as a Friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee) I thus employ'd my ſelf, not ſo much out of Counſel as the Fury of my Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other Diverſion of my Troubles; therefore through a Weariſomneſs of human Affairs to theſe more pleaſing Solaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Cuſtom and Nature) my ſick Mind betakes it ſelf; and not long after from an Irkſomneſs of the ſame things, it changes its Courſe and turns off to ſome other Theme. But they preſs more Dangerouſly upon, and as it were ſtab me with my own Weapon, who bring thoſe things to my Mind, which I have declaimed ſo vehemently againſt, the Uſe of exolete and interpolated Repetitions of old Fables in Poetry, when Truth it ſelf in the ſacred Books of God, and awful Regiſters of the Church has laid open a new, more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exerciſed upon.

When thou thy ſelf (ſay they) haſt thus declared with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis *for others to imitate; doſt thou, like an Apoſtate* Jew *loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of* Egypt? *After the Appearance of* Chriſt *himſelf in thy Verſe, and impoſing Silence on the Oracles of Demons, ſhall we again hear the Voice of* Apollo *from thy profane Tripod? After the Reſtauration of* Sion, *and the Purgation of it from Monſters, ſhall it be again poſſeſſed by the drery Ghoſts of antiquated Deities, and what the Prophet threatned as the Extremity of Evils: Your Muſe is in this no leſs an Object of Shame and Pity, than if* Magdalen *ſhould backſlide again to the Brothel. Behold how the juſt Puniſhment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it. The very Lowneſs of your Subject has retrenched your Wings: You are faſten'd to the Ground with your Herbs, and cannot ſoar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your Halting than at your fabulous* Vulcan, *when he had fallen from the Skies.*

A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the firſt ſight; but I eſteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far diſtant from a Sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of ſeveral Plants; therefore, amongſt other things of a more noble ſtrain, the Divine Poet upon that account praiſes the Deity, Who brings forth graſs upon the mountains, and herbs for the uſe of man, *Pſalm* cxli. *ver.* 8. *Nor do I think the Liberty immodeſt, where I introduce Plants ſpeaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it ſelf does ſpeak, as to intelligent Beings:* Bleſs the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth, praiſe and exalt him for ever, *Dan.* ch. iii. v. 53. Apocr. *Thoſe Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor deſire to be ſo. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and fabulous Transformations are ſometimes intermixt, the Matter it ſelf compell'd me againſt my Will, being no other way capable of Embelliſhment, and it is well if by that means they are ſo. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dreſs and living Colours of Truth; yet in ſome Perſons, and on ſome Occaſions it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not misbecome a*

King

King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. You are not therefore to expect in a Work of this nature the Majesty of an Heroick Style, (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to make some Walks in my Garden, partly for Health's sake, and partly for Recreation.

There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in my self to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn Protestation, as almost amounts to an Oath:

Si quidem hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.
Eunuch. Scen. 1.

When behold I have set in anew. Concerning which matter, because I remember my self to have formerly given an account in Metre: I am willing (*and* Martial *affirms it to be a Poet's Right*) *to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and most ingenious Friend, who labour'd under the very same Distemper, tho not with the same dangerous Symptoms.*

More Poetry! You'll cry, dost thou return,
Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn?
'T has reach'd thy Marrow, seiz'd thy inmost Sense,
And Force nor Reason cannot draw it thence:
Think'st that Heaven thy Liberty allows,
And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows?
Forbear, my Friend, to wound with sharp Discourse
A wretched Man that feels too much Remorse.
Fate drags me on against my Will, in vain
I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.
Thrice I took Helleborc, and must confess,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the Disease.
But the Moons Power, to which all Herbs must yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field,
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,
And in one Morn three hundred Rhimes let fall;
Which, in the Transport of my frentick Fit,
I throw like Stones at the next Man I meet:
Ev'n thee my Friend, *Apollo* like, I wound,
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow resound.
What Methods can'st thou study to reclaim,
Whom nor his own, nor publick Griefs can tame?
Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strein,
A Grashopper that sings in Frost and Rain.
Like her whom Boys and Youths and Elders knew,
I see the Path my Judgment should pursue,
But what can naked I 'gainst armed Nature do?
I'm no *Tydides*, who a Power divine
Could overcome; I must, I must resign.

E'en

E'en thou, my Friend, (unleſs I much miſtake)
Whoſe thundring Sermons make the Pulpit ſhake,
Unfold the Secrets of the World to come,
And bid the trembling Earth expect its Doom,
As if *Elias* were come down in Fire,
Yet thou at Night doſt to thy Glaſs retire,
Like one of us, and (after moderate Uſe
Of th' *Indian* Fume, and *European* Juice,)
Setſt into Rhime, and doſt thy Muſe careſs,
In learn'd Conceits, and harmleſs Wantonneſs.
'Tis therefore juſt thou ſhould'ſt excuſe thy Friend,
Who's none of thoſe that trifle without end:
I can be ſerious too when Buſineſs calls,
My Frenzy ſtill has lucid Intervals.

The Author's EPITAPH upon himſelf yet alive, but withdrawn from the buſie World to a Country-Life; to be ſuppoſed written on his Houſe.

HEre Paſſenger, beneath this Shed
Lies COWLEY, *tho entomb'd, not dead;*
Yet freed from human Toil and Strife,
And all th' Impertinence of Life;
Who in his Poverty is neat,
And even in Retirement, Great.
With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he
Holds endleſs War and Enmity.
Can you not ſay he has reſign'd
His Breath, to this ſmall Cell confin'd?
With this ſmall Manſion let him have
The Reſt and Silence of the Grave:
Strew Roſes here as on his Hearſe,
And reckon this his funeral Verſe:
With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn
The yet ſurviving Poet's Urn.

THE

The EPITAPH in the Frontiſpiece of this Book tranſcrib'd from the Author's Tomb in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, attempted in Engliſh.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

The PINDAR, HORACE, and VIRGIL

Of the Engliſh Nation.

While through the World thy Labours ſhine
Bright as thy ſelf, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be
A Partner with Eternity.

Here in ſoft Peace for ever reſt,
(Soft as the Love that fill'd thy Breaſt:)
Let hoary Faith around thy Urn,
And all the watchful Muſes mourn.

For ever ſacred be this Room,
May no rude Hand diſturb thy Tomb;
Or ſacrilegious Rage and Luſt
Affront thy venerable Duſt.

Sweet COWLEY's *Duſt let none profane;*
Here may it undiſturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this Stone for ever live.

THE

The Translation of Mr. COWLEY'S Six Books of PLANTS.

Book I, *and* II. *Of* Herbs, *by* J. O. *Pag.* 1, 33

III. *Of* Flowers, *by* C. Cleve. 60

IV. *Of* Flowers, *by* N. Tate. 83

V. *Of* Trees, *by* N. Tate. 105

VI. *Of* Trees, *by Mrs.* A. Behn. 131

OF PLANTS.

BOOK I.

LIfe's *lowest*, but far *greatest* Sphere, I ſing.
Of all things, that ſpring from the gaudy Spring:
Such as in *Defarts* live, whom, unconfin'd,
None but the ſimple Laws of Nature bind;
And thoſe, who growing tame by human Care,
The well-bred Citizens of *Gardens* are:
Thoſe that aſpire to *Sol*, their Sire's bright Face,
Or ſtoop into their Mother *Earths* embrace:
Such, as drink Streams or Wells, or thoſe, dry fed.
Who have *Jove* only for their *Ganymede*:
And all, that *Solomon*'s loſt Work of old,
(Ah fatal Loſs!) ſo wiſely did unfold.
Tho' the Oaks vivacious Age ſhou'd live,
I ne'er to all their Names in Verſe could give.
Yet I the Riſe of Groves will briefly ſhow,
In Verſes, like their Trees rang'd all a-row.
To which ſome one perhaps new ſhades may join,
Till mine, at laſt, become a Grove divine.
Aſſiſt me, *Phœbus!* Wit of Heav'n, whoſe care
So bounteouſly both Plants and Poets ſhare.
Where e'er thou com'ſt, hurl Light and Heat around,
And with new Life enamel all the Ground;
As when the Spring feels thee with Magick Light,
Break through the Bonds of the dead Winters Night:
When thee to * *Colchis* the gilt *Ram* conveys,
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy Rays.
Where ſhall I firſt begin? For with Delight
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
My ſelf to ſlaviſh Method I'll not tye,
But, like the Bee, where-e'er I pleaſe, will flie;
Where I the glorious hopes of Honey ſee,
Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me.

* When the Sun enters *Aries*, i. e. in *March*. *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the Black Sea, whence the *Ram* with the Golden Fleece was ſaid to be tranſlated into a Conſtellation

Here no fine Garden Emblems ſhall reſide,
In well-made Beds to proſtitute their Pride:
But we rich Nature, who her Gifts beſtows,
Unlimited (nor the vaſt Treaſure knows)
And various plenty of the pathleſs Woods
Will follow; Poor Men only count their Goods.
Do thou, bright *Phœbus*, guide me luckily
To the firſt Plant by ſome kind Augury.
The Omen's good; ſo, we may hope the beſt,
The Gods mild Looks our grand Deſign have bleſt.
For thou, kind *Bet'ny*! art the firſt we ſee,
And opportunely com'ſt, dear Plant! for me;
For me, becauſe the Brain thou doſt protect,
See, if y'are wiſe, my Brain you don't neglect.
For it concerns you, that in Health *that* be,
I ſing thy Sifter, *Betony!* and thee.
But who, beſt Plant! can praiſe thee to thy merit,
Or number the Perfections you inherit?
The Trees, he, in th' *Hercynian* Woods as well,
Or Roſes, that in *Pæſtum* grow, may tell.
† *Muſa* at large, they ſay, thy Praiſes writ,
But, I ſuppoſe, did part of them omit.
Cæſar his Triumphs wou'd recount; do thou,
Greater than he, a Conq'reſs! do ſo now.

† *Antoninus Muſa*, Phyſician to *Auguſtus*

BETONY.

TO know my Virtues briefly, you in vain
Deſire, all which this whole Book can't contain.
O'er all the World of Man great I preſide,
Where-e'er *red* Streams through *milky* Meadows glide;
O'er all you ſee throughout the Body ſpread,
Between the diſtant Poles of Heel and Head.
But in the* *Head* my chief Dominions are,
The *Soul* commits her Palace to my Care.
I all the Corners purge, refreſh, ſecure,
Nor let it be, for want of Light, obſcure.
That *Soul*, that came from Heav'n, which Stars adorn,
Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born,
Alas! to what a frail Apartment now,
And ruinated Cottage does ſhe bow!
Her very Manſion to Infection turns,
And in the place, wherein ſhe lives, ſhe burns.
When *Falling Sickneſs* thunder-ſtrikes the Brain,
Oft Men, like Victims, fall, as Thunder-ſlain.
Oft does the Head with a ſwift Whimſie reel,
And the Soul's turn'd, as on *Ixion*'s Wheel.
Oft Pains i'th' Head an Anvil ſeem to beat,
And, like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with heat,

* *Betony* is hot and dry in the ſecond degree. Wine or Vinegar impregnated with it, is excellent for the Stomach and Sight. The Smell of it alone refreſhes the Brain. 'Tis an Italian Proverb, *He has as many Virtues as Betony*, *i. e.* innumerable.

Some

Some parts the *Palſie* oft of *Senſe* deprives
And *Motion*, (ſtrange Effect!) one ſide ſurvives
The other. This *Mezentius* Fury quite
Out-does; in this Diſeaſe dead Limbs unite
With live ones. Some with *Lethargy* oppreſt
Under Death's weight ſeem fatally to reſt.
Ah! Life, thou art Death's Image, but that Thee
In nought reſembles but thy Brevity.
* Vain *Phantoms* oft the Mind diſtracted keep,
And roving Thoughts poſſeſs the place of Sleep.
† Oft when the *Nerves* for want of Juice grow dry
(That heav'nly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye)
Each feeble Limb as 'twere grows looſe, and quakes,
Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body ſhakes.
Theſe, and all Evils which the Brain infeſt
(For numerous, ſawcy Griefs that part moleſt)
Me *Phœbus* bad, by conſtant War reſtrain;
Saying, "My Kingdom (Child!) ſee you maintain.
And ſtrait he gave me Arms well-forg'd from Heav'n,
Like thoſe t' *Æneas* or *Achilles* giv'n.
One wondrous Leaf he wiſely did create
'Gainſt all the Darts of Sickneſs and of Fate,
And into that a ſovereign myſtick Juice,
With ſubtil heat from Heav'n he did infuſe.
'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you beſtow
Such Arms on me, nor ſhall they ruſty grow.
No; from that Crime not the juſt *Head* alone
Acquits me, but th' inferiour *Limbs* will own,
I'm guiltleſs. || When the *Lungs* with Phlegm oppreſt
Want Air to fan the *Heart*, and cool the *Breaſt*,
A fainty *Cough* ſtrives to expel the Foe,
But ſeeks the Help of pow'rful Med'cines too.
It comes to me, I my aſſiſtance lend,
Open th' obſtructed Pores, and gently ſend
Refreſhment to the *Heart*. Cool Gales abate
Th' internal *Heat*, and it grows temperate.
The *Quartan Ague* its dry holes forſakes,
As *Adders* do; *Dropſies* like *Water-Snakes*,
With liquid Aliment no longer fed,
By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry Bed.
I Loſs of *Appetite* repair, and heat
The Stomach to concoct the Food Men eat.
Torturing *Gripes* I in the Guts allay,
And ſend out murmuring Blaſts the backward way.
I waſh the *Saffron Jaundice* of the Skin,
And eaſe the Kidneys of dire *Stones* within.
Thick Blood that ſtands in *Womens* Veins I ſoon
Force to flow down, more powerful than the Moon.
But then th' unnatural Floods of *Whites* ariſe:
Ah me! that common Filth will not ſuffice.

Fernel.

Virg. Æn.

* *Betony* is drank as a Remedy againſt Madneſs, *Plin. lib.* 26, 11.

† This is according to Dr. *Gliſſon's* Opinion, which ſee in *L. de Anatomia hepatis.* And *Plin. ut ſupra.*

|| Concerning theſe Diſeaſes helpt by *Betony*, ſee *Pliny* and *Fernelius.*

See *Plin. l.* 26, 19.

I likewise ſtop the Current, when the Blood
Through ſome new Channel ſeeks a purple Flood.
I all the Tumults of the Womb appeaſe,
And to the Head, which that diſturbs, give Eaſe.

Fernel.

Womens *Conceptions* I corroborate,
And let no Births their time anticipate.
But in the ſacred time of *Labour* I
The careful Midwives hands with help ſupply.

* It is every where made uſe of againſt the Gout and Sciatica.

* The lazy *Gout* my Virtue ſwiftly ſhuns,
Whilſt from the Joints with nimble heels it runs.
All *Poyſons* I expel, that Men annoy,

† *Betony* is ſaid to have ſo great a Virtue againſt Serpents, that if they are incloſed in a circle made thereof, they'll laſh themſelves to death. *Plin. l.* 25, 8.

† And baneful *Serpents* by my Power deſtroy.
My pointed Odor through the Marrow flies,
And of a ſecret Wound the Adder dies.
So *Phœbus*, I ſuppoſe, the *Python* ſlew,
And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrue.
From every Limb all kinds of *Ach* and *Pain*
I baniſh, never to return again,
The wearied Clown I with new Vigour bleſs,
And Pains as pleaſant make as Idleneſs.
Nor do I only Life's Fatigue relieve,
But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.
I make the Colour of the Blood more bright,

‖ It has a particular faculty to amend the dead colour of the skin, and to render it vivid and clear. *Id. l.* 26, 11.

‖ And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White.
Spain in her happy Woods firſt gave me birth,
Then kindly baniſh'd me o'er all the Earth;
Nor gain'd ſhe greater Honour when ſhe bore
Trajan to rule the World, and to reſtore
Rome's Joys. 'Tis true, he juſtly might compare
With my Deſerts; his Virtues equal were.
But a *good* Prince is the *ſhort* Grant of Fate,
The World's ſoon robb'd of ſuch a vaſt Eſtate.
But of my Bounty Men for ever taſte,
And what he once was, I am like to laſt.

MAIDEN-HAIR or *VENUS-HAIR.*

† Capillary Plants.

I Being the chief of all the † *Hairy* State,
Me they have choſen for their Advocate,
To ſpeak on their behalf: Now We, you know,
Among the other Plants make no ſmall ſhow.

* From the likeneſs of their Leaves.

And * *Fern* too, far and near which does preſide
O'er the wild Fields is to our kind ally'd.

† Alluding to the Name.

Some † *Hairy Comets* alſo hence derive,
And Marriages of *Stars* with *Plants* contrive.
But we ſuch Kindred do not care to own,
Rather than *rude* Relations we'll have *none*.
My Hair of Parentage far better came,
'Tis not for nought, it has *Love's* gentle Name.

Beauty

‖ *Beauty* her ſelf my Debtor is, ſhe knows,
And of my Threads *Love* does his Nets compoſe.
Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay
For wanton Curls, and ſhady Locks that play
Upon their Shoulders. Friend, whoe'er thou art,
(If thou'rt in Love) to me perform thy part.
Keep thy Hair florid; and let dangling toils
Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy ſpoils.
For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,
In vain you boaſt of Treaſures lodg'd within.
The Women won't believe you, nor will prize
Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to pleaſe the Eyes.
So I to *Venus* my Aſſiſtance lend,
(I'm pleas'd to be my Heav'nly Name-ſakes Friend)
Tho I am modeſt, and content to go
In ſimple Weeds, that make no gaudy ſhow;
*For I am cloth'd, as when I firſt was born,
No painted Flowers my rural Head adorn.
But above all, I'm ſober: I ne'er drink
Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirſt make Rivers ſink.
When *Jove* to Plants begins a Health in ſhow'rs,
And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,
You ſee the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,
When they ought only modeſtly to ſup:
You'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,
Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.
Mean while I bluſh; ſhake from my trembling Leaves
The Drops; and *Jove* my Thanks in drought receives.
But I no Topers envy; for my Meen
Is always gay, and my Complexion green.
Winter it ſelf does not exhauſt the Juice,
That makes me look ſo verdant and ſo ſpruce.
Yet the Phyſicians ſteep me cruelly
In hateful Water which I drink and die.
† But I, ev'n dead, on Humours operate,
Such force my Aſhes have beyond my Fate,
I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe
Purſue, whilſt they with ſpeed before me flow,
Ten thouſand Maladies down with them they,
Like Monſters fell, in brackiſh Waves convey.
For this I might deſerve, above the Air,
An higher place than ‖ *Berenices* Hair;
But if into the Sea the Stars turn round,
Rather than Heav'n it ſelf, I'd chuſe dry Ground.

‖ The Name it bears, becauſe it tinges the Hair, and is to this boil'd in Wine with Parſly ſeed, and plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin. l.* 22. *c.* 1.

† Being called in Latin *Capillus Veneris.*

* 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

† It forces Urine, is good againſt the Dropſie, Strangury &c. *Plin.*

‖ The Wife of *Ptolemy Euergetes*, who having vowed, if her Husband had Succeſs in his *Aſian* Expedition, that ſhe would cut off and dedicate her Hair: at his Return ſhe did ſo; and on the morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolemy* was highly enraged, till one *Conon*, a Mathematician, found it out to him, that it was tranſfer'd to Heaven, and there made a Conſtellation of ſeven Stars near the *Lion's Tail*, which ſtill bears this name.

SAGE.

The Virtues of *Sage* are highly celebrated by all Authors; particularly the Writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be conſulted.

SAGE! who by many Virtues gain'ſt Renown,
Sage! whoſe Deſerts all happy Mortals own.
Since thou, dear *Sage!* preſerv'ſt the Memory,
I cannot ſure forgetful prove of Thee.
Thee, who ‖ *Mnemoſyne* do'ſt recreate,
Her Daughter Muſes ought to celebrate,
Nor ſhalt thou e'er complain that they're ungrate.

‖ The Memory.

It is hot in the firſt, and dry in the ſecond degree; it is eaſily aſtringent, and ſtays Bleeding. It ſtrengthens the Stomach and Brain, and rouzes a dull Appetite; but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the Nerves, and to oppoſe all Diſeaſes incident to them. Hence it hath the higheſt Reputation among Medicaments for the Memory.

High on a Mount the Soul's firm Manſion ſtands,
And with a view the Limbs below commands.
Sure ſome great Architect this Pile deſign'd,
Where all the World is to a Span confin'd.
A mighty throng of Spirits here reſide,
Which to the Soul are very near ally'd.
Here the grand Council's held; hence to and fro
The Spirits ſcout to ſee what News below.
Buſie as Bees, through every part they run.
Thick as the Rays ſtream from the glitt'ring Sun.
Their ſubtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid Journey ſtays.
But with much toil they weary grow, at length
Perpetual Labour tires the greateſt Strength.
Oft too, as they in pains beſtow their hours,
The airy Vagrants hoſtile Heat devours.
Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire,
Or burnt by Wine, and drown'd in liquid Fire.
Then leaden Sleep does on the Senſes ſeize,
And with dull Drowſineſs the Vitals freeze.
Cold Floods of dire Diſtempers ſwiftly rowl,
For want of Dams and Fences o'er the Soul.
Then are the Nerves diſſolv'd, each Member quakes,
And the whole ruinated Fabrick ſhakes.
You'd think the Hands fear'd Poiſon in the Cup,
They tremble ſo, and cannot lift it up.
Hence *Sage!* 'tis manifeſt what thou canſt do,
And glorious Dangers beg Relief from you.
The Foe, by *Cold* and *Humours* ſo inclos'd,
From his Chill Throne by thy ſtrong Heat's depos'd.
And to the Spirits thou bring'ſt freſh Recruits,
When they are weary'd in ſuch long Diſputes.
To Life, whoſe Body was almoſt its Urn,
New Life (if I may ſay it) does return.

The

The Members by the Nerves are ſteady ty'd,
A *Pilot*, not the *Waves* the Veſſel guide.
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,
That thy weak Fibres ſuch ſtrong Bonds ſhou'd make!
Looſe *Teeth* thou faſten'ſt; which at thy command,
Well rivetted in their firm Sockets ſtand.
May that fair, uſeful Bulwark ne'er decay,
Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way!
* *Conceptions*, Women by thy help retain,
Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.
Ah! Death, don't Life it ſelf anticipate,
Let a Man live before he meets his Fate,
Thou'rt too ſevere, if, in the very Dock,
Our Ship, before 'tis built, ſtrikes on a Rock.
Of thy Perfections this is but a Taſte,
You bring to view things abſent, and what's paſt
Recal; ſuch Tracks i'th Mind of things you make,
None can the well-form'd Characters miſtake.
And leſt the Colours there ſhould fade away,
Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

* *Agrippa* calls it the *holy Herb* and ſays, the Lioneſſes eat it when they are big. See *Heurnius*, concerning its Virtues this way.

BAUM.

HEnce, Cares! my conſtant, troubleſome Company,
Be gone! * *Meliſſa*'s come and ſmiles on me.
Smiling ſhe comes, and courteouſly my Head
With Chaplets binds from every fragrant bed:
Bidding me ſing of her, and for my ſtrains,
Her ſelf will be the Guerdon of my pains.
My Heart, methinks, is much more lightſome grown,
And I thy Influence, kind Plant! muſt own:
Juſtly thy Leaves may repreſent the *Heart*,
For that, among its Wealth, counts thee a part.
As of Kings Heads Guinies th' impreſſion bear,
That Princely part you in Effigie wear.
All Storms and Clouds you baniſh from the Mind,
But leave Serenity and Peace behind.
Bacchus himſelf not more revives our Blood,
When he infuſes his hot purple Flood:
When in full Bowls he all our Sorrow drowns,
And flattering Hopes with ſhort-liv'd Riches crowns.
But thoſe Enjoyments ſome diſturbance bring,
And ſuch Delights flow from a muddy Spring.
For *Bacchus* does not kill, but wound the Foe,
Whoſe Rage and Strength Increaſes by the Blow.
But without force or dregs thy Pleaſures flow,
Thy Joys no after-claps of Thunder know.
Thy Honey, gentle *Baum*! no pointed Stings,
Like † Bees, thy great Admirers, with it brings.

* *Baum* is hot and dry in the firſt degree; it is excellent againſt Melancholy, and the Evils ariſing therefrom. It cauſes chearfulneſs, a good digeſtion and a florid colour. The leaves are ſaid by thoſe who mind ſignatures to reſemble a heart.

† It is much loved by Bees, and is a preſent Remedy againſt the ſtings of them and Waſps, &c. *Plin.*

Oh!

Oh! heavenly Gift to ſickly human-kind,
All Goddeſs, if from Care thou freeſt the Mind.
All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man ſeiſe:
Whene'er we labour under this Diſeaſe.
Theſe, tho in proſp'rous Affluence we live,
To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give.
Frail human Nature its own Poyſon breeds,
And Life it ſelf thy healing Virtue needs.

SCURVY-GRASS.

A Malady there is, that runs through all
The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.
There is no proper Greek Word for the *Scurvy*.
Thrice happy *Greece*, that ſcorns the barbarous Word,
Nor in its Tongue a neater does afford.
Deſtructive Monſter! God ne'er laid a Curſe,
On Man like this, nor could he ſend a worſe.
A thouſand horrid ſhapes the Monſter wears,
And in as many Hands fierce Arms it bears.
Deſcription of the *Scurvy*.
This Water-Serpent in the Belly's bred,
By muddy Fens, and ſulph'rous Moiſtures fed.
Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,
He both from Eaſe and Pain it ſelf proceeds.
Oft from a dying Fever he receives
His Birth, and in the Aſhes of it lives.
Of him juſt born you eaſily may diſpoſe,
Then he's a Dwarf, but ſoon a Giant grows.
That a ſmall Egg ſhould breed a Crocodile,
Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtrength, the wond'ring *Nile*
Thinks he as much amazed ought to ſtand,
As Men, when he o'erflows the drowned Land.
With naſty Humors and dry Salts he's fed,
By ſtinking Winds and Vapours nouriſhed.
Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows
(Tho he be Son of Sloth, no Sloth this ſhows)
His Toils no ſooner *Hercules* began;
Monſters now ape that Monſter-murdering Man.
E'er he's well born the Limbs he does oppreſs,
And they are tir'd with very Idleneſs.
They languiſh, and deliberating ſtand,
Loth to obey the active Soul's Command.
Nor does it to your wilder'd Senſe appear,
Where their Pain is, 'cauſe it is every where.
When Men for want of Breath can hardly blow,
Nor purple Streams in azure Channels flow,
Then the bold Enemy ſhews he's too nigh,
One ſo miſchievous cannot hidden lie.
The Teeth drop out, and noiſome grows the Breath,
The Man not only ſmells but looks like Death.

Qualms,

Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within
Beſides unſeemly ſpots upon the skin
His other ſymptoms are; with clouds the mind
He overcaſts, and, fettering the Senſe,
To Life itſelf makes Living an Offence.
This Monſter Nature gave me to ſubdue,
(Such feats with herbs t'accompliſh 'tis not new)
So the fierce Bull and watchful Dragon too
On *Colchis* ſhore the valiant *Jaſon* ſlew,
But whether thoſe defeated Monſters fell
By vertue of my Juice I cannot tell.
But them he comquer'd and then back he row'd
O'er the proud waves; nor was it only Gold
Ae got; he brought away a Royal Maid
Beſide, (may all Phyſicians ſo be paid.)
The hardneſs of my task my courage fir'd,
A powerful Foe was that I moſt deſir'd,
I love to be commended, I muſt own,
And that my Name in Phyſick books be ſhown.
I envy them, whom *Galen* deigns to name,
Or old *Hippocrates*, great Sons of Fame.
Achilles Alexander envy'd; why,
If he complain'd ſo juſtly, may not I?
When *Grecian* Names did other Plants adorn
And were by them as marks of honour born,
* I grew inglorious on the Britiſh coaſt,
(For *Britain* then no reaſon had to boaſt)
Hapleſs I on the *Gothick* ſhoare did lie,
Nor was the Sea-weed leſs eſteem'd than I.
Now ſure 'tis time, thoſe loſſes were regain'd,
Which in my youth and fame ſo long I have ſuſtain'd.
'Tis time, and ſo they are; Now I am known,
Through all the Univerſe my fame has flown:
Who my deſerts denies, when by my hands
That Tyrant falls, that plagues the *Northern* Lands?
Sing *Io Pæan*; yea thrice *Io* ſing,
And let the *Gothick* ſhoar with Triumphs ring;
That wild Diſeaſe which ſuch diſturbance gave,
Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

Scurvy-Grass is reckoned among the Medicines peculiar to this Diſeaſe. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and groſs humours, purges by urine and ſweat, and ſtrengthens the entrails.

* Not but that 'tis by ſome thought to be the Britannica of *Pliny*.

DODDER.

THou neither leaf nor ſtalk, nor root can'ſt ſhow;
How, in this penſile poſture doſt thou grow?
Thou'rt perfect Magick; and I cannot now
Thoſe things you do, for Miracles allow;
Thoſe wonders, if compar'd to you, are none;
Since you your ſelf are a far greater one.

To make the ſtrength of other Herbs thy prey,
The Huntreſs thou thy ſelf for Nets doſt lay,
Live Riddle! He that would thy myſteries
Unfold, muſt with ſome *Oedipus* adviſe.
No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,
Thou being all Arms muſt them needs ſo infold,
For thee large threads the fatal Siſters ſpin,
But to your work nor woof nor web put in.
Hence 'tis, that you ſo intricately twine
About that plant * Flax which yields ſo long a line.
Oh! Spouſe moſt conſtant to a Plant moſt dear,
Than whom no Couple e'er more loving were.
No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boaſt,
Her kindneſs is th' effect of nought but Luſt.
Another ſhe enjoys; but that her Love
And She are * Two, many diſtinctions prove.
Their ſtrength and leaves are different, and her fruit
Puts all the Difference beyond diſpute.
The likeneſs to the Parent does profeſs,
That She in that is no Adultereſs.
Her root with different juices is ſupply'd,
And She her Maiden name bears though a Bride.
But *Dodder* on her Spouſe depends alone,
And nothing in her ſelf can call her own.
Fed with his juice ſhe on his ſtalk is born,
And thinks his Leaves her head full well adorn.
Whoe'er he be, She loves to take his Name,
And muſt with him be every way the ſame.
Alceſte and *Evadne* thus enflam'd,
Are, with ſome others, for their paſſion fam'd.
So, *Dodder*! for thy husband *Flax* thoud'ſt die
I gueſs: but may'ſt thou ſpeed more luckily.
This is her living paſſion; but ſhe grows
Still more renown'd for kindneſs, which ſhe ſhows
To mortal Men, when ſhe'as reſign'd her breath,
For She of them is mindful e'en in Death.
† The Liver and the Spleen moſt faithfully
Of all oppreſſions ſhe does eaſe and and free,
Where has ſo ſmall a Plant ſuch ſtrength and ſtore
Of Vertues, when her Husband's weak and poor?
Who'd think the Liver ſhou'd aſſiſtance need,
A noble part, from ſuch a wretched Weed?
Uſe therefore little things; nor take it ill
That Men ſmall things preſerve; for leſs may kill.

* The *Ivy* is always call'd *Ivy*, whatſoever it cleave to: but this Herb takes the name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom alſo it partakes its Vertues, as *Epithymum*, *Epilinum*, *Epiurtica*, &c.

† Concerning its manifold Vertues, conſult *Heurnius* and *Fernelius*.

WORME WOOD.

MOng Children I a baneful Weed am thought,
By none but Hags or Fiends desir'd or sought.
They think a Doctor is in jest, or mad,
If he agrees not, that my juice is bad.
The Women also I offend, I know,
Though to my bounteous hands so much they owe.
Few Palates do my bitter taste approve,
How few, alas! are well inform'd by *Jove*!
Sweet things alone they love; but in the end
They find what bitter gusts those sweets attend.
Long nauseousnes succeeds their short-liv'd joys,
And that which so much pleas'd the Palate, cloys.
The Palate justly suffers for the wrong
Sh'as done the Stomach, into which so long
All tasteful food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
She loaths the Dainties she before admir'd,
A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,
And from the mouth *Lernæan* Poison flies.
Then they're content to drink my harsher juice,
Which for its bitterness they n'er refuse.
It does not idle in the stomach lie,
But, like some God, give present remedy.
(So the warm Sun my vigour does restore,
When he returns and the cold Winter's o'er.)
There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw,
And *Hercules*'s labour undergo.
The Stomach eas'd its Office does repeat,
And with new living fire concocts the meat.
The purple Tincture soon it does devour,
Nor does that Chyle the hungry veins o'er-power.
The visage by degrees fresh Roses stain,
And the perfumed breath grows sweet again.
The good I do *Venus* herself will own,
She, though all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone.
She wisely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights, with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different studies are inclin'd,
And every faction does its Author find.
Some *Epicurus*'s sentiments defend,
And follow pleasure as their only end.
It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flowry Chaplets wear.
Whilst others courting rigid *Zeno*'s Sect,
In Vertue fruitful, all things else neglect.
They love not pomp, or what delights the sense,
And think all's well, if they give no offence.

Pliny spends all Chap. 7 l. 27. in enumerating the Vertues of *Wormwood*, and *Fernelius* is large upon it; whom consult.

It strengthens the Stomach, and purges it of Choler, Wind and Crudities.

And none a greater Stoick is, than I,
The *Stoa*'s Pillars on my Stalk rely.
Let others pleaſe, to profit is my pleaſure,
The Love I ſlowly gain's a laſting treaſure.
In Towns debauch'd he's the beſt Officer,
Whom moſt cenſerious is and moſt ſevere;
Such I am; and ſuch you, dear *Cato*! were.
But I no dire, revengeful paſſion ſhow,
Our Schools in Wiſemen Anger don't allow.
No fault I puniſh more than that which lies
Within my Province; wherefore from my eyes
Choler with haſty ſpeed before me flies.
Aſſoon as Me it in the ſtomach ſpies,
Preparing for a War in Martial guiſe,
Nor daring in its lurking holes to ſtay,
It makes a ſwift eſcape the backward way.
I follow him at th' heels, and by the ſcent
Find out which way the noiſom Enemy went.

It is good againſt the Dropſie.

Of Water too I drain the fleſh and blood,
When Winter threatens a devouring flood.
The *Dutchmen* with leſs skill their Country drain,
And turn the courſe of Waters back again.
Sometimes th' obſtructed Reins too narrow grow,
And the ſalt floods back to their Fountains flow,
Unhappy ſtate! the neighbouring members quake,
And all th' adjacent Country ſeems to ſhake.
Then I begin the Waters thus to chide;
Why, ſluggiſh Waters, do you ſtop your Tide?
Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampires down,
That ſtop the Channel where you once have flown,
I do ſo; ſtraight the Currents wider grow,
And in their uſual banks the Waters flow.
This all the members does rejoice and chear,
Who of a diſmal Deluge ſtood in fear.

And Worms which occaſion'd the Name, *Wormwood*.

Men-eating-Worms I from the body ſcare
And conquering Arms againſt that Plague prepare.
(Vorations Worm! thou wilt moſt certainly
Heir of our bodies be, whene'er we die;
Deferr a while the meal which in the Grave,
Of humane Viands thou e'er long muſt have.)
Thoſe Vermine Infants bowels make their food,
And love to ſuck their fill of tender blood.
They cannot ſtay till Death ſerves up their feaſt,
But greedily ſnatch up the meat undreſt.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of fleas? ſuch Foes I hate,
So baſely born, ev'n to enumerate,
Such duſt born, skipping points of life; I ſay,
Whoſe only vertues is, to run away.
My Triumphs to ſuch numbers do amount,
That I the greater ones can hardly count.

To such a bulk the vast account does swell,
That I some Trophies lose which I should tell.
Oft wandring Death is scatter'd through the Skies,
And through the Elements infection flies.
The Earth below is sick, the Air above,
Slow Rivers prove they're sickly, whilst they move.
All things Deaths Arms in cold embraces catch,
Life even the vital Air away doth snatch.
To remedy such evils God took care,
Nor me as least of Med'cines did prepare.
Oft too, they say, I (though no Giant neither)
Have born the shock of three strong Foes together.
Not without reason therefore, or in vain
Did conquering *Rome* my Honour so maintain:
The Conqu'ror a Triumphal draught of Me
Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.
Holding the crowned Goblet in his hand
He cry'd aloud, This Cup can health command.
Nor does it, cause 'tis bitter, please me less,
My toils were so, in which I met success.

And useful in time of Pestilence.

Concerning this custom see *Pliny*, *ut supra*.

WATER-LILY.

D' ye slight me, 'cause a bog my Belly feeds,
And I am found among a crowd of Reeds
I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,
But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
I was a Goddess of no mean degree;
But Love alas! depos'd my Deity.
He bad me love, and straight my kindled heart
In *Hercules*'s triumphs bore a part.
I with his Fame, and actions fell in love,
And Limbs, that might become his Father *Jove*.
And by degrees Me a strong impulse hurl'd,
That May t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.
To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd,
When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd.
Now blushing, such deeds hate I, to profess;
But 'twas a Night of noble wickedness.
He (to be short) my honour stain'd, and he
Had the first flow'r of my Virginity.
But He by's Father *Jove*'s example led
Rambled and cou'd not brook a single bed.
Fierce Monstrous Beasts and Tyrants, worse than they,
All o'er the World he ran to seek and slay.
But He, the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still
A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill.

Deianira's blood is said by *Calepine* to be turn'd into this Herb, after she had kill'd her self with *Hercules* his Club, for grief that she had been the cause of his death.

All

All Womankind to me his Harlots are,
Ev'n Goddeſſes in my ſuſpicion ſhare.
Periſh me; let the Sun this Water dry,
And may I ſcorch'd in this burnt puddle die;
If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,
And thought I ſhew'd her hatred in my own.
(Perhaps, ſaid I, my paſſion he derides,
And I'm the ſcorn of all his vertuous Brides.
Grief, anger, ſhame and fury vex my mind,
But, maugre all, Loves darts thoſe paſſions blind.)
If I from tortures of eternal grief
Did not deſign by Death to ſeek relief.
But Goddeſſes in Love can never die,
Hard Fate! our puniſhment's Eternity.
Mean time I'm all in tears both night and day,
And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.
Into a Lake the ſtanding ſhow'rs grow,
And o'er my feet th' united Waters flow:
Then (as the diſmal boaſt of miſery)
I triumph in my griefs fertility.
Till *Jove* at length, in pity, from above,
Said, I ſhou'd never from that Fen remove.
His Word my body of its form bereft,
And ſtrait all vaniſh'd, that my grief had left.
It is call'd by ſome *Hercules's Club.* My knotty root under the Earth does ſink,
And makes me of a Club too often think.
My thirſty leaves no liquor can ſuffice;
There are two ſorts, a white and a yellow. My tears are now return'd into my eyes.
My form its ancient Whiteneſs ſtill retains,
And priſtine paleneſs in my Cheeks remains.
Now in perpetual mirth my days I paſs,
We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race.
We truly feel the Suns kind influence,
Cool winds and warmer Air refreſh our ſenſe.
Nectar in dew does from *Aurora* riſe,
And Earth *Ambroſia* untill'd ſupplies.
I pity Man, whom thouſand cares perplex,
And cruel Love, that greateſt plague, does vex;
Whilſt mindful of the ills I once endur'd
'Tis ſaid to be a great allayer of Lechery. His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
I triumph, that my Victor I o'erhrow,
Such changes Tyrants Thrones ſhou'd undergo.
Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave ſhou'd beat,
Alcides Monſters taught me to defeat.
And leſt, unhappy Boy! thou ſhou'dſt believe,
All handſom folks thy cruel Yoke receive;
It takes away Morphews or Freckle I have a Waſh that beautifies the Face,
Yet chaſtly look in my own wat'ry Glaſs.
Diana's mien, and *Venus* face I lend,
So to both Deities I prove a friend.

But

But leſt that God ſhou'd artfully his Flame
Conceal, and burn me in anothers Name;
All Heats in general I reſiſt, nay * I
To all that's Hot am a ſworn Enemy.
Whether diſtracting flames with fury flie,
Through the burnt brain, like Comets through the skie,
Or whether from the Belly they aſcend,
And fumes all o'er the Body ſwiftly ſend.
Whether with ſulphurous fire the veins within
They kindle, or juſt ſinge the outward skin.
Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly;
When glimmering through the pores they run and die.
Why wink'ſt thou? why doeſt ſo with half an eye
Look on me? Oh! my ſleepy root's too nigh.
Beſides my tedious Diſcourſe might make
Any Man have but little mind to wake,
Without that's help; Thus then our leaves we take.

* It is cold in the ſecond degree, its root and ſeed are drying; but the flower moiſtens, being applied to the forehead and noſtrils it cures the Head-ach ariſing from Phlegm, and is very cooling. *Ferne.*

SPLEENWORT or *MILTWAST.*

ME cruel Nature, when ſhe made me, gave
Nor ſtalk, nor ſeed, nor flow'r, as others have.
The Sun ne'er warms me, nor will ſhe allow,
I ſhou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.
And to augment the torment of my years,
No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
You'd think me Heav'ns averſion, and the Earth
Had brought me forth at ſome chance, ſpurious Birth.
Vain outward gaudy ſhews mankind ſurprize,
And they reſign their Reaſon to their eyes.
To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
For there, God wot, the painted Tulip reigns.
But the wiſe Gods mind no ſuch vanity,
Phœbus above all Tulips values me.
So does that Coan, old *Hippocrates*,
Who the next place to *Phœbus* challenges.
For when the Members Nature did divide,
And over ſuch or ſuch bad Herbs preſide;
I of the ſavage and unruly Spleen,
A ſtubborn Prov'dence, was created Queen.
I that reſtrain, though it reſiſt my power,
And bring its ſwelling, rebel humor lower.
The paſſages with Rampires it in vain,
Obſtructs; I quickly break them down again.
All commerce I with ſpeedy force reſtore,
And the ways open all my Kingdom o'er.
If I don't take that courſe, it furious grows,
And into every part Contagion throws.

The Vertues of this Herb are told in its name.

With

With poiſonous vapours it infects the blood,
And Life itſelf drinks of a venomous flood.
Foul Leproſie upon the skin appears,
And the chang'd viſage Deaths pale colours wears.
Hence watchfulneſs, diſtracting cares, and tears,
And pain proceeds; with haſty, killing fears.
Hence Halters, cruel Love! our necks releaſe
From thy more fatal Yoke; and Daggers eaſe
Our Souls of Life's incurable Diſeaſe:
My no ſuch monſtrous evils good Men hurt,
Jove and my Vertue all ſuch things avert!
The Treaſury *Trajan* rightly to the Spleen
Compar'd; for when that ſwells, the body's lean.
Why do you laugh? Is it, becauſe that I
Pretend to know the *Roman* Hiſtory?
I a dull ſtock and not a Plant ſhou'd be,
Having ſo long kept Doctors company,
If their diſcourſe ſhou'd not advantage me.
It has; and I great wonders cou'd relate,
But I'm a Plant, that ne'er was given to prate.
But to return from whence I have digreſt,
I many Creatures eaſe by Spleen oppreſt.
Creet, though ſo uſed to lye, you may believe,
When for their Swine their thanks to me they give.
The wretched Aſs, whom conſtant labour tires,
Sick of the Spleen my ſpeedy aid deſires.
Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
He cheerfully reſumes his work again.
Now, if you can, vain, painted Flow'rs admire,
Delights, ſcarce ſooner born, than they expire.
They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're green;
But I, though ſad, procure a gladſom mien.

Vitruvius ſays that in *Creet*, where this Herb abounds, the Swine have no Spleen.

LETTUCE.

SOme thing your commendation you deſerve,
'Cauſe you of old *Auguſtus* did preſerve.
Why did you ſtill prolong that fatal breath,
That baniſh'd *Ovid*, and was *Tully*'s death?
But I ſuppoſe that neither of 'em you,
Nor Orator nor Poet ever knew;
Wherefore I wonder not, you ſhou'd comply,
And the Worlds Tyrant ſo far gratify.
Thou truly to all Tyrants are of uſe,
Their madneſs flies before thy pow'rful juice.
Their heads with better wreaths, I pri'thee, crown,
And let the World in them thy kindneſs own.
At thy command forth from its ſcorch'd Heart,
Of Tyrants Love the greateſt does depart.

Auguſtus is ſaid to have been preſerved in his Sickneſs by Lettuce. *Plin.*

False

False Love, I mean; for thou ne'r try'st t' expel
True Love, who, like a good King governs well,
Justly that Dog-star, *Cupid*, thou dost hate,
Whose Fire kills Herbs, and Monsters does create.

Upon the same.

EAT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'r repine,
Or say in Summer you want Meat to dine.
The World's first Golden Age such Viands blest,
I was the chief Ingredient at a Feast:
Large Bodies for the Demigods my Juice,
And Blood proportionable did produce.
Then neither Fraud, nor Force, nor Lust was known,
Such Ills their Rise from too much Heat must own.
Let their vile Name religiously be curst,
Who to base Glutt'ny gave dominion first.
From thence sprang Vice, whose Train Distempers were,
And Death did in new, ghastly shapes appear.
Shun cruel Tables, that with Blood are dy'd,
And Banquets by destructive Death supply'd.
Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs desire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

EYE-BRIGHT.

ENter, sweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal
Thy self, and gratefully thy Poet heal.
If I of Plants have any thing deserv'd,
Or in my Verse their Honour be preserv'd.
Thus, lying on the Grass and sad, pray'd I,
Whilst nimbly *Eye-bright* came and stood just by.
I wonder'd that so noble an Herb so soon
Rose by my side like a *Champignion*;
I saw her not before, nor did sh' appear,
For any thing I knew, to be so near.
On a black Stalk, nine Inches long she grew,
With Leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish hue.
While pretty Flowers on her top she bore,
With yellow mixt and purple streaks all o'er.
I knew her strait; her Name and Visage suit;
And my glad Eyes their Patroness salute.
Strange News! to me she bow'd with Flow'r and Stalk,
And thus, in Language fit for her, did talk.
'Twas low; for Herbs that modest Custom love,
Hoarse Murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.
"Thou only Bard, said she o'th' verdant Race,
Who in our Songs dost all our Virtues trace.

All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,
Tho ſuch reſpect to you, our Friend, we bear;
We hate the Cuſtom which with Men obtains,
To ſlight a kind, ingenuous Poet's Pains.
I wiſh my Root could heal you, and I'm ſure,
* Of Plants. Our * Nation all wou'd gladly ſee the Cure.
But if by Nature's ſelf it be withſtood,
The Pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.
Nature's Injunctions none of us withſtands,
We're Slaves to all her Ladyſhips Commands.
Let what ſhe gives your Appetite ſuffice
Nor grumble, when ſhe any thing denies,
For ſhe with ſparing Hands large Gifts ſupplies.
But if ſome Malady impair the Sight,
Or Wine, or Love, that's blind and hates the Light;
Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,
Or numerous other things that hurtful are;
Then am I uſeful: If you would engage
To count my Conqueſts, or the Wars I wage,
The Ev'ning Star much ſooner would go down,
And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.

Several Diſeaſes of the Eyes are recounted.

Epiphora. Oft a ſalt Flood, which from the Head deſcends,
With the Eyes freſher ſtreams its current blends.
That Pain, which cauſes many wat'ry Eyes,
From its own Tears it ſelf does here ariſe.

Ophthalmia. Oft-times the Channels of a paler Flood
Are fill'd and ſwell with ſtrange, unnatural Blood;
And by a Gueſt, who thither lately came,
The Houſe is ſet all on a raging Flame.
Take care, if your ſmall World's bright Sun appear
Blood-red, or he'll ſoon leave your Hemiſphere.

Suffuſio. Oft Fumes and wandring Flies obſcure the Eye,
And in thoſe Clouds ſtrange Monſters ſeem to fly.
Fume, what does thy dull ſooty Viſage here?
I ſee no Fire, that thou ſhou'dſt be ſo near.
Or what (with a Miſchief) means the troubleſome Fly?
I'd as ſoon have the God of Flies as nigh.

Leucoma. Oft-times the Sight is darken'd with falſe Snow,
And Night it ſelf in blanched Robes does go;
Whilſt ſhapes of diſtant things that real were,
In different Colours, or in none appear.

Ægilopes. *Tumours*, and *Cankers*, *Puſtles*, *Ulcers* why
Carcinomata. Shou'd I recount thoſe Torments to the Eye?
Phlyctænæ. Or thouſands more which I'm afraid to name,
Epicaumata. Leſt when I tell them they my Tongue inflame,
Or that which from its hollow Length Men call
Fiſtula [Pipe] a name too Muſical.
All theſe I tame; the Air my Virtue clears,
Whilſt the Clouds vaniſh, and the Day appears.

The joyful Face ſmiles with diffuſed Light,
What Comlineſs is mixt with that Delight!
You know, *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'er)
Did Sight by me to Men ſtone-blind reſtore.
'Tis true; and my known Virtue ought to be
The more eſteem'd for that ſtrange Prodigy.
With my kind Leaves he bids you tinge your Wines,
And Profit with your Pleaſure wiſely joins.
Thoſe Light will truly give, and ſacred Bowls,
Bacchus will dwell in your enlarged Souls.
Then call thy Boy, with a capacious Cup,
And with that Wine be ſure to fill it up,
Till thou haſt drank, for all the amorous Dames,
An Health to every Letter of their Names.
Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they wont refuſe
(I'm confident) to pledge you in my Juice.
But we loſe time; go, carefully rehearſe
What I have ſaid in never-dying Verſe.
She ſpake, then vaniſhing away ſhe flew;
I (Reader) tell you nothing but what's true.

Arnold de Villa nova, Lib. de Vinis.

WINTER-CHERRIES.

When I ſtand muſing (as I often do)
I'm fill'd with Shame and noble Anger too;
To think that all we Plants (except ſome few
Whom *Phœbus* with more Vigour did endue)
Cannot away with Winters nipping Fare,
But more effeminate than Mankind are.
From Father Sun and Mother Earth in vain
We ſprang; they both their Figure ſtill retain.
To our Delights why dont the Seaſons yield,
And baniſh Winter from each verdant Field?
Why in *Elyſian* Gardens don't we grow,
Where no chill Blaſts may on our Beauties blow?
We're *Halcyons* forſooth, and can't with Eaſe
Bring forth, unleſs the World be all at peace.
Nor is this Softneſs only to be found
Among ſmall Herbs ſtill creeping on the Ground:
Great *Elms* and *Oaks* themſelves it does controul,
In their hard Bark they wear a tender Soul.
Theſe Huffs Effeminacy count no Crime;
You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n would climb.
But if the Year its Back upon them turn,
Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth its Urn.
Here lies — you on his bulky Trunk may write;
For ſhame! There lie; let not the Mold lie light.
But I, who very hardly dare receive
The name of *Shrub* (tho *Pliny* gives me leave)

The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;
Tho Heav'n it ſelf ſhould fall, I'd take no care.
The Winter comes, and I'm by Storms alarm'd,
She comes with Legions numberleſs, well-arm'd.
Then I my Fruit produce, and having firſt
Expos'd them to her, cry, Now do thy worſt.
Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Sky,
It will not waſte away their Scarlet dye.
Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright,
Some red in a white Veſſel gives Delight.
So the red Lip the Ivory Teeth befriends,
And a white Skin the roſie Cheeks commends.
With ſuch like Rudiments do I inure
My Virtue, and the Force of it ſecure:
I, who rebellious Sickneſs muſt ſubdue,
And every day freſh Victories purſue.

It its excellent againſt the *Stone* and all Diſeaſes of the Bladder, thence in Latin called *Veſicaria*.

Thus did I learn vaſt *Stones* to break in twain,
And *Ice*, at firſt, put me to little pain,
For I not only *Water* do expel,
(That other weaker Plants can do as well)
But ſuch hard Rocks of *Adamant* I break,
As *Hannibal* to paſs wou'd prove too weak.
Unhappy He, who on this Rock is toſt,
And ſhipwrackt is in his own *Waters* loſt!
Even *Siſyphus* might pity and bemoan
The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred *Stone*.
How does he envy, ah, how much, the dead,
Whoſe Corps with Stones are only covered!
Would I not help him? might the Earth divide,
And ſwallow me, if I my Aid deny'd.
Then I my ſelf Child of ſome Rock muſt own,
And that my Roots were Veins of hardeſt ſtone.
But truly I do pity ſuch a Man,
And the obdurate Matter quickly can
Diſſolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies,
And ſtrait into a thouſand parts it flies.
The long obſtructed Streams then glide away,
And Fragments with them of the *Stone* convey.

SUN-DEW or LUST-WORT.

Vulgarly call'd *Roſa Solis*.

TO ſay the truth, Nature's too kind to thee,
For all thy days thou ſpend'ſt in Luxury.
Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down
Covers thy Body, like a ſilken Gown:
Whilſt, to increaſe thy Pomp and Pride, each Vein
Of thine a Golden Humour does contain.
Each Leaf is hollow made, juſt like a Cup,
Which Liquor always to the brim fills up.

The drunken Sun cannot exhauſt thy Bowl,
Nor *Sirius* himſelf, that thirſty Soul.
Full thou ſurvey'ſt the Parched Fields around,
And enviouſly in thy own floods art drown'd.
Drinking, the thirſty Months thou laugh'ſt away,
The *Hydra* of thy Spring's reviv'd each day.
Thy *Nile* from ſecret Sources moiſtens Thee,
And bids Thee merry, tho *Jove* angry, be.

Upon the ſame.

THY conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus!* now throw down,
And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.
The Herb, which Plenty's bounteous Current feeds;
Plenty which conſtantly it ſelf ſucceeds.
So thy extended Guts thy Godſhip ſwills,
And its own ſelf thy tilted Hogſhead fills.
So at *Jove's* Table Gods the Goblet drain,
But ſtrait with Nectar it grows full again.
Nor do thy Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need
To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede.*
So in the Heart, that double luſty Boul
(In which the Soul it ſelf drinks Life and Soul)
That Heav'nly Bowl, made by an Heav'nly hand,
With purple Nectar always crown'd does ſtand.
Of what ſhe ſpends Nature ne'er feels the lack,
What one throws out, another brings it back.
Bleſt Plant! brimful of Moiſture radical!
No wonder thou the Spirits, leſt they fall,
Support'ſt, or that Conſumptive Bodies you,
And the firm Limbs bind with a laſting Glue.
Or that Life's Lamp, which ready is to die,
With ſuch vivacious Oyl you can ſupply.
No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,
Thy conſtant VVaters feed that ſpongy part.
You *Venus* alſo loves, for tho you're wet,
Your Inſide, like your Outſide's burnt with Heat.
Theſe are Luſts Elements; of Heat ſhe makes
A Soul, and Moiſture for her Body takes.

SOW-BREAD.

THE dropping, bloody Noſe you gently bind,
But looſen the cloſe Hemorrhoids behind.
And 'tis but nat'ral, that who ſhuts the Fore
Should at the ſame time open the Back-door.

Upon

Upon the ſame.

The *Colewort* is ſaid to kill the *Vine*, and it ſelf kill'd by this Herb.

SEE how with Pride the groveling Pot-herb ſwells,
And ſaucily the generous Vine repels:
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,
A baſe, unworthy *Colewort* does ſubdue.
But tho o'er that the Wretch victorious be,
It cannot ſtand, puiſſant Plant! near Thee
For Meat to Medicines ſtill muſt give the place,
That feeds Diſeaſes, which away theſe chace,
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, doſt impart,
And ev'n to thy own Garden Phyſick art.

Cyclaminus.

Tho on me *Greece* beſtow'd a graceful Name,
Which well the Figure of my Leaves became;
Th' Apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very *Greek* Words ſound)
And from a naſty Sow, (whoſe very Name
Stinks on my tongue) have ſtigmatiz'd my Fame.
But I to them more than to Swine give Bread,
They are the Hogs, by my large Bounty fed.

Upon the ſame.

MY Virtue dries all ulcerous, running Sores,
And native Softneſs to the Skin reſtores.
My Pow'r hard Tumours cannot, if I liſt,
Either with Water, or with Fire reſiſt.
Of Scars by burning caus'd I clear the Face,
Nor let Small-pox the Countenance diſgrace.
My conquering hand Pimpgenets cannot ſhun,
Nor blackiſh, yellow Spots the Face o'er-run;
Morphew departs, and out each Freckle flies,
Tho from our God himſelf they had their riſe.
Nor leave I ought upon the Cheeks of Laſſes,
To make 'em ſhy of looking in their Glaſſes.
Nor doubt I but that Sex much thanks will give,
For that the Pangs of Childbirth I relieve.

Upon the ſame.

The *Jaundice* ſometimes called in Latin *Aurigo*, from *Aurum*.

IN my Fire, that falſe Gold, the *Jaundice*, I
Conſume, (true Gold ſcarce does more injury.)
Black Blood, at my command, the back-way flows;
Naſty it ſelf through naſty holes it goes.

Choler

Choler and *Phlegm* yellow and white I drain,
They wear th' dear * Metals colours both in vain.
All Meteors from the Eyes I drive away,
And whatſoe'r obſcures the ſmall Worlds day.
I of the *Gout* remove the very Seed,
And all the Humours which that Torment breed.
Thorns, *Splinters*, *Nails* I draw, who wondring ſtand
How they could ſo come forth without a Hand.
This is the leaſt: all Poiſons I expel,
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
Infants that know not what it is to live,
Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive.
Oh Heav'ns! ſays th' ignorant amazed World; What's this?
Is't a Diſtemper to be born? Yes, 'tis.
For if we make a true account, 'tis more
Advantage Life to hinder than reſtore.

* Silver and Gold.

DUCKS-MEAT.

A Luſty *Frog*, a *Duck* ſwears, is ſuch Meat
(Fatten'd by me) as *Jove* himſelf may eat.
And if the learn'd * *Apicius* knew that diſh,
He'd hungry grow, tho dead, and Life wou'd wiſh.
By this our Value's in ſome meaſure ſhewn;
But I'm not born to fatten *Ducks* alone,
Nor o'er green Ponds did Nature Carpets ſtrow,
That ſhe to ſlimy *Frogs* Good-will might ſhow.
From me great Benefits all the World muſt own,
Tho long time hid, they're many, yet unknown.
In a ſmall Ring the Wits of Learned Men
Run, and the ſame, confin'd, trace o'er agen.
The Plants which Nature through the Univerſe
In various ſhapes and colours does diſperſe,
Why ſhould I mention; this their Ignorance ſhows,
That ev'n of me Mankind ſo little knows.
Something they do; and more I would reveal,
Which *Phœbus* and the Fates bid me conceal.
But this I'll tell you; dry blue *Cankers* I,
And cholerick *Fire* and hot St. *Anthony*,
I ſoon extinguiſh; and all other Flames,
Whatever are their Natures or their Names.
My native cold and watry Temper ſhow,
Who my chill Parent is, and where I grow.
Thus when the Water in the Joints incloſ'd
Bubbles by Pain and natural Heat oppoſ'd,
The boiling Cauldron my ſtrong Virtue rules,
And ſprinkled with my Dew the Fury cools.

* An Antient *Roman* Author that wrote about good Eating.

The *Gout*.

Roſemary.

ROSEMARY.

Touching the Bite of the † Tarantula.

† An Inſect of the Spiderkind.
* A Nymph turn'd into a Spider.

Daunian * *Arachne!* who ſpin'ſt all the day,
Nor to *Minerva* wilt ev'n yet give way;
Whilſt thy own Bowels thou to Lawn doſt weave,
What Pleaſure canſt thou from ſuch Pains receive?
Why thy ſad Hours in ſuch baſe Deeds doſt ſpill,
Or do things ſo ridiculouſly ill?
Why doſt thou take delight to ſtop our breath,
Or act the ſerious Sports of cruel Death.
Whom thou ſcarce toucheſt, ſtrait to rave he's found,
He raves altho he hardly feels thy Wound.
One Atom of thy Poiſon in the Veins,
Dominion ſoon o'er all the Body gains.
Within upon the Soul it ſelf it preys,
Which it diſtracts a thouſand ſeveral ways.
One's ſilent, while another roars aloud;
He's fearful, t'other fights with th' gazing Crowd.
This cries, and this his ſides with Laughter ſhakes,
A thouſand Habits this ſame Fury takes.
But all with love of Dancing are poſſeſt,
All day and night they dance and never reſt.
As ſoon as Muſick from ſtruck Strings rebounds,
Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick ſounds;
The ſtiff old Woman ſtrait begins a Round,
And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the ground.
The poor lame Fellow, tho he cannot prance
So nimbly as the reſt he hops a Dance.
The old Man, whom this merry Poiſon fires,
Satyrs themſelves with dancing almoſt tires.
To ſuch a ſad, phrenetick Dance as this
A *Siren*, ſure, the fitteſt Minſtrel is.
Cruel Diſtemper! thy wild Fury proves
Worſt Maſter of the Revels which it loves:
When this ſad * *Pyrrhick* Meaſure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their Hearts within.
Tell me, Phyſicians! which way ſhall I eaſe
Poor Mortals of this ſtrange, unknown Dieaſe?
For me may *Phœbus* never more protect
(Whoſe Godhead you and I ſo much reſpect)
If I know any more (to tell you true)
When this dire Miſchief ſprings, than one of you.
But to the Heart (you know it) and the Brain,
Thoſe diſtant Provinces, in which I reign,
(To you, my Friends, I no falſe Stories feign.)
Auxiliary Troops of Spirits I,
Send, and the Camp with freſh Recruits ſupply.

* A heavy ſort of Dancing in Armour.

Many

Many kind Plants beſides Me to the War
Attend, nor bluſh that under me they Soldiers are,
The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents Kills,
Cent'ry and Saffron from *Cilician* Hills.
And thou, kind *Birthwort*, whoſe auſpicious Name
From thy good deeds to teeming Women came.
The kind *Pomegranate* alſo does engage,
With her bright Arms, and my dear Siſter *Sage*.
Berries of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, *Tamariſk*,
Ivy nor *Juniper* are very briſk.
Lavender, and ſweet *Marjoram* march away,
Sothernwood and *Angelica* don't ſtay.
Plantain, the *Thiſtle* which they Bleſſed call,
And uſeful *Wormwood* in their order fall,
Then *Carrot*, *Aniſe*, and white *Cumin* ſeed,
With *Gith*, that pretty, chaſt, black Rogue, proceed.
Next *Vipers-graſs* a Plant but lately known,
And *Tormentil* and *Roſes* red, full blown;
To which I *Garlick* may and *Onions* join;
All theſe to fight I lead; go, give the ſign.
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
Soft Muſick that great praiſe ſhou'd arrogate.
Poets will ſay, 'tis true (they're given to lye)
Willing their Miſtris ſo to gratifie.
But food I ſay it does, not Phyſick, prove
To madmen (witneſs, all that are in Love!)
She to a ſhort-liv'd folly does ſupply
Conſtant additions of new vanity;
And here (to ſhew her Wit and Courage too)
Flatters the Tyrant, whom ſhe ſhou'd ſubdue.
It is the greateſt part of the Diſeaſe,
That ſhe does ſo immoderately pleaſe,
'Tis part of the Diſeaſe, that ſo they throw
And toſs themſelves, which does for Phyſick go;
This Plague it ſelf is plagu'd ſo night and day
That tir'd with labour it flies quite away.
I alſo lend an hand, to eaſe her grief,
When from her own ſtrength Nature ſeeks relief;
'Tis ſomething that I do; but truly I
Think the Diſeaſe is its own Remedy.

MINT.

TAke my advice, Men! and no Riddles uſe;
Why wo'n't you rather to ſpeak plainly chooſe?
If you're afraid, your ſecrets ſhou'd be told,
Your tongues you (that's the ſureſt way) may hold.

Ariſtotle gave the World a Rule, *Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war*; which being variouſly underſtood by his Followers; The ſaid Herb does in this Speech make out, that it can with no ſenſe be interpreted to its diſhonour, by telling her Virtues in chearing the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.

Why ſhou'd we *Senſe* with barbarous cruelty
Put to the Rack, to make it tell a lye?
Of this juſt reaſon I have to complain;
Old dubious *Saws* long ſince my fame do ſtain.
How many ill conjectures grounded are
On this, that I muſt ne'er be ſet in War.
The Reader of a thing obſcure will be
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty.
Hence one ſays, *Mint*, *Mars* does entirely hate,
And *Mint* to *Venus* alſo is ingrate.
Mars loves as well to get as to deſtroy
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
Mint from the ſeed all ſeminal virtue takes,
And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes.
And then (to make the ſpreading error creep
Farther and farther ſtill) they hear I keep
Their Milk from thickning; but how this I do
I'll tell you on theſe terms alone, That you
Shall me before reſolve how firſt you gain
Notions of things, then, how you them retain.
This I dare boldly ſay; The fire of Love
With genial heat I gently do improve;
Though conſtantly the noble, human ſeed
That ſacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed:
For what to *Venus* e'er will faithful ſeem,
If Heat it ſelf an Enemy you eſteem?
Whether I know * her *Proſerpine* can tell,
I by my puniſhment am clear'd too well.
Beſides, nought more the ſtomach rectifies,
Or ſtrengthens the digeſtive faculties.
Such, ſuch a Plant that feeds the amorous flame,
If *Venus* love not, ſhe is much to blame;
And with ingratitude the ſeed I may
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
But other cauſes others have aſſign'd,
Who make the reaſon, which they cannot find.
They ſay, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
And I wound wounds themſelves; 'tis very true.
For I a dry, aſtringent Pow'r retain,
By which all Ulcers of their gore I drain,
I Bloody-fluxes ſtop, my Virtue's ſure
The Wounds that Natures ſelf has made to cure.
On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I ſeize
And them (Wars hurts are ſlight) I heal with eaſe.
I ſcarce dare mention, that from Galling I,
If in the hand I'm born, preſerve the thigh.
D'ye laugh? laugh on, ſo I with laughter may
Require the ſcandals which on me you lay.
Of which ſome I omit; and the true cauſe
Of all will tell (and thenſhe made a pauſe.)

* *Venus.*

Minthe was a Nymph, one of *Pluto's* Harlots, whom *Proſerpine* therefore chang'd into this Herb. *Opp. Hal.* ?.

Though

Though I abhor my ſorrows to recal
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)
I did not always in your Gardens grow,
But once a comely Virgins face cou'd ſhow.
Black though I was (*Cocytus* was my Sire)
Yet Beauty had to kindle am'rous fire.
Leſt any one ſhould think this is a lye,
Ovid will tell you ſo as well as I. *Ovid. Met. l. 10.*
My Father had a pleaſant, ſhady Grove,
Where he perpetually to walk did love.
There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypreſs grow,
Whoſe melancholy Greens no Winter know,
With other Trees whoſe looks their ſorrow ſhow.
Here *Pluto*, (*Jove* of the infernal Throne)
Saw me, as I was walking all alone.
He ſaw me and was pleas'd; for his deſire
At any face, or white or black, takes fire.
Ah! if you knew him but ſo well as I,
He's an unſatiable Deity.
He never ſtands a tender Maid to woe,
But cruelly by violence falls to.
He caught me, though I fled till out of breath
I was; I thought he wou'd ha' been my death.
What cou'd I do? his ſtrength was far above
Mine; he, the ſtrength has of his Brother *Jove*.
In ſhort, Me to a ſecret Cave he lead,
And there the Raviſher got my Maidenhead;
But in the midſt of all his wickedneſs,
(How it fell out the Poets don't expreſs.
Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well
The cauſe at ſuch a time as that cou'd tell)
Lo! *Proſerpine*, his Wife came in, and found
My wretched limbs all proſtrate on the ground.
She no excuſe wou'd hear, nor me again
Let riſe; but ſaid, There fix'd I ſhou'd remain.
She ſpake, and ſtraight my body I perceiv'd,
(Each limb diſſolv'd) of all its ſtrength bereav'd.
My Veins are all ſtraight rooted in the Earth
(From whence my ruddy ſtalk receives its birth)
A bluſhing crown of Flowers adorns my head,
My leaves are jagged, of a darkiſh red,
And ſo a lovely Bed of *Mint* I make
In the ſame poſture, that ſhe did me take.
But the infernal Raviſher my Fate
('Twou'd move a Devil) did commiſerate;
And, his reſpect for what I was to ſhow,
Great Virtue on my leaves he did beſtow.
Rich qualities to humble Me he gave,
Of which my fragrant Smell's the leaſt I have.

All this the Antients underſtood was true,
And thence their great Religious caution grew.
They thought me ſacred to th'infernal King,
And that 'twas ominous for me to ſpring
In times of death and danger, nor wou'd let
Me in the midſt of war and blood be ſet.
But they miſtaken were; for I take care
That others be not caught in his ſtrong ſnare,
Nor paſs the *Stygian* Lake without gray hair.

MISSELTOE.

WElcome, thrice welcome, ſacred *Miſſeltoe*!
The greateſt Gift, * *Teutates* does beſtow.
With more Religion, Druid Prieſts invoke
Thee, than thy ſacred, ſturdy Sire, the Oak.
Raiſe holy Altars from the verdant ground,
And ſtrow your various Flowers all around:
Next let the Prieſt when to the Gods h'as paid
All due Devotion, and his Or'ſons made,
Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be,
With Hands and Necks rais'd to the ſacred Tree.
Where that he may more freely it receive,
Let him firſt beg the Shrubs indulgent leave.
And when h'as cut it with a golden hook,
Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
Array'd in White, the falling Treaſure meet,
And catch it in a pure, clean, ſnowy Sheet.
Then let two ſpotleſs Bulls before him lie,
And with their grateful blood the Altars die.
Which when you've done, then feaſt, and dance, and ſing,
And let the Wood with their loud voices ring.
Such honour had the *Miſſeltoe*; which hate
And envy to it did in Gods create.
Th' *Egyptian* Temples do not louder ſound,
When there again th'adored Heifer's found.
Nor did ſhe ſeem leſs Majeſty to wear
(If any Tree there *Miſſeltoe* did bear)
When in *Dodonas* Grove upon an Oak
She grew, that in its hollow Or'cles ſpoke;
For this one Plant the Antients, above all,
Protectreſs of their Life did think and call:
She only from the Earth loaths to be born,
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks ſcorn.
Nor did ſhe from prolifick matter come.
But like the World from Nothings fruitful womb.
Others are ſet and grow by humane care,
Her leaves the product of meer Nature are.
Hence Serpents She of their black ſtings diſarms,
And baffles (Mans worſe Poiſon) Magick Charms;

* *Teutates* and *Heſus* were the two greateſt Gods of the *Gauls*.

Concerning theſe Ceremonies, ſee *Plin.* l. 16. 43.

It averts Charms being tied to the Neck. *Cluſ.*

Beſides

Beſides all other kinds of Maladies
(How numberleſs; alas!) that on us ſeize.
Nor wonder, that all other ills it beats,
Since the *Herculean*-Sickneſs it defeats.
Than which none more Chimæra-like appears,
One part o'nt's dead, the other raves and tears.
This Monſter ſhe ſubdues; hence 'twas believ'd
(And truly though 'twas falſe, it was receiv'd
On no bad grounds) that leſſer Monſters She
Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory.
The Antients thought ſo in the infancy
O'th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy.
Nor was She then thought only to defend
And guard Lifes Fort, but Life it ſelf to lend,
Ev'n the Wombs fruitful Soil t' improve and mend.
For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,
Which without Seed has its Nativity?
Or what to her cloſe ſhut and lock'd can ſeem,
That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard entrails teem?
That from a Tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
Like the *Athenian* Goddeſs from *Joves* brain.
But if that's true, which Antient *Bards* have writ
(For though they're Antient *Bards*, I queſtion it)
I wonder not, that *Miſſeltoe*'s ſo kind
To us, ſince her the ties of Nature bind.
For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas ſo)
Born out of Oaks, were the firſt *Miſſeltoe*.

The Falling-Sickneſs.

Virg. Juven. Statius.

CELANDINE.

SEE how the yellow Gall the delug'd Eyes,
And *Saffron Jaundice* the whole Viſage dies.
That colour, which on Gold we think ſo fair;
That hue which moſt adorns the treſſed hair,
When, like a Tyrant, it unjuſtly gains
Anothers Throne, and their uſurping reigns,
It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
Than, with their Saddle-noſes, dusky Blacks.
So (I ſuppoſe) to the Gods Eyes, the Soul
Oth' Miſer looks; as yellow and as foul.
For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd,
It has th' *Aurigo*, from that Metal nam'd.
This the almighty Gods can only cure,
And reaſon, more than Herbs, our minds ſecure.
But th' outward Jaundice does Our help implore;
When with Gall floods the body's dy'd all o'er.
I cannot tell what others do but I
Give to that Jaundice preſent remedy;

A Decoction hereof with White-wine and Anniſe-ſeeds, is ſaid to be excellent againſt the *Jaundice*. *Mathiolus* ſays it will cure the ſame, being applied to the ſoles of the feet.

Nor

Nor do I raſhly undertake the cure,
I an Aſſiſtant have, that makes me ſure.
Natures own Patent gives me my command,
The Signature. See, here's her own ſign manual, here's her hand.
Through leaves, and ſtalk and roots themſelves it goes,
The yellow blood through my whole body flows.
Whoever me diſſects, wou'd think, nay ſwear,
O'erflown with Gall I ſick o'th' Jaundice were.
Mean time my skin all o'er is freſh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you've ſeen.

Upon the ſame.

The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes, is ſaid to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its young therewith.

TEN thouſand bleſſings may the Gods beſtow
Upon Thee, tunefuſ *Swallow*! and ne'er ſhow, Alluding to the Fable of *Philomel* turn'd into a Swallow.
They bear the leaſt reſentment of that Crime,
Which thou haſt ſuffer'd for ſo long a time.
For that the uſe of a choice Plant thou'ſt taught,
Which ne'er before blind Man had ſeen or ſought.
Of Thee large Rent now e'ry Houſe receives
For th' Neſts which they to Thee let under th' eaves.
The painted Springs whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou ſeeſt which thou canſt more commend.
For this it is that makes thee all things ſee,
This Plant a ſpecial favour has for thee.
When thou com'ſt, th'others come; that w'on't ſuffice;
At thy return away This with thee flies.
Yet we to it muſt more engagements own;
'Tis a ſmall thing to heal the Eyes alone;
Its other Virtues. Ten thouſand torments of our Life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, bleſt Birds, ſecures.
The Gripes by its approach it mitigates,
And tortures of an aking tooth abates.
The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt Arms at his own weapons beats:
Jaundice, which *Morbus Regius* they call
From a King; but falſly; 'tis Tyrannical.
Foul Ulcers too that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping wounds one Lip, like any Brother,
Approaches nearer and ſalutes the other.
Nor do thy ſhankers now, foul Luſt! remain,
But all thy ſhealing Scabs rub off again.
The burning Cancer and the Tetter fly,
Whilſt all hot, angry, red biles ſink and dry.
Diſeaſes paint wears off, and places, where
The Sun once printed kiſſes, diſappear.
Purg'd of all blemiſhes the ſmiling face
Is cleaner far, and ſmoother than its Glaſs.

Kind

Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who giv'ſt not only ſight,
But with it alſo Objects that delight.
She may be ſeen, as well as come to ſee,
Whatever Woman's doubly bleſt by thee:
The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
And blooming Beauties thy arrival own.

ROCKET.

Rocket is hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary nature to *Lettuce*, a friend to *Venus* and her affairs.

YOU! who in ſacred Wedlock coupled are,
(Where all joys lawful, all joys ſeemly are)
Ben't ſhie to eat of my leaves heartily,
They do not hunger only ſatisfie.
They'll be a Banquet to you all the night,
On them the body chews with freſh delight.
But you, chaſt Lads, and Girls, that lie alone,
And none of Loves enjoyments yet have known,
Take care and ſtand aloof, if you are wiſe;
Touch not this Plant, *Venus* her Sacrifice;
I bring a Poiſon for your Modeſties.
In my Graſs, like a Snake, blind *Cupid* lies,
And with my juice his deadly weapons dies.
The God of Gardens no Herb values more,
Or courts, preſents, or does himſelf devour.
This is the reaſon, hot *Piapus*! why
(As I ſuppoſe) you itch ſo conſtantly,
And that your Arms ſtill ready are to do,
The wicked buſineſs that you put 'em to.
Let him who Love wou'd ſhun, from me remove,
Says *Naſo*, that *Hippocrates* in Love.
Yet to his Table I was duly ſerv'd.
Who my choice Dainty to himſelf reſerv'd.
Prove that from Love he ever wou'd befree,
More chaſt than Lettuce I'll conſent to be.
The praiſe of Chaſtity let others keep,
And gratifie the widow'd Bed with ſleep.
Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage,
And to precipitate the ſportive Rage.
Frankly I own my Nature, I delight
In Love unmix'd and reſtleſs Appetite.
From curing Maladies I ſeek no Fame,
(Though ev'n for that I might put in my Claim)
Fuel I bring that Pleaſure may not ceaſe:
Take that from Life, and Life is a Diſeaſe.
If thus you like me, make me your Repaſt,
I wou'd not gratifie a Stoicks taſt.
If Morals groſs and crude be your delight,
Marſh weeds can beſt oblige your Appetite.

Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l. 2.

Its Medicinal Virtues, ſee *Plin.* l. 20. 13.

Go

Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleaſure, go,
(For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?)
From theſe chaſt Herbs and their chaſt Poet flee,
Us thou offend'ſt and w'are aſham'd of thee.
With ſuch a Proſtitute to come in view,
Chaſt Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too.
Bluſhes pale Water-Lilies cheeks o'er-ſpread,
To be with thee in the ſame Volume read.
Who ſtill the ſad remembrance does retain,
How, when a * Nymph, in thee ſhe gorg'd her Bane.
That very Night t'*Alcides* Arms betray'd
Through thy deceitful force the yielding Maid.
While I but mention thee (who wou'd believe?)
And but thy Image in my thoughts conceive,
Through all my Bones I felt thy lightning move.
The ſure fore-runner of approaching Love.
With this of old he us'd t'attack my Senſe,
Before the dreadful Fight he did commence.
But Love and Luſt I now alike deteſt,
My Muſe and Mind with nobler Themes poſſeſt.
Laſcivious Plant, ſome other Poet find,
For *Ovid*'s or *Catullus* Verſe deſign'd:
For thou in mine ſhalt have no place at all,
Or in the Liſt of pois'nous Herbs ſhalt fall.
The flames of Luſt of fewel have no need,
His Appetite without thy Sawce can feed.
Love in our very Diet finds his way,
And makes the Guards that ſhould defend, betray.
Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure
Venus, who plague enough in thee endure.
Thoſe Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid,
Improperly are in thy work employ'd.
Yet *Venus* too much skill'd in impious Arts,
Theſe forein aids to her own uſe converts.
Who'd think green Plants with conſtant dew ſupply'd,
(Life's Friends deſign'd) ſuch mortal Flame ſhou'd hide?
What wonder therefore if when Monarchs feaſt,
Luſt is of Luxury the conſtant Gueſt?
VVhen * He who with the Herd on Herbage fed
Cou'd find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

* See *Water-Lily.*

* *Pythagoras.*

The End of the Firſt Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK II.

CYBELES Holy-Myſteries now begin;
Hence all you Males; for you it is a ſin
One moment in this hallowed place to ſtay,
You jibing Males who no Devotion pay.
Into the Female Secrets do not pry,
Or them at leaſt pretend you don't deſcry.
'Tis rude that Sex t'inſpect too narrowly,
Whoſe Outſide with ſuch Beauties treats the Eye.
Auſpicious Glory of th' inlighten'd Skie,
More ſacred than thy Brother's Deity,
With thy whole Horns, kind *Luna!* favour me,
And let thy creſcent Face look luckily.
Thee many Names and Offices adorn,
By *thy kind aid poor tender Babes are born:
Thou eaſeſt Women, when their Labour's hard,
And the Wombs vital Gates you, *Jana* guard.
The menſtruous Courſes you bring down and them,
Changing convert into a milky Stream.
Women, unconſtant as the Sea you bind
To Rules; both flow according to thy Mind.
Oh! may the Rivulets of my Fancy glide
By the ſame ſecret Force, which move the Tide.
Be thou the Midwife to my teeming Brain,
And let it fruitful be, as free from pain.
It was the time, when *April* decks the Year,
And the glad Fields in pompous Garbs appear,
That the recruited Plants now leave their Beds,
And, at the Sun's command, dare ſhew their heads.
How pleas'd they are the Heav'ns again to ſee!
And that from Winters Fetters they are free!
The World around, and Siſters, whom they love,
They view; ſuch Objects ſure their Smiles muſt move.

This Book treating only of female Plants, is dedicated to *Cybele*, at whoſe Myſteries no Man ought to be preſent.

* The Moon is call'd *Lucina*, the Goddeſs of Midwifry; and *Jana*, as the Sun *Janus*; and *Mena*, as ſhe is the Governeſs of Womens menſtruous Courſes.

Strait their great Work the diligent Nation ply,
And Bus'neſs mind amidſt their Luxury.
Each one contends with all her might and main,
Each day a higher, verdant Crown they gain.
Each one does Leaves with beauteous Flow'rs produce,
And haſtens to be fit for humane uſe.
Equipt, they make no ſtay but one and all,
Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call.
Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old
Their Cuſtom was, a ſeparate Council hold.
They're near a thouſand Tribes; their Minutes well
An hundred Clerk-like Tongues can ſcarcely tell.
Nor cou'd I know them (for they don't reveal
Their ſacred Acts, but cautiouſly conceal)
Had not my Laurel told me (whoſe Tribe's name
Gynæcilis. *The Female's* ſtil'd) which ſummon'd thither came.
The Secrets of the Houſe ſhe open laid,
Telling how each Herb ſpoke, and what it ſaid.
Ye gentle, *Florid* part of human kind
(To you and not to Men, I ſpeak) pray' mind
My words, and them moſt ſtedfaſtly believe,
Which from the *Delphick* Laurel you receive.
'Twas Midnight, (whilſt the Moon, at full, ſhone bright,
And her Cheeks ſeem'd to ſwell with moiſten'd Light)
When on their looſen'd Roots the Plants, that grow
In th' *Oxford* Gardens, did to Council go;
And ſuch, I mean, as ſuccour Womens pains;
Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his ſtrains.
They met upon a Bed, neat, ſmooth and round,
And ſoftly ſat in order on the ground.
Mugwort firſt took her place (at that time ſhe
The Preſident of the Council chanc'd to be.)
Birthwort, her Predeceſſor in the Chair,
Next ſat, whoſe Virtues breeding Women ſhare.
Then *Baum*, with Smiles and Pleaſure in her face,
Without regard to Dignity took place.
Thyme, *Sav'ry*, *Wormwood* which look ruggedly,
†*Lavender-Cotton.* *Sparagus*, *Sothernwood* both *He* and † *She*,
* i. e. *Saffron*; *Crocus* was a Boy that died for Love, and was turn'd into *Saffron*. And *Crocus* too, glad ſtill ſoft Maids to chear,
Once a ſad Lover, merry does appear.
And thou, † *Amaracus*, who a trifling Ill
Didſt mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didſt ſpill
Of Ointment, in this place now far more ſweet
Than the Occaſion of thy Death doſt meet.
There *Lilies* with red *Peonies* find a Room,
And purple *Violets* the place perfume.
Yea noiſom * *Devils turd*, becauſe ſhe knows
Her Worth into that ſweet Aſſembly goes.
The milky *Lettuce* too does thither move,
And *Water-Lilly*, tho a Foe to Love,

† The name of a Boy that ſpilt a Box of ſweet Ointment, and was turn'd into ſweet *Marjoram*.

* If a Dog taſtes it, he'll run mad. *Plin.*

Sweet

Sweet *Ladies-glove* with ſtinking *Horehound* come,
And kind *Germander* which relieves the Womb.
Poley and *Calamint*, which on Mountains dwell,
But againſt Froſt and Snow are guarded well.
Next vital *Sage*, well join'd with wholſom *Rue*,
And *Flower-de-luce*, nam'd from its ſplendid hue.
Then *Hart-wort* (much more grateful to the Deer
Than *Dittany*) with *Wild Carrots*, enters there.
Conſound and *Plantain*; frugal * Herbs are they,
Who all things keep ſafe under Lock and Key.
And *Maſter wort*, whoſe Name Dominion wears,
With her, who an Angelick Title bears.
Lavender, *Corn-roſe*, *Penny-royal* ſate,
And that which Cats eſteem ſo delicate.
After a while, ſlow-pac'd, with much ado,
Ground-pine with her ſhort Legs crept thither too.
Behind the reſt *Camomile* could not ſtay,
Through Stones and craggy Rocks ſhe cut her way.
From *Spaniſh* Woods the wholſome *Vett'ny* came,
The only Glory of the *Vettons* Name.
Minerva's Plant did likewiſe thither hie,
And was Companion to *Mercury*.
There Scarlet *Madder* too a place did find,
Drawing a Train of its long Root behind.
Thither at laſt too *Dittany* did repair,
Half-ſtarv'd, and griev'd to leave the *Cretan* Air.
With her the bold, ſtrong *Sow-Bread* came along,
And hundreds more (in ſhort) to them did throng.
Many beſides from th' *Indies* croſs'd the Main,
Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain.
But *Oxford's* Fame, through both the *Indies* told,
Eas'd all their Cares, and warm'd the nipping Cold:
The Pigmy and gigantick Sons o'th Wood
Betwixt all theſe in equal Spaces ſtood;
Spreading their verdant Glories round above,
Which did Delight and Admiration move.
The ſcarlet Oak, that Worms for Fruit brings forth,
Which the *Heſperian* Fruit exceed in worth,
Was there, good Womens Maladies to eaſe,
And Sprains, which we as truly call, *Diſeaſe*.
Her treach'rouſly the Ivy does embrace,
And kills the Tree with kindneſs in their Face.
Hardly, in nobler Scarlet clad, the *Roſe*,
The Envy of thoſe ſtately Berries grows.
Near which the *Birch* her rigid Arms extends,
And *Savine* which kind Sinners much befriends.
Next them the *Beech* with Limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
With the *Buſh* purchas'd at ſo ſmall a Charge.
Nor did the golden *Quince* her ſelf conceal,
Or *Myrrh*, whoſe Wounds diſtemper'd Mortals heal.

* They are binding.

Angelica.

Cat-Mint.

Betony called *Vettonica* from a People of *Spain* that firſt found it out, and are memorable only upon that ſcore.

* It is cut that the Gum may flow out.

Laſtly (ye Plants whom I forgot to name
Excuſe me) *Juniper* too thither came,
And *Laurel*, ſacred to the Sons of Fame.
Such reverend Heads did the green Senate fill;
The Night was calm, all things were huſh'd and ſtill;
Each Plant, with liſtening Leaves ſtood mute to hear
Their Preſident ſpeak, and theſe her Dictates were.

MUGWORT [the Preſident, begins.]

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
(For th' good of ours (I hope) and human Race)
This ſacred Garden, we, whilſt others ſleep,
Bleſt *Aprils* ſacred Nights come here to keep.
Our Thanks to thee. Great Father, *Sun!* we pay,
And to thee, *Luna!* for thy nurſing Ray;
Who the bright Witneſs art of what we ſay.
But the ſhort Moments of our Liberty
(Who fetter'd at Day-break again muſt lie)
Let us improve, and our Affairs attend,
Nor feſtal Hours, like idle Mortals, ſpend.
'Tis fit at this time we ſhou'd truly live,
When Winters Colds of half our Life deprive.
Come then, from uſeful Pains make no delay,
Winter will give you too much time to play.
How many Foes *Jove* has to you aſſign'd,
And what a Task you in the Conqueſt find.
By numerous, and great Fatigues you've try'd,
And to th' oppreſt kind Aid have oft ſupply'd.
You're generous, noble, *Female Plants*; nor ought
The Glory of your Sex cheap to be bought.
The ſelf-ſame Battels you muſt wage again,
Which will as long as teeming Wombs remain.
But that to War you may ſecurer go,
'Tis fit the Foes and your own Strength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witneſs what you ſay,
Whilſt each ſuch Tributes to their Countrey pay.
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their Envy or their Scorn.
And firſt (I think) upon the menſtruous Source,
My conſtant Task, 'tis fit we ſhould diſcourſe.
From what original Spring that *Nilus* goes,
Or by what Influx it ſo oft o'erflows.
What will reſtrain, and what drive on the Tide,
And what Goods or what Miſchiefs in it glide.
See you its ſecret Myſteries diſcloſe,
A thing ſo weighty 'tis no ſhame t' expoſe.
She ſpake, the reſt began, and hotly all
(As Scholars uſe) upon the buſineſs fall.

PENNY-ROYAL.

FIrſt *Penny-Royal*, to advance her Fame
(And from her Mouth a grateful Odor came)
Tell 'em, they ſay, how many Ills that Source
Threatens, whene'er it ſtops its purple Courſe.
That *foggy Dulneſs* in the Limbs attends,
And under its own Weight the Body bends.
Things ne'er ſo pleaſant once, now will not pleaſe,
And Life it ſelf becomes a meer Diſeaſe.
Ulcers and *Inflammations* too it breeds,
And dreadful, bloody *Vomiting* ſucceeds.
The *Womb* now labouring ſeems to ſtrive for Breath,
And the Soul ſtruggles with a ſhort-liv'd Death.
The *Lungs* oppreſt, *hard Reſpiration* make,
And breathleſs *Coughs* ſoon all the Fabrick ſhake.
Yea the proud Foes the Capitol, in time,
And all the Minds well-guarded Towers climb.
Hence *watchful Nights* and *frightful Dreams* proceed,
And Minds that ſuffer true, falſe Evils breed.
Dropſie at laſt the weary'd Life o'erflows,
Which floating from its ſhip-wreckt Veſſel goes,
How oft, alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids
Before Love's Power their kinder Hearts invades)
Does this ſad Malady with Clouds o'er-caſt,
Which all the longing Lovers Paſſion blaſt?
The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale,
Like Roſes tinctur'd by a ſulphurous Gale.
To Aſhes, Coals and Lime their Appetite
(A loathſome Treat) their Stomach does invite.
But 'tis a ſin to ſay the Ladies eat
Such things; thoſe are the vile Diſtemper's meat,
Thus *Penny royal* ſpake (more paſſionate
In words, than humane Voice can e'er relate)
At which, they ſay, the whole Aſſembly mov'd
Wept o'er the Loſs of Beauty, once belov'd.
So that good Company, when Day returns,
The ſetting of the Moon, their Miſtreſs, mourns.
She told the Means too; by what ſecret Aid
The conquering Ill did all the Limbs invade.
Through the Wombs Arteries, ſaid ſhe, it goes,
And unto all the noted Paſſes flows.
(Whether the Womb's magnetick Power's the Cauſe,
As the whole Body's Floods the Kidney draws;
Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid things
Directs and rules that, like the Ocean's Springs.)
But if the Gates it finds ſo fortify'd,
That the due Current that way be deny'd;

It

It rages and it ſwells, the groſs part ſtays,
And in the neighb'ring parts dire Revels plays:
Whilſt the more liquid part does upward riſe,
And into Veins of purer Nature flies.
It taints the roſie Channels, as it goes,
And all the Soil's corrupted where it flows.
The Bane its Journey through the * *Cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the Liver makes,
And Heart, whoſe right ſide Avenue it commands,
Whilſt that for fear amaz'd and trembling ſtands.
But the left Region ſo well guarded ſeems,
That in her Walls ſafe ſhe her ſelf eſteems.
Nor ſtops it there, but on the Lungs does ſeize,
Where drawing breath it ſelf grows a Diſeaſe,
Thence through a ſmall *Propontis* carried down,
It makes the Port, and takes the left-ſide Town.
What will ſuffice that covetous Diſeaſe,
Which all the Heart's vaſt Treaſures cannot pleaſe?
But Avarice ſtill craves for more and more,
And if it all things don't enjoy, is poor.
Th' *Aorta* its wild Legions next engage,
Bleſs me! how uncontroul'd in that they rage!
The diſtant Head and Heel no ſafety knows,
Through ev'ry part th' unbounded Victor flows.
But as the Blood through all the Body's us'd
To run, this Plague through all the Blood's diffus'd.
They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,
How Life in purple Circles wheels about.
That Plant they'd hiſs out of their Company.
Which *Harvey*'s Circulation ſhou'd deny.

* *Vena Cava*, a large place.

DITTANY.

Dittany, tho cold Winds her Lips did cloſe,
Put on her Winter-Gown, and up ſhe roſe.
For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be,
Rhetorical, when they occaſion ſee?
For *Penny-royal*, painting that Diſeaſe,
Her nice, and quainter Fancy did not pleaſe.
She ſpake to what the other did omit,
And pleas'd her ſelf with her own prating Wit.
"If this dire Poiſons force their duller Eyes
Can't ſee, whilſt in the Body warm it lies,
Think with your ſelves how it offends the Senſe,
When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence.
Let Dogs or Men by chance but taſte of it
But on Dogs rather let ſuch Miſchiefs light.
Madneſs the tainted Soul invades within,
And ſordid Leproſie rough caſts the Skin:

Whilſt

Whilſt panting Dogs quite raving mad appear,
And thirſt for Water, but the Water fear.
It ſtabs an half-Man by abortive Birth,
And from the Womb (oh! horrid) drags it forth.
Now fanſie Children born of ſuch baſe Blood,
Which gives the Embryo Poiſon 'ſtead of Food.
Nor is this all; for Corn and Vines too know
Its baneful Force, by which Fields barren grow.
A Tree, once us'd to bear, its Fruit denies;
If young it fades, and if new-born it dies.
Witneſs the *Ivies* ('tis no ſhame) to you
What good does their medicinal Virtue do?
Theſe alſo, *Rue!* who all things doſt o'ercome,
From this ſtrong Venom muſt receive thy doom.
Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,
And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, ſhow.
Offended Bees with one ſmall Touch it drives
(Tho murmuring to be exil'd) from their Hives,
The wretched Creatures leave their golden Store,
And ſweet Abodes, which they muſt ſee no more.
Nor do ſtrong Fats their Wines within defend,
Which in their very Youth draw to their End.
But I name things of little eminence;
The warlike Sword it ſelf makes no defence;
And Metals, which ſo oft have won the Field,
To this effeminate Diſtemper yield.
For frequent Bloodſhed, Blood now Vengeance takes,
And mortal Wounds ev'n in the Weapons makes.
Beauty, the thing for which we Women love,
Th' occaſion of keen Swords does often prove;
Let then the Female plague thoſe Swords rebate,
Yea, ev'n the Mem'ry of what's ſo ingrate.
Maids with proud Thoughts, alas! themſelves deceive;
Whilſt each her ſelf a Goddeſs does believe;
Like Tyrants they miſuſe the Pow'r they have,
And make their very Worſhipper their Slave.
But if they truly would conſider things,
And think what Filth each Month returning brings.
If they their cheating Glaſſes then would mind,
(Which now they think ſo faithful and ſo kind)
How beautiful they are they ſoon will find.
The ſmooth Corrupter of their Looks they taint,
Which long and certain Signs at that time paint.
Each Maid in that ſtill ſuffers the Diſgrace
Of being Poiſoner to her own Face.
What an unnatural Diſtemper's this,
Which ev'n to their own Shadows mortal is!

Lacerpitium, the Gum of which is called *Aſſa fœtida*.

Thus ſhe, and as much more ſhe was about
To ſay, the whole *Aſſembly* gave a ſhout.

Through

Through all the Boughs and all the Leaves around
There went an angry, loud and murm'ring Sound.
For they of Womens Honour tender are,
Tho she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN or WAYBRED.

The many Virtues of *Plantain* are to be read in *Pliny* and *Fernelius*. The old Physician *Themison* wrote a whole Volume concerning them.

NExt *Way-bred* rose, propt by her seven Nerves,
Who th' Honour of a noble House preserves:
Her Nature is astringent, which great hate
Of her among Blood-letters does create.
But her no Quarrels more than Words engage,
Nor does she ever like mad Mortals rage.
I envy not the Praises, which to you,
Ye num'rous race of Leechy kind are due.
The purple Tyrant wisely you expel,
And banishing such murdering Blood, do well
Proudly he o'er the vital Spirits reigns,
And cruelly insults in all the Veins.
Arms he of deadly Poison bears about,
And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout.
But why shou'd you such vain additions make,
And Ills already great for greater take?
Whilst you so tragically paint the Foe
More dreadful, but less credible they grow.
He lessens that would raise a Heroes Fame
By Lies; false Praises cloud a glorious Name.
One *Geryon* slew (a mighty Feat) and he
Three Bodies had, in this I can't agree.
You any Monster easily subdue;
But I scarce think such monstrous Lies are true.
See *Dittany*. *Greek Poets*, *Ditt'ny*, you who oft have read,
Keep up their Art of Lying, tho they're dead.
* *Epimenides Cretensis* said, The *Cretans* were always Lyars
† *Rubigo*.
But * what their Countrey-men once said of you,
Pray' mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
Let that which † blasts the Corn a Goddess be,
I cannot think her Courses e'er cou'd be
So hurtful to the Grain. And then, I'm sure,
A Fat of lusty Wine is more secure
From danger, where a thousand Damsels sit,
Than if one drunken Beldam come at it.
None, 'cause a taste of that rank Blood they've had,
But for the place, from whence it comes, run mad,
Madness of Dogs most certainly it cures,
As thy own Author *Pliny* us assures.
Whether by Womens Touch the Bee's annoy'd
I cannot tell; but Maids shou'd Bees avoid.

Rue ought to let the fatal bloud remain
Within its Veſſel and ne'r force a vein,
If for her pains nought but her death ſhe gain.
Thou, *Ivy*, too more careful oughtſt to be
Both of thy ſelf and thy great * Deity.
But when ſhe ſays, Swords edges it rebates,
I cou'd rejoyce methinks and bleſs the Fates,
If that be all the miſchief it creates.
I only wiſh a Beauty might remain
Perfect, till that the Lookinglaſs wou'd ſtain.
But I waſt time——By this ſufficiently
Theſe *Grecian* wonders are o'rthrown, that I
No Woman ſee of this dread Poiſon die.
At which the *Bramble* roſe (whoſe fluent tongue
With thorny ſharpneſs arm'd is neatly hung)
And ſaid, all Serpents have the gift, to be,
As much as theſe from their own venom free;
Nor wou'd the *Baſiliſk*, whoſe baneful Eye
All others kills, by his own Image die.
This mov'd 'em and they quaver'd with a ſmile,
Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought, paſs'd by the while.
For by that Cynick Shrub great Freedom's ſhown,
Which he by conſtant uſe has made his own.
Way-bred at this took pet, diſpleaſed, that ſhe
By ſuch an one ſhou'd interrupted be,
And ſate her down; when ſtraight before 'em all
Theſe words the *Roſe* from her fair lips let fall;
Whilſt modeſt bluſhes beautified her face,
Like thoſe in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

* *Bacchus*, to whom the *Ivy* is conſecrated.

The *ROSE.*

YOU *Cretan Dittany*, who ſuch Poiſons mix
(For on my Kinſman *Wild-roſe* I'll not fix)
With Womens bloud; ſee what a ſprightly grace
And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely face.
No Flower, no not *Flora*'s ſelf to ſight
Or touch than them appears more ſoft and white.
But at the ſame time alſo take a view
Of Mans rough, prickly limbs and ruſty hue.
You'll ſay with *Butchers-broom* ſweet *Violets* grow,
And mourn that *Lilies* ſhou'd with *Brambels* go.
Then let their Eyes and Reaſon teſtifie,
Whether pure veins their purer limbs ſupply.
You cannot ſay that Dying Vat is bad,
From whence a florid colour may be had.
But this you'll ſay, committed ſome offence,
Or the juſt *Moon* had never driv'n it thence.

No, you're miſtaken; it has done no wrong,
But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
It therefore from the reſt, by the great Law
Of publick ſafety, order'd to withdraw.
So if a Nation to ſuch numbers riſe,
That them their native Country can't ſuffice,
To ſeek new Lands ſome part of them are ſent,
And ſuffer, for their Country, baniſhment.
But why does Woman-kind ſo much abound;
Oh! think not Nature e'r was laviſh found.
Nor does ſhe lay up Riches to the end
(Like Prodigals) ſhe more may have to ſpend.
Whate'r ſhe does is good; what then remains?
No room for doubt; the thing it ſelf explains.
This bloudy Vintage, ſee, laſts all the year,
And the freſh Chyle duely does Life repair.
The Preſſes ſtill with juice ſwell to the brink,
Of which their fill the hot, male bodies drink.
But temperate Women ſeem to kiſs the Cup,
Nor does their heat ſuck all the liquor up.
A vital treaſure for great uſes She
Lays up, leſt Nature ſhou'd a Bankrupt be.
Leſt both the Parents ſhares of mingled Love
Too little to beget a Child ſhou'd prove,
Unleſs the Mother ſome addition made
To perfect the deſign they both had laid.
One part on't's red, the other white as ſnow,
And both from ſprings of the ſame colour flow.
One wood, you'd think, and t' other ſtones did yield,
Whilſt out of both a living Houſe they build.
The former, of ſuch poyſoning Arts accus'd,
In which you fanſie, venom is infus'd,
(Perhaps with this that fatal Robe was dy'd,
Which *Hercules* had ſent him from his Bride)
The tender Embryos body does compoſe,
And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
Nor is this all; but on the Mothers breaſt
Again it meets the little Infant Gueſt.
Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and courſe,
Like *Arethuſa* through a ſecret Source.
Then from the Paps it flows in double tides
Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
The golden Age of old ſuch Rivers drank,
That ſprang from Dugs of e'ry happy bank.
The candor and ſimplicity of Men
Deſerv'd the milky food of the Infants then.
How juſt and prudent is dame Natures care
Who for each age does proper food prepare!
Before the Liver's form'd, the Mothers bloud
Supplies the Babe with neceſſary food.

And

And when to work the Novice Heat firſt goes
In its new ſhop, and ſcarce its bus'neſs knows,
Its firſt imployment is in Scarlet grain
(A childiſh task for learners) Milk to ſtain.
At laſt in e'ry kind its skill it tries,
And ſpends it ſelf in Curioſities.
Now ſay, it venom in the members breeds,
With which her Child the careful Mother feeds.
Their bane to Infants cruel Stepdames give,
Whilſt Mothers ſuck from better ſprings derive.
But how, you'll ſay, does that which Infants love
So prejudicial to their Mothers prove?
'Tis lively whilſt i'th' native womb it lies,
But by the veins flung out, decays and dies.
Then ſhipwrack'd on the neighbouring ſhore it lies,
And gaſping wiſhes for its Obſequies.
This being deny'd, new ſtrength it does recover,
And flies in vapours all the body over.
But what firſt taſt fruits from the tree receive,
When rotten, they no natural ſign can give.
So in pure ſeed the Lifes white manſion ſtands,
But ſurly Death corrupted ſeed commands.
Of Life Death's no good witneſs; do not think
A living Man can like a Carcaſs ſtink.
But you a running ſtream (that duly flows,
And no corruption by long-ſtanding knows)
To be as hurtful in their nature, hold,
As if from ſome corrupted ſprings they roul'd.
But now do you go on (for much you know,
Part falſe, I think, part very true) and ſhew:
If any hurtful ſeeds you can deſcry
In humane bodies (where they often lie)
How quickly Natures orders they obey,
When to the blood the Flood-gates once give way.
The courſes this perhaps may putrifie,
'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company.
Is this the blouds fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
Though with my juice a Man ſhou'd Poiſon tope.
She ſpake, and with Ambroſial Odours clos'd
Her Speech, which many there, they ſay, oppos'd.
At laſt the *Laurels* thoughts they all deſir'd,
Th' Oracular *Laurels* words they all admir'd.

LAUREL.

THat fate which frequently attends on all
Great Men, does Thee, egregious Blood, befal.
Some praiſe what others too much diſapprove,
Exceſſive in their Hatred as their Love.

This Man in prejudice, that in favour lies,
Whilſt to their Ears a various tumour flies.
Hear *Dittany*; ſhe ſays, each Womans known
The Moon to bring each moneth with Poiſons down.
Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
Yet the fair *Roſe*, if all be true ſh' as ſaid,
Each Woman has in that a Goddeſs made.
From thence, ſhe ſays, Life ſpins its Purple thred,
And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed.
But if my dear *Apollo* ben't unkind,
Nor I in vain his ſacred Temples bind,
Such blood nor form, nor nouriſhment ſupplies,
And ſo that triumphs in falſe Victories.
The many reaſons, here I need not tell
Which me induce; this one will ſerve as well:
Woman's the only Animal we know,
Whoſe veins with ſuch immoderate courſes flow.
Yet every Beaſt produces young, we ſee,
And outdoes Mankind in fertility.
How many do ſmall Mice at one time breed!
Scorning the product of the *Trojan* Steed.
With what a bulk does yon vaſt El'phant come!
She ſeems to have a Caſtle in her womb.
Thy circuits, *Luna*, Conies almoſt tell
By kindling, near like thee their Bellies ſwell.
And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,
Or nouriſhment that flows from gaping veins,
For when i'th' amorous war a couple vies,
A living ſpark from the Males body flies,
Which the wombs thirſty jaws, when they begin
To feel and taſt, immediately ſuck in:
Into receſſes which ſo turn and wind,
That them Diſſecters Eyes can hardly find.
In the ſame Chambers part o'th' female Life
Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife.
Them *Venus* joins, and with connubial Love
In mingled flames they both begin to move.
There redneſs caus'd by motion you may ſee,
And blood, the ſign of loſt Virginity.
Of their Invention, blood, they're mighty glad;
And to Inventions eaſie 'tis to add.
The ſmalleſt ſpark 'tis eaſie to augment
If you can get it proper nutriment.
You need not introduce new flames beſides,
Th' Elixir by this touch rich ſtore provides.
All fires, (provide them fuel) think it ſhame
To yield to *Veſta*'s never dying flame.
Thus the firſt generous drop of blood is bred,
Which proudly ſcorns hereafter to be fed.

With

With the ſeeds native white at firſt 'tis fill'd,
And takes delight with its own ſtock to build.
But when that fails, then life grows burthenſom,
And aid it wiſely borrows from the womb.
Herſelf the ſtuff ſhe borrows purifies,
And of a roſie, ſcarlet colour dyes.
From whom the wombs full paps with thirſty lips
Into its veiny mouths it daily ſips.
Look, where a child's new born, how ſoon it goes
And that food ſwallows, which of old it knows.
Kindly it plays and ſmiles upon the breaſt,
O'rjoy'd again to find its former feaſt.
Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
No; that can't be their Elemental food.
That ſure wou'd make them ſavage, were it ſo.
And all mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow.
I *Nero*'s acts cou'd hardly then diſpraiſe,
Nor wou'd *Oreſtes* fury wonder raiſe.
If Mothers blood for wretched Infants firſt
By Heav'n's deſign'd, to ſatisfie their thirſt.
Yet ſtill that Fluxes cauſe we don't reveal,
Which does ſo cautiouſly its ſpring conceal.
A female brute whate'r her womb contains
Cheriſhes; yet no Moon diſſolves her veins.
Some qual'ty then we for the cauſe muſt find
Which is peculiar to the female kind.
This is the only thing, which I can tell,
That Man in form and ſoftneſs they excel.
No Horſe a Mare outdoes, nor Bull, a Cow;
If through this *Io*, through that *Jove* may low.
The Lions ſavage are both he and ſhe,
And in their aſpect equally agree.
The ſhe's no neater lick'd than rough He-Bears,
Nor fitter to adorn the ſtarry ſpheres.
She-Tygers han't than males more ſpotted charms,
And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms.
No painted Bird for want of Feathers ſcorns
Her Mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
The Swans (who are ſo downy, ſoft and white)
Leda can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by the ſight.
In Fiſhes you no difference can ſee,
Both in the glittering of their Scales agree.
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked ſex,
The darts of Beauty needed not t' annex.
In them no killing eyes the conqueſt gain,
Their ſmell alone their Triumphs can maintain.
But humane Race in flames more bright are try'd,
By Reaſon and reſplendent Heat ſupply'd.
Nor is, Fruition their Original,
(A paltry, ſhort-liv'd joy) Oh! may they All
Periſh, who that alone true Pleaſure call.

Kind

Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids beſtow'd,
And with a thouſand Charms all o'r endow'd.
Men ſhe with golden fetters choſe to bind,
And with ſweet force their roving Souls confin'd.
Nor Women made for beſtial delight,
But with chaſt pleaſure too to rape the ſight.
Hence all that bloud, which after preſſings ſqueeze
Out of the groſſer Chyle, as dregs or lees,
And that, which on the body and the chin
With dusky clouds o'reaſts the hairy skin,
From their fair bodies conſtantly ſhe drains,
And *Luna* her commiſſion for't obtains.
But if thoſe ſlimy flouds, by chance ſuppreſt,
Exceſſive heats to nutriment digeſt,
Manlike in time the Womens cheeks become,
And they, poor * *Iphis* undergo their doom.
So † *Phaëthuſa*, once ſo ſmooth and fair,
Wonder'd to feel her face or'grown with hair.
Her Hand ſhe often blam'd, and for a Glaſs,
She call'd, to look how 'twas; but there, alaſs!
A bearded Chin and Lips ſhe found and then,
Blaming the Glaſs, felt with her hands agen.
Long-looking ſhe her own ſtrange viſage fear'd,
And ſtarted, when an unknown voice ſhe heard.

* The Story of *Iphis* chang'd into a Boy on her Wedding-day, ſee *Ovid. Met.* 9.

† *Hippocrates*, lib. *Epidem.* ſays that *Phaëthuſa*, Wife of *Pithæus* of *Abdera*, having before been a fruitful Woman, upon the baniſhment of her Husband, and her Courſes ſtopping, ſhe became hairy and had a Beard, and her Voice grew ſtrong and hoarſe, like that of a Man; the ſame he writes of *Nemiſa* the Wife of *Gorippus*.

Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did exſpatiate.
Hence to the wonders of the teeming Bed
The way it ſelf their grave Diſcourſes led.
Then *Birth-wort*, *Juno*'s plant, the Court commands
To ſpeak, who Women lends her Midwife hands.
Willing enough to talk her ſtalk ſhe rais'd,
And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd.

BIRTH-WORT.

GReen Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear;
And Patroneſs o'th' Womb's my Character.
But deeper yet my great Perfection lies,
For as my chiefeſt fruit my root I prize.
This Nature did with the Wombs figure ſeal,
Nor ſuffer'd me its Virtues to conceal.
Thence am I call'd Earths Apple; ſuch a one,
As in th' *Heſperian* Gardens there are none.
Had this (fair *Atalanta*!) then been thrown
Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own

Now

Now you are married), 't has ſo ſweet a face,
You for this ſooner wou'd ha' ſlack'd your pace
Than that, for which you loſt your Maiden race.
Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth
Retains and hugs it, where ſhe gave it birth,
Nor truſts dull Trees with things of ſo much worth.
Eaſing all Births, 'tis I the wonder prove
O'th' Earth our univerſal Parents love.
That Poet was no fool, nor did he lye,
Who ſaid each Herb cou'd ſhew a Deity.
Nor ſhou'd we *Egypts* Piety deſpiſe,
Which to green Gods paid daily Sacrifice.
Rome, why doſt jeer? "They are in Gardens born,
"And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn.
What's *Ceres* elſe, but Corn, and *Bacchus*, Vines?
And every holy Plain with Godheads ſhines.
And I * *Lucina* am; for I make way,
And Lifes ſtreight folding-doors wide open lay.
Oh! pardon, *Luna!* what I raſhly ſpoke,
That from my lips ſuch impious words have broke.
In me, in me, *Lucina*, you remain,
And in diſguiſe a Goddeſs I contain:
For in my roots ſmall circle you incloſe
Part of thoſe Virtues, which your Wiſdom knows.
Triumphant Conqueſts over Death I make;
Arms from my ſelf, but Pow'r from thee I take.
O'rſeer o'th' ways the body's roads I clear,
And ſtreets, as I that Cities *Ædile* were.
Straight paſſages I widen, ſtops remove,
And every obſtacle down headlong ſhove.
The Soul and her attendants nothing ſtays,
But they may freely come and go their ways.
I alſo dry each ſink and fenny flood,
Leſt the ſwift Meſſengers ſhou'd ſtick i'th' mud.
But to my ſtricter charge committed is
The pleaſant, ſacred Way that leads to bliſs.
When dawning Life *Cimmerian* night wou'd leave,
And its relation Days bright rays perceive,
I keep Death off the Wombs ſtraight paſſages,
That them the watchful Foe can ne'r poſſeſs.
You'd wonder (for great Nature when ſhe ſhows,
Her greateſt wonders, nothing greater does)
Which way the narrow womb, ſo void of pain
Such an unweildy weight cou'd e'r contain,
How ſuch a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
Through ſuch a narrow Avenue ſhou'd paſs.
When ſuch croſs motions teeming wombs attain
Firſt to dilate, then fold themſelves again,
What knots unties and ſolid bones divides,
And what again unites the diſtant ſides.

* *Luna* and *Lucina*, both the ſame Goddeſs of Midwifry, &c.

But

But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth,
Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.
'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters, share
In this great work, and humble Handmaids are.
But God (you know) performs the chiefest part;
This work is fit for the Almighty Art.
He to the growing Embryo bids the womb
Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room.
He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his hand
They gently forth at open order stand.
Mean time th' industrious Infant, loth to stay,
Struggles and with his head wou'd make its way.
Whilst the tormented, labouring Wretch wou'd fain
Be eas'd both of her burthen and her pain.
Them too my piercing heat both instigates,
And the inclining quarters separates.
Sometimes within his Mothers fatal Womb,
Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb.
Life from her native soil Deaths terrors chase,
Who fertile is herself in such a place.
Th' included carcass breaths forth dire perfumes,
And its own Grave the buried Corps consumes.
Strange! the prepostrous Child's his Mothers death,
And dead deprives his living Tomb of breath.
From that sad fate, ye Gods, chast Women guard;
And let it be Adulteries reward.
As far as in me lies, I save the tree
And take the rotten away with me.
The goods to drown, 'tis the best way I think,
Lest in a storm the Ship and all shou'd sink.
Rash Infants often make escapes; unbind.
Their cords and leave their luggage all behind.
Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,
And that sweet Cake where they their food receive.
Lucina twice poor Women then implore
Their throws return although the Birth be o'r.
Here to the Womb again my aid I lend,
And hard as well as noisom work attend.
What I to cleanse the passage undergo,
You wot not, but, let no man, pray you, know.
For if he do, 'twill *Cupid*'s power impair,
Nor will he such an awe o'r mortals bear.
But though in me a secret Virtue lie
Of pulling Darts from deepest Wounds, yet I
Thy pleasant Darts kind *Cupid* never strove
To draw; That me no friend to th' womb wou'd prove.
In me one Virtue I my self admire
(Ah! who can know themselves as they desire.)
For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know
How I so oft have done the thing I do.

It draws splinters, scales of bones, &c. *Fernel.*

For

For though I life to humane Creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me, no Fiſh can live.
As ſoon as me they taſt, away they fly
Under the water and in ſilence die.
What may the cauſe of this ſtrange quarrel be;
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.
No Animals, than theſe more fruitful prove,
When yet I hate, though fruitfulneſs I love.
Th' Effect is plain and eaſie to be found,
But deep the Cauſe lies rooted under-ground.

The *MASTICK-TREE.*

THen *Chian Maſtick* thus began; ſaid ſhe,
This ſutes not with this opportunity.
To Fiſhes (Siſter) do whate'r you pleaſe,
Depopulate and poiſon all the Seas.
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made *Glaucus* fiſhes bounce into the Main.
Which with new forms the watery World ſupplies,
And changes Men into Sea Deities.
But theſe are trifles; ſince curs'd *Savin* here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear.
She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes.
And deep in blood that living Temple ſtains.
Impatient to be wicked ſhe deſtroys
The naked hopes of thouſand future Boys.
'Tis one of Wars extream and greateſt harms.
To ſnatch an Infant from his Mothers Arms.
But here the Womb (oh ſtrange!) cloſe ſhut and barr'd
The Mothers very bowels are no guard.
Whilſt poiſons only in a civil rage,
And lingring Ills the Step-dames hands engage.
Oh! ſimple *Colchis*, rude and ignorant,
Who the new Arts of wickedneſs doſt want!
Medea, *Savin* knows a better way
Than thy *Medea* Children to deſtroy.
Thou, *Progne*! know'ſt not how revenge to take,
Let *Itys* live; thy ſtay amends will make.
Lie with thy Husband, though againſt thy will,
Let thy ſwell'd Womb with hopes fierce *Tereus* fill.
When you are ripe for hate, let *Savin* come,
And dreſs the fatal Banquet in your Womb.
The reeking bits let thy curſt Husband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion, caus'd for ſpite's a generous crime,
Th'effect of pleaſure at the preſent time.
Officious *Savin* is at the Expence
Of ſo much Wit and ſo much Diligence;

Concerning *Glaucus* his Fiſhes, ſee *Ovid. Met.* lib. 13. *fab. ult.*

To make the lewdeſt Whore moſt chaſt appear,
That of her Crimes, no token ſhe may wear.
To make her lechery frugal, and provide
That thy apartment, Luſt, ben't made too wide.
The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
Which with diſgrace, may her a Mother prove.
If Men ſhou'd all conſpire with ſuch a Plant,
The whole World ſoon Inhabitants wou'd want.
You then the Brutes alone in vain wou'd ſee,
And no employment for your Art wou'd be.
But you, who ſcatch the rapid, wheeling Days,
And Fate beguile with Art and ſweet delays;
You, verdant Conſtellations here below,
To whom their birth and fate all mortals owe;
Do you take care this tree-like Hag to burn,
Who makes the Womb the infants living Urn.
Let Natures mortal Foe receive her doom,
And with moiſt Laurel purge the tainted room.
Or let her live in *Crete*, her native home,
And with her Virtues purge *Paſiphaes* womb.
There two miſcarriages ſhe might ha' made
At once; Oh! prize, now never to be had!
But I ſuppoſe ſhe never wou'd ha' torn,
The Minotaur. Or kept that hopeful Monſter from being born;
For ſeven Boys, whoſe death to her was dear,
That Half-Man was to ſwallow e'ry year.
Haſt, *Savin*! home to *Crete*; we won't complain,
Though *Ditt'ny* too with Thee return again.
At this they were divided; and the ſound
Of various murmurs flew the Court around.
Whilſt ſharp'ned leaves did *Savin's* anger ſhow,
As when a Lion briſtles at his Foe.
Thoſe three degrees of heat which ſhe before
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

SAVIN.

THou, wretched Shrub (in paſſionate tones) ſaid ſhe,
Doſt thou pretend to be my Enemy?
Doſt thou a Plant, which through the world is known,
Diſparage? all mankind my Virtues own.
Maſtick is good for the Tooth-ach. Whilſt thou for hollow Teeth a Med'cine art,
And ſcarcely bear'ſt in Barbers ſhops a part.
Go, hang thy Tables up, to ſhew thy Vows,
And with thy Trophies load thy bending bows.
Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry
The greateſt, ſome old, rotten Tooth will be.
What? cauſe thy Tears ſtops weeping rheum, and lays
A Damm, which currents of defluxions ſtay,

Dost think thy force can keep the Womb so tight,
As to restrain Conceptions liquid flight?
No sure; but thou by Cheats a Name hast sought,
And woud'st, though vile thou art, too dear be bought.
By false pretences you on Fame impose,
But I the truth of what I am disclose.
Children, I own, I from the Belly wrest;
Go now, of my confession make your best.
I own, I say; nor canst thou for thy heart,
(Though thou more tender than the Mother wert,
Prevent me with thy tears or all thy Art.
Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence
With thee her womb; with Pitch and Frankincense;
A Loadstone too about her let her bear;
(That I suppose, does thy great Virtues wear.)
For that, we know, fix'd to their Native place
Retains the Iron-seeds of humane Race.
Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn,
And many Jaspers, on her Fingers worn;
With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a shell
Whose fish herself and that secures so well.
But above all let her the Eagles stone
Carry, and two of them, not only one.
For nothing strengthens Nature more, than that;
Nothing the Womb does more corroborate.
Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain,
If once access to her my juices gain.
I own it; nor will I ungrateful be
To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee,
Though thou hast done thy worst to anger me.
'Tis Natures gift, whose wisdom I esteem
Much more than thine, though thou a *Cato* seem.
Into the Womb by stealth I never creep,
Nor force my self on Women, whilst they sleep.
I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt, be seen
In Gardens always growing, fresh and green.
I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
Must give, which I my self first undergo.
You justly blame *Medea*, but, for shame,
The guiltless knife, she cut with, do not blame.
The listening Trees will think thee drunk with Wine,
If thou of drunkeness accuse the Vine.
Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
Which greater Virtues did on me bestow.
For I the Courses and the After-birth,
With the dead Members deadly weight bring forth.
Poor Infants from their native Goal I free,
And with astonish'd Eyes the Sun they see.
But nothing can they find, worth so much pain,
And wou'd return into the dark again.

Sennertus and other Physicians recommend these Stones to be held in the hand, or otherwise applied to those who fear Abortion

They wish my fatal draught had come before,
Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'r.
That which you call a Crime, I own to be,
But you must lay't on Men and not on me.
Ah! what at first wou'd tender Infants give
(When newly form'd they scarce begin to live)
For this, if possibly they cou'd but know,
Through what a passage they must after go?
Ah! why did Heav'n (with reverence let me say)
Into this World make such a narrow way?
You'd think the Child by's pains to Heav'n shou'd go,
Whilst he through pain's born to a world of woe.
Through deadly strugglings he receives his breath,
And pangs, i'th' birth resemble those of Death.
Mothers, the name of Mothers dearly buy,
And purchase pleasure at a rate too high.
But thou, Child bearing Woman, who no ease
Canst find, (tormented with a dear Disease)
Whose tortur'd bowels, that sweet Viper gnaws,
(That living burthen, of thy Rack the cause)
Take but my leaves with speed, their Virtue try
(In them, believe me, sovereign juices lie,)
Thy barriers they by force soon open lay,
And out o'th' world, 'tis scarce a wider way.
The Infant, ripe, drops from the bows, and cries
The whilst his half-dead Mother silent lies;
But hearing him she soon forgets her pain,
And thinks to do that pleasant trick again.
But thou, on whom the silver Moons moist rays
(For the wombs night its Lady Moon obeys)
No influence have, I charge thee, do not take
My leaves, but hast, though loaded, from 'em make.
Down from the Trees by my force shaken, all
The fruits though ne'r so green and sour, fall.
(This I foretel you, lest, when you're aggriev'd,
You then shou'd say, by me you were deceiv'd.)
For innocent Girls sin sore against their will,
None ever wish'd her womb a Child might fill:
Yet if I were not in the world, they wou'd
Incline to do the fact, but never cou'd.
But many other Plants the same can do,
Wherefore if banishment you think my due,
Companions in it I shall have, I know,
And into *Creet* a troop of us shall go.
Thou, Myrrh! for one shalt go, who heretofore
For lewdness punish'd now deserv'st the more.
But thou, though lewd didst not prevent the birth,
Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth.
And *All-heal* too, who Death affrights, must pack,
With *Galbanum* and *Gum-Ammoniack*.

Plants that procure Abortion.

And

And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never ſold,
Unleſs they brought the ſweeter ſmell of Gold.
Ground-pine and *Saffron* too will Exiles prove,
Saffron, once *Crocus*, yellow dy'd by Love.
Madder, and *Colloquintida* with me,
And *Dragon* too the *Cretan* ſhore muſt ſee.
And *Sowbread* too, whoſe ſecret darts are found
Child-bearing Women diſtantly to wound.
And *Rue*, as noble a Plant as any's here,
Phyſick to other things, is Poiſon there.
What ſhou'd I name the reſt? We make a throng,
Thou *Birthwort* too with us muſt troop along.
Nor muſt you, Preſident, behind us ſtay,
Riſe then and into Exile come away.
She ended, with great favour and applauſe;
And there's no doubt but ſhe obtain'd her cauſe.
The *Mugwort* next began, whoſe awful Face
Check'd all their ſtirs, and ſilence fill'd the place.

MUGWORT [the Preſident.]

IF the green Nation, Siſter, baniſh Thee,
I'll go along and bear thee Company.
If we for Womens faults muſt bear diſgrace,
We, the * *Ecbolicks*, are a wretched Race.
On her head let it (if a Woman ſhall
To her own bowels prove inhumane) fall;
Not part of Deaths ſad penalties, but all.
Why are we ſent for at untimely hours;
That Day, when lucky † *Juno* comes, is ours.
She's wicked and deſerves the worſt of fates,
Who to ill ends that time anticipates.
For the admitted juice knows no delay,
But torpid as it is will force its way.
Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound
Ill-fix'd within it ſelf or to the ground.
A Ship, well tackled, which the winds may ſcorn,
Ill rigg'd away by ev'ry guſt is born.
The Elements of Life what can't o'rthrow?
No wonder; Life it ſelf's an empty ſhow.
Sometimes it ſmells a Candles ſnuff and dies;
The weaker fume before the ſtronger flies.
Let *Ceſar* round the Globe with's Eagles fly,
And grieve with *Jove* to ſhare Equality.
Yet what a trifle might ha' been his death,
Preventing all his Triumphs with his breath.
One farthing Candle by its dying flame
Wou'd have depriv'd the world of his great Name;

* Ecbolicks, *i.e.* ſuch Medicines as bring away dead Children, or cauſe abortion.

† The Goddeſs of Child-bearing.

The ſmell of a Candles Snuff, 'tis ſaid, will make Women miſcarry.

Nor

Nor had we had ſuch numerous ſupplies
Of mighty Lords and new-found Deities.
Thou, *Alexander*, too might'ſt ſo ha' dy'd,
(How well the world that ſmell had gratifi'd.)
Thou, who, a' petty King o'th' Univerſe,
Thought'ſt with thy ſelf alone thou didſt converſe.
Yea the ſame chance might have remov'd from us,
Both Thee, *Jove*'s Son, and thy *Bucephalus*.
The Stink of the Snuff of a Candle, is ſaid alſo to cauſe Abortion in Mares.
And if thy Groom his Candle out had ſlept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.
So ſlight a ſtink you'd ſcarce think this could do,
Unleſs the niceneſs of the womb I knew.
How ſhie it is of an ungrateful ſmell
You, by its ſecret coyneſs, know full well.
(But that's no prudence in it: ſince that place
For pleaſure no good ſituation has)
But greedily ſweet things it meets half-way,
And into its own boſom does convey.
The ſecret cauſe of which effect to find
Is hard; nor have the Learned it aſſign'd.
Let's ſee if any thing farther we can ſay:
The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day.
Wherefore a thouſand wonders that remain
Concerning Childbirth, us may entertain
I'th' next Aſſembly, when we meet again.
You, Myrrh! who from a Line of Monarchs came,
The glory of their angry † Fathers name;
† *Cynaras*, King of *Cyprus*. See the Story of his Daughter *Myrrha*, *Ovid Met.*
Sacred and grateful to the Gods, again
A Virgin, and ſhalt always ſo remain;
You know the ſecrets of the female kind,
And what you know, I hope, can call to mind.
Then ſurely you the nature of a ſmell
Among rich Odours born muſt clearly tell.
Beſides, when formerly their Reaſon ſtrove
Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love;
You in the middle of the fight wou'd fall,
They ſay, and lie in † fits Hyſterical.
† *i. e.* Fits of the Mother.
Come then, let's hear, what you at laſt can ſay?
Speak, modeſt Myrrh! why do you ſo delay?
Why do the tears run down thy bark ſo faſt?
Thou need'ſt not bluſh for faults ſo long time paſt.
Ah! happy faults, that can ſuch tears produce,
Which to the World are of ſuch Sovereign uſe.
No Woman e'r deſerv'd before this time
So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

MYRRH.

MYRRH.

AT laſt when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous tears,
Putting aſide her leaves, her Face and Head ſhe rears.
Then ſhe began, but bluſh'd, and ſtopp'd anon,
Nor cou'd ſhe be entreated to go on.
So a dry Pump at firſt will hardly go,
From whence a River by and by will flow.
'Tis known, the female Tribe, of all that live,
Above the reſt is far more talkative.
And that a Plant, who was a Maid before,
Speaks faſter much than all the reſt and more.
Her ſtory therefore gently ſhe begins,
And with her Art upon the Audience wins.
Her Wars with unchaſt Love ſhe reckon'd o'r;
For fear of doing ill, what ills ſhe bore:
She told, how oft her breaſt her hands had try'd
To ſtab, whilſt chaſt fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd.
How long and oft unequally with Love,
Who even Goddeſſes ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrove.
And many things beſides, which I'll not name,
Since *Ovid* with more wit has ſaid the ſame.
Then of the Wombs intolerable pains
(Sh'ad felt them) ſadly ſhe, 'tis ſaid, complains.
Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues,
Or made of ſturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs,
The kinds and forms, and names of cruel fate,
And monſtrous ſhapes I hardly cou'd relate,
What meant the Gods, Lifes native Seat to fill
With ſuch a numerous Hoſt, ſo arm'd to kill;
What is it, Pleaſure! guards Man's happineſs,
If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe, poſſeſs.
But me my Laurel told; then moſt ſhe rail'd,
When the ſad Fits o'th' Mother ſhe bewail'd.
Woe to the bodies wretched Town (ſaid ſhe)
When the wombs Fort contains the Enemy!
Thence baneful vapours every way they throw,
Which rout the conquered Soul where e'r they go.
The troops of flying Spirits they deſtroy,
As ſtenches from * *Avernus* Birds annoy.
If they the Stomach ſeize, the Appetite's gone,
And tasks deſign'd for veins lie by half done.
No Meats it now endures, much leſs requires,
And the crude Kitchin cools for want of fires.
If they the Heart invade, that's walls they ſhake,
And in the vital work confuſion make;
New waves they thither bring, but thoſe the vein,
Which *Vena Cava*'s call'd, bears back again.

* A noiſom Lake, over which if Birds flew, they were often choked with the ſtench of it.

The Arteries by weak pulſings notifie,
Or elſe by none, the Soul's then paſſing by.
By that black Cloud all joy's extinguiſh'd quite,
And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright,
So when grim, *Stygian* ſhades, they ſay, appear,
The Candles tremble and go out for fear.
Grief, fear, and hatred of the light invade
Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of trouble's made.
Then ſtraight the jaws themſelves the torturing Ill
With deadly, ſtrangling vapours ſtrives to fill.
T' *Æthereal* Air it never ſhews deſire,
But *Salamander*-like lives all on fire:
Sometimes theſe reſtleſs Plagues the Head too ſeize,
And rifle all the Souls rich Palaces.
In barbarous triumph led, then Reaſon ſtands,
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands.
For the poor wretch a merry madneſs takes,
And her ſad ſides with doleful laughter ſhakes.
Her Dreams (in vain awake) ſhe tells, and thoſe,
If no Body admire, amaz'd ſhe ſhows.
She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies;
A piteous, ſhe, and dreadful Object, lies.
One ſeems to rave, and from her ſparkling Eyes
Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries.
Some Deaths exacteſt Image ſeizes, ſo
That ſleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd ſhow.
A ſolid dulneſs all the ſenſes keeps
Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more ſoundly ſleeps.
Her breath, if any from her noſtrils go,
The Down from *Poppy* tops wou'd hardly blow.
If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd ſay,
Two dead ones there, or two Hyſterick lay.
But then ('tis ſtrange, and yet we muſt believe
What we from long experience receive)
Under her Noſe ſtrong-ſmelling Odours lay,
The other vapours theſe will chaſe away.
Burn Partridge feathers, hair of Man or Beaſt,
Horns, leather, warts, that Horſes legs moleſt;
All theſe are good; but what ſtrange accident
Firſt found them out, or cou'd ſuch Cures invent?
Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks diſtills,
And Sulphur, which all things with Odours fills.
To which the ſtinking Aſſa you may add,
And Oil which from the Beavers ſtones is had.
Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,
And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below.
But that each Avenue, which upward lies,
With mounds and ſtrong-built Rampires fortifies.
Then being contracted to a narrower place
(For force decays ſpread in too wide a ſpace.)

No

No Humours foul or Vapours there muſt ſtay,
But out it purges them the lower way.
On Foreign parts now no aſſaults ſhe makes
But care of her domeſtick Safety takes.
Carthage to *Hannibal* now ſends no Supply,
To break the Force of diſtant *Italy*,
When from their Walls with horror they deſcry
The threatning *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.
This for the Noſe, the Womb then you muſt pleaſe
With ſuch ſweet Odours as the Gods appeaſe.
With *Cinamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Laudanum*,
With healing *Balſam*, and my oily *Gum*,
Civet, and *Muſk*, and *Amber* too apply,
(Scarce yet well known to human Induſtry)
With all that my rich, native Soil ſupplies,
Such Fumes as from the *Phœnix* Neſt ariſe.
Nor fear from Gods to take their *Frankincenſe*,
In ſuch a pious caſe, 'tis no Offence.
Then ſhalt thou ſee the Limbs faint motions make,
A certain ſign that now the Soul's awake.
Then will the Guts with an unuſual noiſe,
The Enemy o'erthrown, ſeem to rejoice.
Blood will below the ſecret Paſſage ſtain,
And Arteries recruited beat again.
Oft, glad to ſee the Light, themſelves the Eyes
Lift up; the Face returning Purple dyes;
One Jaw from t'other with a Groan retires,
And the Diſeaſe it ſelf, like Life, expires.

Tell me, ſweet Odours, tell me, what have you
With parts ſo diſtant from the Noſe to do?
Or what have you, ill Smells ſo near the Noſe
To do, ſince that and you are mortal Foes?
And why doſt thou, abominable Stench!
Upon remote Dominions ſo intrench?
Say, by what ſecret Force you fling your Darts,
Whom from your Bow, the Noſe, ſuch diſtance parts.
For ſome believe, that to the Brain alone
They fly, through ways, which in the Head are known;
And that the Brain, to the related Womb,
Sends good and bad, all Smells that to it come.
The Womb too oft rejoices for That's ſake,
And when that's griev'd, does all its Griefs partake.
The Womb's *Oreſtes*, *Pylades* the Brain,
And what to one, to th' other is a Pain.
I don't deny the native Sympathy,
And like Reſpects in which theſe Parts agree.
Each its Conception has, and each its Birth,
And both their Offſprings, like the Sire, come forth,
Still to produce both have a conſtant Vein,
And their ſtreight Boſoms mighty things contain.

Much I omit in both; but know, that This
O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the *Matrix* is.
But th' Womb has this one proper Faculty,
Its actions oft from Head and Noſe are free.
Oft when it ſtrives to break its Bonds in vain
(And often nought its Fury can contain)
A ſweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Noſe)
Does with a grateful Glue its Body cloſe.
But when oppreſs'd with weight the Womb falls down
(As ſometimes it, when weak, does with its own)
With dreadful Weapons arm'd a noiſome Smell
Meets it and upward quickly does repel.
So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forſook,
(People which in their Neighbours Terror ſtruck)
A ſtronger Foe, their wandering to reſtrain,
To their old Quarters beat 'em back again.
Here different Reaſons different Authors ſhow,
But none worth ſpeaking of, I'm ſure, you know.
What can I add? You, Learned Preſident, pleaſe
To bid me ſpeak; the Caſe ſays, hold your peace.
Yet you I muſt obey; Heav'n is ſo kind
To let us ſeek the Truth we cannot find.
This Truth muſt be i'th' Well's dark bottom ſought,
Pardon me if I make an heavy Draught.
You ſee the wond'rous Wars and Leagues of Things,
From whence the World's harmonious conſort ſprings,
This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had,
Is a grave Sot, and ſtudiouſly mad.
Here many Cauſes branch themſelves around,
But to 'em all one only Root is found.
For thoſe which Mortals the four Elements call,
In the Worlds Fabrick are not firſt of all.
Treaſures in them wiſe Nature laid, as ſtore,
Ready at hand, of things that were before.
Whence ſhe might Principles draw for her uſe,
And Mixtures new, eternally produce.
Infinite Seeds in thoſe ſmall Bodies lie
To us, but numbred by the Deity.
Nor is the Heat to Fire more natural,
Nor Coldneſs more to Water's ſhare does fall,
Than either bitter, ſweet, or white or black
Or any Smells, that Noſes e'er attack.
Our purging or aſtringent Quality
Have proper Points of Matter, where they lie.
With *Earth*, *Air*, *Water*, *Fire*, Heav'n all things bore,
Why do I faintly ſpeak? They were before.
For what *Earth*, *Air*, *Fire*, *Water* now we call,
Are Compounds from the firſt Original.
For—But a ſudden Fright her Senſes ſhockt,
And ſtopt her Speech; ſhe heard the Gate unlockt.

And *Rue* from far the *Gardener* ſaw come in,
Trembling as ſhe an *Aſpen* Leaf had been.
(For *Rue*, a ſovereign Plant to purge the Eyes,
Remoteſt Objects eaſily deſcries.)
She ſoftly whiſper'd, " Hence, make haſte away;
Here's * *Robert* come, make haſte, why do we ſtay?
Day was not broken, but 'twas almoſt Light,
And *Luna* ſwiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night;
Nor was the Fellow us'd ſo ſoon to riſe,
But him a ſudden Chance did then ſurprize.
His Wife in pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd,
And gentle *Juno's* preſent Aid implor'd.
But he, who Plants that in his Garden grew,
Than forty *Juno's* of more value knew,
Came thither *Sow-bread* all in haſte to gather,
That he with greater Eaſe might prove a Father.
Soon as they ſaw the Man, ſtrait up they got,
With gentle haſte and ſtood upon the ſpot.
When briefly *Mugwort*: I this Court adjourn;
What we have left we'll do at our return.
Without tumultuous Noiſe away they fled,
And every Plant crept to her proper Bed.

* The name of the Gardener of the Phyſick Garden at *Oxford*.

The End of the Second Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK III.

FLORA.

NOW Muſe, if ever, now look brisk and and gay,
The Spring's at hand; blith Looks like that diſplay.
Uſe all the Schemes and Colours now of Speech,
Uſe all the Flow'rs that Poetry enrich,
Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,
As may reſemble the returning *Spring*;
Let the ſame Muſick in thy Verſe reſound,
As in the Woods and ſhady Groves is found.
Let every Line ſuch fragrant Praiſe exhale
As riſes up from ſome ſweet-ſmelling Vale.
Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods appear,
And ſhew in painted Verſe the Seaſon of the Year.
Come then away, for the firſt welcome Morn
Of the ſpruce Month of *May* begins to dawn.
This Day, ſo tells the Poets ſacred Page,
Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial bands engage,
This very day the Knot was ty'd, and thence
The lovely Maid a Goddeſs did commence.
The ſigns of Joy did every where appear,
On Earth, in Heav'n, throughout the Sea and Air;
No wandering Cloud was ſeen in all the Sky,
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye;
The Air ſerene, not an ungentle Blaſt
Ruffled the Waters with its rude embrace;
The Wind that was, breath'd Odors all around,
And only Fann'd the Streams, and only kiſs'd the Ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now ſuch a num'rous Birth
Appear'd as ev'n aſtoniſh'd Mother Earth.
The *Lily* grew 'midſt barren *Heath* and *Sedg*,
And the Roſe bluſh'd on each unprickly Hedg.

The

The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*
The places now of angry *Nettles* fill.
This great and joyful Day, on which she knew
What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too,
The grateful *Flora* yearly did express
In shews, religious Pomp and Gaudiness,
Long has she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among
The other Gods, a vast and num'rous throng;
But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,
Amongst the rest an Exile she became,
Stript of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,
Nought of the Grandeur of a Goddess left.
Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,
But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign;
The best she can, she still keeps up the Day;
Not as of old when blest with Store she lay,
When with a lavish Hand her Bounties flew,
She han't the Heart and Means to do it now.
But in a way fitting her humble state
She always did, and still does celebrate.
And now that she the better may attend
The flow'ry Empire under her Command,
To all the World at times she does resort,
Now in this part, now that she keeps her Court.
And so the Seasons of the Year require,
For here 'tis *Spring*, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.
With ease she flies to the remotest Shores,
And visits in the way a world of Flow'rs.
In *Zephyr*'s painted Car she cuts the Air,
Pleas'd with the way, her Spouse the Charioteer.
It was the Year, (thrice blest that beauteous Year)
Which mighty CHARLES's sacred Name did bear.
A golden Year the Heavens brought about
In high procession with a joyful shout.
A Year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,
That brought home Peace, and laid our monstrous Heats;
A greater Gift, blest *Albion* thou didst gain,
It brought home God-like CHARLES, and all his peaceful Train;
Compos'd our Chaos, cover'd o'er the Scars,
And clos'd the bleeding Wounds of twenty years;
Nor felt the Gown alone the Fruits of Peace,
But Gardens, Woods, and all the flow'ry Race;
This Year to ev'ry thing fresh Honours brought,
Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.
Poor exil'd *Flora*, with the *Sylvan* Gods
Came back again to their old lov'd Abodes;
I saw her (through a Glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)
Plac'd on the painted Bow securely waft,
Triumphantly she rode, and made her Course
Towards fair *Albion's* long forsaken Shores.

That

That ſhe our Goddeſs was, to me was plain,
From the gay various Colours of her Train.
She lit, renowned *Thames*, upon thy ſhore,
Long time belov'd, and known to her before;
'Twas here the Goddeſs an Appointment ſet
For all the Flow'rs; accordingly they met;
Thoſe that are parch'd with Heat, or pinch'd with Cold,
Or thoſe which a more temperate Clime does hold,
Thoſe drunk with Dew, the Sun juſt riſing ſees,
Or thoſe when ſetting, with a Face like his,
All ſorts that *Eaſt* and *Weſt* can boaſt, were there,
But not ſuch Flow'rs as you ſee growing here,
Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious ſtill to harms,
Which quickly die out of their Mothers Arms;
But thoſe that *Plato* ſaw, *Ideas* nam'd,
Daughters of *Jove*, for heav'nly extract fam'd.
Æthereal Plants! what Glories they diſcloſe,
What Excellence the firſt Celeſtial *Roſe*;
What Bluſh, what Smell! and yet on many ſcores,
The Learned ſay, it much reſembles ours;
Only 'tis ever freſh, with Long Life bleſt,
Not in your fading mortal Colours dreſt.
This *Roſe* the Image of the Heav'nly Mind,
The other growing on our Earth we find;
Which is the Image of that Image, then
No wonder it appears leſs freſh and fine,
Theſe Heav'n-born Species of the flow'ry Race
Aſſembled all, the Wedding Morn to grace.
Phœbus, do thou the Pencil take, the ſame
With which thou gild'ſt the World's great checquer'd frame,
Light's Pencil take; try if thou canſt diſplay
The various Scenes of this reſplendent Day.
And yet I doubt thy Skill, tho all muſt bow
To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;
I'm ſure 'ts much too hard a Task for me,
Yet ſome I'll touch, in paſſing, like the *Bee*.
Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,
A Noſegay may; and that if ſweet, will do.
Now, when a part of this triumphant Day
In ſacred pompous Rites had paſs'd away,
And which perhaps 'ts not not lawful to reveal,
At length the ſporting Goddeſs thought it beſt
(Tho ſure the Humour went beyond a Jeſt)
A pleaſant ſort of Trial to propoſe,
And from among the Plants a *Queen* to chuſe,
Which ſhould preſide over the flow'ry Race,
Be a Vice-Goddeſs, and ſupply her place.
Each Plant was to appear, and make its Plea,
To ſee which beſt deſerv'd the Dignity.

The

The Scene Arch'd o'er with wreathing Branches ſtood,
Which like a little hollow Temple ſhow'd,
The Shrubs and Branches, darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant Shades, compos'd the Roof;
Red and white *Jaſmine*, with the *Myrtle tree*
The Favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity,
The golden *Apple tree* with ſilver Bud,
Both ſorts of *Pipe-tree*, with the *Sea dew* ſtood;
There was the twining *Woodbind* to be ſeen,
And yellow *Hather*, *Roſes* mixt between.
Each Plant its Notes and known Diſtinctions brought
With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought;
Juſt in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane,
A Throne the judging Goddeſs did ſuſtain,
Rob'd in a thouſand ſeveral ſorts of Leaves,
And all the Colours of the Garden gives,
Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wiſe,
With their deluding Figures mockt your Eyes.
A noble checquer'd Work; which real ſeems,
And firmly ſet with gliſt'ring Stones and Gems;
It real ſeem'd; tho Gods ſuch Bodies wear
For weight as Flow'rs upon their Down may bear;
The Goddeſs ſeated in Majeſtick wiſe
With all the Pride the wealthy Spring ſupplies,
Had *Ariadne's* Crown, and ſuch a Veſt
With which the *Rainbow* on bright Days is dreſt;
Before her Throne did the officious Band
Of *Hours*, *Days*, *Months* in goodly Order ſtand.
The *Hours* upon ſoft painted Wings were born,
Painted but ſwift alas! and quickly gone;
The *Days* with nimble Feet advanc'd apace;
And then the *Months*, each with a different Face,
On *Cynthia's* Orb they tend with conſtant Care,
In Monthly Courſes whirling round her Sphere.
Firſt *Spring*, a Roſy-colour'd Youngſter, ſtood
With Looks enough to bribe a judging God.
Summer appeard, rob'd in a yellow Gown,
Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown;
Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona's* ſtore,
And *Bacchus* too treading the bluſhing Floor;
Poor half-ſtarv'd *Winter* ſhivering in the Rear,
The Stoical and ſullen part o'th' year.
Yet not by Step-dame Nature wholly left
Of every Grace is *Winter-time* bereft.
Some Friends it has in this afflicted ſtate,
Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget;
Some Plants the *Winter* ſeaſon does ſupply
Born purely for Delight and Luxury;
Which brave the Froſt and Cold, and merit claim,
Tho few indeed, and of a lower Frame.

The New-year did him this peculiar grace,
And *Janus* favouring with his double Face,
That he ſhould firſt be heard; and have the power
To draw forth all his poor and ſlender ſtore.
Winter obeys; and ranks 'em, beſt he can,
More truſting to the Worth than Number of his Men.
Juſt in the Front of *Winter's* ſcanty Band
Two lofty Plants, or flow'ry Giants ſtand,
Spurge-Olive one, t'other a kind of *Bay*,
Both high, and largely ſpreading every way;
But did they in a milder ſeaſon ſprout,
Whether they e'er would paſs for Flow'rs, I doubt:
But now they do; and ſuch their Looks and Smell
The place they hold they ſeem to merit well.
Next *Wolfes-bane*, us'd in Step-dames poiſoning Trade,
Born of the Foam of *Pluto's* Porter, ſaid,
A baneful Plant, ſpringing in craggy ground,
Thence its hard Name, it ſelf much harder found;
Briskly its gilded Creſt it does diſplay,
And boldly ſtares i'th' Face the God of Day,
Which *Cerberus*, its Sire, durſt ne'r aſſay.
The Plant, call'd *Snow-drops*, next in courſe appear'd,
But trembling, by its frightful Neighbour ſcar'd,
Yet clad in white her ſelf, like fleecy Snow,
Near her bad Neighbour, finer ſhe does ſhow.
The noble *Liver-wort* does next appear,
Without a ſpeck, like the unclouded Air;
A Plant of noble Uſe and endleſs Fame,
The Liver's great Preſerver, thence its Name;
The humble Plant, conſcious of inward worth,
In *Winter's* hardeſt Froſt and Cold ſhoots forth.
Let other Plants, ſaid ſhe for ſeaſons wait,
For *Summer* Gales, or the *Sun's* kindly Heat,
She ſcorns delay; naked, without a Coat,
As 'twere in haſte, the noble Plant comes out.
Next the blue *Primroſe*, which in *Winter* blows,
But wears the *Spring*, both in its Name and Cloths.
The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,
To theſe our *Ladys-Seal* and *Sows-bread* join;
But theſe appearing out of ſeaſon were
Bid to their homes and proper Tribes repair.
There now remain'd of *Winter's* genuine ſtore
And offspring, *Bears foot* or the *Chriſtmas-flow'r*,
The Pride of *Winter*, which in Froſt can live,
And now alone for Empire dar'd to ſtrive.
On its black ſtalk it rear'd it ſelf, and then
With pale but fearleſs Face to plead began.

These Plants by art ſometimes are made to flower in Winter.

This flowers in *December*.

Helleborus Niger, or *Chriſtmas-Flower.*

I Mean not now my Beauty to oppoſe
To that of Lilies, or the bluſhing Roſe,
Old *Prætus* Daughters me from that do ſcare,
Who once with *Juno* durſt their face compare,
Mad with Conceit, each thought herſelf a Cow;
Juſt judgment! teaching all themſelves to know;
My noble Plant baniſh'd this wild caprice,
And gave 'em back their human voice and ſpeech.
Melamphus by my aid ſoon brought relief,
And for the cure had one of 'em to Wife.
And none will charge me with that madneſs, ſure:
Or the ſame folly I pretend to cure.
The Goddeſſes above a Beauty claim
Laſting and firm as their immortal frame,
Which time can't furrow, or Diſeaſes wrong,
To be immortal is, to be for ever young.
In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a tranſient thing;
Expect as well the whole year will be Spring.
Ye flowry Race, that open to the Sky,
And there have been a Cloud of curious Dye,
The gaudy Phantome now with pride appears,
Look up again, 'tis ſtrait diſſolv'd in tears;
Such is the ſhort-liv'd glory Flow'rs have,
Bending, they point ſtill tow'rds their womb and grave.
The wind and rain aim at their tender Head,
Beſides the Stars their baneful infl'ence ſhed;
Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away
In the embraces of the God of Day,
Expos'd to Air, to Heat an open prey,
Colds through their tender fibres force their way:
The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors
Not Winter more, than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
If among theſe a Flow'r you can deſcry
(Fitter to be tranſplanted to the Sky)
Which is ſo hardy, as to ſtand the threat
Of ſtorms and tempeſts that around her beat;
That which contending wind dare boldly ſtrive,
Scorns Cold, and under heaps of Snow can live,
To this, great Goddeſs, to this noble Plant
You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.
Kings are *Joves* Image; and if that be true,
To Vertue only Sov'reign ſway is due:
Truſting to this, and not the empty Name
Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.
Nor will this ſoft, luxurious, pamper'd Race
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny my place;

For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there,
What looks, what dismal aspect of the year!
The winds from Prison broke, no mercy yield,
But spoil the native Glories of the Field.
First on the Infant Boughs they spend their rage,
And scarcely spare the poor trunks reverend age;
Either with swelling Rains, the ground below
Is drown'd, or covered thick in beds of Snow;
Or stiff with Frost; the streams ic'd o'er
Are pent within a bank, unknown before.
Each Nymph complains, and every River God
Feels on his shoulders an unusal load;
Nature a Captive now to Frost become
Lies fairly buried in a Marble tomb.
And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die,
Or hid within their beds, the danger fly?
D' ye see the Sun, how faint his looks; that tell
The God of Plants himself i'n't over well,
Now let me see the *Violet*, *Tulip*, *Rose*,
Or any of 'em their fine face disclose,
Ye *Lilies* with your snowy Tresses now
Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.
Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
But close in Bed they lie half dead with fear.
I only in this Universal dread
Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head;
Winter with thousand several arms prepar'd
To be my death, still finds me on my Guard.
Great Umpire of this harmless fray,
If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to Day,
Let all appear and take the Field, let all
Agree to give the chiefest Plant the ball;
Let it in Winter be, though, I desire;
That season does a hardy Chief require
If any of these tender, dainty Dames
Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names,
Dare but at such a time shew half an Eye,
I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my plea.
Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you; they hate
To gain a Kingdom at so dear a rate;
They fear th' unequal trial to sustain;
None dare appear, but those that fill my train,
And none of these are so ambitious grown,
To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown.
These numerous hardships I can undergo;
I'll tell you now, fair Judg, what I can do,
My Vertue's both active and passive too.
Kings get no fame by conquering at home,
That from some forein vanquish'd Land must come.

If equal to my triumphs, names I bore
And every vanquish'd Foe increast the store,
Old *Rome*'s most haughty Champion I'd defie
With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie.
I act such wonders, I may safely say
The twelve *Herculean* labours were meer play.
The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase,
And new-skins o'er the Leper's monstrous face.
The lingring Quartan-Fever I oblige
To draw his forces off and raise the Siege.
Swimmings i'th' Head that do from vapours come,
I exercise strait by my Counter-fume.
In every swelling part when Dropsies reign,
I dry the Fen, the standing waters drein.
The Falling sickness too, to wave the rest,
Though sacred that Disease, by some confest.
Why in these Cures thus trifle I my breath?
Death yields to me, the Apoplectick Death.
Into each part my Plant new vigour sends,
And quickly makes the Soul and Body friends.
These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest
That follow, must much greater be confest.
I do compose the minds distracted frame,
A gift the Gods and I alone can claim;
Madmen and Fools are cast beneath my pow'r,
What to my grandeur can the Gods add more?
Who thus can do; the world his Province is,
Cæsar can't boast a larger sway than this.
She spoke; her train with shouts the Area fill'd,
Nay Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd.
Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
Which to the Scene a grateful shadow lends,
Homer, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,
Wou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants,
Bright Spring, what various Nations dost thou boast?
The *Xerxes* of a numerous flowry Host;
Which cou'd (since Flow'rs without due moisture die)
Like his, I fansie, drink whole Rivers dry.
His flowry troops made the same stately shew,
Whose painted arms a dazling lustre threw;
Then a gay Flow'r, for shape, the *Trumpet* nam'd
Blew thrice, and with a strenuous voice proclaim'd,
That all but Candidates shou'd quit the place;
First, as they went, bowing with awful grace.
And now the pleasure of the Goddess known,
The Herb, call'd *Ragwort*, pass'd before the Throne,
A bunchy stalk, and painted Bees she bore
With several foolish fancies on her Flow'r,
Ragwort the Satyrs and *Priapus* love,
Venus her self and the fair Judg approve,

A Plant of the Tribe of *Pseudo narcissi Juncifolii*, from the shape of a Tube in the midst of the Flower, called *Trumpets*.

Dogs-tooth paſs'd next, to *Ragwort* near ally'd,
A faithful friend to Love, and often try'd;
Next *Hyacinths*, of *Violet*-kind, proceed,
A noble, powerful and a numerous breed,
They wanted courage, though, to keep the place,
Labouring alas! under a late diſgrace;
Of noble Houſe themſelves they did pretend,
From *Ajax* blood directly to deſcend,
The cauſe in *Flora*'s Court of Chivalry
Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea,
They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they ſhow
Thoſe mournful Notes ſaid from his blood to flow.
The next akin, a Flow'r, which *Greeks* of old
From Excrements of Birds deſcended hold,
Which *Britain*, Nurſe of Plants, a milder Clime,
Gentilely calls the Star of *Bethlehem*.
The *Daizy* next march'd off in modeſt wiſe,
Dreading to wait the iſſue of the Prize;
Though the Spring don't a truſtier party know,
After, before and in the Spring they grow,
Quick in the charge, and in retreating ſlow.
They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art
The name of *Binders* to 'em do impart;
They cure all wounds, yet make none; which you grant
Is the true Office of a warlike Plant.
Next ſpotted *Sanicle* and *Navel-wort*,
Though both have ſigns of blood, forſake the Court.
Moon-wort goes next born on its reddiſh ſtalk,
And after that does gently *Cranebil* walk;
They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r
More in its form to truſt, than worth and pow'r;
Nay more than that, the *Corn flag* quits the Field,
Though made Sword-wiſe, does to the *Tulip* yield,
Though, like ſome Tyrant, rounded with the ſame,
Yet to affected Empire waves all claim;
How much this Sword-flow'r differs, as to harm,
From thoſe which we on mortal Anvils form!
Nature on this an Unguent has beſtow'd,
Which, when ours make it iſſue, ſtops the blood.
Next you might ſee the gaudy *Columbine*,
Call'd ſometimes *Lions-mouth*, deſert the Scene.
Though of try'd courage, and of high renown.
In other things, curing Diſeaſes, known.
The *Sea gull* Flow'r expreſs'd an equal fear;
The Tygers more and prettier ſpots don't bear;
Theſe Beauty-ſpots ſhe ought to prize like Gold;
Citron held hers at dearer rates, of old,
The *Perſian* Lily of a ruddy hue;
And next the *Lily* of the *Vale*, withdrew,

The vaſt price of *Citron* Tables, ſee *Plin. l.* 13.

Lilies

Lilies o'th' *Vale* ſuch looks and ſmell retain,
They'r fit to furniſh *Snuff* for Gods and Men;
Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live;
A glaſs of Wine does leſs refreſhment give.
Next *Periwinkle* or the *Ladies bow'r*
Weakly, and halting crept along the floor.
All kinds of *Crow-foot* paſs'd and bow'd their head,
The worſt run wild, the beſt in Gardens bred;
Day-Lily next, the Root by *Heſiod* lov'd,
Although not for the chiefeſt Diſh approv'd.
Then came a Flow'r, of a far differing look,
Which on it thy lov'd Name, *Adonis*, took;
But *Celandine*, thy genuine off-ſpring ſtil'd,
They tell us, at the proud Uſurper ſmil'd.
Stock gillow-flow'r the Years Companion is,
Which the Sun ſcarce in all his rounds does miſs,
Officious Plant! which every month can bring;
But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring.
This paſs'd along with a becoming mien,
And in her train the *Wall-flower* wou'd be ſeen.
The conſtant *Marigold* next theſe went out,
And *Ladies-ſlipper* fit for *Flora*'s foot.
Then *Goats-beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,
But ſhuts its Flow'r at Noon, and goes to ſleep.
Then *Ox-eye* did its rowling Eye-ball ſpread,
Such as *Joves* Wife and Siſter had, they ſaid.
Next *Viper-graſs*, full of a milky juice,
Good againſt Poiſon, which curſt Stepdames uſe.
Then *Hollow root*, cautious and full of fear,
Which neither Summers heat, nor cold can bear,
Comes after Spring, before it does retire.
Then *Sattin flower*, and *Moth-Mullein* withdraw,
Worthy a noble Title to enjoy.
The *Ladies ſmock*, and *Lugwort* went their way,
With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
To which the Garden entertainment gives;
As *Honey-ſuckle*, *Roſemary* and *Broom*,
That *Broom* which does of *Spaniſh* Parents come;
Both ſorts of *Pipe-tree*, neat in either dreſs,
White or sky-colour'd, whether pleaſe you beſt;
Next, the round-headed *Elder-roſe*, which wear
A Conſtellation of your little ſtars;
The *Cherry*; ours and *Perſian* Apple add
Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head.
Nature has iſſue, Eunuch-like, deny'd,
But (like them too) by a fine face ſupply'd.
Theſe and a thouſand more were fain to yield,
And left the Candidates to keep the Field.

Each

Each Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dreſt,
Each in its richeſt Robes of gaudieſt Veſt:
The *Violet* firſt, Springs Uſher, came in view,
From whoſe ſweet Lips theſe pleaſing accents flew.

The *VIOLET.*

The ſign *Aries.*

THE Ram now ope the golden Portal throws,
Which holds the various ſeaſons of the Year,
And on his ſhining Fleece the Spring does bear,
Ye Mortals, with a ſhout ſalute him as he goes.
(Io Triumph!) now now the Spring comes on
In ſolemn ſtate and high Proceſſion,
Whilſt I; the beauteous *Violet*, ſtill before him go
And uſher in the gaudy ſhow;
As it becomes the Child of ſuch a Sire,
I'm wrap'd in Purple, the firſt-born of Spring,
The marks of my Legitimation bring,
And all the tokens of his verdant Empire wear.
Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,
I all your Regal Titles hate,
Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth
Unnatural Plant, deſpiſe the lap of mother Earth.
Loves Goddeſs ſmiles upon me juſt new-born,
Rejoycing at the Years return.
The *Swallow* is not a more certain ſign
That Love and warm Embraces now begin.
To the lov'd Babe a thouſand kiſſes
The Goddeſs gives, a thouſand balmy bliſſes.
Beſides, my purple Lips
In ſacred Nectar dips;
Hence 'tis, no ſooner does the *Violet* burſt,
By the warm Air to a juſt ripeneſs nurſt,
But from my opening, blooming Head
A thouſand fragrant Odours ſpread.
I do not onely pleaſe the ſmell,
And the moſt critick taſt beguile,
Not only with my pretty die
Impoſe a Cheat upon the Eye;
But more for profit than for pleaſure born
I furniſh out a wholeſom juice,
Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not ſcorn
Upon a time, when ſick to uſe.
O'er preſſing and vexatious pain,
I ſuch a ſilent Vict'ry gain,
That though the Body be the Scene,
It ſcarcely knows whether a fight has been.
The Fevers well-known Valor I invade,
Which bluſhes with meer rage to yield

To

To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,
But onely was for fights and Nuptial Banquets made.
It yields, but in grumbling way,
Juſt as the Winds obedience pay,
When *Neptune* from the Flood does peep
And ſilences theſe troublers of the deep.
What though ſome Flow'rs a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can ſhow,
That does but ſtill the fanſie feed,
Whilſt I for buſineſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the Globe, you'll find,
The Glory of a Princely Flow'r
Conſiſts not in tyrannick Pow'r,
But in a Majeſty with mildneſs join'd.

She ſpoke; and from her balmy Lips did come
A ſweet Perfume that ſcented all the Room.
The ſmell ſo long continu'd, that you'd ſwear
The *Violet*, though you hear no ſound, was there.
Quitting the Stage; the next that took her place,
Where *Ox-lips*, *Pugles* with there numerous Race;
A parti-colour'd Tribe, of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue.
The *Primroſe* and the *Cowſlip* too were there,
Both of 'em kin, but not ſo handſom far;
Bears-ear, ſo call'd, did the whole Party head,
And yellow, claiming merit, needs wou'd plead.
Toſſing her hundred Heads in flanting rate,
Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at pleaſure prate.

Auricula Urſi. BEARS-EAR.

GReat Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy ſnowy Breaſt
With ſuch a ſight of various Poſies dreſt!
Whereas one ſtalk of mine
Alone a Noſegay is, alone can make thee fine;
A lovely, harmleſs Monſter, I,
Gorgon's many Heads outvie;
Others, as ſingle Stars, may Glory beam;
Take me, for I a Conſtellation am;
Let thoſe who Subjects want, purſue the flowry Crown,
A flowry Nation, I, alone;
Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,
So many Heads to me aſſign;
I for Mans Head, Lifes chiefeſt ſeat
Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate.
The minds Imperial Tow'r, the brain,
(A poor Apartment for ſo great a Queen)
The Light-houſe where Mans Reaſon ſtands and ſhines,
Maugre the malice of contending winds,

I guard the ſacred Place, repel the Rout,
And keep the everlaſting Fire from going out.
Go now, and mock me with this monſtrous Name
Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame,
The true and proper names of things, of old,
Through a Religious ſilence ne'er were told.
Thus Guardian Gods true names were ſeldom known,
Leſt ſome invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.
Impudent Fool! that firſt ſtil'd beauteous Flow'rs
By a deteſted Name, the *Ears of Bears*;
Worthy himſelf of Aſſes Ears, a pair
Fairer than *Midas* once was ſaid to wear.

At this rate ſinging (for your merry Flow'rs
Still ſing their words, not bring 'em forth like ours)
The *Daffadil* ſucceeded, once a Youth,
(As many Poets tell, a ſacred truth.)
And all his Clients and his kindred came,
A numerous train, to vote and pole for him;
All of 'em pale or yellow did appear,
The Livery which wounded Lovers wear.
Though *Virgil* purple Honours has aſſign'd
And bleviſh dy, too liberal and kind,
The *Chalcedonick* with white Flow'r thought beſt
To be the Mouth, and ſing for all the reſt.

The *DAFFADIL*, — *Narciſſus*,

WHat once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,
My roots of one years growth explain,
A lovely Boy, of killing Eyes
Where ambuſcading witchcraft lies,
Which did at laſt the Owners ſelf ſurprize.
Of fatal Beauty, ſuch as cou'd inſpire
Love into coldeſt Breaſts, in water kindle fire.
Me the hot beds of Sand in *Libya* burn,
Or *Iſter*'s frozen Banks to ruine turn.
I, when a Boy, among the boys
Had ſtill the nobleſt place,
The ſame my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
And is the Gardens Ornament and grace.
Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell
Why my face ſhou'd not pleaſe me ſtill;
Downward I lean my bending Head
Longing my looks in the ſame Glaſs to read;
Shew me a ſtream, that liquid Glaſs
Will put me in the ſelf-ſame caſe;
In th' colour with the ſame Nymphs I am dreſt,
Who wear me in their ſnowy Breaſt;

Who

Who with my Flow'rs their pride maintain,
And wiſh I were a Boy again.
She ſpoke; *Anemone* her ſtation took,
To whom the Goddeſs deign'd a ſmiling look;
For with the *Tulip's* leave, I needs muſt ſay
No Race more numerous, none more fine or gay;
The Purple with its large and ſpreading Leaf
Was choſen by conſent to be their Chief,
Of fair *Adonis* blood's undoubted ſtrain;
And to this hour it ſhews the dying ſtain;
As ſoon as * *Zephyr* had unloos'd its Tongue
The beauteous Plant after this manner ſung.

'Tis fabled to have ſprung, out of *Adonis's* blood.
* Its Flower never opens but when the Wind blows, *Plin.* 21. 23.

ANEMONE, or *EMONIES.*

THOU gentle *Zephyr*, who didſt *Flora* wed
Thrice worthy of the Goddeſs bed;
Who in a winged Chariot hurl'd
With breezing Airs doſt fan this neither world,
Which kind refreſhing motion, far
I before lazy reſt preſer;
That Air with which thou every thing doſt cheer,
Inſpire into the Goddeſs Ear;
That the fair Judg wou'd mindful be
Of her lov'd Conſort and of me;
For ſince I take my Name for thee,
Nay of thy Kindred ſaid to be;
Since I with thee do ſympathize
Who in *Æolian* Dungeon Captive lies,
And viewing *Zephyr's* doleful ſtate,
All Dreſs and Ornament I hate.
And locking up my mournful Flow'r,
My ſelf a Priſ'ner make, the ſame reſtraint endure.
Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Veſts,
Which in my various Flow'rs are expreſt;
In brief, ſince I'm akin to Gods above;
All theſe together ſure may favour move;
Sprung from the fair *Adonis* purple tide
And *Venus* tears, to both I am ally'd;
The Roſy Youth, the lov'd *Adonis* ſtood
The pride and glory of the Wood,
Till a Boars fatal tuſk let out the precious blood.
Into each flowing drop that ſtill'd
A falling tear the Goddeſs ſpill'd,
Which to a bloody torrent ſwell'd.
The Lovers tears and blood combine
As if they wou'd in Marriage join;
From ſuch fair Parents, and that wedding morn
Was I, their fairer off-ſpring, born.

My force and power perhaps you queſtion now,
My Pow'r? Why, I a handſom face can ſhow;
Beſides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,
And that I'm Siſter to the God of Love.

The *Crown Impartial* (as ſhe ſtep'd aſide)
Advanc'd with ſtately, but becoming pride,
Not buskin'd Heroes ſtrut with nobler pride,
Nor Gods in walking uſe a finer ſtride:
No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;
Conſcious of native worth, ſhe came alone.
With an erect and ſober Countenance
In following terms ſhe did her Plea commence.

The moſt noble Flow'r, to the ſight, that grows. *Lauremberg.*

The *IMPERIAL CROWN.*

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage
Ye flowry Nations ceaſe t' engage;
Since on my ſtately Stem
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem,
Why all theſe words in vain, why all this noiſe?
Be judg'd by Nature and approve her choice.
Perhaps it does your envy move,
And to my right may hurtful prove,
That I an upſtart Novel Flower am
Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* name;
Perhaps I may be thought
In ſome *Plebeian* bed begot,
Becauſe my Lineage wears no ſtain,
Nor does Romantick ſhameful Stories feign
That I am ſprung from *Jove*, or from his baſtard ſtrain.
I freely own, I have not been
Long of your world a Denizen;
But yet I reign'd for Ages paſt
In *Perſion* and in *Bactria* plac'd
The pride and joy of all the Gardens of the Eaſt.
My Flow'r a large-ſiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the Ball Kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting Sovereign Rule and ſtriking Fear.
My purple ſtalk, I, like ſome Scepter wield,
Worthy in Regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,
When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.
Beſides all this; I have a flowry Crown
My Royal Temples to adorn,
Whoſe buds a ſort of Hony liquor bear,
Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear;
Silver threads around it twine,
Saffron, like Gold, with them does join;

And

And over All
My verdant Hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes, a threefold rank of Flow'rs
Grows on my top, like lofty Tow'rs.
Imperial Ornaments I ſcorn,
And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown;
The Heavens look down and envy Earth
For teeming with ſo bright a Birth;
For *Ariadnes* ſtarry Crown
By mine is far out-ſhone,
And as they've Reaſon, let 'em envy on.
She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet
The Judg, not falling meanly at her feet,
But as one Goddeſs does another meet.
A Flow'r that wou'd too happy be and bleſt,
Did but its Odour anſwer all the reſt!
The *Tulip* next appear'd, all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride and full of play;
The world can't ſhew a Dye, but here has place,
Nay by new mixtures ſhe can change her face.
Purple and Gold are both beneath her care,
The richeſt Needlework ſhe loves to wear;
Her only ſtudy is to pleaſe the Eye,
And to outſhine the reſt in Finery;
Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown
By which their Family had long been known,
They'll change their faſhion ſtrait, I know not how,
And with much pain in other Colours go;
As if *Medea*'s Furnace they had paſt;
(She without Plants old *Æſon* ne'er new caſt)
And though they know this change will mortal prove
They'll venture yet— to change ſo much they love.
Such love to Beauty, ſuch the thirſt of praiſe,
That welcome Death before inglorious days!
The cauſe by all was to the white aſſign'd,
Whether becauſe the rareſt of the kind,
Or elſe becauſe every Petitioner
In antient-times, for Office, white did wear.

Thence ſuch were and are ſtill call'd *Candidates.*

The *TULIP.*

SOmewhere in *Horace*, if I don't forget.
(Flow'rs are no foes to Poetry and Wit:
For us that Tribe the like affection bear,
And of all Men the greateſt *Floriſts* are)
We find a wealthy Man
Whoſe Ward-robe did five thouſand Suits contain;
He counted that a vaſt prodigious ſtore,
But I that number have twice told and more.

Horat. lib. 1. Ep. 6.

Whate'er in Spring the teeming Earth commands;
What Colours e'er the painted pride of Birds,
Or various Lights the gliſtering Gem affords
Cut by the Artful Lapidary's hands;
Whate'er the Curtains of the Heavens can ſhow,
Or Light lays Dyes upon the varniſh'd Bow,
Rob'd in as many Veſts I ſhine,
In every thing bearing a Princely Mien.
Pity I muſt the *Lily* and the *Roſe*
(And the laſt bluſhes at her thredbare Clothes)
Who think themſelves ſo highly bleſt,
Yet have but one poor tatter'd Veſt.
Theſe ſtudious, unambitious things, in brief,
Wou'd fit extreamly well a College-life,
And when the God of Flow'rs a Charter grants
Admiſſion ſhall be given to theſe Plants;
Kings ſhou'd have plenty, and ſuperfluous ſtore,
Whilſt thriftineſs becomes the poor.
Hence Spring himſelf does chiefly me regard:
Will any Flow'r refuſe to ſtand to award?
Me for whole Months he does retain,
And keeps me by him all his Reign;
Careſs'd by Spring, the ſeaſon of the year,
Which before all to Love is dear.
Beſides; the God of Love himſelf's my friend,
Not for my face alone; but for another end.
Lov'd by the God upon a private ſcore,
I know for what —— but ſay ſay no more;
But why ſhou'd I,
Become ſo ſilent or ſo ſhy;
We Flow'rs were by no peeviſh Sire begot,
Nor from that frigid, ſullen Tree did ſprout,
So fam'd in *Ceres* ſacred Rites;
Nor in moroſeneſs *Flora*'s ſelf delights.
Lauremberg. Gerard, Perkinſon. My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares
Lovers for Battle or thoſe ſofter wars:
My quickning heat their ſluggiſh veins inſpires
With vigorous and ſprightly fires;
Had but chaſt *Lucrece* us'd the ſame,
The night before bold *Tarquin* try'd his flame,
Upon Record ſhe ne'er a Fool had been,
But wou'd have liv'd to reap the pleaſure once again.

The Goddeſs conſcious of the truth, a while
Contain'd, but then was ſeen to bluſh and ſmile.
The *Flower-de-Luce* next loos'd her heavenly Tongue;
And thus, amidſt her ſweet Companions, ſung.

FLOWER.

Iris, or the *FLOWER-DE-LUCE.*

IF Empire is to Beauty due
(And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)
Then I by Nature was design'd for Reign;
Else Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.
Besides, I boast a sparkling Gem,
And brighter Goddess of my Name.
My lofty front towards the Heavens I bear,
And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear.
To me a Goldlike Pow'r is given
With a mild face resembling Heaven
And in the Kingly stile, no Dignity
Sounds better than SERENITY;
Beauty and Envy oft together go,
* Handsom my self, I help make others so;
Both Gods and Men of the most curious Eyes
With secret pleasure I surprise;
Nor do I less oblige the Nose,
With fragrance from my Root that blows.
Not *Sibaris* or soft *Capua* did know
A choicer Flow'r for smell or show,
Though both with pleasure of all kinds did flow.
I own, the *Violet* and the *Rose*
Divinest Odours doth disclose;
The *Saffron* and *Stock-Gilliflower*,
With many more;
But yet none can so sweet a root produce.
My upper parts are trim and fair,
My lower breath a grateful Air.
I am a Flow'r for sight, a Drug for use.
Soft as I am, amidst this luxury.
Before me rough Diseases fly.
Thus a bold *Amazon* with Virgin face
Troops of dastard Men will chase.
Thus *Mars* and *Venus* often greet,
And in single *Pallas* meet:
Equal to her in Beauties charms
And not to him inferiour in Arms.
By secret Vertue and resistless power
Those whom the Jaundice seizes I restore;
Though moist with Unguent, and inclin'd to love,
I rather was for Luxury design'd,
And yet like some enraged Lionels
Before my painted Arms the yellow foe does hast.
The Dropsie headlong makes away
As soon as I my Arms display;
The Dropsie, which Mans *Microcosm* drowns
Pulling up all the Sluces in its rounds,

* The juice of the Root takes away Freckles and Morphews.

Of the Root is made, that call'd Powder of *Cyprus*, or *Orris*, Powder

Its faculty in curing these Diseases, is celebrated by *Lauremberg*, *Fernelius*, &c.

I follow

I follow it through every winding vein,
And make it quit in haſt the delug'd Man.
The Nation of the *Jews*, a pious folk,
Though our Gods they don't invoke;
And not to You, ye Plants, unknown
I'th' days of that great Flowriſt *Solomon*:
Tell us, that *Jove* to cheer the drooping Ball
After the Flood, a Promiſe paſt,
How that ſo long as Earth ſhou'd laſt,
No future Deluge on the world ſhou'd fall.
And as a Seal to this obliging Grant,
The *Rain-bow* in the Sky did plant;
I am that Bow, in poor Hydropick Man,
The ſame refreſhing popes contain,
I look as gay, and ſhow as fine,
I am the Thing, of which that only is the Sign.
My Plant performs the ſame
Towards Mans little worldly frame;
And when within him I appear,
He need no Deluge from a Dropſie fear.

The *Peony* male and female,

The *Peony* then, with large red Flow'r came on,
And brought no train, but his lov'd Mate alone;
Numbers cou'd not make him the cauſe eſpouſe,
'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor Houſe.
Nor did her coſtly ward-robe Pride inſpire,
All dreſs'd alike, all did one colour wear,
And yet he wanted not for Majeſty,
Appearing with a ſober gravity.
For He advanc'd his purple forehead, which
A Flow'r with thouſand foldings did enrich:
Some love to call it the *Illuſtrious Plant*,
And we may well, I think, that Title grant,
Phyſicians in their publick Witings ſhow,
What praiſe is to the firſt Inventor due.
Homer ſays, *Pæon* was Doctor to the Gods, they ſay,
Pæon cur'd *Pluto* with this Plant, when he was wounded by *Hercules*.
By the whole College honour'd to this day.
With her own merits, and this mighty Name
Hearten'd and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her Claim.

Pæonia. The PEONY.

IF the fond *Tulip*, ſwell'd with pride,
In her Fools-coat of motley colours dy'd;
If lov'd *Adonis* Flow'r, the *Celandine*,
Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine;
Then let *Joves* Bird, the Eagle quit the Field,
The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield:
Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone,
The Lion yield to the Chamelion.

You'll

You'll say perhaps the Nymphs make much of you;
They gather me for Garlands too.
And yet d'ye think, I value that?
Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.
Vertue and courage are the valuable things,
Not painted Arms ennoble Kings,
On difficult occasions shown.
Vertue alone gives lustre to a Crown.
Hence I, the known *Herculean* Disease
The Falling-Sickness, cure with ease,
Which, like the Club, that Hero once did wear,
Down with one single blow mankind does bear.
I fansie, hence the story rise,
That *Pluto* wounded once by *Hercules*,
My juice, infus'd by *Pæon*, gave him ease,
And did the groaning God appease
Pæon was fam'd, I'm sure, for curing this Disease.
Pluto is God of Hell, 't shou'd seem,
Prince of inexorable Death;
Now this Disease is Death; but not like him
Without a sting, plac'd in the Shades beneath.
I shou'd be vain, extreamly vain, indeed
A quarrel on Punctilio's to breed,
Since a more noble Flow'r, than I,
The Sun in all his journey does not spy.
Nor do I go in Physick's beaten Road
By other Plants before me trod,
But in away worthy a healing God.
I never with the foe come hand to hand,
My Odour Death does at a distance send;
Hung round the Neck strait without more ado
I put to flight the rampant foe;
I neither come (what think you, *Cesar*, now)
Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.
She spoke, and bow'd, and so the Court forsook,
Her Consort follow'd with a blushing look;
When strait a fragrant Air of strong Perfume,
And a new lustre darted through the Room.
No wonder, for the *Rose* did next appear,
Spring wisely plac'd his best and choicest troops in's Rear.
Some wild in woods; yet worth and beauty show,
Such as might in *Hesperian* Gardens grow.
Nought, by experience, that the *Wood Rose* found,
Better to cure a mad Dogs poisonous wound;
This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,
And gives you ease though to a Quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden-Rose she did not shame,
Though better bred and of a softer Name;
Which in four Squadrons drawn, the *Damask* Rose
In name of all the rest maintain'd the Cause;

Which

Which ſprung, they ſay, from *Syrian Venus* blood,
Long time the pride of rich *Damaſcus* ſtood.

The Roſe is ſaid at firſt to have grown white only, till *Venus* running after *Adonis*, ſcratch'd her Legs upon its thorns, and ſtain'd the Flowers red with her blood.

The ROSE.

AND who can doubt my Race, ſays ſhe,
Who on my face Love's tokens ſee?
The God of Love is always ſoft, and always young,
I am the ſame, then to his blood what wrong?
My Brother winged does appear;
I leaves inſtead of wings do wear;
He's drawn with lighted Torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories ſtand;
The Roſe has prickles, ſo has Love,
Though theſe a little ſhaper prove,
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Roſy-colour'd go;
This is the Dye that ſtill does pleaſe
Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddeſſes;
I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,
The wiſh of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno*'s pride.
The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the *Eaſt*,
Proud of her Roſy-fingers, is confeſt;
When from the gates of Light the riſing Day
Breaks forth, his conſtant rounds to go,
The winged hours prepare the way,
And Roſy Clouds before him ſtrow.
The windows of the Sky with Roſes ſhine,
I am Days Ornament as well as ſign.
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it poſting to the *Weſtern* ſhore.
The God of Love, we muſt allow,
Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.
Yet never from thoſe Cheeks he goes,
Where he can ſpy the bluſhing Roſe.
Thus the wiſe Bee will never dwell
(That, like the God of Love has wings,
That too has Honey, that has ſtings)
On vulgar Flow'rs that have no grateful ſmell.
Tell me, bleſt Lover: what's a kiſs
Without a Roſy Lip create the bliſs?
Nor do I only charming ſweets diſpence,
But bear Arms in my own and Mans defence,
I without the Patient's pain
Mans body, that *Augean* Stable clean.
Not with a rough and preſſing hand,
As Thunder-ſtorms from Clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle ſhowers
Diſſolving light on Herbs and Flow'rs.

No

Nor of a ſhort and fading date
Was I the leſs deſign'd for Rule and State;
Let proud ambitious *Floramour* *Amaranth.*
Uſurping on the Gods immortal Name,
Joy to be ſtil'd the *Everlaſting Flower*,
I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to *Neſtor* came.
We too too bleſt, too powerful ſhou'd be grown,
Which wou'd but Envy raiſe,
If we cou'd ſay our beauty were our own,
Or boaſt long life and many days.
But why ſhou'd I complain of Fate
For giving me ſo ſhort a date?
Since Flowers, the Emblems of Mortality,
All the ſame way and manner die.
But the kind Gods above forbid,
That Virtue e'er a Grave ſhou'd find,
And though the fatal Siſters cut my thread,
My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.
To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd,
Though once the King of all the ſavage Herd.
After my Death I ſtill excel
The beſt of Flowers that are alive and well.
If that the name of Dead will bear,
From whoſe meer Corps does come,
(Like the dead bodies ſtill ſurviving Heir)
So ſweet a ſmell and ſtrong Perfume.
Let 'em invent a thouſand ways
My mangled Corps to vex and ſqueeze,
Though in a ſweating Limbeck pent
My Aſhes ſtill preſerve their ſcent.
Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,
Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.
She ſpoke, a Virgin bluſh came o'er her face,
And an Ambroſian ſcent flew round the place;
But that which gave her words a finer grace,
Not without ſome conſtraint ſhe ſeem'd to tell her praiſe.
Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's look
A ſecret pleaſure and much kindneſs ſpoke;
The Virgin did not for well-wiſhers lack,
Her kind red Squadrons ſtood behind her back.
The yellow neareſt ſtood, unfit for war,
Nor did the ſpoils of cur'd Diſeaſes bear;
The white was next, of great and good renown,
A kind aſſiſtant to the Eye-ſight known;
The third, a mighty Warrier, was the Red,
Which terribly her bloudy Banner ſpread;
She binds the Flux with her reſtringent Arts,
And ſtops the humours journey to thoſe parts;
She brings a preſent and a ſure relief
To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life;

The Fevers fires by her are mildneſs taught,
And the Hagg'd Man to ſweet compoſure brought.
By help of this, *Jaſon* of old, we read,
Yok'd and ſubdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
One Doſe to ſleep the watchful Dragon ſent,
By which no more but a high Fever's meant.
Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,
A long and grievous ſtrife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too ſoft a word for many years
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody wars;
The fam'd *Pharſalian* fields twice dy'd in bloud,
Ne'er of a nobler Quarrel witneſs ſtood;
The thirſt of Empire, ground of moſt our wars,
Was that which ſolely did occaſion theirs;
For the Red Roſe cou'd not an Equal bear,
And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear,
The Chiefs by *York* and *Lancaſter* upheld
With civil rage haraſs'd the Britiſh field.
What madneſs drew ye Roſes to engage,
Kin againſt kin to ſpend your thorns and rage!
Go, turn your Arms, where you may triumph gain,
And fame unſullied with a bluſhing ſtain;
See the *French* Lily ſpoils and waſts your ſhore,
Go conquer there, where you've twice beat before.
Whilſt the *Scotch Thiſtle* with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding ſide.
Do Roſes no more ſenſe and prudence own
Than to be fighting for Domeſtick Crown?
From *Venus* You much of the Mother bear,
You both take pleaſure in the God of War;
I now begin to think the Fable true,
That *Mars* ſprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.
War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar,
That turns up all the Gardens beauteous ſtore;
O'erthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tuſk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the *Saffron* and the *Violet-bed*,
And feaſts upon the gaudy *Tulip*'s head.
You'd grieve to ſee a beateous Plat ſo ſoon
Into confuſion by a Monſter thrown.
But oh, my Muſe, oh whither doeſt thou tow'r,
This is a flight too high for thee ſo ſoar,
The harmleſs ſtrife of Plants, their wanton play,
Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough eſſay;
But for their Wars, that is a Theme ſo great,
Rather for *Lucan*'s Martial Trumpet fit;
To him that ſung the *Theban* Brothers death,
To *Maro* or ſome ſuch, that task bequeath.

The Civil Wars between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, of which the firſt bore the White-Roſe, and the other the Red, coſt more Engliſh blood, than did twice conquering *France*.

The End of the Third Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK IV.

HAPPY the Man whom from Ambition freed
A little Field and little Garden feed.
The Field do's frugal Nature Wants supply,
The Garden furnishes for Luxury.
What further specious Clogs of Life remain,
He leaves for Fools to seek, and Knaves to gain.
This happy Life did th' Old *Corycian* choose; *Virg. Georg.* 4.
A Life deserving *Maro*'s noble Muse;
This Life did wise *Abdolominus* charm,
The mighty Monarch of a little Farm.
While honing weeds that on his Walks encroach'd,
Great *Alexander*'s Messenger approach'd,
Receive, said He, the Ensigns of a Crown,
A Scepter, Mitre and *Sidonian* Gown:
To Empire call'd unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his Cottage throws.
Thus *Aglaus*'s Farm did frequent Visits find
From Gods, himself a stranger to Mankind.
Gyges the richest King of former times,
(Wicked and swelling with successful Crimes)
Is there, said he, a Man more blest than I;
Thus challeng'd he the Delphick Deity.
Yes, *Aglaus*, the plain-dealing God reply'd.
Aglaus? Who's he? the angry Monarch cry'd.
Say, is there any King so call'd? there's none,
No King was ever by that Title known.
Or any great Commander of that Name,
Or *Heroe* who with Gods do's kindred claim:
Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy
As all his Luxury can ne'er destroy.
Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man
Was found call'd *Aglaus*: Who's this *Aglaus* then?
At last in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains
(Silence and Shades surround *Arcadian* Swains)

Near *Ptophis* Town (where he but once had been)
At Plow this Man of Happineſs was ſeen.
In this Retirement was that *Aglaus* found,
Envy'd by Kings and by a God Renown'd.
Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,
Amongſt fictitious Gods to mention Thee,
Before encroaching Age too far intrude,
Let this ſweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude!
With this ſweet cloſe my uſeleſs toil be bleſt,
My long toſs'd Barque in that calm ſtation reſt.
Once more my Muſe in wild Digreſſion ſtrays,
Ne'er ſatisfi'd with dear Retirements praiſe.
A pleaſant Road—but from our purpoſe wide,
Turn off, and to our Point directly guide.
Of Summer-Flow'rs a mighty Hoſt remain,
With thoſe which *Autumn* muſters on the Plain,
Who with Joint-forces fill the ſhining Field,
Grudging that *Spring* ſhou'd equal numbers yield
To both their Liſts, or 'cauſe ſome Plants had been
Under the ſervice of both Seaſons ſeen.
Of theſe, my Muſe, rehearſe the Chief (for all
Though *Mem'ry*'s Daughter thou can'ſt never recall)
The ſpikes of *Summers* Corn thou mayſt as well
Or ev'ry Grape of fruitful *Autumn* tell.

* Call'd *Flamy* becauſe her three colours are ſeen in the flame of wood as in the Rainbow.

The * flamy *Panſie* uſhers *Summer* in,
His friendly March with *Summer* does begin;
Autumn's Companion too (ſo *Proſerpine*
Hides half the year and half the year is ſeen)
The *Violet* is leſs beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boaſts and thou of three.
Gold, Silver, Purple are thy Ornament,
Thy Rivals thou mightſt ſcorn hadſt thou but ſcent.

* *Dames Violet* call'd *Heſperis*, becauſe it ſmells ſtrongeſt in the Night. *Plin.* lib. 27. 7.

The * *Heſperis* aſſumes a *Violet*'s Name
To that which juſtly from the *Heſper* came;
Heſper do's all thy precious ſweets unfold,
Which coyly thou didſt from the Day with-hold:
In him more than the Sun thou tak'ſt delight,
To him like a kind Bride you yieldſt thy ſweet at Night.
The *Anthemis* a ſmall but glorious Flow'r,
Scarce rears his Head yet has a Giant's Tow'r:
Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,
(Enſconc'd like *Cacus* in his ſmoaky Seat)
Recruits the feeble joints and gives them eaſe:
He makes the burning Inundation ceaſe;
And when his force againſt the Stone is ſent
He breaks the Rock and gives the waters vent.
Not Thunder finds through Rocks ſo ſwift a courſe,
Nor Gold the Rampir'd Town ſo ſoon can force.
Blew-bottle, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raiſe,
And thy Complexion challenges my Praiſe,

Thy

Thy Countenance like Summer Skies is fair,
But ah! how diff'rent thy vile Manners are!
Ceres for this, excludes thee from my Song,
And Swains to Gods and me a sacred Throng:
A treach'rous Guest, Destruction thou dost bring
To th' hospitable Field where thou dost spring.
Thou blunt'st the very Reaper's Sickle, and so
In Life and Death becom'st the Farmers Foe.
The *Fenel-Olow'r* do's next our Song invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight:
His Beard all bristly, all unkemb'd his Hair,
Ev'n his wreath'd Horns the same rough aspect bear;
His Visage too a watrish Blew adorns,
Like *Achelous*, e're his Head wore Horns.
Nor without Reason, (prudent Nature's Care
Gives Plants a Form that might their Use declare)
Dropsies it Cures, and makes moist Bodies dry,
It bids the Waters pass, the frighted Waters fly.
Do's through the Bodies secret Channels run;
A Water-Goddess i'th' little World of Man.
But say, *Corn-Violet*, why thou dost claim
Of *Venus Looking-Glass* the pompous Name?
Thy studded Purple vies, I must confess,
With the most noble and Patrician dress;
Yet wherefore *Venus Looking-Glass*? that Name
Her Off-spring Rose did ne'er presume to claim.
Antirrhinon, more modest, takes the stile
Of *Lions-Mouth*, sometimes of *Galfsnout* vile;
By us *Snap-dragon* call'd to make amends,
But say what this Chimera-Name intends?
Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old Wives say,
Thou driv'st nocturnal Ghosts, and Sprights away.
Why do's thy Head, * *Napellus*, Armor wear?
Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy fear:
Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow,
But thou alas, hast mortal Weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd? as if for open Fight;
Who work'st by secret Poyson all thy spight.
Helmet 'gainst Helmet justly thou dost wear,
Blew † *Anthora*, upon thy lovely Hair;
This cov'ring from felt Wounds thy Front do's shield;
With such a Head-piece *Pallas* goes to field.
What God to thee such baneful force allow'd,
With such Heroick Piety endow'd?
Thou poyson'st more than e'er *Medea* slew,
Yet no such Antidote *Medea* knew.
Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,
Thy Vertue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms:
Serpents are harmless Creatures made by Thee,
And *Africa* itself from Poyson free.

*Blew Helmet Flowers, or Monks-hood, so called from its figure,

† Counter-Poyson-Monks-hood, or wholesome Helmet flowers

Air

Air Earth and Seas, with ſecret Taint oppreſt,
Diſcharge themſelves of the unwelcom Gueſt;
On wrethed Us they ſhed the deadly Bane,
Who dye by them that ſhould our Life maintain.
Then Nature ſeems t' have learnt the poys'ning Trade,
Our common Parent our Step-mother made:
'Tis then the ſickly World perceives thy Aid,
By thy prevailing Force the Plague is ſtaid.
A noble ſtrife 'twixt Fate and Thee we find,
That to deſtroy, thou to preſerve Mankind.
Into thy Liſts, thou Martial Plant admit,
Goats-Rue, *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.
Thy Beauty * *Campion*, very much may claim,
But of *Greek-Roſe* how didſt thou gain the Name?
The *Greeks* were ever priviledg'd to tell
Untruths, they call thee *Roſe*, who haſt no ſmell.
Yet formerly thou wert in Garlands worn,
Thy ſtarry Beams our Temples ſtill adorn,
Thou crown'd our Feaſts, where we in Mirth ſuppoſe,
And in our Drink allow Thee for a *Roſe*.
The *Chalcedonian* Soil did once produce
A *Lychnis* of much greater ſize and Uſe;
Form'd like a Sconce, where various branches riſe,
Bearing more Lights than *Juno*'s * Bird has Eyes.
Like thoſe in Palaces, whoſe Golden Light
Strikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright:
This, great Mens Table ſerves, while that's preferr'd
To Altars and the Gods Celeſtial Board.
Shou'd *Maro* ask me in what Region ſprings
The Race of Flow'rs inſcrib'd with Names of Kings,
I anſwer, that of Flow'rs deſerv'dly crown'd
With Royal Titles many may be found,
The Royal * *Looſe-ſtrife*, Royal † *Gentian* grace
Our Gardens, proud of ſuch a Princely Race.
† *Soap-Wort*, though coarſe thy Name, thou doſt excell
In Form, and art enrich'd with fragant Smell:
As great in Vertue too, for thou giv'ſt Eaſe
In Dropſies and Fair *Venus* foul Diſeaſe.
Yet doſt not ſervile offices decline,
But condeſcend'ſt to make our Kitchins ſhine.
Rome's Great Dictator thus, his triumph paſt,
Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd,
The ſame right hand guides now the humble Stive,
And Oxen Yoaks, that did fierce Nations drive.
Next comes the * Flow'r in figure of a Bell,
Thy ſportive-meaning Nature who can tell?
In theſe what Muſick *Flora* doſt thou find?
Say for what jocund Rites they are deſign'd.
By us theſe Bells are never heard to ſound,
Our Ears are dull, and ſtupid is our Mind,
Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.

* Called *Lychnis, quod noctu lucet.*

* The Peacock.

* Called *Lyſimachia* from *Lyſimachus.* † Found by *Gentius* King of *Illyricum*, where they grow largeſt. † So called from its cleanſing quality, uſed in waſhing Cloth and ſcouring Kitchin Veſſels

* *Bell*-flowers *Campanulæ*

Some

Some Flow'rs give Men as well as Gods delight,
Theſe qualifie nor Smell, nor Taſte, nor Sight;
Why therefore ſhould not our * fifth Senſe be ſerv'd?
Or is that pleaſure for the Gods reſerv'd?

* The Hearing.

But of all *Bell*-Flow'rs * *Bindweed* do's ſurpaſs,
Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Braſs.

* Call great *Bind-Weed*, or great *Bell*-Flower.

My *Muſe* grows hoarſe and can no longer ſing,
But *Throat-Wort* haſts her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with Dignity enſtal
This Flow'r, at *Rome* he is a * Cardinal.

* In Latin call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.

The † *Fox Glove* on fair *Flora*'s Hand is worn,
Leſt while ſhe gathers Flow'rs ſhe meet a Thorn.

† *Flos Digitalis* from reſembling a Glove.

Love-Apple, though its Flow'r leſs fair appears,
It's golden Fruit deſerves the Name it bears.
But this is new in Love, where the true Crop
Proves nothing; all the Pleaſure was i'th' Hope.

The *Indian* † Flow'ry-Reed in Figure vies,
And Luſtre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.

† *Canna Indica*. or, *Flos Cancri*.

The *Indian Creſs* our Climate now do's bear,
Call'd *Larks-heel*, 'cauſe he wears a Horſe-mans Spur.
This *Gilt-ſpur* Knight prepares his Courſe to run,
Taking his Signal from the riſing Sun,
And ſtimulates his Flow'r to meet the day:
So *Caſtor* mounted ſpurs his Steed away.
This Warriour ſure has in ſome Battel been,
For ſpots of Blood upon his Breaſt are ſeen.
Had *Ovid* ſeen him, how would he have told
His Hiſtory, a Task for me too bold;
His Race at large and Fortunes had expreſt,
And whence thoſe bleeding Signals on thy Breaſt:
From later *Bards* ſuch Myſteries are hid,
Nor do's the God inſpire, as heretofore he did.

With the ſame weapon *Lark-ſpur* thou doſt mount
Amongſt the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;
To want thoſe war-like Enſigns were a ſhame
For thee, who kindred doſt with *Ajax* claim:
Of unarm'd Flowers he cou'd not be the Sire,
Who for the loſs of Armor did expire:
Of th' ancient *Hyacinth* thou keep'ſt the Form,
Thoſe lovely Creatures, that ev'n *Phœbus* Charm;
In thee thoſe skilful Letters ſtill appear,
That prove thee *Ajax* his undoubted Heir.
That up-ſtart Flow'r, that has uſurpt thy Fame,
O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.
The *Lily* too wou'd fain thy Rival be,
And brings, 'tis true, ſome ſigns that well agree,
But in Complexion differs much from thee.
At Spring thou mayſt adorn the *Aſian* Bow'rs,
We reap thee here among our Summer Flow'rs.

Conſolida Regalis.

The Syllables *Ac*, *As*, moſt viſible in this flower. The common *Hyacinth*, who wants all the Notes of the old *Hyacinth* or *Ajax* Flower.

But

But *Martagon* a bolder Challenge draws,
And offers Reaſon to ſupport his Cauſe:
Nor did *Achilles* Armor e'er create,
'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* ſuch debate,
So fierce, ſo great, as at this day we ſee,
For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.

Faxinella. That *Baſtard Dittany* of Sanguine hue
From *Hector*'s reeking Blood Conception drew,
I cannot ſay, but ſtill a Crimſon ſtain
Tinctures it's Skin, and colours every Vein;
In Man the three chief Seats it do's maintain,
Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain.
But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd,
To ſave a Town muſt be at laſt deſtroy'd;
In vain thou fight'ſt with Heav'n and Deſtiny,
Our *Troy* muſt fall, and thou our *Hector* die.

Thlaſpi. Next comes the *Candy-Tufts*, a *Cretan* Flower,
That rivals *Jove* in Country and in Power.
The *Pellitory* healing Fire contains,
That from a raging Tooth the Humor drains;
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,
Reſembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure.
The *Sow-Bread* do's afford rich Food for Swine,
Phyſick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.

Auricula muris, Piloſella. *Mouſe-Ear*, like to its Name-ſake, loves t' abide
In places out o'th' way, from Mankind hid.
It loves the ſhade, and Nature kindly lends
A Shield againſt the Darts that *Phœbus* ſends;
'Tis with ſuch ſilky Briſtles cover'd o'er,
The tend'reſt Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r.
From all its num'rous Darts no hurt is found,
Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to wound.
Sweet-William ſmall, has Form and Aſpect bright,
Like that ſweet Flower that yields great *Jove* delight;
Had he Majeſtick bulk, he'd now be ſtil'd
Jove's Flower, and if my skin is not beguil'd,
He was *Jove*'s flower when *Jove* was but a Child.
Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,
He's worthy *Jove*, ev'n now he has a Beard.
The *Catch-Fly* with *Sweet-William* we confound,
Whoſe Nets the ſtragglers of the ſwarm ſurround,
Thoſe viſcous Threads that hold th' entangled Prey
From its own treach'rous Entrails force their way.
Three branches in the *Barren Wort* are found,
Each Branch again with three leſs Branches crown'd,
The Leaves and Flowers adorning each are three,
This Frame muſt needs contain ſome Sacred Myſtery.
Small are thy Bloſſoms, double *Pellitory*,
Which yet united are the Garden's Glory.

Sneezing

Sneezing thou doſt provoke, and Love for thee
When thou wert Born ſneez'd moſt auſpiciouſly.
But thou that from fair *Mella* tak'ſt thy Name, *Star Wort. Virg. Georg.* 4.
Thy Front ſurrounded with a Star-like flame,
Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born
Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;
Kind ſuſtenance thou yield'ſt the lab'ring Bee,
When ſcarce thy Mother-Earth affords it thee.
Thy Winter-ſtore in hardeſt Months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.
Thy Root ſupplies the place of Flow'rs decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting Hive is made.
Behold a Monſter loathſom to the Eye, *Phalangium.*
Of ſlender bulk, but dang'rous Policy;
Eight Legs it bears, three joints in every Limb
That nimbly move and dextrouſly can climb;
Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and ſwell'd,
With fatal Nets and deadly Poyſon fill'd.
For Gnats and wand'ring Flies ſhe ſpreads her toils,
And Robber like, lives high on raviſh'd ſpoils.
The City Spider, as more civiliz'd,
With this leſs hurtful practice is ſuffic'd.
With greater fury the *Tarantula*
Tho ſmall itſelf, makes Men and Beaſts it's Prey,
Takes firſt our Reaſon then our Life away.
Thou *Spider-Wort* doſt with the Monſter ſtrive,
And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive.
Thus *Scipio*, when the Worlds third part he won,
While to the Spoils the manner Captains run,
The only Plunder he deſir'd was Fame,
And from the vanquiſh'd Foe to take his Name.
The *Marvail* of the World comes next in view,
At home, but ſtil'd the *Marvail* of *Peru*:
(Boaſt not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold,
Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poyſon hold.)
Bring o'er the Root, our colder Earth has Pow'r
In its full Beauty to produce the Flow'r;
But yields for Iſſue no prolifick Seed,
And ſcorns in foreign Lands to Plant and Breed.
The *Holihock* diſdains the common ſize
Of Herbs, and like a Tree do's proudly riſe:
Proud ſhe appears, but try her and you'll find
No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind:
She gently all Obſtructions do's unbind.
The * *Africans* their rich Leaves cloſely fold, * A Flower ſo call'd, and ſometimes falſly *French Marigolds.*
Bright as their Country's celebrated Gold:
Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt Pipe, and ſeems a work of Art.
Wou'd kind *Apollo* once theſe Pipes inſpire,
They'd give ſuch ſounds as ſhould ſurpaſs his Lyre.

A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
And ſees a Month compleated e're ſhe dyes.
Theſe only Fate permits ſo long to ſtand,
And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand.
The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid
In likeneſs of a painted Quiver made,
With ſtore of Arrows too this Quiver's grac'd,
And decently on *Flora*'s Shoulder plac'd,
When ſhe in Gardens hunts the *Butterfly*,
In vain the wretch his Sun-burnt wings do's try,
Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly.
Himſelf would ſeem a Flow'r if motionleſs,
And cheat the Goddeſs with his gaudy dreſs.
Retreating, the keen Spike his ſides do's goad,
To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.
Such was the Punick *Caltha*, which of Yore,
Of *Juno's Roſe* the lofty Title bore.
Of famous *Carthage*, now by Fate bereſt,
This laſt (and ſurely) greateſt Pride is left.
How vain, O Flow'rs, your hopes and wiſhes be,
Born like your ſelves by rapid winds away.
Once you had hopes at *Hannibal*'s Return
From vanquiſh'd *Rome*, his Triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n imperious *Carthage* Head ſurround,
When ſhe the Miſtris of the World were crown'd:
Preſum'd that *Flora* wou'd for you declare,
Tho ſhe that time a *Latian* Goddeſs were:
But now (alas) reduc'd to private State,
Thou ſhar'ſt, poor *Flow'r*, thy Captive Countrey's Fate.
Why *Holly-Roſe*, doſt thou, of ſlender frame,
And without ſcent, aſſume a *Roſe*'s Name?
Fate on thy Pride a ſwift Revenge do's bring,
The Day beholds thee dead, that ſees thee ſpring.
Yet to the ſhades thy Soul triumphing goes,
Boaſting that thou didſt imitate the *Roſe*.
A better claim *Sweet-Ciſtus* may pretend,
Whoſe ſweating Leaves a fragrant Balſam ſend:
To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* preſumes:
Whoſe fetid Beard the precious Balm perfumes,
But in Revenge of the unhallowed Theft,
The Caitiff's of his larded Beard bereft.
Baldneſs thou doſt redreſs, nor are we ſure
Whether the Beard or Balſam gives the cure.
Thy Ointment, *Jeſſamine*, without abuſe
Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the uſe;
Tho *Jove* himſelf, when he is moſt enrag'd,
With thy Ambroſial Odour is aſſwag'd:
Capricious Men! why ſhould that ſcent diſpleaſe,
That is ſo grateful to the Deities?

Flora

Flora her ſelf to th' * *Orange-Tree* lays claim, * *Malus Aurantium.*
Calls it her own, *Pomona* does the ſame;
Hard words enſue, (for under ſenſe of wrong
Ev'n Goddeſſes themſelves can find a Tongue)
If Apples pleaſe you ſo, *Pomona* cries,
Take your *Love-Apple*, and let that ſuffice,
To claim anothers Right is Harlots trade,
So may a Goddeſs of a Harlot made.
And on what ſcore, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,
Where you by kind *Vertumnus* deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your Maiden Vertue, when
He was a Matron, when a Youth — what then?
Such fragrant Fruits as theſe may Flowers be call'd,
And henceforth with that Name ſhall be enſtall'd.
On ſundry ſorts of Pulſe we do beſtow
That Title, though in open field they grow,
As others oft are in the Garden ſeen,
Witneſs th' e'erlaſting *Peaſe* and *Scarlet Bean.*
The vulgar *Bean's* ſweet ſcent, who does not prize,
With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet-black Eyes,
Amongſt our Garden-Beauties may appear,
If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly underſtood,
Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:
Take care henceforth, ye *Sages*, to ſpeak true,
Speak truth, and ſpeak intelligibly too.
Lupine unſteep'd, to harſhneſs does incline,
And like old *Cato*, is of temper rough,
But drench the Pulſe in Water, him in Wine,
They'll loſe their ſowrneſs and grow mild enough.
Theſe Flow'rs, and thouſands more, whoſe num'rous
And pompous March, 'twere endleſs to deſcribe. (tribe,

The * *Mandrake* only imitates our walk, * Male and Female.
And on two Legs erect is ſeen to ſtalk.
This Monſter ſtruck *Bellona's* ſelf with aw,
When firſt the Man-reſembling Plant ſhe ſaw, * *Nymphæa.*
The * *Water-Lily* ſtill is wanting here,
What cauſe can *Water-Lily* have to fear,
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?
Her Form excells, and for Nobility
The whole Aſſembly might her Vaſſals be:
A Water-Nymph ſhe was, *Alcides* Bride,
(Who ſprung from Gods, himſelf now deify'd) See *Nymhæa* or *Water-Lily.*
This coſt her dear — by Love of him betray'd,
The *Water-Goddeſs* a poor Plant was made:
From this Misfortune ſhe does triſtful prove,
And to this hour ſhe hates the name of Love.
All freedom ſhe renounces, Mirth and Play,
That to more cloſe Embraces lead the way:

And ſince our *Flora*'s former Pranks are known,
(If in a Goddeſs we ſuch Crimes may own)
In life the common Miſtris of the Town.
She ſcorns at the Tribunal to be ſeen,
Nor would on terms ſo ſcandalous be Queen.
To be from Earth divorc'd ſhe'd rather chooſe,
And to the Sun her wither'd Root expoſe.
Thee * *Maracot* a much more ſacred Cauſe
From theſe profane ridic'lous Rites withdraws;
With ſignals of a real God adron'd,
Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are ſcorn'd:
T' unfold the Emblems of this myſtick Flow'r
Tranſcends (alas) my feeble *Muſes* Power.
But Nature ſure by chance did ne'er beſtow
A form ſo diff'rent from all Plants that grow.
Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper dreſs
Of Virgins Chaſt and ſacred Prieſteſſes.
Twice round her two fold Selvedge you may view,
A Purple Ring, the ſacred Martyrs hue.
Thick ſprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*
Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but ſtrive in vain,
This Coronet of Ruby Spikes compos'd,
The thorny Blood-ſtain'd Crown may be ſuppos'd:
The Blood-ſtain'd Pillar too a curious Eye
May there behold, and if you cloſely pry,
The Spunge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll ſpy,
And knobs reſembling a Crown'd Head deſcry.
So deep in Earth the Root deſcends, you'd ſwear
It meant to viſit Hell, and Triumph there;
In ev'ry Soil it grows, as if it meant
To ſtretch its Conqueſt to the World's extent.
Beſide the fore-nam'd Candidates, but few
Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too.
But where ſuch fragrant Rivals did appear,
Who would have thought to find rank *Moly* there?
Amongſt Competitors of ſuch fair Note,
Sure *Garlick* only will for *Moly* Vote.
Yet ſomething 'twas, (and Plants themſelves confeſs
The Honour great) that *Homer* did expreſs
Her famous Name in his Immortal Song:
Swell'd with this Pride, ſhe preſſes through the throng.
Deep ſilence o'er the whole Aſſembly ſpreads,
Whilſt with unſav'ry Breath her Title thus ſhe Pleads.

* *Flos Paſſionis Chriſti.* The Paſſion-Flower, or *Virginian* Climber. The firſt of theſe Names was given it by the *Jeſuits*, who pretend to find it in all the Inſtruments of our Lord's Paſſion; not ſo eaſily diſcern'd by men of Senſes not ſo fine as they.

MOLY.

TO find a Name for me the Gods took care,
A Myſtick Name, that might my Worth declare,

They

They call'd me *Moly*: dull Grammarians ſenſe
Is puzzled with the term——
But *Homer* held Divine Intelligence.
In *Greek* and *Latin* both, my Name is * Great,
The term is juſt, but *Moly* ſounds more neat:
My Pow'rs prevented *Circes* dire Deſign,
Ulyſſes but for me had beed a Swine;
In vain had *Mercury* inſpir'd his Brain
With Craft, and tipt his wheedling tongue in vain,
Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.
Thus *Moly* ſpoke, and would much more have ſaid
But by miſchance (as if ſome angry Pow'r
Had ow'd her long a ſhame) a Belch moſt ſowr
Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
And made her Rivals unexſpected ſport.
Her pompous Name no longer can take place,
Her Odour proves her of the *Garlick* Race;
Forthwith with one conſent the gibing throng
Set up their Notes, and ſung the well-known * Song

He that to cut his Father's throat
Did heretofore preſume,
T' have *Garlick* cram'd into his Gut
Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.

Flora to ſilence the tumultuous jeſt,
(Though ſecretly ſhe ſmil'd amongſt the reſt)
That ſhe her ſelf would ſpeak a ſign expreſt,
Then with ſweet Grace into theſe Accents broke,
Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while ſhe ſpoke.

* *ubi a magi-cum.*

* *Horat.* Epod. lib. *Od.* 3.

FLORA.

HOMER I will not vain or careleſs call,
Though he no mention makes of me at all,
That he blame-worthy was in this, is true,
But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.
To doubt his truth were Piety to ſlight,
Ev'n what of *Moly* he affirms is right,
I once had ſuch a Flower, but now bereſt
O'th' happineſs, the Name is onely left.
No ſooner Men its wondrous Vertue knew,
But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew;
'Tis ſaid that *Jove* did *Mercury* chaſtiſe
For ſhewing to *Ulyſſes* ſuch a Prize.
To ſay I ſaw him do't I'll not preſume,
But witneſs am of *Moly*'s unjuſt Doom.
Ev'n to the Shades below her Root ſtrikes down,
As ſhe wou'd make th' infernal world her own.
As from their Seats the very Fiends ſhe'd drive,
And ſpight of flames and blaſting Sulphur thrive.

Jove

Jove saw't, and said, Since Fire can't stop thy course,
We'll try some Magick-water's stronger force.
Then calling * *Lympha* to him, thus at large
Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddess charge:
Thou know'st, said he, where *Cicones* reside,
There runs a marv'lous petrifying tide;
Take of that stream (but largely take) and throw
Where-e'er thou seest the wicked *Moly* grow;
Our Empire is not safe, her Pow'rs so large;
Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge.
Lympha with lib'ral Hands the Liquor pours,
While thirsty *Moly* her own Bane devours;
Her Stem forthwith is turn'd (O Prodigy)
Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r thou'd be
The sculpture of a Flow'r is onely shown:
Poor *Moly* thus transform'd to Marble Stone,
The story of her fate do's still present,
And stands in Death her own sad Monument.
Here ended little *Moly*'s mighty Reign,
By jealous God for too much Vertue slain.

* The Goddess of Waters.

What wonder then if thar bold * Flow'r did prove
The object of his wrath that Rival'd *Jove*.
That to embrace chast *Juno* did aspire,
Gallant t' a Goddess, of a God the Sire.
The vig'rous Herb begat a Deity,
A God, like *Jove* himself for Majesty,
And one that thunders too as loud as he.
With one short Moment's touch begot him too,
That's more than ever threshing *Jove* cou'd do.
The Flow'r itself appears with Warriours Mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be seen.)
With stabbing Point and cutting Edge 'tis made,
Like warlike weapons, and upon it's Blade
Are ruddy stains like drops of Blood display'd.
Its Spikes of Faulchion shape are sanguine too,
Its Stem and Front is all of bloody hue:
The Root in form of any Shield is spread,
A crested Helmet's plac'd upon it's Head.
Upon its Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrow's grow,
A Horsman's Spur upon his Heel below.
Minerva I would have this Warriour wed,
A Warriour fit for chast *Minerva*'s Bed;
So might she teem, yet keep her Maiden-head.
My Garden had but one of these I own,
Ane therefore by the name of *Phœnix* known;
The Herb that could encrease *Jove*'s mighty Breed,
T' itself an Eunuch was and wanted seed.
Grieving that Earth so rich a Prize should want:
I try'd all means to propagate the Plant,

* *Lark-spur.* The Herb, by the touch of of which *Juno* was feigned to conceive *Mars*. *Ovid. Fast.* lib. &c.

What

What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil?
At leaſt where Pow'rs Divine wou'd ſhew their skill.
One tender Bulk another did ſucceed,
And my fair fair Phœnix now began to breed;
But mark th' Event, ſhall I expecting ſit,
Cries *Jove*, till this young Sprout more Gods beget?
To have a Rival in my Heav'n, and ſee
An Herb-race mingle with *Jove*'s Progeny?
A dreadful and *blind Monſter then does make;
That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;
Though leſs of ſize, ſhap'd like a Foreſt Boar,
And turns him looſe into my Garden's ſtore.
What havock did the Savage make that day,
(I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay)
With Sulphur's fume I ſtrove to drive him thence,
The fume of Sulphur prov'd to weak defence.
Great *Spurge* and *Aſſa Fætida* I try'd,
In vain, in vain ſtrong *Moly*'s ſcent apply'd.
Small Vermin did his Anceſtors ſuffice,
When they cou'd catch a *Beetle* 'twas a Prize,
But ſuch coarſe fare this Savage does deſpiſe.
He like a Swine of *Epicurus* breed,
On the beſt Dainties of my Soil muſt feed.
Tulips often pounds price (ſo large and gay
Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day:
For twice the ſum I could not now ſupply
The like, though *Jove* himſelf ſhould come to buy.
Yet like a Goddeſs I the damage bore,
With courage, truſting to my Art for more.
While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe
The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too.
Nor to devour the Sire is ſatisfy'd,
But tears the tender off-ſpring from his ſide.
O impious Fact——here *Flora* paus'd a while,
And from her Eyes the Cryſtal tears diſtil:
But as became a Goddeſs chekt her grief,
And thus proceeds, in language ſweet and brief;
Thee *Moly*, *Homer* did perhaps devour,
For, to Heav'ns ſhame be't ſpoke; the Bard was poor.
But in thy praiſe wou'd ne'er vouchſafe to ſpeak,
From theſe Examples, *Moly*, warning take.
To fatal Honours ſeek not then to riſe,
'Tis dang'rous claiming Kindred with the Skies:
Thou honeſt *Garlick* art, let that ſuffice,
Of Countrey-growth, own then thy Earthly Race,
Nor bring by pride on Plants or Man, diſgrace.
She ſaid —— and to the *Lily* waiting by,
Gave Sign, that ſhe her Title next ſhould try.

* The Mole.

White---*LILY*

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears
When riſing from the *Trent* or *Thame*,
And as aloft his Plumes he rears,
Deſpiſes the leſs beateous ſtream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
And does its native glories ſhow;
Her clouded Rival ſhe does ſcorn;
They 're all but foils where *Lily*'s grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light
With harmleſs Milk alone 'tis fed;
That from the Innocence of white
A gentle temper may be bred.

The milky Teat is firſt apply'd
To fierceſt Creatures of the Earth,
But I can boaſt a greater pride,
* A Goddeſs Milk produc'd my Birth.

* *Jupiter* in order to make *Hercules* Immortal, clapt him to *Juno*'s breaſts, while ſhe was aſleep. The luſty little rogue ſuck'd ſo hard, that too great a guſh of Milk coming forth, ſome ſpilt upon the *Sky*, which made the *Galaxy* or Milky Way; and out of ſome, which fell to the Earth, aroſe the *Lily*.

When *Juno* in the Days of yore
Did with the great *Alcides* teem,
Of Milk the Goddeſs had ſuch ſtore,
The Nectar from her Breaſt did ſtream.

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art
The Pavement where it lay,
Yet through the Creviſes ſome part
Made ſhift to find its way.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove
With Lily flow'rs ſupply'd,
That ſcarce the Milky way above
With her in whiteneſs vy'd.

Thus did the Race of Man ariſe,
When ſparks of heav'nly fire
Breaking through Crannies in the Skies,
Did Earth's dull Maſs inſpire.

Happy thoſe Souls that can like Me
Mheir native White retain;
Preſerve their Heav'nly purity,
And wear no guilty ſtain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd,
My Dreſs her Daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
In Sable weeds Deſpair.

Thus Beauty, Truth and Chaſtity,
Attir'd we always find,

Theſe

These in no Female meet but me,
From me are ne'er disjoin'd.

Nature on many Flow'rs beside
Bestows a muddy white;
On me she plac'd her greatest Pride,
All over clad in Light.
Thus *Lily* spoke, and needless did suppose
Secure of form, her Vertues to disclose.
Then follow'd *Lilies* of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cause their beauty less than hers they knew)
From Birth and high Descent their Title drew.
Of these the Martagon chief Claim did bring
(The noble Flow'r that did from *Ajax* spring)
But from the noblest Hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd less than from a Goddess Milk to grow.
At last the drowzy *Poppy* rais'd her Head
And sleepily began her Cause to plead,
Ambition ev'n the drowzy *Poppy* wakes,
Who thus to urge her Merit undertakes.

POPPY.

O Sleep, the gentle ease of Grief,
Of Care and toil the sweet Relief;
Like Sov'reign Balm thou canst restore
When Doctors give the Patient o'er.

Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A Guest that ne'er does Harm intend,
In Cottages mak'st thy aboad,
To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth with *Jove* bear'st equal sway,
Thou rul'st the Night as *Jove* the Day;
A middle station thou dost keep
'Twixt *Jove* and *Pluto*, pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art just and scorn'st to lie,
Confess before this Company,
That by the Vertue of my Flow'r
Thou holdest thy noctural Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'st so nimbly through the Air;
The Birds on wing confess thy force,
And stop i'th' middle of their course.

Thy Empire as the Ocean wide,
Rules all that in the Deep reside;
That moving Island of the Main
The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain,

The Desart Lands thy Pow'r declare,
Thou rul'st the Lion, Tyger, Bear,
To mention these alas, is vain,
O'er City-tyrants thou dost Reign.

The *Basilisk* whose looks destroy,
And Nymph more fatal, if she's coy,
Whose Glances surer Death impart
To her tormented Lover's Heart,

When Sleep commands, their Charms gives way,
His more prevailing force obey;
Their killing Eyes they gently close
Disarm'd by innocent Repose.

That careful *Jove* does always wake
The Poets say; a foul mistake!
For when to Pow'r the wicked rise,
Can *Jove* look on with open Eyes?

When blood to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
So loud it shakes his Palace walls;
Yet does unheard, unanswer'd sue,
Must *Jove* not sleep, and soundly too;

That *Ceres* with my Flow'r is griev'd
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,
For where her richest Corn she sows,
The inmate *Poppy* she allows.

Together both our seeds does fling,
And bids us both together spring,
Good cause, for my Sleep giving juice
Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed,
Of other Plants there's little need;
Full of *Poppy*, full of Corn,
Th' *Hesperian* Garden you may scorn.

In old time the Seed of the White-*Poppy* parch'd was serv'd up as a Dessert.

Bread's more refreshing mix'd with me,
Honey and I with Bread agree,
Our tast so sweet it can excite
The weak, or sated Appetite.

In *Ceres* Garland I am plac'd,
Me she did first vouchsafe to tast,
When for her Daughter lost she griev'd,
Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

'Bove all she does extol my Plant,
For if sustaining Corn you want,
From me such kind supplies are sent,
As give both Sleep and Nourishment.

The

The Reaſon therefore is moſt plain
Why I was made the fruitful'ſt Grain,
The *Perſian* brings not to the Field,
Such Armies as my Camp does yield.

Diſeaſes in all Regions breed,
No corner of the World is freed,
Hard labour ev'ry where we find,
The conſtant Portion of mankind.

Sick Earth Great *Jove* beheld with Grief,
And ſent me down to her relief,
And 'cauſe her Ills ſo faſt did breed,
Endu'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus *Poppy* ſpake, nor did as I ſuppoſe,
So ſoon intend her bold Harangue to cloſe,
But ſeiz'd with ſleep, here finiſh'd her Diſcourſe;
Nor cou'd reſiſt her own Lethargick force.
I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter
Since 'tis moſt certain truth what I aver,)
Nor would I Sacred Hiſtory profane
As Poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.
While *Poppy* ſpoke —
Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep
Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora*'s ſelf fell faſt aſleep.
So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppreſt
Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breaſt.
Zephyr, not long could bear this foul diſgrace;
With a brisk Breeze of Air he ſhook the Place:
Flora, who well her Husbands Kiſſes knew,
Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her Head with much ado:
With heavy Motion to her drowſie Eyes
Her Fingers lifts, and what's a Clock, ſhe cryes.
At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold
Their Eye-lids, and the open Day behold
The *Sun-Flow'r* thinking 'twas for him foul ſhame
To Nap by Day-light, ſtrove t'excuſe the blame;
It was not ſleep that made him Nod, he ſaid,
But too great weight and largeneſs of his Head.
Majeſtick then before the Court he ſtands,
And ſilence with *Phœbean* Voice commands.

SUN-FLOWER.

IF by the Rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeneſs to the Sire muſt prove the breed,
Believe me Sirs, when *Phœbus* looks on you,
He ſcarce can think his Spouſe of Earth was true.

No ſooner can his Eye on me be thrown,
* The uſual Oath of the Gods. But he * by *Styx* will ſwear I am his own.
My Orb-like golden Aſpect bound with Rays,
The very Picture of his Face diſplays.
Among the Stars long ſince I ſhould have place,
Had not my Mother been of mortal Race:
Preſume not then, ye Earth-born *Muſhroom* brood
To call me Brother — I derive my Blood
From *Phœbus* ſelf, which by my Form I prove,
And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.
I ſtill adore my Sire with proſtrate Face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motion trace.
Who ſeeing this (all things he ſees) decreed
To you his doubtful, if not ſpurious breed,
Theſe poorer Climes, to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that Divine *Phœbean* metal void;
* *America*, where grow the largeſt *Sun-Flowers*. On me that * richer Soil he did beſtow
Where Gold, the product of his Beams, does grow.
Amongſt his Treaſures well might he aſſign
A Place for me, his like and living coin.
He ſaid, and bowing twice his Head with Grace
To *Flora*, thrice to's Sire, reſum'd his Place,
† *Flos Jovis*. To him ſucceeds a † Flow'r of greater Name,
Who from high *Jove* himſelf deriv'd his Claim.

GILLY-FLOWER.

HOw this Pretender for no Med'cine good,
Can be allow'd the Son of Phyſick's God,
I leave to the wiſe Judgment of the Court:
With better proofs my Title I ſupport,
Jove was my Sire, to me he did impart
(Who beſt deſerv'd) the Empire of the Heart.
Let him with Golden Aſpect pleaſe the Eye,
A Sov'reign Cordial to the Heart am I.
Not *Tagus*, nor the Treaſures of *Peru*
Thy boaſted Soil, can Grief like me, ſubdue.
Should *Jove* once more deſcend in Golden ſhow'r,
Not *Jove* cou'd prove ſo Cordial as my Flow'r.
One Golden Coat thou haſt, I do confeſs,
That's all, poor Plant, thou haſt no change of Dreſs.
Of ſev'ral hue I ſev'ral Garments wear,
Nor can the *Roſe* her ſelf with me compare:
The gaudy *Tulip* and the *Emony*
Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee.
View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the ſame,
The very *Cræſus* I of Colours am.
Rich but in Dreſs they are, in Vertue poor,
Or keep like Miſers to themſelves their ſtore,

Moſt

Moſt lib'rally my Bounty I impart,
'Tis joy to mine to eaſie anothers Heart.
Some Flow'rs for Phyſick ſerve, and ſome for Smell,
For Beauty ſome — but I in all excell.
While thus ſhe ſpake, her Voice, Scent, Dreſs and Port,
Majeſtick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court:
Well might th' Inferiour Plants concern'd appear,
The very *Roſe* her ſelf began to fear:
Her next of kin a fair and num'rous Hoſt,
Of their Alliance to *Carnation* boaſt.
Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd
From *Garden-Gilly flower* their Lineage prov'd.
They of the *Saffron-houſe* next took their Courſe,
Of dwarfiſh Stature, but gigantick force;
Led by their Purple Chief, who dares appear,
And ſtand the ſhock of the declining Year.
In *Autumn*'s ſtormy Months he ſhews his head,
When tainted Skies their baneful Venom ſhed:
He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when looking round,
The * *Colchic* Tribe amongſt his Train he found;
Hence ye profane, he cry'd, nor bring diſgrace
On my fair Title, I diſown your Race.
Repair to *Circe*'s or *Medea*'s Tent,
When on ſome fatal miſchief they are bent,
To baneful *Pontus* fly, ſeek kindred there,
You who of Flow'rs, Earth, Heav'n, the ſcandal are.
Thus did he ſtorm, for tho by Nature mild,
Againſt the poys'nous Race his Choler boil'd.
His ſacred Vertue the Intruders knew,
And from th' Aſſembly conſciouſly withdrew.

* *Meadow Saffron*, called, *Bulbus Strangulatorius & Ephemeron lethale.*

SAFFRON.

WHile others boaſt their proud Original,
And *Sol* or *Jove* their Parents call,
I claim (contented with ſuch ſlender Flow'rs)
No kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.
I from a Conſtant Lover took my Name,
And dare aſpire no greater Fame. *Ovid. Metam. 4*
Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life
'Twixt Hopes and Fear's a tedious ſtrife,
Great *Jove* to quit me of my hopeleſs Fire,
(My Patron he, though not my Sire,)
Transform'd me to a ſmiling Flow'r at laſt,
To recompence my Sorrows paſt.
Live cheerful now, he ſaid, nor only live
Merry thy ſelf, but Gladneſs give;
Then to my ſacred Flow'r with Skill be joyn'd,
Stems three or four of Star-like kind,

Made

Made them the Magazines of Mirth and Joy,
What e'er can ſullen Grief deſtroy.
Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter ly,
Venus and *Cupid*'s Armory.
Bacchus may like a Quack give preſent Eaſe,
That only ſtrengthens the Diſeaſe.
You cruſh (alas!) the Serpent's Head in vain,
Whoſe Tail ſurvives to ſtrike again.
All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,
And ſpight of Poyſon keep alive.
The Heart ſecur'd, through all the Parts beſide
Freſh Life and dancing Spirits glide,
But ſtill 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,
If to the Lungs the Foe retreat,
If of thoſe Avenues he's once poſſeſt,
Famine will ſoon deſtroy the reſt.
I watch and keep thoſe Paſſes open too,
For Vital Air to come and go.
Ungrateful to his Fried that Breath muſt be,
That can abſtain from praiſing me.

But having been an Inſtance of Love's pow'r
To Females ſtill a ſacred flow'r,
'Tis juſt that I ſhou'd now the Womb defend,
And be to *Venus* Seat a friend.
'Gainſt all that wou'd the teeming part annoy
My ready Succour I employ.
I eaſe the lab'ring Pangs, and bring away
The Birth that paſt its time wou'd ſtay.
If this Aſſembly then my Claim ſuſpend,
Who am to Nature ſuch a friend,
Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,
If you refuſe to have me Crown'd.
If you decline my gentle cheerful ſway,
Let my pretended Kinſman come in play,
Puniſh your folly and my wrongs repay.

The foremention'd Baſtard-Saffron

He ſaid, and ſhaking thrice his fragrant Head
Through all the Court a Cordial flavour ſpread:
While of his ſcatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes,
And on th' *Ambroſial* ſcent a Banquet makes.
Touch'd with a ſenſe of Joy, his Rivals ſmil'd,
Ev'n them his Vertue of their Rage beguil'd;
Ev'n *Poppy*'s ſelf, refreſh'd, erect her Head,
Who had not heard one word of what he ſaid.

* *Amaranthus*, that never withers.

* *Flower-gentle* laſt, on lofty ſtem did riſe,
And ſeem'd the humble *Saffron* to deſpiſe:
On his high Name and Stature he depends,
And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

Amaranth,

AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.

What can the puling *Roſe* or *Violet* ſay,
Whoſe Beauty flies ſo faſt away?
Fit only ſuch weak Infants to adorn,
Who dye as ſoon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flow'rs,
Garlands Eternal as their Pow'rs,
Nor time that does all earthly things invade
Can make a Hair fall from my head.
Look up, the Gardens of the Sky ſurvey,
And Stars that there appear ſo gay,
If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,
They are but th' *Amaranths* of Heav'n.

A tranſient Glance ſometimes my *Cynthia* throws
Upon the *Lily* or the *Roſe*,
But views my Plant, aſtoniſh'd, from the Sky,
That ſhe ſhould Change, and never I.

Becauſe with Hair inſtead of Leaves adorn'd,
By ſome, as if *no Flow'r*, I'm ſcorn'd,
But I my chiefeſt Pride and Glory place
In what they reckon my Diſgrace.
My Priv'ledge 'tis to differ from the reſt;
What has its like can ne'er be beſt:
Nor is it fit Immortal Plants ſhou'd grow
In form of fading Plants below.

That Gods have Fleſh and Blood we cannot ſay,
That they have ſomething like to both we may,
So I reſembling an Immortal Pow'r,
Am only as it were a Flow'r.

Their Plea's thus done, the ſeveral Tribes repair,
And ſtand in Ranks about the Goddeſs Chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of Temper light and free,
Put on a perſonated Gravity;
As with the grave occaſion beſt might ſuit,
And in this manner finiſh'd the diſpute.

FLORA.

Amongſt the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,
When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,
Th' Auguſt and purpled Senate he admir'd,
View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd?

So

So I in all this num'rous throng muſt own
I ſee no Head but what deſerves a Crown.
On what one Flow'r can I beſtow my Voice,
Where equal Merits ſo diſtract my Choice?
Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,
Let no one claim what all deſerve to have.
Conſider how from *Roman* Race we ſpring,
Whoſe Laws you know wou'd ne'er permit a King.
Can I who am a *Roman* Deity,
A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden ſee?
Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,
Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.
With *Gabine* ſlaughter big, think how he ſlew
The faireſt Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew;
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
And both with ſportive Cruelty deſtroy'd.
You who are Lords of Earth as well as they
Shou'd Free-born *Romans* Government diſplay.
Reſt ever then a Common-wealth of Flow'rs,
Compil'd of People and of Senators.
This, I preſume, the beſt for you and me,
With Senſe of Men and Gods does beſt agree.
Lily and *Roſe* this Year your Conſuls be
The Year ſhall ſo begin auſpiciouſly.
Four *Prætors* to the Seaſons four, I make,
The vernal *Prætorſhip* thou, *Tulip*, take:
†*July-flowers.* † *Jove*'s Flow'r the Summer, **Crocus* Autumn ſway, **Saffron.*
Let Winter warlike *Hellebore* obey.
Honour's the ſole Reward that can accrue,
Tho ſhort your Office, to your Charge be true.
Your Life is ſhort — the Goddeſs ended here,
The Choſen, with her Verdict pleas'd appear
The reſt with Hope to ſpend another Year.

The End of the Fourth Book.

OF

PLANTS.

BOOK V.

POMONA.

LET now my *Muſe* more lofty numbers bring
Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we ſing,
The Race of *Trees*, whoſe towring branches riſe
In open Air, and almoſt kiſs the Skies.
Too light thoſe ſtrains that tender Flow'rs deſired,
Too low the Verſe that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Thoſe weaklings near the Surface of the Earth
Reſide, nor from the Soil that gave them birth
Dare launch too far into the airy Main,
The Winds rough ſhock unable to ſuſtain:
Theſe to the Skies with Heads erected go,
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
Not Man the Earth's proud Lord ſo high can raiſe
His Head, they touch thoſe Heav'ns which he ſurveys.
Between th' *Herculean* Bounds and Golden Soil
By great *Columbus* found, there lies an Iſle
Of thoſe call'd *Fortunate* the faireſt Seat,
Indulg'd by Heaven and Natures bleſt retreat.
A conſtant ſettled Calm the Sky retains,
Diſturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains.
Zephyr alone with fragrant Breath does chear
The florid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.
No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatning Dews inſtead from Heav'n diſtill,
And friendly Stars with vital Inſl'ence fill.
No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there
More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.
The Months without diſtinction paſs away,
The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Bloſſoms gay;
The changing Moon all theſe, and always does ſurvey.
Nature ſome Fruits does to our Soil deny
Nor what we have can ev'ry Month ſupply;

But ev'ry ſort that happy Earth does bear,
All ſorts it bears, and bears 'em all the Year.
This ſeat *Pomona* now is ſaid to prize,
And fam'd *Alcinous* Gardens to deſpiſe.
Betwixt th' old World and new makes this retreat
Of her Green Empire the Imperial Seat:
And wiſely too, that Plants of ev'ry ſort
May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.
Hedges inſtead of Walls this Place ſurround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With *Haw Thorn* that does Magick Spells confound.
The well rang'd *Trees*, within broad walks diſplay
Through which her Verdant City we ſurvey:
I'th' midſt her Palace ſtands, of Bow'rs compos'd,
With twining Branches, and Green Walls enclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with Friuts of various kind,
You'd ſwear ſome Artiſt had the Work deſign'd.
When Autumn's Reign begins the Goddeſs here,
(Autumn with us Eternal Summer's there)
When *Scorpio* with his Venom blaſts the Year,
The Goddeſs her Vertumnal Rites prepares,
(So call'd from various Forms *Vertumnus* wears)
No coſt ſhe ſpares thoſe Honours to perform,
(For no Expence can that Rich Goddeſs harm)
She then brings forth her Gardens choice Delights.
To treat the Rural Gods whom ſhe invites.
The twelve of Heavenly Race her Gueſts appear,
Wanton *Priapus* too is preſent there,
The fair *Hoſt* more attracts him than the *Fare*.
Then *Pales* came, and *Pan Arcadia's* God,
On his dull *Aſs* the Fate *Silenus* rode
Lagging behind; the *Fauni* next advance
With nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance,
Nor Heav'ns Inferiour Pow'rs were abſent thence,
Whoſe Altars ſeldom ſmoak with Frankincenſe.
Picumnus who the barren Land manures,
Tutanus too who gather'd Fruit ſecures,
* *Collina* from the Hills, from Valleys low
† *Vallonia* came, || *Rurina* from the Plow,
With whom a hundred Ruſtick Nymphs appear,
Who Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear,
To theſe, ſtrange Powers from New-found * *India* came,
Moſt dreadful in their Aſpect, Form and Name.
The hundred Months of Fame cou'd ne'er ſuffice
To ſtate or tell that Banquet's Rarities.
With change of Fruits the Table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready Servants waited on the Board
In various Dreſs, the Months attending too
In number twelve, twelve times the Feaſt renew.

* Goddeſs of the Hills.
† Goddeſs of the Vales.
|| Goddeſs of plowed Lands.
* *America.*

Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice,
The *Indian Nut* ſupply'd the double uſe
Of Drink and Cup: the more luxuriant *Vine*
Afforded various kinds of ſprightly Wine.
Canaria's neighb'ring Iſle, the moſt Divine.
Of this glad *Bacchus* fills a Bowl, and cries,
O ſacred Juice; O wretched Deities!
Who abſent hence of ſober *Nectar* take
Dull draughts, nor know the Joys of potent *Sack*.
The reſt who *Bacchus* Judgment cou'd not doubt,
Pledg'd him in Courſe, and ſent the Bowl about.
Venus and *Flora* Chocolate alone
Wou'd Drink,— the Reaſon to themſelves beſt known.
The Gods (who ſurely were too wiſe to ſpare,
When they both knew their welcome and their Fare)
Fell freely on, till now Diſcourſe began,
And one, exclaiming cry'd, O fooliſh Man!
That groſly feeds on fleſh, when ev'ry field
Does eaſie and more wholeſom Banquets yield.
Who in the blood of Beaſts their hands imbrue,
And eat the Victims to our Altars due.
From hence the reſt occaſion take at laſt
The Goddeſs to extol, and her Repaſt:
The *Orange* one, and one the *Fig* commends,
Another the rich Fruit that *Perſia* ſends,
Some cry the *Olive* up above the reſt,
But by the moſt the *Grape* was judg'd the beſt.
The *Indian* God who heard them nothing ſay
Of Fruits that grow in his *America*,
(Of which her Soil affords ſo rich a ſtore
Her Golden Mines can ſcarce be valu'd more)
Thus taxes their unjuſt partiality,
As well he might; the *Indian Bacchus* he.
Can Prejudice, ſaid he, corrupt the Pow'rs
Of this old World? far be that Crime from ours.
If when to furniſh out a noble Treat
You ſeek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat;
(Which I with greedineſs have ſeen you eat)
Are theſe your thanks, ingrateful Deities?
Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates pleaſe:
You only praiſe the growth of your own Soil,
Becauſe the Product of long Ages toil;
But had not Fortune been our Countrey's foe,
And Parent Nature's ſelf forſook us too,
Had not your armed *Mars* in Triumph rode
O'er our *Ochecus*, a poor naked God,
Had not your *Neptune*'s floating Palaces
Sunk our tall *Ochus* Fleet of hollow Trees,
Nor thundring *Jove* made *Viracocha* yield,
Nor *Spaniards* yet more fierce laid waſt our field;

And

And left alive no Tiller to recruit
The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit,
Our Products ſoon had ſilene'd this Diſpute.
But as it is, my Climate I'll defend,
No Soil can to ſuch num'rous Fruits pretend;
We ſtill have many to our Conqu'rors ſhame,
Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
So little can you boaſt to ſhew the ſame.
This I aſſert; if any be ſo vain
To contradict the Truth that I maintain,
(Since from both Worlds this Feaſt has hither brought
All Fruits with which our diff'rent Climes are fraught)
The Deities that are aſſembled here
Shall judge which World the richeſt will appear;
In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excell
In Gold, you to our ſorrow know too well.
His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join,
Nor did our Pow'rs the noble ſtriſe decline;
Minerva in her Olive ſafe appear'd;
Bacchus who with a ſmile the boaſter heard,
As in the *Eaſt* his Conqueſt had been ſhown,
Now reckons the *Weſt-Indies* too his own.
His Courage with ten Bumpers firſt he chear'd;
Then all agree to have the Table clear'd,
And each reſpective Tree to plead her worth;
The Goddeſs one by one commands them forth.
She ſummon'd firſt the *Nut* of double Race,
And *Apple*, which in our old World have place,
Of each the nobleſt Breeds, for to the name
A thouſand petty Families lay claim.
The *Nut* trees name at firſt the *Oak* did grace,
Who in *Pomona*'s Garden then had place,
Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,
Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine:
At laſt the Filbert and the Cheſnut ſweet
Were ſcarce admitted to her verdant ſeat;
The airy *Pine* of form and ſtature proud,
With much entreaty was at length allow'd.
The *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,
The firſt in field, upon whoſe Nutty top
A Squirrel ſits, and wants no other ſhade
Than what by his own ſpreading Tail is made;
He culls the ſoundeſt, dextrouſly picks out
The Kernels ſweet and throws the Shell about,
You ſee, *Pomona* crys, the cloyſter'd Fruit,
That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not ſuit.
That therefore uſeleſs 'tis you cannot ſay,
It ſerves our Youths at once for Food and Play;
But while ſuch toys, my Lads, you uſe too long,
Expecting Virgins think you do them wrong;

'Tis

'Tis time that you theſe childiſh ſports forſake,
Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack.
O Plant moſt fit for Boys to patronize
(Cries *Bacchus*) who my gen'rous juice deſpiſe,
A reſtive Fruit, by Nature made to grace
The Monky's jaws and humour the Grimace.
The ſudden Gibe made ſober *Pallas* ſmile,
Who thus proceeds in a more ſerious ſtyle.
A ſtrong and wondrous Enmity we find
In Hazel-tree 'gainſt Poyſons of all kind,
More wondrous their Magnetick ſympathy,
That ſecret Beds of Metals can deſcry,
And point directly where hid treaſures lie.
In ſearch of Golden Mines a Hazel Wand
The wiſe Diviner takes in his right Hand,
In vain alas! he caſts his Eyes about
To find the rich and ſecret Manſions out,
Which yet, when near, ſhall with a force Divine
The Top of the ſuſpended Wand incline.
So ſtrong the ſenſe of gain, that it affects
The very Lifeleſs-twig, who ſtrait reflects
His trembling head, and eager for th' embrace,
Directly tends to the Magnetick place.
What wonder then ſo ſtrange Effects confound
The minds of Men, in miſts of Errour drown'd;
It puzzle me, who was at *Athens* breds,
Ev'n me the off-ſpring of great *Jove*'s own head;
Let *Phœbus* then unfold this Myſtery. (we.
Much more than Man we know, but *Phœbus* more than
She ſaid — *Apollo*, with th' Ænigma vext,
And ſcorning to be pos'd, in words perplext,
Strove to diſguiſe his Ignorance, and ſpent
Much breath on Attoms, and their wild ferment:
Of Sympathy he made a long Diſcourſe,
And long inſiſted on Self-acting force;
But all confus'd and diſtant from the mark,
His Delphick Oracle was ne'er ſo dark.
'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to ſee him tug in vain
At what his wiſdom only cou'd explain:
For thoſe profounder Myſteries to hide
From Gods, and Men is ſure *Jove*'s greateſt pride.
The ſhady *Cheſnut* next her Claim puts in,
Though ſeldom ſhe is in our Gardens ſeen.
So coarſe her fare, that 'tis no ſmall Diſpute
If Nuts or Acorns we ſhou'd call her fruit;
So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear
To ſee ſuch Kernels ſuch ſtrong Armour wear;
Firſt with a linty Wad wrapt cloſe about,
(Uſeful to keep green wounds from guſhing out)

Of this it made the Divining Rod, with which they diſcover Mines.

Her

Her next defence of ſolid wood is made,
The third has Spikes that can her foes invade.
Therſites ſure no greater ſport cou'd make;
With *Ajax* ſev'nfold Shield upon his Back.
The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did riſe
Above Contempt, and almoſt touch'd the Skies:
Pulcherrima Pinus in hortis Virg. Ecl. Carv'd in his ſacred Bark he wore beſide
Great *Maro*'s words, to juſtifie his Pride:
Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low
His Pine-wreath'd Head, but juſt reſpect did ſhow:
Were *Neptune* preſent he had done the ſame;
To that fair Plant that in his *Iſthmian* Game
The Victor crowns, whoſe loud Applauſes he
With equal tranſport hears in either Sea.
Neptune of other Plants no Lover ſeems,
But with good reaſon he the *Pine* eſteems,
The *Pine* alone has courage to remove
From's native Hills (where long with winds he ſtrove
In youth) on watry Mountains to engage
With's naked Timber fiercer tempeſts rage.
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd
In vain deſign'd for fiſhes to reſide.
Since Natures Laws by Art are overcome,
And Men with Ships make Seas their Native home.
But of all Pines Mout *Ida* bears the beſt,
By *Cybele* prefer'd above the reſt.
Atys, Reported for the ſake of Chaſtity to have made himſelf an Eunuch. This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by *Cybele*, upon whoſe ſcore
He ſacrific'd to Chaſtity, but now
His fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.
The Daughter of *Midas*, eſpouſed to *Atys*. *Ia*, for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*
A Torch prepar'd e'er *Pine* by Brides was born)
When ſhe ſhou'd meet her long expected Joy
Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy,
Dire change, yet cannot from his Trunk retire
But languiſhes away with vain Deſire:
Till *Cybele* afforded her relief,
(Her Rival once, now partner in her grief)
Bitter Almond. Tranſform'd her to the bitter *Almond-tree*,
Whoſe fruit ſeems ſtill with ſorrow to agree.
Her Siſter who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to ſtop the ſpreading Bark;
But while the pious Office ſhe perform'd
In the ſame manner found her ſelf tranſform'd.
Sweet Almond. But as her grief was leſs ſevere, we find
Her Almond ſweet and of a milder kind.
Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive
Th' unfortunate and more than once relieve.

Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon*'s abſence mourn'd,
Till ſhe into an Almond-tree was turn'd.
Thus *Phyllis* vaniſh'd; *Ceres* ſaw her bloom,
And propheſy'd a fruitful Year to come.
The firm *Piſtachoe* next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit that Serpents can ſubdue.
The *Wallnut* then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit which we a *Nut*, the Gods an *Acorn* call;
* *Jove*'s Acorn, which does no ſmall praiſe confeſs,
T'have call'd it *Man*'s *Ambroſia* had been leſs.
Nor can this Head-like Nut, ſhap'd like the Brain
Within, be ſaid that form by chance to gain,
Or *Caryon* call'd by learned *Greeks* in vain.
For Membranes ſoft as Silk her kernel bind,
Whereof the inmoſt is of tendreſt kind,
Like thoſe which on the Brain of Man we find,
All which are in a Seam-join'd Shell enclos'd,
Which of this Brain the Skull may be ſuppos'd.
This very Skull envelop'd is again
In a green Coat, his Pericranion.
Laſtly, that no Objection may remain,
To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain;
She nouriſhes the Hair, remembring how
Her ſelf deform'd without her Leaves does ſhow:
On barren ſcalps ſhe makes freſh honours grow.
Her timber is for various uſes good,
The Carver ſhe ſupplies with laſting wood;
She makes the Painters fading Colours laſt,
A Table ſhe affords us and repaſt;
Ev'n while we feaſt, her Oil our Lamps ſupplies,
The rankeſt Poiſon by her Vertue dies,
The Mad-dogs foam, and taint of raging Skies.
The *Pontick* King who liv'd where Poiſons grew,
Skilful in Antidotes, her Vertues knew;
Yet envious Fates that ſtill with Merit ſtrive,
And Man ingrateful from the Orchard drive,
This Sov'reign Plant excluded from the Field
Unleſs ſome uſeleſs Nook a Station yield:
Defenceleſs in the common Road ſhe ſtands,
Expos'd to reſtleſs War of vulgar hands;
By neighb'ring Clowns, and paſſing Rabble torn,
Batter'd with ſtones by Boys, and left forelorn.
To her did all the Nutty-tribe ſucceed,
A hardy Race that makes weak Gums to bleed;
But to the Banquets of the Gods preferr'd,
Are ſaid to open of their own accord.
'Twixt theſe and juicy fruits of painted Coat,
Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;
Advanc'd the tribe of thoſe with rugged skin,
More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a kin.

* Διὸς βάλανος.

Mater pia and *dura mater.*

Pomgranate

Pomgranate Chief of theſe, whoſe blooming Flow'r
(*Pomona*'s pride) many challenge *Flora*'s Bow'r,
The Spring-Roſe ſeems leſs fair when ſhe is by,
Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
Nor Scarlet Robes by proudeſt Monarchs worn,
Nor purple ſtreaks that paint the riſing Morn,
Nor Bluſhes that conſenting Maids adorn.
In the *Eubœan* Iſle did ſtand of old
Great *Juno*'s Image, form'd of maſſy Gold,
In one Right Hand ſhe held a Scepter bright,
(For with the Pow'rs Divine both Hands are Right)
Her *Carthage* lovely fruit the other grac'd,
And fitly in * *Lucina*'s Hand was plac'd;
Whoſe Orb within ſo many Cells contains,
In form of Wombs, and ſtor'd with ſeedy Grains.
But † *Proſerpine* implacable remain'd
Againſt this Plant, for former wrongs ſuſtain'd,
Nor *Ceres* yet her hatred cou'd diſguiſe,
But from *Pomgranate* turn'd her weeping Eyes.
Nor the *Elyſian* Field (whence fates permit
Nought to return) what Tree can be more fit
Than this ‖ reſtringent Plant? a ſingle taſt
Of three ſmall grains kept *Ceres* Daughter faſt.

Pomegranate cal'd *Malus Punica.*

* *Juno* being the ſame with *Lucina* Goddeſs of Midwifery.

† *Jupiter* is ſaid to have promis'd *Ceres*, that *Proſerpine* ſhould be reſtored to her, if ſhe had taſted nothing in the lower Regions, but ſhe having eaten *Pomgranate* ſeeds was retain'd.

‖ *Pomgranate* a moſt powerful Reſtringent, uſed in all immoderate Evacuation.

Orange and *Lemon* next like Lightning bright
Came in, and dazled the Beholders ſight;
Theſe were the fam'd *Heſperian* Fruits of old,
Both Plants alike, ripe fruit and Bloſſoms hold,
This ſhines with pale and that with deeper Gold.
Planted by *Atlas*, who ſupports the Skies,
Pround at his feet to ſee theſe brighter Stars to riſe.
To keep them ſafe the utmoſt care he took,
He fenc'd 'em round with walls of ſolid Rock,
Nor with *Priapus* Cuſtody content
A watchful Dragon for their Guard he ſent.
Let vulgar Apples, Boys and Beggars fear,
Theſe, worth *Alcides* ſtealing did appear.
From Lands remote he came, and thought his toils
Where more than recompenc'd in thoſe rich ſpoils.
He only priz'd 'em for their taſt and hue,
For half their real worth he never knew:
Nor cou'd his Tutor *Mars* to him impart
The nobler ſecrets of *Apollo*'s Art.
Had he but known their juice 'gainſt Poiſon good
The *Hydra*'s Venom mixt with Centaur blood,
He'd never made Mount *Oeta* hear his Cries,
Nor th' oft-ſlain Monſter more had pow'r to riſe.

The

The *Plums* came next, by *Cherry* led, whose fruit
Th' expecting Gard'ner early does salute,
To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
And with red Berries first adorns the Year.
May, rich in Dress, but in Provision poor,
Admires and thinks his early Fruit a Flow'r.
To wait for *Summer*'s ripening heat disdains,
Nor puts the Planter to immod'rate pains.
He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*
Cou'd ne'er persuade him on her Banks to smile.
He scorns the bounty of a two-months tide
That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.
Proud *Rome* her self this Plant can scarcely rear
Ev'n to this day he seems a Captive there.
Pris'ner of War from *Cerasus* he came;
(From's native * *Cerasus* he took his name)
From thence transplanted to th' *Italian* Soil
Lucullus triumph brought no richer spoil:
Loud Pæans to your noble Gen'ral sing,
Italian Plants, that such a Prize did bring.
The Conqu'rours Laurels as in triumph wear
The blushing Fruit, and captive *Cherries* bear.
Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
Erelong thou shalt a Denizen become
Amongst the Plants of World-commanding *Rome*.

* The Cherry-Tree in *Latin* call'd *Cerasus* a Town in *Cappadocia*, from whence it was brought into *Italy* by *Lucullus*. An. Urb. 680.

A num'rous Host of Plums did next succeed,
Diff'ring in colour and of various breed:
The Damask Prune, most antient led the Van,
Who in *Damascus* first his Reign began.
Time out of mind he had suddu'd the *East*,
'Twas long ere he got footing in the *West*;
But now in *Northern* Climates he is known,
A hardy Plant makes ev'ry Soil his own.
Next him th' *Armenian Apricock* took place,
Not much unlike but of a nobler Race;
Of richer Flavour and of taste Divine,
Whose golden Vestments, streakt with Purple, shine.
Then came the Glory of the *Persian* Field,
And to *Armenia*'s pride disdain'd to yield.
The *Peach* with Silken Vest and pulpy juice,
Of meat and Drink at once supplies the use.
But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay,
For next Days Banquet he disdains to stay.
Of Fruits the fairest, as the Rose of Flow'rs,
But ah! their Beauties have but certain Hours.
A Fruit there is on whom the * *Rose* confers
Her Name, of small and colour too like Hers.
A Plum that can itself supply the Board,
To hungry Stomachs solid food afford.

* *Rhodocina*.

To pleaſe our Guſt and Stomach to recruit
He thinks ſufficient Tribute for his Fruit;
For Phyſicks uſe his other parts are Good,
His Leaves, his Bloſſoms, ev'n his Gum and wood.
Does to us health and joy alike reſtore,
Friend to our Pleaſure, to our Health much more.
Not ſo the Corneil-tree deſign'd for harm,
Of which wood Spears and Bows were made. *Volat Itala Cornus.*
Her wood ſupplies dire *Mars* with impious Arms.
For ſuch a Plant our Gardens are too mild,
Harſh is her Fruit and fit for Deſarts wild.
With her the *Jujube*-tree, a milder Plant
Which (tho offenſive thorns ſhe does not want)
In Peace and Mirth alone does pleaſure take,
Her Flow'rs, at feaſts, the genial Garlands make,
Her wood the Harp that keeps the Gueſts awake.
Next comes the *Lote*-tree in whoſe dusky hue
* An *African* Plant. Her black and Sun-burnt * Countrey you might view,
To whom th' Aſſembly all roſe up (from whence
Came this Reſpect?) and paid her Reverence.
Priapus only with a down-caſt look,
And conſcious Bluſhes at her preſence ſhook:
Th' All-ſeeing Gods through that obſcure diſguiſe
Ovid. Metam. 9 Nymph *Lotis* ſaw: conceal'd from humane Eyes.
They knew how on the *Helleſpontick* ſhore
T' eſcape the dreadful Dart *Priapus* wore,
And zealous to preſerve her Chaſtity,
She loſt her Form and chang'd into a Tree.
Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate
She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date.
A longer Date than Oaks ſhe does enjoy,
Thoſe long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old *Neſtor* Boy.
She calls them *Girls*, green Branches ſhe diſplay'd
From *Romulus* the Builder, to *Nero* that burnt it. When *Rome* was built, and when in Aſhes laid.
'Tis true, ſhe did not long ſurvive the fire,
(With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)
Almoſt nine hundred years were paſt away,
Yet then ſhe grudg'd to die before her Day.
* Inſtruments of Muſick made of her wood. Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to * Live;
Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,
And fitly, like us Poets, may be ſaid,
To make the greateſt Noiſe when ſhe is Dead.
A thouſand Years are ſince elaps'd, yet ſtill
She flouriſhes in Praiſe, and ever will.
Her Trees rich Fruit with which ſhe charm'd Mankind
Shew'd, when a Nymph, the ſweetneſs of her mind;
Theſe ſounds expreſs the Muſick of her tongue,
More ſweet than *Circe's* or the *Syren* throng.
But Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,
She thrives the more the greater weight ſhe bears,

No

No preſſure for her Courage is too hard,
Of Vertue both th' Example and Reward.
She flouriſh'd once in * *Solymæan* ground,
Fam'd *Joſhua*'s and *Jeſſides* ſacred triumphs crown'd.
But ſince that Land was curſt, the gen'rous Plant
Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.
Piſa bears *Olives*, *Delpho*'s Laurel yields,
Nemea Smallage, *Pines* the *Iſthmian* Fields,
But all breed *Palms*, the prize of Victory,
All Lands in honour of the *Palm* agree.
And 'tis but the juſt tribute of her Worth,
Vertue no fairer Image has on Earth.
Her Verdure ſhe inviolate does hold,
In ſpight of *Summer*'s heat and *Winter*'s cold.
Oppreſt with weight ſhe from the Earth does riſe,
And bears her Load in triumph to the Skies.
What various * Benefits does ſhe impart
To humane kind; her Wine revives the Heart,
Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables ſend,
At once to pleaſure, and to Health a friend.
A Lover true, and well to love and ſerve
Is Vertues nobleſt task, and does the Palm deſerve.
* *Evadne* who a willing Victim prov'd,
Nor chaſt † *Aceſtis* ſo her Husband lov'd,
As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms
To him are ſtretch'd with moſt endearing Charms,
Nor ſtops their paſſion here; like Lovers, they
To more retir'd Endearments find the way,
In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Root are found
In cloſe Embraces twining under ground.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the Palm reſign,
The conqu'ring *Palm* to *Olive* more Divine;
Peace all prefer to War —— thus *Pallas* ſpoke;
And in her Hand a peaceful Olive ſhook.
'Twas with this Branch that ſhe the Triumph gain'd
(The greateſt that can be by Gods obtain'd.)
On learned *Athens* to confer her Name,
A Right which ſhe, moſt learn'd of Pow'rs, might claim.
Not Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,
But, who ſhall be poor Mortals Patrons, ſtrive.

First, *Neptune* with his Trident ſtruck the ground;
The warlike Steed no ſooner heard the ſound,
But ſtarts from his dark Manſion, ſhakes his Hair,
His Noſtrils ſnort the unaccuſtom'd Air,
Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noiſe is proud,
With his inſulting Feet his native Field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd.
Pallas on th' other ſide with gentle ſtroke
Of her ſtrong Spear, Earth's tender ſurface broke,

* *Judæa.*

* *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* uſed a Song that recited three hundred and ſixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date*-Tree.

* Leaping into the flame of his Funeral Pile.

† Who died in her Huſband *Admetus*'s ſtead.

The Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, who ſhould give the name to *Athens*.

Through which ſmall Breach a ſudden Tree ſhoots up,
Ev'n at his Birth with rev'rend hoary top,
And vig'rous fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant,
And to *Minerva* the Precedence grant.
The vanquiſh'd Steed and God in rage aſſail'd
The Victors, but ev'n ſo, their malice fail'd,
Wit's Goddeſs and the paaceful Tree prevail'd.
* Hail ſacred Plant, who well deſerv'd to be
By Laws ſecur'd from wrong as well as we;
From War's wild rage Reſpect thou doſt command,
When Temples fall thou art allow'd to ſtand.
Neptune's bold Son revenging the diſgrace
His Sire ſuſtain'd, fell dead upon the place,
The whirling Ax upon his Head rebounds.
The ſtroke deſign'd on thee, himſelf conſounds.
The Gods concern'd Spectators ſtood, and ſmil'd
To ſee his impious Sacrilege beguil'd.
Such be his fate whoe'er preſumes to be
A Foe to Peace and to her ſacred Tree.
Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
Warns us to ſtand, and be for War prepar'd.
In peace delights, but when the Cauſe is juſt,
Permits not the avenging Sword to ruſt.
With ſupplying Oil and conqu'ring wreath's ſupplys
The Martial Schools, of youthful Exerciſe:
Nor is the ſtrong propenſion ſhe does bear
To Peace, th' effect of Luxury or Fear.
Earth's teeming Womb affords no ſtronger Birth,
No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth.
Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies,
The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will riſe.
Lop but a Branch and fix't in Earth, you'll ſee
She'll there take root and make her ſelf a Tree.
Her youth, 'tis true, by ſlow degrees aſcends,
But makes you with long flouriſhing years amends.
Nature her care in this did wiſely ſhow,
That uſeful *Olive* long and eaſily ſhou'd grow.
Moſt ſov'reign taken inward, is her Oil,
And outwardly confirms the Limbs for toil.
Lifes paſſages from all obſtruction frees,
Clears Natures walks, to ſmarting wounds gives eaſe.
With eaſie Banquets does the poor ſupply,
And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie.
The Painters flying Colours it binds faſt,
Makes ſhort-liv'd Pictures long as Statues laſt,
The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel
And laſt, but of *Minerva*'s Lamp muſt ſmell.
Nay, This does ſo! ———
Moſt juſtly therefore does this riſe
O'er all in mixture, juſtly may deſpiſe

* Laws were made in *Athens* to ſecure the *Olive* Tree.

Halirhotius.

T'

T' incorporate with any other Juice;
Sufficient in himself for ev'ry Use.
Most justly therefore did *Judæa*'s Land,
(Who best religious Rites did understand)
Oyl, potent, chast, and sacred Oyl appoint
Her Kings, her Priests, and Prophets to anoint.
Such was th' appearance which the *Olive* made,
With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd;
From whom *Minerva* took, as she withdrew,
A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow.
Fresh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain,
First those whose Fruit did many Stones contain,
In their first Lists the *Medlar-Tree* was found
Proud of his putrid Fruit because 'twas * crown'd.
Of Beauties Goddess then the Plant more fair,
Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the Air;
The smoak of Gums when from their Altars sent,
Ne'er gave th' Immortal Guests such sweet content.
Let *Phœbus* Laurel bloody Triumphs lead
The *Myrtle* those where little blood is shed,
Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden head.
No Virgin Fort impregnable can be
To him that Crowns his Brow with *Venus* Tree.
The tribe of *Pears* and *Apples* next succeed,
Of noble Families, and num'rous breed;
No Monarch's Table e'er dispises them,
Nor they the poor Man's board or earthen dish contemn
Supports of Life, as well as Luxury,
Nor like their Rivals a few Months supply,
But see themselves succeeded e'er they die.
Where *Phœbus* shines too faint to raise the *Vine*,
They serve for Grapes, and make the Northern Wine.
Their Liquor for th' effects deserves that name,
Love, Val[illegible], Wit and Mirth it can enflame,
Care it can drown, lost Health, lost Wealth restore,
And *Bacchus* potent Juice can do no more.
With Cyder stor'd the * *Norman* Province sees
Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages.
Of *Pear* and *Apple*-kinds an Army stood;
Before the Court, and seem'd a moving Wood,
On them *Pomona* smil'd as they went off,
But flouting *Bacchus* was observ'd to scoff.
The *Quince* yet scorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
Alone she came, of signal Honours proud,
With which by grateful *Jove* she was endow'd.
A silky Down her golden Coat o'er spreads,
Her ripening Fruit a grateful Odour sheds;
Jove otherwise ingrateful had been stil'd,
In Honey steep'd she fed him when a Child,

* The top thereof resembling a Crown or Coronet.

The Myrtle.

* *Normandy* in *France*.

In

In his moſt forward Fits ſhe ſtopt his cries;
And now he eats *Ambroſia* in the Skies,
Reflects ſometimes upon his Infant Years,
And juſt Reſpect to *Quince* and *Honey* bears,
The nobleſt of *Wine-Fruits* brought up the Rear,
But all to reckon, endleſs wou'd appear,
The *Barberry* and *Currant* muſt eſcape,
Though her ſmall Cluſters imitate the Grape.
The *Raſpberry*, and prickled *Goosberry*,
Tree-*Strawberry*, muſt all unmention'd be,
With many more whoſe names we may decline;
Not ſo the *Mulberry*, the *Fig* and *Vine*,
The ſtouteſt Warriours in our Combat paſt,
And of the preſent Field the greateſt hope and laſt.
But cautiouſly the *Mulberry* did move,
And firſt the temper of the Skies wou'd prove,
What ſign the Sun was in, and if ſhe might
Give credit yet to *Winter*'s ſeeming flight.
She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
Nor truſt her Leaves and Fruit to doubtful Heat:
Her ready Sap within her Bark confines,
Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns.
But for her long delay amends does make
At once her Forces the known ſignal take,
And with tumultuous Noiſe their Sally make.
In two ſhort Months her purple Fruit appears,
Pyramus and Thisbe. And of two Lovers ſlain the tincture wears.
Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves ſhe does produce,
That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble Uſe;
The frame and colour of her Leaves ſurvey,
And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay,
But truſt not their appearance, they ſupply
The Ornaments of Royal Luxury.
The Beautiful they make more beauteous ſeem,
The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them.
Effem'nate Men to them their Veſtments owe,
How vain that pride which inſect-worms beſtow!
Such was the *Mulberry* of wondrous Birth,
The *Fig* ſucceeds; but to recite her worth,
And various Pow'rs, what numbers can ſuffice?
Hail, *Ceres* Author of ſo great a Prize.
By thee with Food and Laws we were ſupply'd,
And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aſide.
With Peace and Bread our Lives were bleſt before,
And modeſt Nature cou'd deſire no more;
But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'ſt care,
And kindly didſt this milky Fruit prepare.
The poor Man's Feaſt, but ſuch delicious Cheer
Did never at *Apicius* Board appear;

The

The grateful *Ceres* with this Plant is said
Her hoſpitable Hoſt to have repaid;
Yet with no vernal Bloom the Tree ſupply'd;
To lighter Plants, ſaid ſhe, I leave that Pride;
To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dreſs,
Who meretricious qualities confeſs,
And who like wanton Proſtitutes expoſe
Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Noſe.
My Fruit, like a Chaſt Matron does proceed,
And has of painted Ornament no need,
They ſtudy Dreſs, but mine Fertility;
Forcing her Off ſpring from her ſolid Tree.
Through haſte ſometimes abortive Births ſhe bears,
But ever makes amends in thoſe ſhe rears.
For whom her full-charg'd Veins ſupplies afford,
Like a ſtrong Nurſe with Milk ſhe's ever ſtor'd.
Our Voice by thee refreſh'd, ingrateful 'twere
If, *Fig-Tree*, thy juſt praiſe it ſhou'd forbear;
The Paſſes of our vital Breath by thee
Are ſmooth'd and clear'd, obſtructed Lungs ſet free.
Nor only doſt to Speech a Friend appear,
Ev'n for that Speech thou doſt unlock the Ear,
Set'ſt open the gate, and giv'ſt it entrance there.
The fouleſt Ulcers putrid ſinks are drein'd
By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage reſtrain'd;
The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leproſie;
Kings-evil, Cancers, Warts are cur'd by thee:
Of flaming Gout thou doſt ſuppreſs the Rage;
Of Dropſie thou the deluge doſt aſſwage.
'Twere endleſs all thy Vertues to recite,
With all the Hoſts of Poyſons thou doſt fight,
Aided by *Rue* and *Nut* put'ſt *Africa* to flight.
Encounter'ſt the Diſeaſes of the Air,
And baneful Miſchiefs ſecret Star prepare;
Whence does this Vegetative Courage riſe?
Even angry *Jove* himſelf thou doſt deſpiſe,
His Lightning's furious Sallies thou doſt ſee,
That ſpares not his own Conſecrated Tree,
While he with Temples does wild havock make,
While Mountains rend, and Earths foundations quake,
Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is ſeen to ſhake.
Hail *Bacchus*! hail, thou powerful God of Wine,
Hail *Bacchus* hail! here comes thy darling Vine,
Drunk with her own rich Juice, ſhe cannot ſtand,
But comes ſupported by her Husbands hand,
The luſty *Elm* ſupports her ſtagg'ring Tree;
My beſt-lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee?
Bow down thy juicy Cluſters to my Lip,
Thy Nectar ſweets I wou'd not lightly ſip;

Phitalus who kindly entertain'd her, and in return receiv'd from her the *Fig-Tree*. *Pauſan.*

But

But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were ſwell'd,
Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd.
What God ſo far a Poets friend will be,
Who from great *Orpheus* draws his Pedigree?
(And tho his Muſe comes ſhort of *Orpheus* fame,
Yet ſeems inſpir'd, and may the *Ivy* claim)
To place him on *Mount Iſmarus*, or where
Campanian Hills the ſweeteſt Cluſters bear,
Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow,
With *Phœbus* beams above, *Veſuvius* flames below,
Or in the fortunate *Canarian Iſles*,
Or where *Burgundia*'s purple Vintage ſmiles.
'Tis fit the Poet ſhould beneath their ſhade
Tranſported lye, or on their Hills run mad,
His Veins, his Soul ſwell'd with th' Inſpiring God,
Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful voice diſcharge agen
The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank ſo largely in.
O vital Tree, what bleſſings doſt thou ſend?
Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend,
Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joys, and Martial Fire,
Theſe are thy Fruits, thy Cluſters theſe inſpire;
The various Poyſons which ill Fortune breeds
(Not *Pontus* ſo abounds with baneful weeds,
Nor *Africa* ſo many Serpents feeds)
By thy rich Antidote defeated are,
'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War,
But 'tis when thou our Cordial art not by,
They watch their time and take us when w' are Dry.
Thou mak'ſt the Captive too forget his chain,
By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again,
The Exul thou reſtor'ſt, the Candidate
Without the Peopl's Vote thou doſt create,
And mak'ſt him a *Caninian* Magiſtrate.
Like kind *Veſpaſian* thou Mankind mak'ſt glad,
None from thy preſence e'er departed ſad.
What more can be to *Wiſdom*'s School aſſign'd,
Than from prevailing Miſts to purge the Mind?
From thee the beſt Philoſophy does ſpring,
Thou canſt exalt the Beggar to a King;
Th' unletter'd Peaſant who can compaſs thee,
As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he.
Thy Tranſports are but ſhort, I do confeſs,
But ſo are the Delights Mankind poſſeſs,
Our Life itſelf is ſhort, and will not ſtay,
Then let us uſe thy Bleſſing while we may,
And make it in full ſtreams of Wine more ſmoothly paſs
The Vine retires; with loud and juſt Applauſe
Of *European* Gods; — As ſhe withdraws

Caninius was Conſul but ſeven hours, dying the ſame day he was choſen.

Each

Each in his Hand a ſwelling Cluſter preſt;
But *Bacchus* much more ſportive than the reſt,
Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-ſtones drein'd,
And puts it in *Omelichilus* hand:
Take off this Draught, ſaid he, if thou art wiſe,
'Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.
He, unaccuſtom'd to the acid Juice
Storm'd, and with blows had anſwer'd the Abuſe,
But fear'd t' engage the *European* Gueſt,
Whoſe Strength and Courage had ſubdu'd the *Eaſt*.
He therefore chooſes a leſs dang'rous fray,
And ſummons all his Country's Plants away:
Forthwith in decent Order they appear,
And various Fruits on various Branches wear;
Like *Amazons* they ſtand in painted Arms,
Coca alone appear'd with little Charms,
Yet lead the Van, our ſcoffing *Venus* ſcorn'd
The ſhrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd.
The *Indian* Plants, ſaid ſhe, are like to ſpeed
In this Diſpute of the moſt fertile Breed,
Who chooſe a *Dwarf* and *Eunuch* for their Head.
Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what ſhe ſaid.
Pachamama defends her darling Tree,
And ſaid the wanton Goddeſs was too free,
You only know the fruitfulneſs of Luſt,
And therefore here your Judgment is unjuſt,
Your skill in other off-ſprings we may truſt,
With thoſe Chaſt Tribes that no diſtinction know
Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do.
Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear,
This Tree in Fruits the richeſt does appear,
It bears the beſt, and bears 'em all the year.
Ev'n now with Fruits 'tis ſtor'd — why laugh you yet?
Behold how thick with Leaves it is beſet,
Each Leaf is Fruit, and ſuch ſubſtantial Fare
No Fruit beſide to Rival it will dare.
Mov'd with his Countries coming Fate, (whoſe Soil
Muſt for her Treaſures be expos'd to ſoil)
Our *Varicocha* firſt this *Coca* ſent,
Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nouriſhment,
Whoſe Juice ſuce'd in, and to the Stomach tak'n
Long Hunger and long Labour can ſuſtain;
From which our faint and weary Bodies find
More Succour, more they chear the drooping Mind,
Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd.
Three Leaves ſupply for ſix days march afford,
The *Quitoita* with this Proviſion ſtor'd
Can paſs the vaſt and cloudy *Andes* o'er,
The dreadful *Andes* plac'd 'twixt Winters ſtore

Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth,
That gives the ſmall but valiant *Coca* Birth;
This Champion that makes war-like *Venus* Mirth.
Nor *Coca* only uſeful art at home,
A famous Merchandize thou art become;
A thouſand *Paci* and *Vicugni* groan,
Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy ſake alone
The ſpacious World's to us by Commerce known.
Thus ſpake the Goddeſs, (on her painted Skin
Were figures wrought) and next calls *Hovia* in,
That for its ſtony Fruit may be deſpis'd,
But for its Vertue next to *Coca* priz'd.
Her ſhade by wond'ous Influence can compoſe,
And lock the Senſes in ſuch ſweet Repoſe,
That oft the Natives of a diſtant Soil
Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil,
Only to ſleep beneath her Branches ſhade:
Where in tranſporting Dreams entranc'd they lye,
And quite forget the *Spaniards* Tyranny.
The Plant (at *Braſil Bacoua* call'd) the name
Of th' Eaſtern *Plane-Tree* takes, but not the ſame:
Bears Leaves ſo large, one ſingle Leaf can ſhade
The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid;
Under whoſe verdant Leaves fair Apples grow,
Sometimes two hundred on a ſingle Bough;
Th' are gather'd all the year, and all the year
They ſpring, for like the *Hydra* they appear,
To ev'ry one you take ſucceeds a Golden Heir.
'Twere loſs of time to gather one by one,
Its Boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done;
New-ſprouting Branches ſtill the loſs repair,
What would ſo ſoon return 'twere vain to ſpare.
The *Indian Fig-Tree* next did much ſurpriſe
With her ſtrange figure all our Deities.
Amongſt whom, one, too raſhly did exclaim
(For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful ſhame)
This is a Cheat, a work of Art, ſaid he,
And therefore ſtretcht his hand to touch the Tree;
At which the *Indian* Gods laugh'd out a loud,
And ours, no leſs ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtood,
For lo! the Plant her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,
Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd;
New Leaves, and ſtill from them new Leaves unfold,
A ſight 'mongſt Prodigies to be enroll'd;
The *Tuna* to the *Indian Fig* a kin
(The Glory of *Tlaſcalla*) next came in;
But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,
Than th' other's Leaves, for living Fruit ſhe bears
To her alone great *Varicocha* gave
The Privilege, that ſhe for Fruit ſhould have

Live

Live Creatures that with purple Dye adorn
Th' Imperial Robe; the precious Tincture's worn
With pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,
But ah! we had not grudg'd that Purple ſpoil,
Our *Cochinel* they freely might have gain'd.
If with no other Blood they had been ſtain'd.
Guatimala produc'd a Fruit unknown
To *Europe*, which with pride ſhe call'd her own;
Her *Cacoa-Nut* with double Uſe endu'd,
(For *Chocolate* at once is Drink and Food)
Does ſtrength and vigour to the Limbs impart,
Makes freſh the Countenance and chears the Heart.
In *Venus* Combat ſtrangely does excite
The fainting Warriour to renew the fight;
Not all *Potoſi's* ſilver Grove can be
Of equal value to this uſeful Tree,
Nor cou'd the wretched hungry owner dine,
Rich *Cartama*, upon thy Golden Mine.
Of old the wiſer *Indians* never made
Their Gold or Silver the ſupport of Trade,
Nor us'd for Life's ſupport what well they knew
Uſeleſs to Life, at beſt, and ſometime hurtful too.
With Nuts inſtead of Coin they bought and ſold,
Their Wealth by *Cacao's*, not by Sums, they told,
One Tree, the growing Treaſure of the Field,
Both Food and Cloths did to its owner yield;
Procur'd all Utenſils, and wanting Bread,
The happy Hoarder on his Money fed.
This was true Wealth, thoſe Treaſures we adore
By Cuſtom valu'd, in themſelves are poor,
And Men may ſtarve amidſt the Golden ſtore.
Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,
And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniards* known.
The *Aguacat* no leſs is *Venus* Friend
(To th' *Indies Venus* Conqueſt does extend)
A fragrant Leaf the *Aguacata* bears,
Her Fruit in faſhion of an Egg appears;
With ſuch a white and ſpermy Juice it ſwells,
As repreſents moiſt Life's firſt Principles.
The *Cacao's* owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the *Metla*, may ſupply
Himſelf with almoſt all things he can want;
From *Metla's* almoſt all-ſufficient Plant;
Metla to paſs as Money does deſpile,
Or Traffick ſerve, itſelf is Merchandiſe.
She bears no nuts for Boys, nor luſcious Fruit,
That may with nice Effem'nate Palates ſuit,
Her very Tree is fruit; her Leaves when young,
Are wholeſom Food, for Garments ſerve when ſtrong;

The Thorn growing at the end of each Leaf, which together with the ſtringy part joyning to it, is uſed in manner of a Needle and Thread to ſew withal.

Nor only ſo, but to make up the Cloth
They furniſh you with Thread and Needle both.
What though her native Soil with drought is curſt,
Cut but her Bark, and you may ſlake your thirſt,
A ſudden Spring will in the Wound appear,
Which through ſtreght paſſes ſtrein'd comes forth more clear;
And though through long Meanders of the Veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and ſweet the Virgin-ſtream remains.
Theſe Gifts for nature might ſufficient be
But bounteous *Metla* ſeem'd too ſmall for thee;
Thou gratifi'ſt our very Luxury.
For liqu'riſh Palates Honey thou doſt bear,
For theſe whoſe Guſt wants quickning, Vinegar.
But theſe are trifles, thou doſt Wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the Heart.
If any wretch of Poverty complains,
Thou pour'ſt a golden Stream into his Veins.
The pooreſt *Indian* ſtill is rich in thee,
In ſpight of *Spaniſh* Conqueſts ſtill is free,
The *Spaniard*'s King is not ſo bleſt as he.
If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,
Becauſe no Cryſtal Water looks more fine,
Let him but drink he'll find the weak Nymph fled,
And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her ſtead.
To all theſe Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,
Thou giv'ſt us ſov'reign Med'cines too for Health:
Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth,
Thou ſhedſt no Tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than faireſt Gems, no Lover more can prize
The tears in his conſenting Miſtris Eyes,
When in his Arms the painting Virgin lies:
No Antidote affords more preſent aid
'Gainſt doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous Arrows made.
Almoſt all Needs thou *Metla* doſt ſupply,
Yet muſt not therefore bear thy ſelf too high;
While th' all-ſufficient *Coccus Tree* is by.
To *Coccus* thou muſt yield the Victory.
While ſhe preſerves this *Indian* Palm alone,
America can never be undone,
Embowell'd and of all her Gold bereft,
Her liberty and *Coccus* only left,
She's richer than the *Spaniards* with his theft.
What ſenſleſs Miſer by the Gods abhorr'd,
Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford?
Houſe, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine,
Supplies both Meat and Diſh, both Cup and Wine.
Oyl, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,
And poignant Sawce to whet the Appetite.

Nor is her ſervice to the Land confin'd
For Ships intire compos'd of her we find,
Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Maſt,
Wherewith the Veſſel fitted up, at laſt
With her own Ware is freighted, all ſhe bears
Is *Coccus* growth, except her Mariners;
Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude
Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their food.

The *Indian* Gods with wild and barb'rous voice
And Geſtures rude, tumultuouſly rejoice;
Ours as aſtoniſh'd and with envious Eyes
Each other view'd, if as weak Men ſurmiſe,
Envy can touch immortal Deities.
My modeſt Muſe that Centure does decline,
Nor dares interpret ill of Pow'rs Divine.
The *Indian* Pow'rs (though yet they had not ſhown
The hundredth part of Plants to *India* known)
Already did conclude the Day their own.
Raſh and impatient round the Goddeſs throng,
And think her Verdict is deferr'd too long.

Pomona ſeated high above the reſt,
Was cautiouſly revolving in her Breaſt,
(The cauſe depending was no trifling toy,
That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ)
T' expreſs her ſelf at large ſhe did deſign,
And handſomly the Sentence to decline,
(If I many gueſs at what the Goddeſs meant)
But lo! a ſlight and ſudden Accident
Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment.
For, during th' tryal, the moſt tipling Brace,
Omelochilus of the *Indian* Race,
And our * *Lenæus*, at whate'er was ſpoke
Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took
And drank to t' other, him the *Metla*-Tree
Supply'd with juice, thy Vine, *Lenæus* thee:
Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up,
And gave a brisk Huzza at ev'ry Cup.
Their Heads at laſt the riſing vapour gains
And proves too hard for their immortal Brains,
With mutual Repartees they jok'd at firſt,
Till growing more incens'd they ſwore and curſt;
Omelochilus does no longer dread
(With preſent *Metla* warm'd) the *Grecian* God,
But throws a Coco Bowl at *Bacchus* Head
Which ſpoil'd his Draught; but left his forehead ſound,
And reſts betwixt his Horns without a wound.
Bacchus enrag'd with Wine and paſſion too,
With all his might his maſſy Goblet threw,

* *Bacchus.*

Directly

Directly levell'd at the Ruſtick's Face,
That laid him bruis'd and ſprawling on the place:
He in his native Gibb'riſh cries aloud,
And with his Noiſe alarms the ſavage Crowd;
Gnaſhing their foamy Teeth, like Beaſts of prey,
Promiſcuouſly they bellow, roar and bray;
The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,
The very Iſland trembles with the ſound.
Next him *Vitziliputli* ſat, in ſmoak
Of foul *Tobacco* almoſt hid, that broke
In Belches from his gormandizing Maw,
Where humane fleſh as yet lay crude and raw,
Throwing in rage his hindled Pipe aſide
And ſnatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd.
Teſcalipuca (of the ſalvage Band
The next in fierceneſs) took his Spear in hand,
And all in Arms the barb'rous Legion ſtand.
The Goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The Thickets, frighted *Venus* bore in mind
Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where Gods engage?
Pallas, who onely courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful *Olive* did diſplay:
The gods with manly weapons in their Hand
Devot'd to the dire Encounter ſtand;
Moſt woful ſome had that days Battle found,
And long been maim'd with many an aking wound,
(For to ſuppoſe th' Immortals can be ſlain
Though with Immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not *Apollo* in the nick of time
Found out a Strat'gem to divert that Crime;
Which with his double Title did agree
The God of Wit and healing Deity;
None better knew than he to uſe the Bow,
But now reſolv'd his nobler Skill to ſhow
Sweet Muſicks Pow'r; he takes his Lyre in hand,
And does forthwith ſuch charming ſounds command,
As ſtruck the Ear of Gods with new delight,
When Nature did this world's great frame unite:
When jarring Elements their War did ceaſe,
And danc'd themſelves into harmonious Peace.
Such ſtreins had ſurely charm'd the *Centaur*'s Rage,
Such ſtreins the raving Billows cou'd aſſwage;
Wild Hurricanes had due obedience ſhown,
And to attend his ſounds ſuppreſt their own.
The wrangling Gueſts at once appear bereſt
Of ev'ry ſenſe, their Hearing only left.
Vitziliputli, fierceſt of the Crew,
While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew,

Lets

Lets fall both Dart and Bow; with lifted Hands
Aſtoniſh'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping ſtands;
So high to raiſe his greedy Ears he's ſaid,
As forc'd his feather'd Di'dem from his Head.
Pomona's Altar hew'd from ſolid Rock
In both his Hands bold *Varicoca* took;
Which like a Thunder-bolt he wou'd have hurld,
(He is the Thund'rer in the *Indian* world)
But at the firſt ſweet ſtrain forgot his heat,
Laid down the ſtone, and us'd it for a Seat:
His raviſh'd Ears the peaceful ſounds devour,
His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more.
Their Magick force in ſpight of his diſgrace
And gore yet ſtreaming from his batter'd Face,
Omelichilus ſelf did reconcile;
At firſt, 'tis true, he did but faintly ſmile,
But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;
For ſuch the ſacred Charms of Meaſures are;
The ambient Air ſtruck with the healing ſounds
Of *Phœbus* Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds.
Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches cloſe,
For pow'rful Muſick all things can compoſe.
Pleas'd with his Art's ſucceſs, *Apollo* ſmil'd
To ſee the aukward Mirth and Geſtures wild
Of his charm'd Audience; having thus ſubdu'd
Their raviſh'd ſenſe, his Conqueſt he purſu'd,
And ſtill to make the pleaſing Spell more ſtrong,
Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.
He ſung, how th' inſpir'd Hero's mind beheld
A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd. *Columbus.*
Moſt happy thou whoſe Fancy cou'd deſcry
A World ſeen only by my circling-Eye.
Thou who alone in Toils haſt equal'd me,
Great *Alexander* is out-done by thee;
By thee whoſe Skill cou'd find and courage gain
That other world for which he wiſh'd in vain.
Not my own Poets Tales cou'd thee deceive,
No credit to their fables thou didſt give,
Me, weary'd with my Day's hard courſe, they feign
To reſt each Night in the *Heſperian* Main,
Can *Phœbus* tire? my great *Columbus* thou
Didſt better judg, and *Phœbus* better know.
For I my ſelf did then thy thoughts incline,
Inſpir'd thy Skill, and urg'd the bold Deſign;
Herculean Limits cou'd not thee contain
Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd Man;
Nor Nature's awful Darkneſs cou'd reſtrain.
Thy Native worlds dear ſight for three Months loſt,
For three long Months on the wide Ocean toſt.

New

New Stars, new Floods, and Monſters thou didſt ſpy
Unterrify'd thy ſelf, new Gods didſt terrifie:
Thou only thou undaunted didſt appear,
While thy faint Comrades half expir'd with fear;
They urge thee to return and threaten high,
When, *Guanahan*, thy Watch-light they deſcry,
Thy flaming Beacon from a far they ſpy:
Whoſe happy Light to their tranſported Eyes
Diſcloſes a new World; with joyful cries
They hail the ſign that to a golden Soil
Unlock'd the Gate; forgetting now their Toil.
They hug their Guide at whom they late repin'd,
From this ſmall Fire, and for ſmall uſe deſign'd,
How great a light was open'd to Mankind!
How eaſily did Courage find the way
By this Approach to ſeize the golden Prey,
That in a ſecret World's dark Entrails lay!
For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
Or rather what for thirſt of Pow'r and Gold?
While to the ſhoar the *Spaniſh* Navy drew,
The *Indian* Natives with amazement view
Thoſe floating Palaces, which fondly they
Miſtook for living Monſters of the Sea;
Wing'd Whales — nor at the *Spaniards* leſs admire,
A Race of Men with Beards and ſtrange Attire,
Whoſe Iron-dreſs their native Skin they deem'd:
The Horſe-man mounted on his Courſer ſeem'd
To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
A compound Monſter of two Bodies join'd:
That cou'd at once in ſev'ral accents break,
Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other ſpeak.
But moſt the roaring Cannon they admire,
Diſcharging ſulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire;
Mock-thunder now they hear, mock-Light'ning view,
With greater Dread than e'er they did the true.
Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky
(Nor wilt thou *Varicocha* this deny)
Ev'n thou thy ſelf aſtoniſh'd didſt appear
When Mortals louder Thunder thou didſt hear.
Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of things
No leſs amazement to the *Spaniard* brings,
New Forms of Animals their ſight ſurpriſe,
New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities,
Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes.
But moſt tranſported with the glitt'ring Mould,
And wealthy Streams whoſe Sands were fraught with Gold,
Theſe they too much admire, with too much love behold.
For theſe forthwith againſt their Hoſts engage
The treach'rous Gueſts in impious War and Rage;

From

From theſe, inhumane ſlaughter did enſue
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I bluſh'd to view.
By ſudden force, like ſome demoliſh'd Town,
I ſaw the *Indian* world at once o'rthrown.
What can this Land by this Diſpute intend?
About his Fruits ſhe does in vain contend,
Who knows not how her Entrails to defend.
Thy Slaughters paſt, do thou at length forget
For with no ſmall Revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater Comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate whoſe bitter Part is o'er
And all the ſweet for thee reſerv'd in ſtore.
Here *Phœbus* his moſt chearful Airs employs,
And melts their ſavage Hearts in promis'd Joys.
They felt his Muſick glide through ev'ry vein,
Their brawny Limbs from Dancing ſcarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming ſtrain.
That Gold which *Europe* raviſh'd from your Coaſt
O'er *Europe* now a Tyrants pow'r does boaſt.
Already has more Miſchiefs brought on *Spain*
Than from inſulting *Spaniards* you ſuſtain.
Where'er it comes all Laws are ſtraight diſſolv'd,
In gen'ral Ruin all things are involv'd:
No Land can breed a more deſtructive Peſt
Grieve not that of your Bane you're diſpoſſeſt
Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the reſt.
The fatal *Helen* drive from your Aboads,
Th' *Erinnys* that has ſet both worlds at odds.
Fire, Sword and ſlaughter on her footſteps wait;
Whole Empires ſhe betrays to utmoſt Fate.
Mean while theſe benefits of Life you reap
Conſider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former ſalvage Cuſtoms are remov'd,
The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd:
With humane fleſh no more they ſhall be fed;
Whether dire Famine firſt that practice bred,
Or more deteſted Luxury ——
Not long ſhalt thou *Vitziliputli* feed;
On bloody feaſts, or ſmoak thy *Indian* weed;
E'er long (like Us) with pure Ambroſial Fare
Thou ſhalt be pleas'd, and taſt Celeſtial Air.
To live by wholeſom Laws you now begin,
Buildings to raiſe and fence your Cities in,
To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,
And Traffick with the Univerſe maintain;
Defenſive Arms and Ornaments of Dreſs,
All Implements of Life you now poſſeſs.
To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,
And whole *Minerva* is become your own.

Our Muſes to your Sires an unknown Band,
Already have got footing in your Land,
And like the Soil ——
Inca's already have Hiſtorians been,
And *Inca*-Poets ſhall ere long be ſeen.
But (if I fail not in my Augury
And who can better judg events than I?)
Long rowling years ſhall late bring on the times,
When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes,
Europe (the world's moſt noble Part) ſhall fall,
Upon her baniſh'd Gods and Vertue call
In vain; while forein and domeſtick War
At once ſhall her diſtracted Boſom tear;
Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you ——
Mean while your riſing Glory you ſhall view;
Wit, Learning, Vertue, Diſcipline of War
Shall for protection to your world repair,
And fix a long illuſtrious Empire there.
Your native Gold (I would not have it ſo
But fear th'Event) in time will follow too:
O, ſhould that fatal Prize return once more,
'Twill hurt your Countrey as it did before.

Late Deſtiny ſhall high exalt your Reign
Whoſe Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needleſs Train,
Nor Gold (the Rabble's Idol) ſhall ſupport
Like *Motezume's*, or *Guanapaci's* Court.
But ſuch true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,
Where Fortune was a Slave and Vertue Reign'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK VI.

SYLVA.

CEASE, O my Muſe, the ſoft delights to ſing
Of flowry Gardens in their fragrant Spring;
And trace the rougher paths of obſcure Woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'er grown with Shrubs:
Where *Phœbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no ray
T' inſpire thy flight, and make the Scene look gay.
Courage, my Huntreſs, let us range the Glades,
And ſearch the inmoſt Grotto's of the Shades:
Ev'n to the lone Receſſes let us paſs,
Where the green Goddeſs reſts on Beds of Moſs.
Let looſe, my Fancy, ſwift of foot to trace
With a ſagacious ſcent the noble chaſe,
And with a joyful cry purſue the Prey;
'Tis hidden Nature we muſt rouſe to day.
Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,
Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And ſeize her panting with her eager haſt.
Nor yet diſdain, my Muſe, in Groves to range,
Or humbler Woods for nobler Orchards change.
Here Deities of old have made abode,
And once ſecur'd Great *Charles* our earthly God.
The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate,
Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:
The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance ſpread
Their ſheltring Branches round his awful Head,
Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.
To thee, belov'd of Heaven, to thee we ſing
Of ſacred Groves blooming perpetual Spring.
Mayſt thou be to my Rural Verſe and Me
A preſent and aſſiſting Diety.
Diſdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,
Who its lov'd Monarch did ſecure ſo well.

Th' Eternal *Oak* now conſecrate to thee
No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne ſhall be.
We'll place thee Conqu'ror now, and crown thy brows
With Garlands made of its young gayeſt boughs:
While from our oaten Pipes the world ſhall know
How much they to this ſacred ſhelter owe.
And you, the ſoft Inhab'tants of the Groves,
You Wood-Nymphs, Hamadryades and Loves,
Satyrs and Fauns, who in theſe Arbors play,
Permit my Song, and give my Muſe her way.
She tells of ancient Woods the wondrous things,
Of Groves long veil'd in ſacred darkneſs ſings,
And a new Light into your Gloom ſhe brings,
Let it be lawful for me to unfold
Divine Decrees that never yet were told:
The Harangues of the Wood Gods to rehearſe,
And ſing of Flowry Senates in my Verſe.
Voices unknown to Man he now ſhall hear,
Who always ignorant of what they were,
Have paſs'd 'em by with a regardleſs ear;
Thought 'em the murmurings of the ruffled Trees,
That mov'd and wanton'd with the ſporting Breeze.
Daphne being turn'd into a Laurel. But *Daphne* knew the Myſt'ries of the Wood,
And made diſcov'ries to her am'rous God;
Apollo me inform'd, and did inſpire
My Soul with his Divine Prophetic fire:
And I, the Prieſt of Plants their ſenſe expound.
Hear, O ye Worlds, and liſten all around.
'Twas now when Royal *Charles* that Prince of Peace,
(That pious Off-ſpring of the Olive Race)
Sway'd *Englands* Scepter with a God-like hand,
Scattering ſoft Eaſe and Plenty o'er the Land,
Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet
Unruffled by the rudeſt ſtorms of Fate,
More fortunate the People, till their Pride
Diſdain'd Obedience to the Sov'reign Guide,
And to a baſe Plebean Senate gave
The Arbitrary Priv'lege to enſlave;
Who through a Sea of Nobleſt Blood did wade,
To tear the Di'dem from the Sacred Head.
Now above Envy, far above the Clouds
The Martyr ſits triumphing with the Gods.
While Peace before to find ſecurity:
In *Britiſh* Groves ſhe built her downy neſt,
No other Climate could afford her reſt:
For warring Winds o'er wretched *Europe* range,
Threatning Deſtruction, univerſal Change.
The raging Tempeſt tore the aged Woods,
Shook the vaſt Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.

Nor

Nor did the fruitful Goddeſs brood in vain,
But here in ſafety hatch'd her golden train.
Juſtice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill
Of uſeful Med'cines known to many an Ill.
Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn*'s ſway,
Eaſie and innocent it paſs'd away:
But too much Lux'ry and good Fortune cloys,
And Vertues ſhe ſhould cheriſh ſhe deſtroys.
What we moſt wiſh, what we moſt toil to gain,
Enjoyment palls, and turns the Bliſs to pain.
Poſſeſſion makes us ſhift our Happineſs,
From peaceful Wives to noiſie Miſtriſſes.
The Repetition makes the Pleaſure dull;
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
O Notion falſe! O Appetite deprav'd,
That has the nobler part of Man enſlav'd.
Man born to Reaſon, does that Safety quit,
To ſplit upon the dangerous Rock of Wit.
Phyſicians ſay, there's no ſuch danger near,
As when, though no ſigns manifeſt appear,
Self-tir'd and dull, man knows not what he ails,
And without toil his Strength and Vigor fails.
Such was the State of *England*, ſick with Eaſe;
Too happy, if ſhe knew her Happineſs.
Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuſe can plead,
That wretched refuge for Ingratitude.
'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came
A kind admon'ſhing Anger to reclaim
In dreadful Prod'gies; but alas, in vain.
So rapid Thunder-bolts before the Flame
Fly, the conſuming Vengeance to proclaim.
I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
And ſtill thoſe horrid Images I bear.
The mournful Signs are preſent to my Eyes.
I ſaw o'er all the Region of the Skies
The Hiſtory of our approaching Wars
Writ in the Heav'ns in wond'rous Characters.
The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,
And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms,
And form'd an Image of th' Infernal Hell;
(I ſhake with the portentous thing I tell)
Like ſulph'rous waves the horrid Flames did roll,
Whoſe raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole;
Then ſuddenly the burſtin Clouds divide,
A Fire-like burning mounts on either ſide,
Diſcov'ring (to th'aſtoniſh'd World) within
At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene:
Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array
Ready by Combat to diſpute the day:

This relation of Prodigies Mr. *Cowley* aſſures to be true; *Veram eſſe in me recipio.* In the Margin to the Original.

Their

Their waving Plumes and glittering Armour ſhone,
Mov'd by the Winds and guilded by the Sun.
So well in order ſeem'd each fearleſs Rank,
As they'd been marſhall'd by our Hero, *Monk*,
Monk, born for mighty things and great command,
The glorious Pillar of out falling Land.
Perhaps his Genius on the Royal ſide
One of thoſe Heav'nly Figures did deſcribe,
Here pointed out to us his noble force,
And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horſe.
We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet ſound,
We ſaw the fire-wing'd Horſes fiercely meet,
And with their fatal Spears each other greet.
Here ſhining brandiſh'd Pikes like Lightning ſhook,
While from Ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.
With gloomy Miſts th' involv'd the Plains of Heaven,
And to the Cloud-begotten men was given
A memorable Fate —
By the dire Splendor which their Arms diſplay'd,
And dreadful Lightning that from Cannons play'd,
We ſaw extended o're the Aereal Plain
The wounded Bodies of the numerous ſlain.
(Their Faces fierce with anger underſtood)
Turning the Sky red with their guſhing Blood,
At laſt that Army we the Juſt eſteem'd,
And which adorn'd by nobleſt Figures ſeem'd
Of Arms and Men, alas! was put to flight;
The reſt was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night,
And Fates to come ſecur'd from humane ſight.
But ſtupid *England* touch'd with no remorſe,
Beholds theſe Prodigies as things of courſe.
(With many more, which to the Juſt appear'd
As ominous Preſages.) Then who fear'd
The Monſters of the *Caledonian* Woods,
Or the hid ferments of Schiſmatick Crowds?
Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,
For *England*'s Ruin, and for *England*'s Shame.
Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort
By ſigns the reſtive City and the Court.
Th' impending Fates o'er all the Thickets reign'd,
And Ruin to the *Engliſh* Wood proclaim'd,
We ſaw the ſturdy Oaks of monſtrous growth,
Whoſe ſpreading roots fix'd in their native Earth,
Where for a thouſand years in peace they grew,
Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zephirus* blew.
But who ſuch violent Outrages could find
To be th' effects of the ſoft Weſtern wind?
The *Dryads* ſaw the right hand of the Gods
O'erturn the nobleſt ſhelters of the Woods

Others

Others their Arms with baneful leaves were clad,
That new unuſual Forms and Colours had,
Whence now no *Aromatic* moiſture flows,
Or noble *Miſſeltoe* enrich the boughs.
But bow'd with Galls, within whoſe boding hulls
Lurk'd Flies, diviners of enſuing ills.
Whoſe fatal buz did future ſlaughters threat,
And confus'd murmurs full of dread, repeat.
When no rude winds diſturb'd the ambient Air,
The Trees, as weary of repoſe, made war.
With horrid noiſe grappling their knotty Arms,
Like meeting Tides they ruffle into Storms;
But when the Winds to ratling Tempeſts riſe,
Inſtead of warring Trees we heard the Cries
Of warring Men, whoſe dying Groans around
The Woods and mournful Echo's did reſound.
The diſmal Shade with Birds obſcene were fill'd,
Which, ſpight of *Phœbus*, he himſelf beheld.
On the wild Aſhes tops the Bats and Owls,
With all night, ominous and baneful Fowls
Sate brooding, while the Scrieches of theſe Droves
Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.
If ought that Poets do relate be true,
The ſtrange * Spinturnix led the feather'd crew.
Of all the Monſters of the Earth and Air
Spinturnix bears the cruelſt Character.
The barbarous Bird to mortal Eyes unknown
Is ſeen but by the Goddeſſes alone:
And then they tremble; for ſhe always bodes
Some fatal Diſcord, ev'n among the Gods.
But that which gave more wonder than the reſt,
Within an Aſh a Serpent built her neſt,
And laid her Eggs; when once, to come beneath
The very ſhadow of an Aſh, was death:
Rather, if Chance ſhould force, ſhe through the Fire
From its ſaln Leaves ſo baneful, would retire.
But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies
Did more ſurpriſe the Rural Deities,
Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blaſt:
The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel, which by *Jove*'s Divine Decree
Since ancient time from injuring Tempeſts free;
No angry threats from the celeſtial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her Bowers:
But always ſhe enjoy'd a certain Fate,
Which ſhe cou'd ne'er ſecure the Victor yet.
In vain theſe Signs and Monſters were not ſent
From angry Heav'n; the wiſe knew what they meant:
Their coming by Conjectures underſtood,
As did the *Dryads* of the *Britiſh* wood;

* What this Bird truly was, is not known, but it was much dreaded by the *Aruſpices*. *Plin. Servius, &c.*

For the truth hereof take *Pyn's* word, *l.* 16. 13.

There

The Foreſt of *Dean.*

There is an ancient Foreſt known to fame
On this ſide ſep'rate from the *Cambrian* Plain
By wandring *Wye*; whoſe winding Current glides,
And murm'ring Leaves behind its flowry ſides.
On that, 'tis waſh'd by nobler *Severn*'s ſtreams
Whoſe Beauties ſcarce will yield to famous *Thames*.
Of Yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,
As like her ſelf diminiſh'd, into *Dean*.
The curſed Weapons of deſtructive War
In all their Crueſties have made her ſhare;
The Iron has its nobleſt Shades deſtroy'd,
Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd;
And ſo unhappy 'tis as it preſents
Of its own Death the fatal Inſtruments.
With Induſtry its ruin to improve
Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.
Oh Poverty! thou happineſs extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And oh thou ſubtle Treaſure of the Earth,
From whence all Rapes and Miſchiefs take their birth;
And you, triumphing Woods, ſecur'd from ſpoil
By the ſafe bleſſing of your barren Soil.
Here, unconſum'd, how ſmall a part remains
Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains.
Yet that ſmall part that has eſcap'd the Ire
Of lawleſs Steel, and avaritious Fire,
By many Nymphs and Deities poſſeſt
Of all the *Britiſh* ſhades continues ſtill the beſt.
Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been
Of all that ſhady verdant Regions Queen,
To which by Conqueſt ſhe had forc'd the Sea
His conſtant tributary Waves to pay)
Proclaim'd a gen'ral Council through her Court
To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs ſhou'd all reſort.
All the Wood-Goddeſſes do ſtrait appear,
At leaſt who cou'd the *Britiſh* Climate bear,
And on a ſoft aſcent of riſing Ground
Their Queen, their charming *Dryas* they ſurround,
Who all adorn'd was in the middle plac'd.
And by a thouſand awful Beauties grac'd.
Theſe Goddeſſes alike were dreſt in Green,
The Ornaments and Liv'ries of their Queen.
Had Travellers at any diſtance view'd
The beauteous Order of this ſtately Crowd,
They wou'd not gueſs they'd been Divinities,
But Groves all ſacred to the Deities.
Such was the Image of this leafy Scene,
On one ſide water'd by a cooling Stream,
Upon whoſe brink the *Poplar* took her place,
The *Poplar* whom *Alcides* once did grace,

Whoſe

Whose double-colour'd shadow'd Leaves express
The Labours of her Hero *Hercules*:
Whose upper sides are black, the under white
To represent his Toil and his Delight.
The *Phaetonian Alder* next took Place,
Still sensible of the burnt Youths disgrace,
She loves the purling Streams, and often Laves
Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.
Close by her side the Pensive *Willows* join'd,
Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.
**Oleficarpians* call'd, in Youth severe
Before the Winter-age had snow'd their Hair.
In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams,
Mixt with the native coldness of their Veins,
Like *Salamanders* can all Heat remove,
And quite extinguish the quick fire of Love.
Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,
But take delight the Lovers to divide.
The *Elders* next, who though they Waters love
The same from Humane Bodies yet remove,
And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,
And parly with the *Dropsie* in this sense.
" Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood?
" This Soil belongs to Rivolets of Blood.
" Why do you Men torment, when many a shade,
" And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid?
" Begon, from Humane Bodies quick begon,
" And back into your native Channels run
" By every Pore, by all the ways you can.
The Moisture frightned flies at the command
And awful terror of her powerful wand.
The Hospitable *Birch* does next appear,
Joyful and Gay in hot or frigid Air,
Flowing her Hair- her Garments soft and white,
And yet in Cruelty she takes delight,
No wild Inhab'tant of the Woods can be
So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge as she;
In Houses great Authority assumes,
And's the sole punisher of petty Crimes.
But most of all her Malice she employs
In Schools, to terrifie and awe young Boys,
If she chastise, 'tis for the Patients good,
Though oft she blushes with their tender Blood.
Not so the generous *Maples*; they present,
What e'er the City Lux'ry can invent,
VVho with industrious Management and Pains
Divide the Lab'rinth of their curious Grains,
And many necessary things produce,
That serve at once for Ornament and Use.

* That is, a Tribe which early drops its Seed; or which is an Enemy to Venery.

The *Elm.* But thou, O *Pteleas*, to the Swain allows
Shades to his Cattel, Timber for his Plows,
Ennobled thou above the leafie Race
Bacchus, or the *Vine.* In that an Amorous God does thee embrace.
Next the *Oxias* of her self a Grove,
The *Beech.* Whose spreading shade the Flocks and Shepherds love,
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite,
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural Pipe;
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canst always charm,
In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm.
Tityrus of yore the Nymph with Garlands hung,
And all his Love-lays in her shadow sung.
When first the infant World her reign began,
Ere Pride and Lux'ry had corrupted Man,
Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,
The useful Houshold-stuff of *Beech* was made;
Nor other Plate the humble Side-board rest,
No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesom Feast,
Which no voluptuous Cookery cou'd boast,
The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the cost.
The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,
Surpast the loaded Boards of high priz'd Fare.
There came no Guest for Int'rest or Design,
For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.
The *Beechen*-Bowl without Debauch went round,
And was with harmless Mirth and Roses crown'd:
In these — the Ancients in their happy state
Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate.
Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,
They made Libations to the Pow'rs Divine
To keep 'em still benign, no Sacrifice
They need perform the angry Gods t' appease.
They knew no Crimes the Deities to offend,
But all their care was still to keep 'em kind.
No Poyson ever did those Bowls infest,
Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his thirst;
'Twas not that any Vertue in the Wood
Against the baneful Liquor was thought good,
But Poverty and Innocence were here
The Antidote against all Ills, and Fear.
Such was the *Ash*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,
For peaceful Use, and liberal Vertues fam'd:
But when *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood
Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector*'s Blood,
O wretch'd Glory! O unhappy Pow'r,
She loves the Rain, and neighbouring Floods no more,
No more the falling Showers delight her now,
She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.

Philyra,

Phylira, not Inferiour to her Race, — The *Lime-tree.*
For her *Bel-taille*, good Mien and handsom Grace,
For pious use, and noblest studies fit,
Minerva here might exercise her wit,
And on the lasting Vellum which she brings,
May in small Volumes write Seraphic things;
'Mongst all the Nymphs and Hamadryades,
There's none so fair, and so adorn'd as this.
All soft her Body, Innocent and White,
In her Green flowing Hair she takes delight,
Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far she spreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades.
Her native Beauties even excelling Art;
Her Vertues many Medicines still impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does rest,
And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the Best.
Next her *Orcimelis* and *Achras* stood, — *Wood-pear* and
Whose Off-spring is a sharp and rigid Brood, — *Crab-apple.*
A Fruit no Season e'er cou'd work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all ripening Sun.
Hither the fair Amphibious Nymphs resort,
Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court,
The *Ouas*, but of no ignoble Fame, — *Service-Tree.*
Although she bears a base and servile Name,
Sharp *Oxyachantha*, next the *Mulberry* stood, — *Barberry.*
The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapless Lovers blood.
Craneia, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd, — *Pyramus* and
But hard gain'd *Carya* is by all desir'd, — *Cornelian-berry.*
The pretty *Corylus* so neat and trim, — Wall Nut.
And *Castanis* with rough ungrateful Skin. — Small Nuts.
These Nymphs of all their Race live rich and high,
They taste the City Garden Luxury,
And Woods their Country *Villa*'s do supply.
Nor was the *Hawthorn* absent from this place,
All Soils are native to her hardned Race,
Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,
She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.
Helvetia rough with Cold and Stones first bred
The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled, — *Switzerland.*
Of her a warlike sturdy Race was born,
Whose dress nor Court, nor City can adorn,
But with a faithful hand they both defend
While they upon no Garison depend,
No show, or noisie Grandeur they affect,
But to their Trust they'r constant and exact:
Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battle-array,
All muster'd in due order, you wou'd say,
That no *Militia* were so fine and gay.
Let none the Ancients rashly then reproach,
Who cut from hence the Hymeneal Torch.

Since they ſuch ſafeguards were 'gainſt Thieves and Beaſts,
Which with an equal force their charge moleſts.
And 'twas commanded they ſhould always bear
Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.
With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,
All her Companions to the Circle came.
The fruitful *Bullace* firſt, whoſe Off-ſpring are,
Though harſh and ſharp, yet moderately fair.
The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Roſe*
So nice and coy, they never will diſpoſe
Their valu'd Favours, but ſome wounds they give
To thoſe who will their guarded Joys receive.
No leſs a Troop of thoſe gay Nymphs were ſeen,
Who nobly flouriſh in Eternal Green,
Unſubject to the Laws o'th' changing Year,
They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.
But happy in their own peculiar Spring,
While the Pole weeps in ſhowers, they laugh and ſing.
The *Box-tree.* The generous *Pyxias*, who a Conqueſt gains
O'er armed Winter with her Hoſt of Rains,
All Ages ſhe ſubdues: devouring Time
In vain endeavours to deſtroy her prime;
Still in her Youth and Beauty ſhe ſurvives,
When all the Spring is dead, ſhe ſmiles and lives:
Yet though ſhe's obſtinate to time, and ſtorms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms;
To artful Maſters ſhe Obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand with eaſe ſhe bends.
Into a thouſand True-loves knots ſhe twines,
And with a verdant Wall the Flow'rs confines,
Still looking up with gay and youthful Love
To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above.
Or if you pleaſe, ſhe will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her ſtature vie,
And chearfully will any figure take,
Whether Man, or Lyon, or a Bird you make,
Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot ſhow,
Or ſometimes like a *Hercules* ſhe grow:
And hence *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,
When with Green Gods the Gardens he adorns.
Nor yet being dead does of leſs uſe appear
To the Induſtrious Artificer:
From her the nobleſt Figures do ariſe,
And almoſt are Immortal Deities;
Of her the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,
That charms its native Mountain and its ſhade,
That in ſuch tuneful Harmonies expreſs
The Praiſes of their Goddeſs *Cibeles.*
Combs made of its Wood. With this the lovely Femals dreſs their Hair,
That not leaſt powerful Beauty of the Fair,
Their nobleſt Ornament and th' Lovers ſnare.

This

This into form the beauteous Nets ſtill lay
That the poor heedleſs Gazer does betray.
Agrias is content with eaſier ſpoils, — The *Holly*.
Only for ſilly Birds ſhe pitches toyls. — Hereof Bird-Lime is made.
The wanton Bird ſhe ſtops upon the wing,
And can forbid the inſolence of Men;
With a Defence the Garden ſhe ſupplys,
And does perpetually delight the Eyes:
Her ſhining Leaves a lovely green produce,
And ſerve at once for Ornament and Uſe.
Deform'd *December* by her Poſie-boughs
All deck'd and dreſt like joyful *April* ſhows
Cold Winter-days ſhe both adorns and chears.
While ſhe her conſtant ſpringing Livery wears.
* *Camaris*, who in *Winter* give their Birth, — * *Strawberry* Tree.
Not humble creeping on the ſervile Earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whoſe *Sylvan* food unhappy *Janus* feeds.
His hungry Appetite he here deſtroys
And both his ravenous Mouths at once deſtroys.
* *Phillyrea*, here and *Pyracantha* riſe, — * Ever-green *Privet*, and prickly *Coral*-Tree.
Whoſe Beauty only gratifies the Eyes
Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford
But to the welcome though unbidden Bird,
Here gratefully in *Winter* they repay
For all the Summer Songs that made their Groves ſo gay.
Next came the melancholy *Yew*, who mourns
With ſilent Languor at the Warriers Urns,
See where ſhe comes all in black ſhadow veil'd,
Ah too unhappy Nymph on every aſide aſſail'd!
Whom the *Greek* Poets and Hiſtorians blame,
(Deceiv'd by eaſie faith and common fame)
Thee as a guilty priſoner they preſent;
Oh falſe Aſperſers of the Innocent!
If Poets may find credit when they ſpeak,
(At leaſt all thoſe who are not of the *Greek*)
No baneful Poiſon, no Malignant dew
Lurks in, or hangs about the harmleſs *Yew*,
No ſecret miſchief dares the Nymph invade,
And thoſe are ſafe that ſleep beneath her ſhade.
* Nor thou *Arceuthis*, art an Enemy — * *Juniper* Tree.
To the ſoft Notes of charming Harmony.
Falſly the chief of Poets would perſuade
That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal ſhade,
Thy Aromatick ſhade, whoſe verdant Arms
Even thy own uſeful fruits ſecures from harms;
Many falſe Crimes to thee they attribute,
Wou'd no falſe Vertues too, they wou'd to thee impute.
But thou *Sabina*, my impartial Muſe — *Savin.*
Cannot with any honeſty excuſe,

By

By thee, the firſt new ſparks of Life, not yet
Struck up to ſhining flame to mature heat,
Sprinkled by thy moiſt Poyſon fade and die,
Fatal *Sabina* Nymph of Infamy.
For this the *Cypreſs* thee Companion calls,
Who piouſly attends at Funerals:
But thou more barbarous, doſt thy pow'r employ,
And even the unborn Innocent deſtroy.
Like Fate deſtructive thou, without remorſe,
While ſhe the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.
Such *Cyparifſus* was, that baſhful Boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day;
Of ſuch a tender mind, ſo ſoft a Breaſt,
With ſo compaſſionate a Grief oppreſt,
For wounding his lov'd Dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his ſighing Soul away.
Apollo pitying it, renew'd his fate
And to the *Cypreſs* did the Boy tranſlate,
And gave his hapleſs life a longer Date.
Then thus decreed the God—— and thou oh Tree,
Chief Mourner at all Funerals ſhalt be.
And ſince ſo ſmall a cauſe ſuch grief cou'd give,
Be't ſtill thy Talent (pitying youth) to grieve.
Sacred be thou in *Pluto*'s dark abodes,
For ever ſacred to th' Infernal Gods!
This ſaid, well skill'd in truth he did bequeath
Eternal life to the dire Tree of Death,
A ſubſtance that no Worm can ever ſubdue
Whoſe never-dying Leaves each Day renew,
Whoſe Figures like aſpiring flames ſtill riſe,
And with a noble Pride ſalute the Skies.
Next the fair Nymph that *Phœbus* does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore:
She hates all fires, and with averſion ſtill
She chides and crackles if the flame ſhe feel.
Yet though ſhe's chaſt, the burning God no leſs
Adores, and makes his Love his Propheteſs.
And even the Murmurs of her ſcorn do now
For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.
Nor does the Humble, though the ſacred Tree
Fear wounds for any Earthly Enemy?
For ſhe beholds when loudeſt ſtorms abound,
The flying thunder of the Gods around,
Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will
Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it ſtill.
Oh thou! ——
Of all the woody Nations happieſt made
Thou greateſt Princeſs of the fragrant ſhade,
But ſhou'd the Goddeſs *Dryas* not allow
That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,

At

At leaſt her juſtice muſt this truth confeſs
If not a Princeſs, thou'rt a Propheteſs,
And all the Glories of immortal Fame
Which conquering Monarchs ſo much ſtrive to gain,
Is but at beſt from thy triumphing Boughs
To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,
And after Monarchs, Poets claim a ſhare
As the next worthy thy priz'd wreaths to wear.
Among that number, do not me diſdain,
Me, the moſt humble of that glorious Train,
I by a double right thy Bouties claim,
Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo*'s Name:
Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be
Oh ever ſacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee;
And give my Verſes Immortality.

The Tranſlatreſs in her own Perſon ſpeaks.

The tall *Elate* next, and *Peuce* ſtood
The ſtatelieſt Siſter-Nymphs of all the Wood.
The flying Winds ſport with their flowing Hair,
While to the dewy Clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty Hills above the Valleys ſhow,
And look with ſcorn on the deſcent below,
So do theſe view the Mountains where they grow.
So much above their humbler Tops they riſe,
So ſtood the Giants that beſieg'd the Skies,
The terror of the Gods! they having thrown
Huge *Oſſa* on the Leafy *Pelion*,
The *Fir* with the proud *Pine* thus threatning ſtands
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands,
In this vaſt proſpect they with eaſe ſurvey
The various figur'd Land and boundleſs Sea,
With joy behold the Ships their timber builds,
How they've with Cities ſtor'd once ſpacious Fields.

This Grove of *Engliſh* Nymphs, this noble train
In a large Circle compaſs in their Queen,
The Scepter bearing *Dryas* ——
Her Throne ariſing Hillock where ſhe ſat
With all the Charms of Majeſty and State,
With awful Grace the numbers ſhe ſurvey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her ſhade.

If I the voice of the loud winds cou'd take
Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twou'd not ſuffice to celebrate the Name
Oh ſacred *Dryas* of Immortal Fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity
That ſings of many Miracles, from thee
In the worlds Infant-Age Mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble Race receiv'd their Birth;
Thou then in a green tender Bark wert clad,
But in *Deuclaion*'s Age a rougher covert had,

More

More hard and warm, with cruſted white all o'er,
As noble Authors ſung in times of yore;
Approv'd by ſome, condemn'd and argu'd down
By the vain troop of Sophiſts, and the Gown,
The ſcoffing Academy, and the Schools
Of *Pyrrho*; who Traditions over-rule:
But let 'em doubt, yet they muſt grant this truth
Thoſe Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,
Did on thy Acorns feed, and feaſt and thrive
And with this wholſom Nouriſhment ſurvive
In health and ſtrength an equal Age with thee,
Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.
Oh happy Age! oh Nymph Divinely good!
That mak'ſt thy ſhade Mans houſe, thy fruit his food.
VVhen only Apples of the VVood did paſs
For noble Banquets ſpread on Beds of Graſs.
Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,
And fruit that ne'er the Grudgers hand reproach'd.
Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little uſe,
And thy ſweet food ill Manners did produce:
Unluckily they did thy Vertues find
With that of the wild Boar and hunted Hind;
VVith all wild Beaſts on which their Luxury prey'd,
VVhile new deſires their Appetites invade.
The Natures they partake of what they eat,
And ſalvage they become as was their Meat.
Hence the Republick of the world did ceaſe,
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace.
The common good was now peculiar made,
A generous Int'reſt now became a Trade,
And Men began their Neighbour's rights t'invade.
For now they meaſur'd out their common ground,
And outrages commit t' inlarge their Bound:
Their own ſeem'd deſpicable, poor and ſmall;
Each wants more room and wou'd be Lord of all.
The Plowman with diſdain his Field ſurveys,
Forſakes the Land, and plows the faithleſs Seas.
The Fool in theſe deep furrows ſeeks his gain,
Deſpiſing Dangers, and enduring pain.
The ſacred Oak her peaceful Manſion leaves
Tranſplanted to the Mountains of the VVaves.
Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th' induſtrious kind,
If Man were wiſe and wou'd his ſafety find;
VVhat perfect Bliſs thy happy Shade wou'd give?
And Houſes that their Maſters wou'd out-live.
All neceſſaries thou afford'ſt alone
For harmleſs Innocence to live upon,
Strong yokes for Oxen, handles for the Plow,
VVhat Husbandry requires thou doſt allow;

But if the madneſs of deſiring Gain,
Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,
Straight to a wandring Ship they Thee tranſer,
And none more juſtly ſerves the Mariner.
Thou cutſt the Air, doſt on the waves rebound,
Wild Death and Fury raging all around,
Diſdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,
Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.
To Swine, O richeſt Oak, thy Acorns leave,
And ſearch for Man what e'er the Earth can give,
All that the ſpacious Univerſe brings forth.
What Land and Sea conceals of any worth,
Bring Aromaticks from the diſtant Eaſt,
And Gold ſo dang'rous from the riſt'd Weſt,
What e'er the boundleſs Appetite can feaſt.
With thee the utmoſt bounds of Earth w' invade,
By thee the unlockt Orb is common made.
By thee —
The great Republique of the World revives,
And o'er the Earth luxurious traffick thrives;
If *Argos* Ship were valued at that rate
(Which Ancient Poets ſo much celebrate,
From Neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home
The Golden-Fleece from Seas whoſe Tracts were known:
If of the dangers they ſo much have ſpoke
(More worthy ſmiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,
What Oceans then of Fame ſhall thee ſuffice?
What Waves of eloquence can ſing thy Praiſe?
O ſacred Oak, that great *Columbus* bore
IO! thou bearer of a happier Ore,
Than celebrated *Argo* did before.
And *Drake*'s brave Oak that paſt to Worlds unknown,
Whoſe Toils, O *Phœbus*, were ſo like thy own;
Who round the Earths vaſt Globe triumphant rode,
Deſerves the Celebration of a God.
O let the *Pegaſean* Ship no more
Be worſhipt on the too unworthy ſhore.
After her wat'ry life, let her become
A fixt Star ſhining equal with the Ram.
Loeg ſince the Duty of a Star ſhe's done,
And round the Earth with guiding light has ſhone.
Oh how has Nature bleſt the Britiſh Land,
Who both the valued *Indies* can command!
What tho thy Banks the Cedars do not grace
Thoſe lofty Beauties of fam'd *Libanus*.
The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plains,
Arabs rich Wood or its ſweet ſmelling Greens,
Or lovely Plantan whoſe large leafy boughs
A pleaſant and a noble ſhade allows.

She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains bleſt
With ſturdy Oak's, ore all the World the beſt,
And for the happy Iſlands ſure Defence
Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immenſe,
While to declare her Safety and thy Pride,
With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortifi'd.
Nor was that Adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the Ancient *Druids* paid,
Who reaſonably believed a God within,
Where ſuch vaſt wonders were produc'd and ſeen.
Nor was it the dull Piety alone,
And ſuperſtition of our *Albion*,
Nor ignorance of the future Age, that paid
Honours Divine to thy ſurpriſing ſhade.
But they foreſaw the Empire of the Sea,
Great CHARLES, ſhould hold from the Triumphant THEE.
No wonder then that Age ſhould thee Adore,
Who gav'ſt out ſacred Oracles heretofore,
The hidden pleaſure of the Gods was then
In a hoarſe voice deliver'd out to Men.
So vapors from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke
Inſpir'd *Apollo's* Prieſteſs when ſhe ſpoke.
While raviſht the fair Enthuſiaſtic ſtood,
Upon her *Tripos*, raging with the God.
So Prieſt Inpir'd with ſacred fury ſhook,
VVhen the VVinds ruffl'd the *Dodonian* Oak,
And toſt their Branches, till a dreadful ſound
Of awful horror they proclaim around,
Like frantic Bacchanals; and while they move
Poſſeſs with trembling all the ſacred Grove.
Their riſl'd leaves the tempeſt bore away,
And their torn Boughs ſcatter'd on all ſides lay.
The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
A God Triumphant in the Hurricane,
Till the wing'd winds with an amazing cry,
Deliver'd down the preſſing Deity.
Whoſe thundering voice ſtrange ſecrets did unfold,
And wond'rous things of World to come he told.
But truths ſo veil'd in obſcure Eloquence,
They 'muze the Adoring crowd with double ſenſe.
But by Divine Decree the Oak no more,
Declares ſecurity as heretofore,
With words, or voice, yet to the liſtening Wood,
Her differing Murmurs ſtill are underſtood:
For ſacred Divinations while the ſound,
Informs, all but Humanity, around.
Nor e'ere did *Dryas* Murmur awful truth
More clear and plain, from her Prophetick mouth,
Than when ſhe ſpoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,
While all the Groves with eager ſilence ſtood.

And

And with erected Leaves themſelves diſpoſe,
To liſten to the Language of her Boughs.
You ſee (oh my companions) that the Gods,
Threaten a dire Deſtruction to the Woods,
And to all human kind — the black portents
Are ſeen, of many ſiniſter Events;
But leſt their quick Approach too much ſhould preſs,
(Oh my aſtoniſh'd Nymphs) your Tenderneſs,
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,
And prepoſſeſs ye with the Fate to come.
With heedful Rev'rence then their Will obſerve,
And in your Barks deeps Chinks my Words preſerve:
Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,
This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am
From a long Honored Ancient Lineage came,
Who in the fam'd *Dodonian* Grove firſt ſpoke.
When with aſtoniſh'd Awe the Sacred Valley ſhook.
'Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate
'Murd'ring his Sire, bore an immortal Hate
'To his own Kingdom, who's ungrateful ſhore
'He leaves with Vows ne'er to reviſit more.
'Then to *Epirus* a ſad Exile came,
'(Unhappy Son who haſt a Father ſlain,
'But happy Father of the *Britiſh* Name.)
'There by victorious Arms he did reſtore
'Thoſe Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore.
'In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,
'And by that Piety his fatal Crime defac'd.
'There *Jupiter* diſdain'd not to relate
'Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate.
'Who for his Grandfire's, great *Æneas*, ſake
'Upon the Royal Youth will pity take:
'Whoſe Toils to his ſhall this Reſemblance bear
'A long and tedious Wandring to endure.
'Tis ſaid the Deity-retaining Oak
'Burſting her Sark, thus to the Hero ſpoke,
'Whoſe Voice the Nymphs ſurpriz'd with awful Dread,
'Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited.
'Oh noble *Trojan* of great *Sylvia*'s Blood,
'Haſt from the Covert of this threatning Wood.
'A Manſion here the Fates will not permit,
'Vaſt Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,
'Ere for a murder'd Father thou canſt be
'Abſolv'd, tho innocently ſlain by thee,
'But much muſt bear by Land, and much by Sea.
'Then arm thy ſolid mind, thy Vertues raiſe,
'And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,
'Whoſe End ſhall crown thee with immortal Bays.
'Tho *Hercules* ſo great a Fame atchiev'd,
'His Conqueſts but to th' Weſtern *Calis* arriv'd:

'There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils,
'He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant Spoils.
'But the great Labours which thou hast begun
'Must, fearless of the Oceans Threats, go on.
'And this remember, at thy lanching forth,
'To set thy full spread Sails against the North.
'In *Charles's Wain* thy Fates are born above
'Bright Stars descended from thy Grandsire *Jove*,
'Of motion certain, tho they slowly move.
'The *Bear* too shall assist thee in thy Course
'With all her Constellations glittering Force.
'And as thou goest, thy Right Hand shall destroy
'Twice six *Gomeritish* Tyrants in thy way.
'Tho exil'd from the World, disdain all Fear,
'The Gods another World for thee prepare,
'Which in the Bosom of the deep conceal'd
'From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.
'Reserv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,
'And shall be bless'd still with thy Race and Name.
'All that the Air surrounds, the Fates decree
'To *Brutus* and *Æneas* Progeny,
'*Æneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.
This said the God, from the Prophetick Oak,
Who stretching out her Branches further spoke:
'Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from my Tree,
'Which in thy tedious Toils of use shall be,
'And Witnesses of all I promise thee.
'And when thy painful wandring shall be o'er,
'And thou arriv'd on happy *Britains* shore,
'Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow,
'Which to vast Woods of mighty use shall grow.
'Not their *Chaonian* Mother's sacred Name
'Shall o'er the World be sung with greater Fame.
'Then holy *Druids* thou shalt consecrate,
'My Honor and my Rites to celebrate.
'*Teutates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,
'To give bless'd Omens of the *Misseltoe*.
Thus spake the Oak — with reverend Awe believ'd,
And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.
My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came,
I two Descents from that first Parent am;
And now Orac'lous Truths to you proclaim.
My Grandam Oak her Blooming Beauties wore,
When first the *Danish* Fleet surpriz'd our Shore:
When *Thor* and *Tuisco* and the *Saxon* Gods
Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,
Her Age two hundred years; a small Account
To what our long-lived Numbers do amount,
Such Prod'gies then she saw as we behold;
And such our Ruins, as their signs foretold.

Now

Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came
New riſen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain,
The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,
But driv'n by Popular Winds uſurps the Shore;
In her wild Courſe a horrid Murmur yields,
And frightens with her Sound the *Engliſh* Fields,
Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
Thoſe raging Prologues to approaching War.
But Silver Show'rs did ſoon the Foe ſubdue,
Weapons the Noble *Engliſh* never knew.
The People, who for Peace ſo laviſh were,
Did after buy the Merchandiſe more dear.
Curſt Civil War e'en Peace betray'd to Guilt,
And made her bluſh with the firſt Blood was ſpilt.
O cruel Omens of thoſe future Woes,
Which now ſate brooding in the Senate Houſe!
That Den of Miſchief, where obſcur'd ſhe lyes,
And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.
The working Furies there, lay unreveal'd
Beneath the Privilege of the *Houſe* conceal'd.
There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,
And unjuſt Clamors of the frantick Crowd,
The Great, the Learned *Strafford* met his Fate;
O Sacred Inn'cence! what can expiate
For guiltleſs Blood, but Blood? and much muſt flow
Both from the Guilty and the Faultleſs too.
O *Worceſter*, condemn'd by Fate to be
The Mournful Witneſs of our Miſery,
And to bewaile our firſt Inteſtine Wars
By thy ſoft *Severn*'s Murmurs, and her Tears;
Wars that more formidable did appear
Even at their End, than their Beginnings were.
Me to *Kintonian* Hills ſome God convey, *Keinton-Field. Edge-Hill.*
That I the horrid Valley may ſurvey;
Which like a River ſeem'd of human Blood,
Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.
What Slaughters makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,
Whoſe Conqueſts Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld;
And had no Fate the Courſe of Things forbade,
This Day an End of all our Woes had made.
But our Succeſs the angry Gods controul,
And ſtop our Race of Glory near the Goal,
Where e'er the *Britiſh* Empire did extend,
The Tyrant War with Barbarous Rigor reign'd,
From the remoteſt Parts it riſled Peace
From the * *Belerian* Horn even to the *Orcades*. * S. *Burien*, the uttermoſt Point of *Cornwal*.
The Fields oppreſt, no joyful Harveſts bear,
War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.
Unhappy *Albion*! by what Fury ſtung?
What Serpent of *Eumenides* has ſlung

His

His Poiſon thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'ſt all o'er,
Art all one VVound, one univerſal Gore,
Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,
(Cover'd with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.)
In horrors thou *Philippi*'s Fields outvi'd
VVhich twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.
Long mutual Loſs, and the alternate VVeight
Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate.
Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow;
At laſt in *Northern* Fields like Lightning broke;
And *Naſeby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.
But, Oh ye Gods, permit me not to tell
The VVoes, that after this, the Land befel:
Oh, keep 'em to your ſelves, leſt they ſhou'd make
Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forſake:
To future Ages let 'em not be known,
For wretched *England*'s Credit, and your own.
And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,
And let my Oracles all ſilent lye,
Rather than by my Voice they ſhou'd declare
The dire Events of *England*'s Civil VVar.
And yet my Sight a confus'd Proſpect fills,
A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills;
Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'er behold,
Such as no human Language can unfold.
But now ———
The Conquering evil Genius of the VVars,
The impious Victor all before him bears;
And oh, — behold the Sacred Vanquiſh'd flies,
And tho in a *Plebean*'s mean Diſguiſe,
I know his God-like Face; the Monarch ſure
Did ne'er diſſemble till this fatal hour.
But oh he flies, diſtreſt, forlorn he flies,
And ſeeks his ſafety 'mong his Enemies.
His Kingdoms all he finds hoſtile to be,
No place to th' vanquiſh'd proves a Sanctu'ry.
Thus Royal *Charles* ———
From his own People cou'd no ſafety gain,
Alas, the King! (their Gueſt) implores in vain.
The Pilot thus the burning Veſſel leaves,
And truſts what moſt he fears, the threatning Waves.
But oh the cruel Flood with rude Diſdain
Throws him all ſtruggling to the Flames again:
So did the *Scots*, alas, what ſhou'd they do,
That Prize of VVar (the Soldiers Intereſt now)
By Prayers and Threatnings back they ſtrive to bring,
But the wiſe *Scot* will yield to no ſuch thing;
And *England* to retrieve him buys her King.

Oh

Oh ſhame to future VVorlds! who did command,
As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,
Is now a Captive Slave expoſed to Sale;
And Villany o'er Vertue muſt prevail.
The Servant his bought Maſter bears away,
Oh ſhameful Purchaſe of ſo glorious Prey.
But yet, O *Scotland*, far be it from me,
To charge thee wholly with this Infamy;
Thy Nations Vertues ſhall reverſe that Fate,
And for the Criminal Few ſhall expiate:
Yet for theſe Few the Innocent Reſt muſt feel,
The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.
But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,
Their Sovereign, Gods anointed they dethrone,
Who to the *Iſle of White* is Priſoner ſent:
What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament?
That thee, O *Scotland*, with juſt Anger moves,
And *Kent* who valued Liberty ſo loves;
And thee, O *Wales*, of ſtill as noble Fame,
As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.
But why ſhould I diſtinctly here relate
All I behold, the many Battels fought
Under the Conduct ſtill of angry Stars:
Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars;
The Blood that did the trembling *Ribla* dy,
Stopping its frighted Stream that ſtrove to fly.
Or thou, O *Medway*, ſwell'd with Slaughters, born
Above the flowery Banks that did thee once adorn.
Or why, O *Colcheſter*, ſhou'd I rehearſe
Thy brave united Courage and thy Force,
Or Deaths of thoſe illuſtrious Men relate,
Who did with thee deſerve a kinder Fate.
Or why the miſerable Murders tell
Of Captives who by cooler Malice fell.
Nor to your Griefs will this Addition bring,
The ſad Idea's of a Martyr'd King;
A King who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,
Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore,
Leſt that Celeſtial Piety (of Fame
O'ere all the World) ſhould my ſad Accents blame.
Since Death he ſtill eſteem'd, how e'er 'twas given,
The greateſt Good, and nobleſt Gift of Heaven,
But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedneſs,
(Oh horrid to be heard, or to expreſs.
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
With her eternal Pains and Puniſhment.
But oh what do I ſee! alas they bring
Their Sacred Maſter forth, their God-like King,
There on a Scaffold rais'd in ſolemn State,
And plac'd before the Royal Palace Gate,

'Midſt

'Midſt of his Empire the black Deed was done,
VVhile Day, and all the VVorld were looking on.
By common Hangman's Hands—Here ſtopt the Oak,
VVhen from the bottom of its Root there broke
A thouſand Sighs, which to the Sky ſhe lifts,
Burſting her ſolid Bark into a thouſand Clefts.
Each Branch ger Tributary ſorrow gives,
And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves;
Such numbers after rainy Nights they ſhed,
VVhen ſhow'ring Clouds that did ſurround her Head,
Are by the riſing Goddeſs of the Morn
Blown off, and flie before the approaching Sun.
At which the Troop of the Green Nymphs around
Ecch'ing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,
VVhoſe piercing ſounds from far were underſtood,
And the loud Tempeſt ſhook the wond'ring VVood:
And then a cruel Silence did ſucceed,
As in the gloomy Manſions of the Dead.
But after a long awful Interval
Dryas aſſum'd her ſad Prophetick Tale.
Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a VVound,
Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd:
A horrid Carcaſe, without Mind or Soul,
A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.
And now who wou'd not hope there ſhou'd have been
After ſo much of Death, a quiet Scene:
Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral.
Eternal Sleep ſhou'd not have ſeis'd 'em all:
But nothing leſs for in the room of One,
VVho govern'd juſtly on his peaceful Throne,
A thouſand Heads ſprung up, deform'd and baſe,
VVith a tumultuous and ignoble Race;
The vile, the vulgar Off-ſpring of the Earth,
Inſects of poiſonous kinds, of monſtrous Birth,
And ravenous Serpents now the Land infeſt;
And *Cromwel* viler yet than all the reſt.
That Serpent even upon the Marrow preys,
Devouring Kingdoms with inſatiate Jaws.
Now Right and VVrong (mere VVords confounded lie)
Rage ſets no Bounds to her Impiety;
And having once tranſgreſt the Rules of Shame,
Honor or Juſtice counts an empty Name.
In every Street, as Paſtime for the Crowd,
Erected Scaffolds reek'd with Noble Blood.
Priſons were now th' Apartments of the Brave,
VVhom Tyranny commits, and only Death retrieve;
VVhoſe Paths were crowded ere the Morning drawn,
Some to the Dungeons, ſome to Gibbets drawn.
But tir'd-out Cru'lty pauſes for a while,
To take new Breath amidſt her Barbarous Toil.

So

So does not Avarice, ſhe unwearied ſtill,
Ne'er ſtops her greedy Hand from doing ill;
The Warrior may a while his ſpear forſake,
But Sequeſtrators will no Reſpit take.
What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,
The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War;
VVhat ever liberal Piety did preſent,
Or the Religion (all magnificent)
Of our Fore fathers, to the Church had given,
And conſecrated to the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
Altars, or whatſoe'er cou'd guilty be
Of tempting VVealth, or fatal Loyalty,
VVas not enough to ſatisfie the Rage
Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.
The impious Rout thought it a trivial thing
To rob the Houſes of their God and King
Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,
Rejoyc'd to ſee 'em levell'd with the Ground;
As if the Nation (wicked and unjuſt)
Had even in Ruin found a certain Luſt,
On every ſide the labouring Hammers ſound:
And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound:
On every ſide the groaning Earth ſuſtains
The ponderous weight of Stones and wonderous Beams.
Fiercely they ply their Work, with ſuch a noiſe,
As if ſome mighty Structure they wou'd raiſe
For the proud Tyrant; no, this clamours Din
Is not for building but demoliſhing.
---- When (my Companions) theſe ſad things you ſee,
And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent Tree,
Long ſince repos'd in Palaces of Kings,
Torn down by furious Hands as uſeleſs things;
Then know your Fate is come; thoſe Hands that cou'd
From Houſes tear dead Beams, and long hewn Wood,
Thoſe cruel Hands by unreſiſted Force,
Will for your living Trunks find no remorſe.
Religion, which was great of old, commands,
No Woods ſhou'd be profaned by impious Hands,
Thoſe noble Seminaries for the Fleet,
Plantations that make Towns and Cities great:
Thoſe Hopes of War, and Ornaments of Peace
Shou'd live ſecure from any Outrages,
Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,
Tear up your Roots, and rifle all your ſhade,
For gain they'll ſell you to the covetous Buyer,
A Sacrifice to every common Fire,
They'll ſpare no Race of Trees of any Age,
But murder infant Branches in their Rage:
Elms, Beeches, tender Aſhes ſhall be fell'd,
And e'en the Grey and Rev'rend Bark muſt yield:

The ſoft, the murmuring Troop ſhall be no more,
No more with Muſick charm as heretofore,
No more each little Bird ſhall build her Houſe,
And ſing in her Hereditary Boughs,
But only *Philomel* ſhall celebrate
In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate:
The baniſh'd *Hamadryads* muſt be gone,
And take their flight with ſad, but ſilent Moan;
For a Celeſtial Being ne'er complains,
Whatever be her Grief, in noiſie Strains.
The Wood-Gods fly, and whither ſhall they go?
Not all the *Britiſh* Orb can ſcarce allow,
A Trunk ſecure for them to reſt in now.
But yet theſe wild Saturnals ſhall not laſt,
Oppreſſing Vengeance follows on too faſt;
She ſhakes her brandiſh'd Steel, and ſtill denies
Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.
Do not deſpond, my Nymphs, that wicked Birth
Th' avenging Pow'rs will chaſe from off the Earth;
Let 'em hew down the Woods, deſtroy and burn,
And all the lofty Groves to Aſhes turn;
Yet ſtill there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old *Tiburn* to rebuild,
Where they may hang at laſt; and this kind one
Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.
In the mean time (for Fate not always ſhows
A ſwift complyance to our Wiſh and Vows)
The Off ſpring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor,
And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,
Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain
They ſeek thoſe Aids alas they cannot gain;
For ſtill their preſſing Fate purſues 'em hard,
And ſcarce a place of Refuge will afford.
Oh pious Son of ſuch a holy Sire!
Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?
How often toſt by Storms of Land and Sea,
Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didſt ſurvey,
And her Fatigues ſtill underwentſt with Joy.
Oh Royal Youth, purſue thy juſt Diſdain,
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,
Till tir'd with her Injuſtice ſhe give our,
And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.
Then that great Scepter which no human Hand
From the tenacious Tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold Uſurper to adorn,
Shall ripe and falling to thy Hand be born,
But oh, he rowzes now before his time!
Illuſtrious Youth, whoſe Bravery is a Crime,
Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why ſo faſt?
The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are caſt.

While

While thou all fire, fearleſs of future Harms,
And prodigal of life, aſſumeſt thy Arms.
And even provoking Fame he cuts his way
Through hoſtile Fleets, and a rude Winters Sea.
But neither ſhall his daring Courſe oppoſe,
Ev'n to thoſe Shores ſo very late his Foes,
And ſtill to be ſuſpected; but mean while
The *Oliverian* Demons of the Iſle,
With all Hells Deities, with Fury burn,
To ſee great CHARLES preparing to return;
They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force
In vain, to ſtop his ſacred Veſſels courſe.
In vain their Storms a Ruine do prepare,
For what Fate means to take peculiar care;
And trembling find great *Ceſar* ſafe at Land,
By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortunes Hand.
But *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain,
While you your unchang'd Principles retain;
But yet the time ſhall come, when, ſome ſmall ſhare
Of Glory, that great Honor ſhall confer,
When you a conquering Hero forth ſhall guide,
While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his ſide,
Who ſhall the exil'd King in Peace recal,
And *England*'s Genius be eſteem'd by all:
But this, not yet my Nymphs, — but now's the time,
When the illuſtrious Heir of *Fergus* Line,
From full a hundred Kinds, ſhall mount the Throne,
Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,
After the ancient manner he receives the Crown;
But, oh, with no auſpicious Omens done,
The Left Hand of the Kingdom put it on.
But now th' inſulting Conqueror draws nigh,
Diſturbing the Auguſt Solemnity;
When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
And by a Father's Murder well inſpir'd,
The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares,
O Heir moſt worthy of thy hundred Scepter'd Anceſtors:
With Thoughts all Glorious now he ſallies forth;
Nor will he truſt his Fortune in the North,
That Corner of his Realms, nor will his haſte
Lazily wait till coming Winter's paſt;
He ſcorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppoſe
High Mountains 'gainſt the Fury of his Foes,
Nor their ſurrounding Force will here engage,
Or ſtay the Preſſures of a ſhameful Siege;
But boldly further on reſolves t' advance,
And give a generous Looſe to Fortunes Chance.
And ſhut from diſtant *Tay* he does eſſay
To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his way.

Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,
Amaz'd at this ſtupendous Enterpriſe.
And now the wiſh'd for happy Day appears,
Sought for ſo long by *Britain*'s Prayers and Tears;
The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,
Avow'd Revenger of his Native Land.
And through a thouſand Dangers and Extreames,
Marches a Conqu'ror to *Sabrina*'s Streams;
(Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames*.)
So wiſh'd the King, but the perſuaſive Force
Of kind miſtaken Councils ſtopt his Courſe.
Now, warlike *England*, rouze at theſe Alarms,
Provide your Horſes, and aſſume your Arms,
And fall on the Uſurper, now for ſhame,
If piety be not Pretence and Name;
Advance the Work Heaven has well begun,
Revenge the Father, and reſtore the Son.
No more let that old Cant deſtructive be,
Religion, Liberty and Property.
No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude,
(Oh you too credulous, ſenſeleſs Multitude,
Words only form'd more eaſily to enſlave,
By every popular and pretending Knave.
But now your bleeding Land expects you ſhou'd
Be wiſe, at the expence of ſo much Blood;
Rouze then, and with awaken'd Senſe prepare
To reap the Glory of this Holy War,
In which your King and Heav'n have equal ſhare.
His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,
And a juſt Ardor or every Soul inflame.
But *England*'s evil Genious watchful ſtill
To ruin Vertue, and incourage Ill:
Induſtrious, even as *Cromwel*, to ſubvert,
Honor and Loyalty in every Heart;
A baneful Drug of four-fold Poiſon makes,
And an infernal ſleepy Aſp he takes
Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this
Opium that binds the Nerves with Lazineſs,
Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice:
Which all the Spirits benum, as when y' approach
The chilling wonderful *Tropedo*'s Touch.
Next Drops from *Lethe*'s Stream he does infuſe,
And every Breſt beſprinkles with the Juice,
Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,
Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.
Yet ſtill Great CHARLES Valour ſtood the Teſt;
By Fortune tho forſaken and oppreſt,
Witneſs the Purple of *Sabrina*'s Stream,
And the *Red Hill*, not call'd ſo now in vain.

And

And *Worſter* thou, who didſt the Miſery bear,
And ſaw'ſt the End of a long fatal War.
The King, tho vanquiſh'd, ſtill his Fate outbraves,
And was the the laſt captiv'd City leaves;
Which from the Neighbouring Hills he does ſurvey,
Where round about his Bleeding Numbers lay.
He ſaw 'em rifled by th' inſulting Foe,
And ſighs for thoſe he cannot reſcue now.
But yet his Troops will rally once again,
Thoſe few eſcap'd, all ſcatter'd o'er the Plain;
Diſdain and Anger now reſoves to try
How to repair this Days Fatality,
The King has ſworn to conquer, or to dye.
Darby and *Willmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,
With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*,
Fiercer than Lightning; to his Monarch dear,
That brave *Achates* worth *Æneas* Care,
Applaud his great Reſolve! there's no delay
But toward the Foe in haſte they take their way,
Not by vain hopes of a new Victory fir'd,
But by a kind Deſpair alone inſpir'd.
This was the King's Reſolve, and thoſe great Few
Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to ſubdue,
Who knew that Death and the repoſing Grave
No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.
But oh this noble Courage did not reſt
In each ungenerous unconſidering Breſt,
They fearfully forſake their General,
Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,
Deaf to his Voice will no Obedience yield,
But in their haſty Flight ſcowr o'er the dreadful Field.
Oh vainly-gallant Youth, what pitying God
Shall free thee from this Soul-oppreſſing Load
Of Grief and Shame; abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou haſt fed and pay'd.
Preſt with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,
And Fortune ſtill reſolv'd to be ſevere.
But yet that God ——————
To whom no Wonders are impoſſible
Will, to preſerve thee, work a Miracle.
And for the ſacred Father's Martyrdom
Will with a Crown reward the injur'd Son,
While thou, great CHARLES with a prevailing Pray'r
Doſt to the Gods commend the ſafety of thy Heir;
And the Celeſtial Court of Pow'rs Divine
With one conſent do in the *Chorus* joyn.
But why, oh why muſt I reveal the Doom,
(Oh my Companions) of the years to come;
And why divulge the Myſteries that lye
Inroll'd long ſince in Heav'ns vaſt Treaſury,

In

In Characters which no Dreamer can unfold,
Nor ever yet Prophetick Rapture told;
Nor the ſmall Fibres of the victim'd Beaſt,
Or Birds which Sacred Auguries have expreſt;
No Stars, or any Divination Shows
Made Myſtick by the Murmurs of the Boughs.
Yet I muſt on, with a Divine Preſage,
And tell the Wanders of the coming Age.
In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains
An ample View o'er all the Weſtern Plains,
A Grove appears, which *Boſcobel* they name,
Not known to Maps; a Grove of ſcanty Fame,
Scarce any human things does there intrude,
But it enjoys itſelf in its own Solitude.
And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade,
Of all the *Britiſh* Groves ſhall be more Glorious made.
Near this obſcure and deſtin'd happy Wood,
A Sacred Houſe of lucky Omen ſtood,
White Lady call'd; and old Records relate
'Twas once ———
To Men of Holy Orders conſecrate;
But to a King a Refuge now is made,
The firſt that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.
Oh Preſent of a wond'rous Excellence!
That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.
Fortune ſhall here a better Face put on,
And here the King ſhall firſt the King lay down;
Here he diſmiſſes all his Mourning Friends,
Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,
With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to ſee,
But unconcern'd at his own Deſtiny:
Here he puts off thoſe Ornaments he wore
Through all the Splendor of his Life before;
Even his Blew Garter now he will diſcharge,
Nor keep the Warlike Figure of Saint *George*,
That holy Champion now is vanquiſh'd quite;
Alas, the Dragon has ſubdu'd the Knight;
His Crown, that reſtleſs weight of Glory now
Diveſts a while from his more eaſie Brow:
And all thoſe charming Curls that did adorn
His Royal Head — thoſe Jetty Curls are ſhorn;
Himſelf he cloaths in a coarſe Ruſſet Weed,
Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but ſo indeed;
And now the greateſt King the World e'er ſaw
Is ſubject to the Houſes ancient Law.
(A Convent once, which Poverty did profeſs,
Here, here puts off all worldly Pomp and Dreſs,)
And like a Monk a ſad Adieu he takes
Of all his Friends, and the falſe World forſakes.

But yet ere long, even this humble State,
Alas, ſhall be denied by his Fate;
She drives him forth even from mean Abode,
Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood,
Hungry and tir'd, to reſt and ſeek his Food.
The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,
Who feeds on Flow'rs, and drinks the murmuring Spring;
More happy here than on a reſtleſs Throne,
Cou'd he but call'd thoſe Shades and Springs his own:
No longer Fate will that Repoſe allow,
Who even of the Earth itſelf deprive him now.
A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford
Amidſt her Boughs, to her abandon'd Lord.
Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,
To ſave your Darling, haſten to that Grove;
(Nor think I vain Propheticks do expreſs)
In ſilence let each Nymph her Trunk poſſeſs;
O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree
Be uninhabited by a Deity;
While I the largeſt Foreſt-Oak inſpire,
And with you to this Leafy Court retire.
There keep a faithful Watch each night and day,
And with erected Heads the Fields ſurvey,
Leſt any impious Soldier paſs that way:
And ſhou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,
Which to our guarding Shade in charge was given:
Here then, my Nymphs, your King you ſhall receive,
And ſafety in your darkeſt Coverts give.
But ah, what ruſtick Swain is that I ſee
Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,
Upon whoſe knotty Root he leans his Head,
And on the Moſſy Ground has made his Bed?
And why alone? Alas, ſome Spy I fear,
For only ſuch a Wretch would wander here,
Who even the Winds and Show'rs of Rain defies,
Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.
Obſerve his Face, ſee his diſordered Hair
Is ruffl'd by the Tempeſt-beaten Air.
Yet look what Tracts of Grief have ag'd his Face,
Where hardly twenty years have run their Race,
Worn out with numerous Toils; and even in ſleep
Sighs ſeem to heave his Breſt, his Eyes to weep.
Nor is that Colour of his Face his own,
That ſooty Veil, for ſome Diguiſe put on,
To keep the Nobler Part from being known;
For 'midſt of all — ſomething of Sacred Light
Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring ſight,
And now — ariſes to my View more bright.
Ah — can my Eyes deceive me, or am I
At laſt no true preſaging Deity?

Yet

Yet if I am, that wretched Ruſtick Thing,
Oh Heavens, and all your Pow'rs, muſt be the King.
— Yes 'tis the King! his Image all Divine
Breaks thro' that Cloud of Darkneſs; and a Shine
Gilds all the ſooty Vizar! —— but alas,
Who is't approaches him with ſuch a Pace?
Oh-'tis no Traytor, the juſt Gods I find
Have ſtill a pitying Care of human kind.
This is the Gallant, Loyal *Carles*, thrown
(By the ſame Wreck by which his King's undone.)
Beneath our Shades, he comes in Pious Care
(Oh happy Man! than *Cromwel* happier far
On whom ill Fate this Honor does confer)
He tells the King the Woods are overſpread
With Villains arm'd to ſearch that Prize, his Head:
Now poorly ſet to ſale; — the Foe is nigh,
What ſhall they do? Ah whither ſhall they fly?
They from the danger haſty Counſel took,
And by ſome God inſpir'd, aſcend my Oak,
My Oak, the largeſt in the faithful Wood;
Whom to receive I my glad Branches bow'd.
And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and ſpread
My thickeſt Leaves a Canopy o'er his Head.
The Miſſeltoe commanded to aſcend
Around his ſacred Perſon to attend,
(Oh happy Omen) ſtraight it did obey,
The Sacred Miſſeltoe attends with Joy.
Here without fear their proſtrate Heads they bow,
The King is ſafe beneath my ſhelter now;
And you, my Nymphs, with awful ſilence may
Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,
And cry, all hail, thou moſt belov'd of Heaven,
To whom its chiefeſt Attributes are given;
But above all that God-like Fortitude,
That has the Malice of thy Fate ſubdu'd.
All hail!
Thou greateſt now of Kings indeed, while yet
With all the Miſeries of life beſet,
Thy mighty mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear,
Nor yet even then of ſafety cou'd deſpair.
This is the Vertue of a Monarch's Soul,
Who above Fortunes reach can all her Turns controul;
Thus if Fate rob you of your Empires Sway,
You by this Fortitude take hers away;
O brave Reſpriſal! which the Gods perſer,
That makes you trumph o'er the Conqueror.
The Gods who one day will this Juſtice do
Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.
That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on,
Wherein that wonderous Miracle ſhall be ſhown:

May

May its gay Morn be more than uſual bright,
And riſe upon the World with new created Light;
Or let that Star, whoſe dazling Beams were hurl'd
Upon his Birth-day, now inform the World,
That brave bold Conſtellation, which in ſight
Of Mid-day's Sun durſt lift its Lamp of Light.
Now, happy Star, again at Mid-day riſe,
And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies;
Great CHARLES again is born, MONK's valiant Hand
At laſt delivers the long labouring Land.
This is the Month, Great Prince, muſt bring you forth,
May pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth;
This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,
O Month moſt Glorious, Month moſt Fortunate:
When you between your Royal Brothers rode,
Amidſt your ſhining Train attended like ſome God,
One would believe that all the World were met
To pay their Homage at your Sacred Feet.
The wandering Gazers, numberleſs as theſe,
Or as the Leaves on the vaſt Foreſt Trees.
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din
Reſounds to Heaven: and then, Long live the King:
And ſure the Shouts of their re-eccho'd Joys
Reach'd to the utmoſt Bounds of diſtant Seas,
Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,
And ſtrike the Foreign Shores with awful Fear.
O 'tis a wond'rous Pleaſure to be mad,
Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.
Permit it now, ye Stoicks, ne'er till now,
The Frenzy you more juſtly might allow,
Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,
And wretched Fury of ſo many years.
Nor will the Night her Sable Wings diſplay
T'obſcure the Luſtre of ſo bright a Day.
At leaſt the much tranſported Multitude
Permits not the dark Goddeſs to intrude;
The whole Iſle ſeem'd to burn with joyful Flames,
Whoſe Rays gilt all the Face of Neighbouring *Thames*.
But how ſhall I expreſs the Vulgars Joys,
Their Songs, their Feaſts, their Laughter and their Cries;
How Fountains run with the Vines precious Juice,
And ſuch the flowing Rivers ſhou'd produce,
Their Streams the richeſt Nectar ſhould afford:
The Golden Age ſeems now again reſtor'd.
See —— ſmiling Peace does her bright Face diſplay,
Down through the Air ſerene ſhe cuts her way,
Expels the Clouds, and riſes on the Day.
Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy ſhe brings,
Embracing *Albion* with her ſnowy Wings;

Nor comes she unattended, but a Throng
Of Noble *British* Matrons brings along.
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,
Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety:
Justice, from Fraud and Perjury forc'd to fly;
Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty.
Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train,
And most esteem'd in a just Prince's Reign.
With these, as lov'd, Great MARY too return'd,
In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd.
You, Royal Mother! you, whose only Crime
Was loving CHARLES, and sharing Woes with him.
Now Heaven repays, tho slow, yet just and true,
For him Revenge, and just Rewards for you.
Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,
How well have you in either Fortune shown,
In either, still your Mind was all your own;
The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in Virtues Centre still remain:
And now, just Prince! thou thy great Mind shalt bring
To the true weighty Office of a King.
The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure,
Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and sure:
And by insensible Degrees efface
Of foregone Ill the very Scars and Trace.
Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore,
And all that Majesty in Majesty it own'd before.
Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,
And Faith and Honour of the *English* Name;
Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain
Their banish'd Master, when return'd again.
All over-run with Weeds he finds, but soon
Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune,
The weaken'd Arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,
And with kind Bands sustain the loosen'd Sprays.
Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
And with his Art and Skill make all things new,
A Work immense, yet sweet, and which in future Days,
When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise,
The happy Gard'ners Labour over-pays.
Cities and Towns, Great Prince, thy Gardens be
With Labour cultivated worthy Thee.
In decent Order thou dost all dispose:
Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves disdain'd;
He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,
He all our drooping Fortunes has sustain'd

As

As young Colonies of Trees thou doſt replace
I'th' empty Realms of our Arboreal Race;
Nay, doſt our Reign extend to future Days;
And bleſt Poſterity, ſupinely laid,
Shall feaſt and revel underneath thy Shade.
Cool Summer Arbors then thy Gift ſhall be,
And their bright Winter Fires they'll ow to thee.
To thee thoſe Beams their Palaces ſuſtain,
And all their floating Caſtles on the Main.
Who knows, Great Prince, but thou this happy Day
For Towns and Navies may'ſt Foundations lay
After a thouſand years are roll'd away.
Reap thou theſe mighty Triumphs then which for thee grow,
And mighty Triumph for ſucceeding Ages ſow:
Thou Glory's craggy Top ſhalt firſt eſſay,
Divide the Clouds, and mark the ſhining way;
To Fame's bright Temples ſhalt thy Subjects guide,
Thy *Britains* bold, almoſt of Night deny'd.
The foaming Waves thy dread Commands ſhall ſtay,
Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.
The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,
And thy three Kingdoms ſhall thy Trident be.
What Madneſs, O *Batavians*! you poſſeſs'd,
That the Sea's Sceptre you'd from *Britain* wreſt,
Which Nature gave, whom ſhe with Floods has crown'd,
And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round;
The reſt o'th' World's juſt kiſs'd by *Amphitrite*,
Albion ſh'embraces, all her dear Delight.
You ſcarce th' inſulting Ocean can reſtrain,
Nor bear the Aſſaults of the beſieging Main,
Your Graafts and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.
And yet what fond Ambition ſpurs you on?
You dare attempt to make the Seas your own.
O'er the vaſt Ocean, which no Limit knows,
The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impoſe:
But CHARLES his lively Valour this defies,
And this the ſturdy *Britiſh Oak* denies.
O'er empty Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fleet
Sings Triumphs, while there was no Foe to meet.
But fear not, *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,
He'll ſoon be here, and interrupt thy Song,
Too late thou'lt of thy haſty Joys complain,
And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.
Great JAMES, as ſoon as the firſt Whiſper came,
Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,
With eager Haſte returns as faſt as they
After the dreadful Fight will run away.
And now the joyful *Engliſh* from afar
Approaching ſaw the floating *Belgian* War.

Hark what a Shout they give, like thoſe who come
From long *Eaſt-Indy* Voyage rich loaden home,
When firſt they make the happy *Britiſh* Land,
The dear White Rocks, and *Albion*'s Chalky Strand.
The way to all the reſt, brave RUPERT ſhow'd,
And through their Fleet cut out his Flaming Road,
RUPERT, who now had ſtubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heaven on his ſide engaging, and the Wind:
Famous by Land and Sea; whoſe Valour ſoon
Blunts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.
Next comes illuſtrious JAMES, and where he goes,
To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes,
To th' *Royal Sovereign*'s Deck he ſeem to grow,
Shakes his broad Sword, and ſeeks an equal Foe.
Nor did bold *Opdam*'s mighty Mind refuſe
The dreadful Honour which 'twas Death to chuſe.
Both Admirals with haſte for Fight prepare,
The reſt might ſtand and gaze; themſelves a War.
O whither, whither, *Opdam* doſt thou flie?
Can this raſh Valour pleaſe the Pow'rs on high?
It can't, it won't— or would'ſt thou proudly die
By ſuch a mighty Hand? no, *Opdam*, no:
Thy Fate's to periſh b'yet a nobler Foe.
Heav'n only, *Opdam*, ſhall thy Conqu'ror be,
A Labour worth its while to conquer thee.
Heav'n ſhall be there, to guard its beſt lov'd Houſe,
And juſt Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.
The mighty Ship a hundred Canons bore,
A hundred Canons which like Thunder roar;
Six times as many Men in ſhivers torn,
E'er one Broadſide, or ſingle Shot 't had born,
Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky
In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh,
Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen lie.
Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty Wretches is not known,
Tho likely 'tis: *Amboyna*'s Wickedneſs,
And broken Peace and Oaths deſerv'd no leſs.
Or whether Fatal Gun-powder it were
By ſome unlucky Spark enkindled there;
Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the Rod,
The fiery Shaft of an avenging God,
The flaming Wrack the hiſſing Deep floats o'er,
Far, far away, almoſt to either Shore;
Which ev'n from pious Foes would Pity draw,
A trembling Pity mixt with dreadful Aw.
But Pity yet ſcarce any room can find,
What Noiſe, what Horror ſtill remains behind?

On

On either ſide does wild Confuſion reign,
Ship grapples Ship, and ſink into the Main.
The *Orange*, careleſs of loſt *Opdam*'s Fate,
Will next t' attack victorious JAMES prepare,
Worthy to periſh at the ſelf-ſame rate,
But *Engliſh Guns* ſufficient Thunder bear;
By *Engliſh* Guns, and humane Fire o'erpowr'd,
'Tis quickly in the hiſſing Waves devour'd.
Three Ships beſides are burnt, if Fame ſays true,
None of whoſe baſer Names the Goddeſs knew;
As many more the *Dolphin* did ſubdue.
Their Decks in ſhow'rs of kindled ſulphur ſteep,
And ſend 'em flaming to th' affrighted Deep.
So burns a City, ſtorm'd and fir'd by Night,
The Shades are pierc'd with ſuch a dreadful Light;
Such dusky Globes of Flame around them broke
Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.
Can Fire in Winter then ſuch Licence claim?
Juſtly the Water hides it ſelf for ſhame:
The dreadful Wrack outſtretching far away
Vaſt Ruines oe'r its trembling Boſom lay;
Here Maſts and Rudders from their Veſſels torn,
There Sails and Flags acroſs the Waves are born,
A thouſand floating Bodies there appear,
As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.
If any where the Sea it ſelf 's reveal'd,
With horrid purple Tracks the azure Wave's conceal'd.
All ſunk or took. 'twere tedious to relate,
And all the ſad Variety of Fate
One Day produces,—with what Art and Skill
Ev'n Chance ingenious ſeems, to ſave or kill,
To ſpare, or to torment whoe'er ſhe will,
The vulgar Deaths, below the Muſe to heed
Not only Faith but Number too exceed,
Three noble Youths by the ſame ſudden Death,
A brave Example to the World bequeath;
Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,
All at one fatal Moment's Warning die,
Torn by one Shot, almoſt one Body they,
Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay.
Who wou'd not Fortune harſh and barbarous call,
Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal,
For next to theſe— I tremble ſtill with Fear,
My Joy's diſturb'd while ſuch a Danger near,
Fearleſs, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral ſtood,
Stunn'd with the Blow and ſprinkled with their Blood.
Fiercer he preſſes on, while they retir'd,
He preſſes on, with Grief and Anger fir'd.

Nor

Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage
The *Engliſh* Valour, warm'd with double Rage.
Breaks with their Loſſes, and a Cauſe ſo ill,
Their ſhatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,
Till trembling Rhine, opens his Harbours wide,
Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:
From our hot Chace their ſhatter'd Fleet he'd hide,
And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.
In ſacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,
Yet many future wondrous things conceal'd,
But this to grace ſome future *Bard* will ſerve,
For better Poets this the Gods reſerve.

FINIS.

INDEX.

pag.

A Bricot, see *Apricock*.
Africans, Flos Africanus 89
Aguacata 123
Alder, Alnus 137
Almond, Amygdalus 110
Amaranth, Amaranthus 103
Anemone 73
Anthemis, Leucanthemis 84
Anthora 85
Antirrhinon ibid.
Apple-tree, Malus 117
Apricocktree, Malus Armenia, præcox 113
Ash, Fraxinus 138
Bacoua, Platanus Indica 122
Barberry, Berberis 118, 139
Barren-Wort, Epimedium 88
Baſtard-Dittany, Fraxinella 88
Bean, Faba 91
Bears-Ear, Auricula Urſi 71
Beech, Fagus, Oxyas 138
Bell-flowers, Campanulæ Convolvulus 86
Betony, Vettonica 2
Baum, Meliſſa 7
Bind-weed, Convolvulus 86
Birch-tree, Betula 137
Birth-Wort, Ariſtolochia 46
Bitter-Wort, Gentiana 86
Blue-Bottle, Cyanus 84
Blue-Helmet-Flower, Napellus 85
Box-tree, Buxus. 140
Cacao-Nut 123
Calfs-Snout, Antirrhinon 85
Campions, Lychnis 86
Candy-Tufts, Thlaſpi 88
Canterbury-Bells, Trachelium 87
Catch-Fly, Muſcipula 88
Celandine, Chelidonia 29, 30
Cherry-tree, Ceraſus 113
Cheſnut, Caſtanea 109
Chichlins, Lathyrus 91
Chocolate 123
Chriſtmas-Flower, Helleborus Niger 65
Coca 121
Coccus 124
Cochineel 123
Coral-tree, Pyracantha 141

pag.

Corn-Violet, Venus Looking-Glaſs, Speculum Veneris 85
Corneil-Tree, or Cornelian-Berry, Cornus 114, 139
Crab, Malus Sylveſtris 139
Crown Imperial, Corona Imperialis 74
Currants, Ribes 118
Cypreſs, Cupreſſus 142
Daffadil, Narciſſus 72
Dames-Violet, Heſperis 84
Dittany, Dictamnus 38
Dodder, Caſſytha 9
Double Pellitory, Ptarmica 88
Ducks-Meat, Lens Paluſtris 23
Elder-tree, Acte, Sambucus 137
Elm, Pteleas, Ulmus 138
Emonies, Anemone 73
Ever-green Privet, Phillyrea 141
Eye bright, Euphraſia 17
Felwort, Gentiana 86
Fennel-Flower, Nigella 85
Fir-tree, Abies, Elate 143
Fig-tree, Ficus 118
Flower-de-luce, Iris 77
Flower-Gentle, Amaranthus 183
Fox-Glove, Flos digitalis 87
French Marigolds, Flos Africanus 89
Gentian, Gentiana 86
Gillyflowers, Heſperis 84
Flos Jovis, Caryophyllus 100
Goats-Rue, Galega 86
Gooſeberry, Groſſularia 118
Greek-Roſe, Campions, Lychnis 86
Gum Ciſtus, Lada 90
Hazel Nut, Corylus 108
Hearts Eaſe, Viola tricolor 84
Heliotrope or Sun-Flower 99
Helmet-Flower, Napellus 85
Holihock, Malva hortenſis 89
Holly, Aquifolium 141
Holli-Roſe, Ciſtus 90
Hovia, 122
Jaſmine, Jeſſemin, Jaſme, Jaſminum 90
Imperial Crown, Corona Imperialis 74
Indian Creſſes, Naſturtium Indicum 87
Indian Fig-tree, Ficus Indica 122

Indian

pag.

Indian Flowery Reed, Canna Indica, ib.
Jujube, Ziziphus 114
July-Flower or Gilly-flowers, 100
Juniper, Juniperus, Arceuthis 141
Larks-Heel or Larks-Spur, Delphinium, Conſolida regalis 87, 94
Laurel, Laurus 43, 142
Lemon, Malus Citria 112
Lettuce, Lactuca 16, 17
Lily, Lilium candidum, 96
Lime-tree, Philyra, Tilia 139
Lions-Mouth, Antirrhinon 85
Looſe-ſtrife, Lyſimachia 86
Lote tree, Lotus, 114
Love-Apple, Pomum Amoris 87
Luſt-wort, Rorella, vulg. *Ros Sol.* 20, 21
Lupine, Lupinus 91
Maiden-Hair, Capillus Veneris 4
Mandrake, Mandragoras 91
Maple, Acer 137
Marvel of Peru, Mirab. Peruvianum 89
Maſtick-tree, Lentiſcus 49
Meadow-Saffron, Bulbus Strangulatorius 101
Medlar-tree, Meſpilus 117
Metla 123
Milt-waſt, Aſplenium 15
Mint, Mentha 25
Miſſeltoe, Viſcus Quercus 28
Moly, Allium Ulpicum 92
Monks-Hood, Napellus 85
Mouſe-Ear, Auricula muris, Piloſella 88
Mugwort, Artemiſia 36, 53
Mulberry, Morus 118, 139
Myrrh, Myrrha 55
Myrtle, Myrtus 117
Nectarin, Duracina, Rhodacena 113
Nut-trees, Corylus, Caſtan. &c. 108, *&c.*
Oak, Quercus 131, 143
Olive, Olea 115
Orange-tree, Malus Aurantia 92, 112
Palm, Palma 114
Panſie, Viola flammea 84
Paſſion-flower, Maracotta, Flos Paſ. 92
Peach, Malum Perſicum 113
Pear-tree, Pyrus 117
Pear everlaſting, Pyrum perenne 91
Pellitory, Pyrethrum 88
Penny-royal, Pulegium 37
Peony, Paonia 78
Pine-tree, Pinus, Peuce 110, 143
Piſtacho, Piſtacium 111
Plantain, Plantago 40
Plumbs, Monoſtea, Pruna 113
Pomegranate, Malus Punica 112
Poplar, Populus 136
Poppy, Papaver 97
Privet, Phillyrea 141
Quince-tree, Malus Cydonia 117
Rocket, Eruca 56
Roſe, Roſa 41, 80
Roſemary, Ros marinus 24
Ruffling Robin, Fennel-flow. Nigella 85
Saffron, Crocus 101
Sage, Salvia 6
Sage-Roſe, Ciſtus 90
Savin, Sabina 50, 141
Scarlet-Bean, Faba coccinea 91
Scurvy graſs, Cochlearia 8
Serviſe-tree, Sorbus 139
Snap-dragon, Lesser-hinon 85
Sope-wort, Saponaria 86
Sow bread, Cyclaminus 21, 22, 88
Spider-wort, Phalangium 89
Spleen wort, Aſplenium 15
Star-wort, Amellus, Aſter Atticus 89
Strawberry-tree, Arbutus, Camaris 118, 141
Sun dew, Rorella, vulg. *Roſ. Sol.* 20, 21
Sun-flower, Flos Solis 99
Sweet Ciſtus, Lada 90
Sweet William, Sweet John, Armerius 88
Throat-Wort, Trachelius, Flos Card. 87
Tulip, Tulipa 75
Tuna 122
Venus-Hair, Capillus Veneris 4
Vine, Vitis 119
Violet, Viola 70
Virginian Climer, Paſſion-flower, Flos Paſſionis, Maracotta 92
Walnut, Juglans 111
Water-Lily, Nymphæa, 13, 91
Way Bred, Plantago 40
White-Lily, Lilium candidum 96
Willow, Salix 137
Willow-herb, Lyſimachia 86
Winter-cherries, Veſicaria, Alkakengis 19
Wormwood, Abſinthium 11
Yellow Larks-heel, Naſturtium Indic. 87
Yew tree, Taxus 141

FINIS.